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THE CHILD-MOTHER

2
STREET ARABS

AND

GUTTER SNIPES. //

*THE PATHETIC AND HUMOROUS SIDE OF YOUNG
VAGABOND LIFE IN THE GREAT CITIES,
WITH RECORDS OF WORK FOR
THEIR RECLAMATION.*

BY

1

GEO. C. NEEDHAM,

Author of "Recollections of Henry Moorhouse," "The True Tabernacle,"
"LIFE AND LABORS OF C. H. SPURGEON," etc.

BOSTON :

D. L. GUERNSEY,

1884.

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by D. L. GUERNSEY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D.C.

*Electrotyped and Printed by
Stanley and Usher,
171 Devonshire Street, Boston.*

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P R E F A C E .

A PREFACE is like a doorway to a house, through which the reader finds access to the book. It also gives the author opportunity to explain or apologize. I take advantage of the custom, and, as I usher in the stranger, offer some explanations.

This book is a plea on behalf of neglected and destitute children, found chiefly in our great cities, and too often educated in crime by unnatural parents or vicious guardians; or who, through the stress of circumstances, are forced into a course of life which tends to the multiplication of criminals and the increase of the dangerous classes.

This evil is exposed by statement of fact, by illustrated narrative, and by statistics. If public attention is thereby arrested, and sufficient proof adduced to awaken an interest in child-life, and enforce a conviction that thousands of juveniles are degraded through neglect, I am persuaded the tragedies of which children form the chief part will materially decrease.

A protest against wrong-doing is one step in the right direction; a plea for reform another; both, however, cover only a little of the road over which we must walk if we are alive to duty and sensible to privilege. The practical applications of proved remedies go still beyond, and reach unto the end in view within these pages. True, there are no grand schemes propounded of universal reform; no novel experiments demanded; nor are laws and regulations recognized as worthy of world-wide application. Examples are given of work done by humane organizations; and the wonderful achievements of individual enterprises in this field of philanthropy are prominently noticed. But there can be no iron hand to grip and guide young vagabond life; it must be a hand of love tempered with firmness, guided with wisdom, and ever outstretched in the power of prayer and faith.

EMIGRATION, as one important scheme, — perhaps the most helpful of all, — is earnestly commended. Having watched its manifold workings, I must testify to its beneficent results. Many of the harrowing scenes depicted within these pages, and of the marvelous transformations effected, have come under my personal observation. Emigration as an antidote to overcrowding is fast becoming a doctrine with many philanthropists; as also it is becoming a growing conviction that *child reclamation* is a more important consideration than *adult reformation*. If the same proportionate ability, perseverance, and capital be invested in working these “Arab” mines, which are given to the claims of degraded men and women, there will surely be a better and surer return. Not to call attention from any legitimate method to save the *lost* are these lines written, but the rather to encourage Christian labor in all departments. The salvation of the children in this generation ensures the salvation of the parents in the next; so also the elevation of degraded adults now will prove of inestimable value to children yet unborn. But who is sufficient for these things? The old proverb, “Prayers and pains will do anything,” holds within it the true secret. In this work especially both must be given without stint; supplications and self-denials poured out without measure must and will prevail.

“No caprice of mind,
 No passing influence of idle time,
 No popular show, no clamor from the crowd,
 Can move him erring from the right.”

How much better to prevent a fall than employ an ambulance; how much pleasanter to escort an emigrant than to attend a funeral. There are around us in our waking hours, and haunting us in our sleep, men and women, out of whose eyes, like decaying wood, gleams the dying soul, whose existence is a travesty on life, whose death ever hasteneth, whose childhood was capable of reclamation in days of comparative innocence, while vice had not as yet ossified the heart, nor unbridled lust destroyed forever the finer sensibilities; but shall it be said *that no man cared for them?* Even so. Christian Charity never sought, or, at least, never found them; for if she found she would surely save; and now, in premature decay,

in swift-consuming corruption, Hope stands aghast with melancholy forebodings, rendering the little service left to be done, because of limited opportunities, in preparing a shroud and a grave; and, with the awful hush creeping over her of a consciousness that Neglect had defeated Charity in an attempt to save these subjects in earlier years, she buries in silence the disfigured body of Death, which might have been, which ought to have been, a transfigured temple full of life and light through the indwelling of holiness and love.

I plead guilty with an old writer: "I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff." I have culled freely from many a garden; others have grown the flowers, I have simply prepared the bouquet; none the less acceptable, I hope, that the flowers are natural and homelike. There are those who have long labored with street-children whose experience entitles them to a universal hearing in their pleadings for the little ones. I have neither disguised nor recast their utterances. They speak for themselves; having done little more than the silent rock, I re-echo their teachings, and with literal exactness.

The *sensationalism* of the book arises from the tragic conditions detailed; the grim facts set before us are indeed sensational of themselves, nor is there need to borrow from the artificiality of unrealism to excite or surprise.

Many of the engravings are taken from photographs which show at a glance the contrasts of the "Arabs" in the city, and the same "Arabs" in the country; between vice and virtue; between idleness and industry. The publisher has spared no expense in procuring suitable illustrations; Mr. C. L. Bruce, of the New York Children's Aid Society, kindly consented that we use the plates from his book, "The Dangerous Classes of New York"; Miss MacPherson and Miss Bilbrough permitted us to use photographs of their children; while Dr. Barnardo's "Night and Day" supplied us with several subjects of interest;—to all of whom we feel greatly indebted.

After sending our final chapter to the printer, two additional books came to hand which are worthy of study: "Organized Charities," by Mrs. James T. Fields, and "Traps for the Young," by Mr. Anthony Comstock. These do not deal exclusively with the

subject of Street Arabs, but incidentally and powerfully show how such are made and reclaimed. "Traps for the Young" should be carefully read by all parents, teachers, and philanthropists. Had we received this book earlier while writing chapter third on "Arabs' Academies," we should extract from it a few telling passages which relate to vicious literature.

We are one with Mr. Comstock in his exposure of this national blight. "Evil reading debases, degrades, perverts, and turns away from lofty aims, to follow examples of corruption and criminality." Again: "The community is cursed by pernicious literature. Ignorance as to its debasing character in numerous instances, and an indifference that is disgraceful in others, tolerate and sanction this evil." After many years of warring with crime this judicious officer remarks: "I have one clear conviction, namely, that *Satan lays the snare, and children are his victims.*" "Light literature, then, is a devil-trap, to captivate the child by perverting taste and fancy." Of the half-dime novels and story papers, he speaks freely. "The finest fruits of civilization are consumed by these vermin. Nay, these products of corrupt minds are the eggs from which all kinds of villainies are hatched. Put the entire batch of these stories together, and I challenge the publishers and venders to show a single instance where any boy or girl has been elevated in morals, or where any noble or refined instinct has been developed by them."

Let children, then, in the tenderness of their years, while habits are unformed, and their natures are still plastic, call out our wisest legislation and best efforts both to shield and save them. Hark to their plaintive wail:—

"Do not spurn me,
In my prayer;
For this wandering, ever longer, evermore
Hath overborne me,
And I know not in what shore
I may rest from my despair."

Geo: C. Needham

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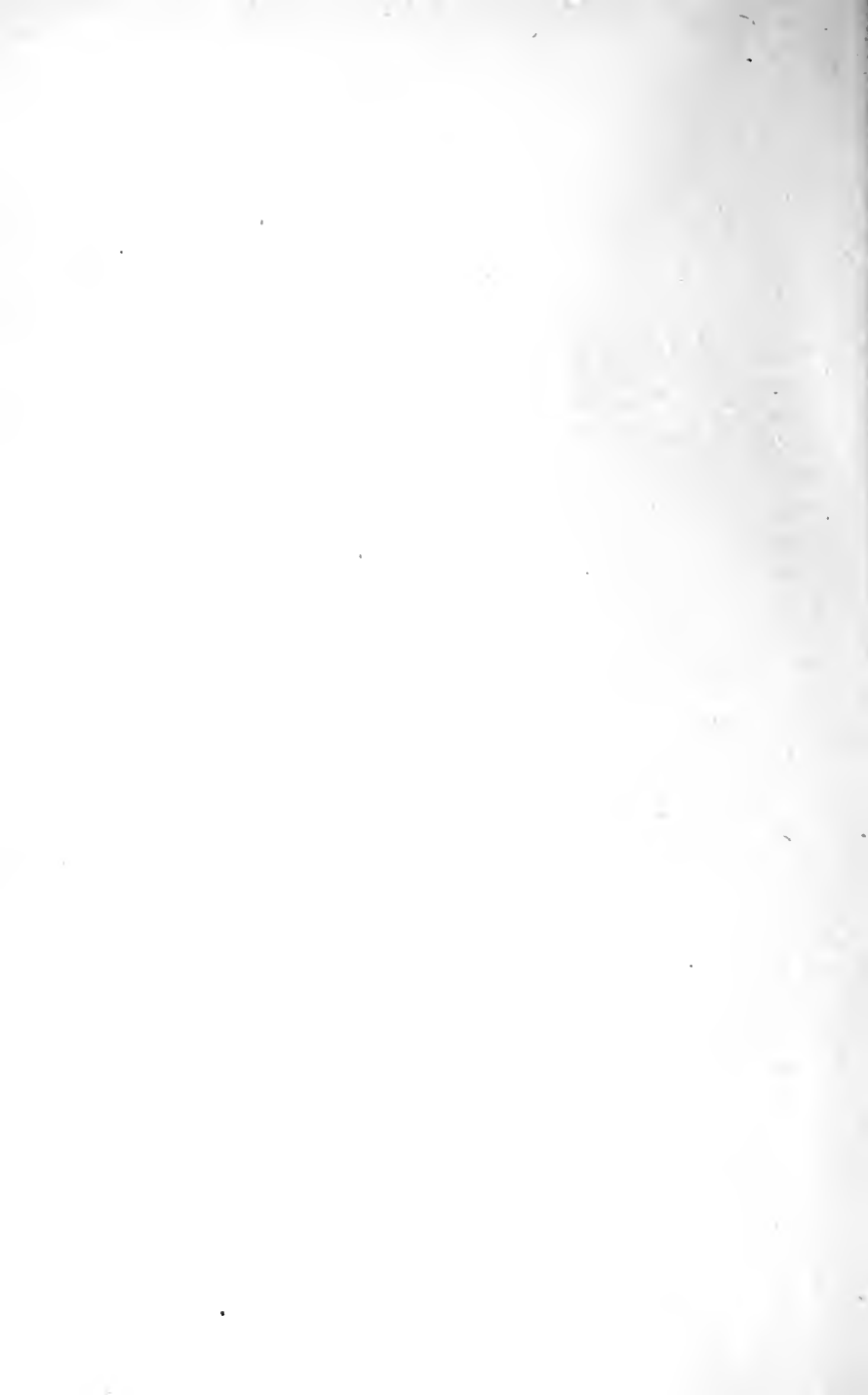
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CHAPTER I.

DULY QUALIFIED.

The title "ARAB."—The Arab of the Desert.—Desert and City Bedouins.—GUTTER SNIPES.—WAIFS.—Children excite curiosity.—My First Waif.—Society's Darkest Woes.—Perverted Charity.—An Irish Widow.—The Little Black-eyed Girl.—Gone for a Watch.—"A Being of Beauty and a Joy Forever."—"Nobody's Children."—Poor Tom.—Tom in the Carriage.—The Frightened Lady.—Drunken Sal.—"Lem me Out!"—Tom's New Suit.—Tom's Breakfast.—Tom's Home.

THE name "ARAB," as applied to persons however outcast of christianized communities, is objected to by many. It sounds rough, uncharitable, offensive, and degrading. So say some who have the cause of our city waifs nearest their hearts; and who are most zealous in effort to reclaim these same poor children of error and neglect.

Nevertheless, the title "Arab" is, in many respects, the most fitting that can be found. The "street Arab" is a very Bedouin in the midst of the thronging city multitude, manifesting many of those selfsame traits which so uniquely distinguish the veritable "child of the desert."

From remotest periods the descendants of Ishmael have retained their peculiarities. Not more easily is the Jew recognized by his telltale countenance, than the Arab by his irrepressible characteristics. While many of these "sons of freedom" have applied themselves to trade or agriculture, the majority still roam the deserts in untrammelled liberty. Poverty, even, is sweeter to them than confinement. Naturally they become warlike and predatory in their habits. Assuming that "all is fair in war," they act upon the principle that "might makes right," whether it be the might of brute force, or savage cunning. The comforts and restraints of social and civil life are

not to be compared with trusty weapons and a swift-going steed. Despising governments, they are yet controlled by their *emirs*, their *sheiks*, and their *traditions*. Ishmaelites by descent, they are Ishmaelites in disposition also; their hand against every man, they trust no man thoroughly, save their own brotherhood. Uncertain, vindictive, and selfish, they are the source of apprehension to every

traveler. Living in clans or hordes, for self-protection, however, rather than for love's sake, their one pre-eminent object in life is *subsistence* — food, shelter, clothing.

And so, like the original desert Bedouin, there is to be found in every large city a class of lads, whose aims, aspirations, habits, and methods, are the exact counterpart of these we have described. *Liberty* to such is grander than luxury. *Victuals* is the ultimatum in every onslaught and every victory. It was



A STREET ARAB.

therefore with acutest discernment, that, more than thirty years ago, Lord Shaftesbury discovered the resemblance. To this noble Earl, whose prolonged life of Christian usefulness has been devoted to philanthropic efforts for the lapsed masses, we are indebted for the epithet, so unique and suggestive, of STREET ARAB.

These nomadic tribes of the cities are indeed embryo Ishmaelites; having their own dialect, customs, and tra-

ditions. Of all sizes, all degrees of mental calibre, and all varieties of physical constitution, there is immense diversity among them; though as a class having much in common, they may not be pronounced a unit. Their conduct fills one with indignation or with pity, or with alternations of both. Though studiously ignorant of every proper mode of government, yet they have their own code of honor, and their own notions of justice. From childhood they *prey*; and by experience learn to overcome *might* by *cunning*. They fear no one so much as the Policeman. Him they regard as an unmitigated nuisance — the chief hindrance to their success in life. When it was asked of one, “When your father and your mother forsake you, who will take you up?” the ready reply was “The perlice, sir.” Yet, unpromising as the soil is for fruitful harvest, these “Arabs,” unlike those from whom they derive their name, are capable of reclamation, and through patience and kindness are frequently transformed into worthy citizens.

GUTTER SNIPES is the title which designates that class of children, who are too utterly weak, both mentally and physically, to cope with the more sturdy “Arab.” Like snipes, they are creatures of suction. A garbage heap is frequently their source of supply to furnish them with the ever-coveted, always-needed “wittles,” to meet the craving of gaunt hunger. “I ain’t got the gripes yet,” was the half-joyous, strange reply of a feeble little creature, when asked if she were hungry. “They comes the third day,” was the additional information, when interrogated. For two days this poor child had been elbowed from the barrels where seraps were to be found, and all the while had not tasted food. But with some measure of joy she thought of the terrible day as not quite upon her, when the unsparing “gripes” would tear her like a wild beast.

WAIF is more comprehensive — a term embracing many

grades of young unfortunates. The term in English law means "goods found of which the owner is not known." They were originally such goods as a thief, when pursued, threw away to prevent being apprehended. A *waif*, then, being something ownerless and unclaimed, the term has easily become applicable to describe those children deserted of their parents, as also those, possibly less fortunate, who are not deserted, but held of their unnatural parents or guardians in a bondage more relentless and calamitous than desertion. To denounce their unnatural parents will not save the child. Of what utility is it to anathematize the drunken father who refused to pay the dollar fine for his lad found guilty of hauling driftwood from the river, and allowed him to be incarcerated with hardened criminals, unless we can throw some arm of protection around that child, not literally orphaned but morally outcast? Will he be less vicious after his coarse contact with vile ruffians, paying the due penalty for their own misdeeds in the common jail? Though he be neither *Arab* nor *Gutter Snipe*, he needs friendly help and timely protection. But employ whatever terms we please, to designate these children, the fact remains the same. There are thousands of outcast boys and girls in every populous community. We may wrong them by gifts of money; we may be partners with them in sin by acts of charity; a guide, not gold, is what they need. If, instead of hurrying onward, satisfied that our duty was discharged when we dropped our dime into the extended palm, we delayed a moment to inquire into the case of the child whose poverty seemed so apparent, we might find the clue by which to arrest incipient crime, or direct honest endeavor. Not that voluntary charity should be discouraged. But thought, time, and inquiry ought attend our liberal impulses. Then shall we truly alleviate the temporal condition of our Street Arabs, and meet the demand of their eternal interests.

Sir Walter Scott remarked: "There is a curiosity implanted in our nature which receives much gratification from prying into the actions, feelings, and sentiments of our fellow-creatures."

Children of the street excite my curiosity to an intense degree. It matters not where the few ragged wide-awake urchins are congregated, they enlist my attention. I become concerned to know who they are and what they do. My experiences with waif-life began in my early schoolboy days. In my native country it was our nightly habit to exchange visits with our neighbors' children. The evenings were passed in story-telling. Books of anecdote being much fewer, and less procurable, than now, imagination was drawn upon and facts were often strangely exaggerated. The natural volubility of the Irish tongue, along with the intense emotionalism of their nature, formed the desired requisites for the most distorted and brilliantly colored narration of those astounding legends with which the Irish mind is so well stocked.

It will readily be appreciated how eagerly we youngsters waited for night-fall, when Micky or Bridget, the servants, would be through with their day's duties, and at leisure to entertain us with narratives more wonderful than the exploits of the Arabian Nights. I had thus been one evening at a neighboring house until late, listening to the tales of an old grandmother, whose stories were more captivating than any my boyish ears had heard. With imagination excited to white-heat, I departed for home. It was therefore with no small degree of terror that I heard a cry, breaking forth upon the stillness of the



A GUTTER SNIPE.

country air out of the shrubbery of the roadside. It was all the more startling since it was not at all such a voice or sound as my fevered fancy would have expected from those legendary ghosts whom I was half expecting I should encounter on the way home. I had also good sense enough left me to discern that it was no call for assistance from any unfortunate benighted traveler. No; it was rather the piteous wail of a tender lamb, deserted of its dam, or maybe entangled in the briars unable to extricate itself. Believing this latter conjecture, I made all speed for my house. Enlisting the sympathy of the household, we started with lanterns for the rescue. Our search was brief; when suddenly from our midst, out of the bushes, arose the same plaintive cry as of a feeble lost lamb. We parted the brambles, and there in utter helplessness lay the little weakling — not a lamb, *but a babe*, the first waif upon whom I ever gazed.

Since then I have tramped city streets from nightfall to gray dawn, in search of outcast children. I have encountered them in every circumstance of squalor, and disease, and desertion. But never since have I been so overpowered with awe, or so exercised with anguish, as in the presence of that first forsaken child my youthful eyes beheld. I have a firm conviction that that one premature vision awoke in my heart the sympathy and interest in street children which, in some degree, has attended all my later years. That one impression of parental inhumanity was to make its indelible mark upon my mind; revealing to me the inner cause, the bitter core of society's darkest woes, namely: the neglect, evil training, and abandonment of helpless childhood.

It is becoming a universal belief that the reform and elevation of street "Arabs" is no longer Utopian. Happily we have abundant illustrations from many sources that it is a wise economy to labor in this direction. A frigid conservatism may criticise mistaken zeal, but as we learn wisdom

from past blunders, and mistakes add to the sum of knowledge, the coldly cautious are at fault. We admit it is a true saying that "Charity creates much of the misery that it relieves, but it does not relieve all the misery that it creates." An indiscriminate charity may pauperize, and an unsystematic philanthropy neutralize, its own ideal; nevertheless, we are not guiltless of our brothers' blood by allowing the juice of charity to dry up within us through fear of deception. The ministry of mercy is a delightful exercise. It is morally healthy, and bespeaks a hidden spring whose waters fail not. "He that seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" It is economical to be charitable. He saves most who gives most; we live by giving: we stagnate by withholding. Carlyle furnishes the following quotation from Alison's "Management of the Poor in Scotland," which illustrates my meaning:—



WAIFS.

A poor Irish widow, her husband having died in one of the lanes in Edinburgh, went forth with her three children to solicit help from the charitable establishments of that city. She was refused, referred by one to the other, helped by none, till she had exhausted them all, till her strength and heart failed her. She sunk down in typhus fever, died, and infected her lane with fever, so that seventeen died of fever in consequence. The humane physician thereupon, as with a heart too full for speaking, asks, "Would it not have been economy to help this poor widow? She took typhus fever and killed seventeen of you." The forlorn Irish widow applies to her fellow-creatures, as if saying, "Behold, I am sinking; bare of help; ye must help me. I am your sister, bone of your bone; one God made us; ye must help me." They answer, "No, impossible, thou art no sister of ours." But she proves her sisterhood. Her typhus fever kills them. They actually were her brothers, though denying it.

We have not far to travel in order to discover the real objects of our charity. I do not however encourage an impulsive random visitation. "Let all things be done decently and in order." "Arabs" and "gutter snipes" are at our doors. Literally they are near at hand. A gentleman addressing a meeting, where opulence and luxury reigned supreme, narrated a discovery made by himself: —

I remember entering recently into one of the houses, not half a mile from where I am standing at this moment, and I caught a little black-haired, black-eyed girl. I believe she would have been very pretty if I could have seen through the dirt. She was running about, and I hailed her. I began to talk to her. In the first instance there was a slight sign of civil war, but when she became thoroughly aware of the fact that I was not a policeman, and that I did not mean any

injury to her, and that I had kindly feelings for her, she became amenable, and the conversation took something like this form: "Well, lassie, where do you live?" She flung back her tangled hair, and looked me up right in the face, and said, "O, about," and she pointed round to the somewhat offensive court in which I was standing. I said, "Where did you sleep last night? eh, lassie?" "O, there; on that stair," and she pointed to a door — not a door, but a doorway, for the door had disappeared. There was no sign of it, and there were rickety stairs going up into the first floor. I said, "Do you mean on the stair just there?" She said, "Yes." I said, "Well, but where does your father live?" "O, father!" she said: "I have n't got one." "But," I said, "is your father dead?" "No," she said: "I never had one." I did not pursue that any further, but I then tried with regard to her mother. I said, "Well, but where is your mother?" She said, "O she 's gone." "Gone! Gone where?" "O, for a watch." I rather blame myself. I think it was a little bit stupid, but I said, "Gone for a watch! What do you mean?" Without a moment's hesitation she showed me that she had gone for a watch, in the sense of having been sent to prison for stealing one. Then I said, "Does nobody take care of you? How do you feed? Who gives you food, my child?" She said, "O anybody — sometimes." I looked at the child. I doubted in my own mind whether it was better or worse for her for her mother to come back, bad as it seems to you and me, who have had noble and godly parents, and who, ourselves, are perhaps trying, humbly but faithfully in the fear of God, to do our duty by our children who are following. It seems a horrible thing to say, yet it is very likely — almost too true — that the position of those that are orphans is better than the position of those who have got such parents as many of those children have. Is there anything in this

world brighter and handsomer than a bright-faced boy? Nothing, I believe, at all, except, perhaps, a bright-faced girl. Is there anything more beautiful than to see such a child as that dragged out of the gutter, to see the frown which hardship has planted upon the face — so young, so unnaturally young — by degrees smooth away; to see the suspicion gradually plucked out of the eyes; to see the smile become gradually natural to the face; and to see how, in the course of weeks, or a few months at the outside, there has been an entire translation in that child from what it was — downcast, down-trodden, despised, and dangerous — into a being of beauty and a joy forever?

Of this class of “Nobody’s children,” Sir Charles Reed remarks: —

“The thousands of venders, newspaper-boys, street-sweepers, and what not, if within age, are individually known, and their school attendance closely watched. But, beyond these, we have a crowd of half-famished, half-naked children, who prowl about alleys and railway arches, fruit-markets and the river foreshore, and the difficulty of pressing them into school is almost insuperable. They are no man’s children, and live on no man’s land; they deny their age, give false addresses, and pass over the boundary so as to elude the vigilance of the school-board officers.”

Do not be shocked, my good reader, to hear that children of want, of sin, and woe, are alas! too numerous. They are found everywhere; the earnest laborer will soon find out their haunts and will succeed in alluring them to a better condition and a higher life. Oh! do not gather your skirts, or repel from your touch one of these little ones. If they cross your pathway, accept it as a task to be kindly undertaken — their reclamation, or at least their release, from the burden of poverty or ignorance. You will not fail to

be interested in the following pathetic story of Poor Tom and his strange career : —

O, but it was cold ! freezing, biting, bitter cold ! and dark too ; for the feeble gas-lights, leaping and flaming as the gale whistled by, hardly brightened the gloom a dozen paces around them. The wind tore through the streets as if it had gone mad ; whirling before it dust and snow, and every movable thing it could lay its clutching hand upon. A poor old battered kite, that, some time last autumn, had lodged far up in the tallest tree in the neighborhood, and had there rested peacefully ever since, believing its labors at an end, was snatched, dragged from its nest, and driven un pityingly before the blast. Some feeble efforts it had made to dodge into corners, lurking behind steps and diving into areas ; but not a bit of it ! Down would swoop the wind, and off it would go again.

At last, driven round one of a long row of barrels, that stood like wretched sentinels along the sidewalk's edge, it flew into the very arms of a small boy, who, seated on the curbstone, crouched down in a barrel's somewhat questionable shelter. Such a very small boy ! He looked like nothing in the world but a little heap of rags ; and the rags were very thin, and the small boy was very cold. His nose, his ears, his hands, and his poor bare feet were blue. He was almost too cold to shiver, certainly too cold to notice the unfortunate kite, which, as its enemy the wind approached with a roar, seemed to cower close to him, as if begging his protection. Round both sides of the barrel at once came the wind, shook hands right through poor little Tom, and, howling with delight, rushed off with its miserable victim.

“ Tom ” — that was all the name he had. Who he was, or where he came from, no one knew, except perhaps the wretched old woman with whom he lived : which meant that

she let him sleep upon a pile of rags on the floor of her miserable room, and sometimes gave him a crust, and oftener a blow. When she was drunk — and that was the greater part of the time — Tom took to the streets; and to-night she was very drunk. The boy was perhaps some six years old; but as he cowered down on the cold flagstones, with his worn, pinched face and drooping head, he might have been sixty.

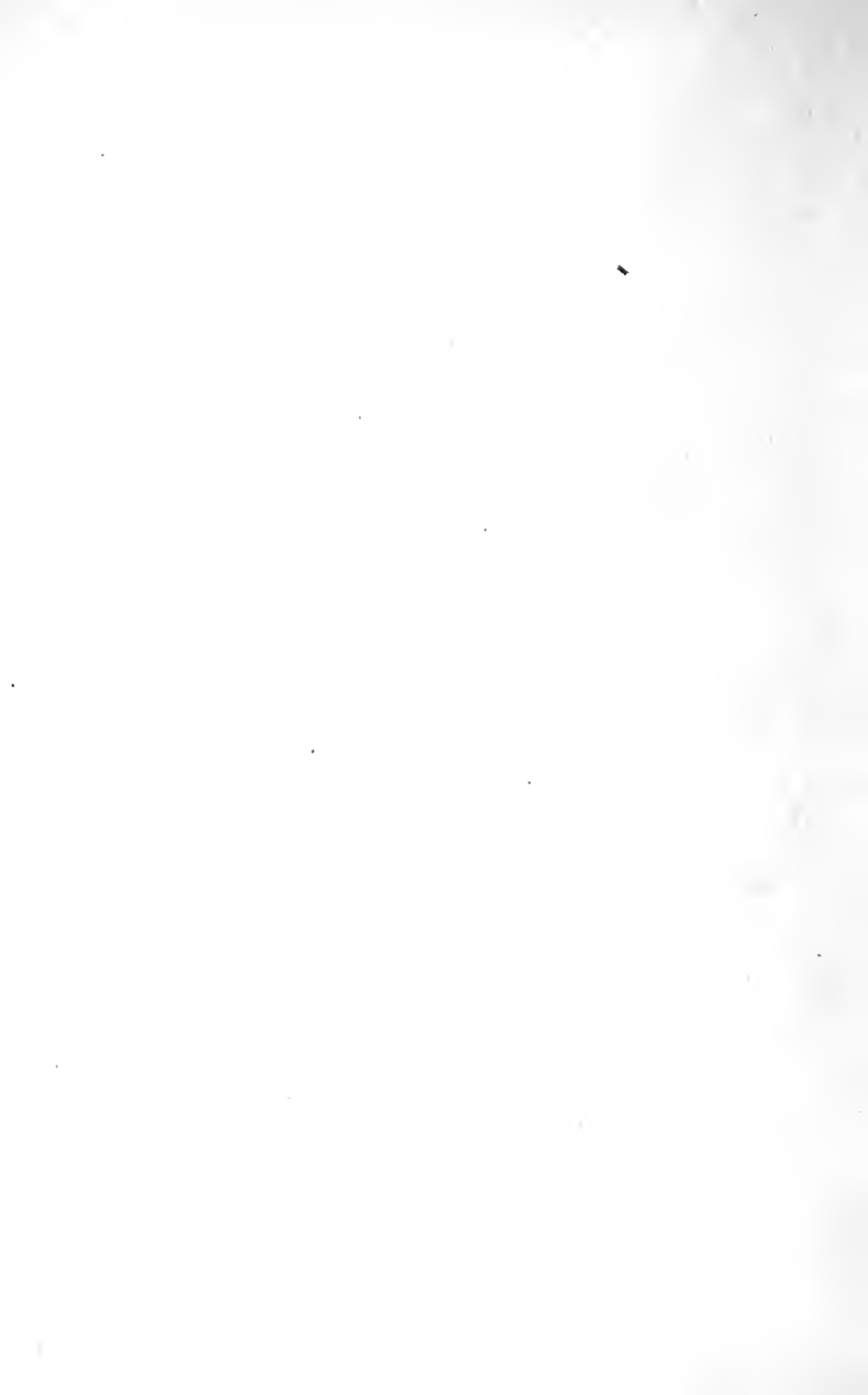
A carriage came rattling through the icy street, and stopped close by him. The door was pushed open, and two children half tumbled out, and, leaving the door swinging, rushed up the steps. Tom watched them stupidly, heard the quick, sharp ring of the bell, caught a glimpse of something that looked very bright and warm, and then it was dark again. He turned his eyes towards the carriage, expecting it to drive off again; but it still stood there. The coachman sat upon the box like a furry monument. One of the horses struck the stones sharply with his iron hoofs, and cast an inquiring glance round, but the monument sat unmoved.

Tom's heavy eyes looked through the open door into the carriage. Dark as it was, he could see that it was lined with something thick and warm. He raised his head and glanced about him. If he were inside there the wind could not touch him. O, if he only could get away from it one minute! He would slip out again the moment the house-door opened. Unbending his stiff little body, he crept nearer, hesitated a moment, and, as the wind came round the corner with a roar, slipped swiftly and noiselessly into the carriage. In the further corner of the seat he curled himself into a little round heap, and lay, with beating heart, listening to the wind as it swept by.

It was very quiet in his nest, and the soft velvet was much warmer than the cold flagstones, and he was very tired



"When she was drunk, Tom took to the streets." (Page 32.)



and very cold, and in half a minute he was sound asleep. He did not know when at last the house-door opened, and a lady, gathering her cloak closely around her, came down the steps — did not know even when the suddenly animated monument descended from its pedestal and stood solemnly by the open door until the lady had stepped inside. But when it shut with a slam, and the coachman, returning to the box, drove rapidly away, the boy's eyes opened and fixed their frightened gaze upon the lady's face. Preoccupied with her own thoughts, she had not noticed the queer bundle in the dark corner. But now, her attention attracted by some slight movement on his part, she turned her eyes slowly towards him, and then, with a suppressed cry of surprise and alarm, laid her hand upon the door. The rattle of the wheels and the roar of the wind prevented its reaching the ears of the coachman; and Tom, rapidly unwinding himself, and covering down in the bottom of the carriage, said, with a frightened sob: —

“I did n't mean no harm. O, I was awful cold. Please, just open the door, an' I'll jump out.”

The lady, with her hand still on the door, demanded: —

“How did you get here?”

“The door was open, an' I elum in,” he answered. “It was awful cold.”

The lady took her hand from the door. “Come nearer,” she said. “Let me see your face.”

Tom drew his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and glanced up at her with a scared look over his shoulder. They had turned into a brilliantly lighted street, and she could see that the tangled yellow hair was soft and fine, and that the big, frightened eyes that raised themselves to hers were not pickpocket's eyes. With a sudden impulse she laid her gloved hand lightly on the yellow head. “Where do you live?” she asked.

Something in the voice and touch gave him courage.

“With Sal,” he answered, straightening up — “me an’ some other fellows. Sometimes we begs, sometimes we earns. When we get a haul it ain’t so bad, but when we don’t we ketch it. She’s drunk to-night, an’ she drove us out.”

She pushed the heavy hair back from his forehead. “Is she your mother?” the lady asked.

“No!” cried the boy, almost fiercely; and then added, sullenly, “I ain’t got none.”

Slowly the gloved hand passed back and forth over the yellow hair. The lady’s eyes were looking far away; the boy’s face was like, so strangely like another face.

“Are you hungry?” she asked, suddenly.

The wide-open gray eyes would have answered her without the quick sob and low “Yes ’m.”

The carriage stopped, and the monument, again accomplishing a descent, opened the door, and stood staring in blank amazement.

“I am not going in, John,” said his mistress. “Drive home again.” And she added, smiling, “This little boy crept in out of the cold while the carriage was waiting. I am going to take him home. Drive back as quickly as possible.”

As the bewildered coachman shut the door and returned to his perch, the boy made a spring forward.

“Lem me out!” he cried. “I don’t want to go home. Lem me out!”

“Not your home,” said the lady, gently — “*my* home.”

Tom stared at her in wonder, and, too much overcome by the announcement to resist, let her lift him up on the seat beside her.

“My home,” she repeated, “where you can get very warm, and have a good dinner, and a long, long sleep, on a soft bed. Will you like that?”

Tom drew a long, slow breath, but did not answer. It was too wonderful! He—one of Sal's boys!—to go to the lady's house where the children lived whom he had seen go in that evening! He looked up suddenly. "Were those children your'n?" he asked. With a sudden movement she drew him very closely to her, and then answered, softly:—

"No, not mine. I had a little boy once, like you, and he died."

When the carriage stopped again, Tom was fast asleep—so fast asleep that the still bewildered coachman carried him into the house and laid him on a bed without waking him. The next morning, when the boy's eyes opened, he lay looking about him, hardly daring to speak or move. I don't believe he had ever heard anything about fairies, or he would certainly have thought himself in fairyland. Best of all, the lady of the night before was standing by the bed smiling at him, and, smiling back, he held out his arms to her.

I wish you could have seen him a little later, when, arrayed in jacket and trousers that made him think with disdain of certain articles of the same description which he had but yesterday gazed at lovingly as they dangled before old Isaac's dingy second-hand shop, he sat before a little table by the sunny window, taking a short, a very short, preliminary view of a gigantic beefsteak, still indignantly sputtering to itself, a mountain of smoking potatoes, an imposing array of snowy rolls and golden butter, and a pitcher of creamy milk. And I wish, too, you could have seen the same table still later; for the table was about all that was left.

That was the first time that I ever saw Tom. Since then I have seen him very often. And now I will tell you, only I am afraid you will hardly believe me, about the last time,

and that was not very long ago. I was riding along one of the prettiest country roads you ever saw, and when I came to a certain gate my horse, without waiting for a sign from me, turned in. As we drew near the house I caught sight of two figures standing among the flowers. One was a handsome old lady with white hair, the other a young man. She was armed with an immense pair of shears and he held in his hand his hat filled to the brim with flowers. The sunlight, creeping down through the trees, fell upon his close-cropped hair and yellow beard. As I drew in my horse and sat watching them, it all seemed to me like a fairy story. But it wasn't; for the tall, handsome man looking down with such protecting tenderness upon the white-haired old lady was really Tom — poor, little, thin, cold, hungry Tom.

CHAPTER II.

SURPRISES.

Pleasure of Surprises. — “Be You God’s Wife?” — Crackling’s Secret. — Watching Customers. — “Plain Plum or Curran’?” — Bolting a Choice Morsel. — “Cold Suetty.” — Crackling Gone Mad. — The Gaunt Man of Pride. — “God Bless You for Such Goodness to a Stranger.” — Crackling Victimized. — Endless Freaks and Multiplied Dodges. — My Boy, and Pie-Engoly. — My Surprise. — Arabs’ Phraseology. — What is True Charity?

MANY charitable persons indulge in the habit of surprising. It is pure enjoyment to them when they overwhelm the recipient by the suddenness, or munificence, of their gifts. Such a ministry David exercised toward Mephibosheth when he suddenly announced to him an unexpected blessing. “Fear not, for I will surely show thee kindness for Jonathan thy father’s sake, and will restore thee all the land of Saul thy (grand) father; and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually” (2 Sam. ix). How excited we have been while opening the box, or barrel, or package, sent by some unknown donor. When the unexpected check dropped out of the letter; or the friendly face we supposed at a distance smiled upon us as we lay on our sickbed; or when in some other form of kindness we were overtaken by surprise, we may not have immediately thought of the unalloyed pleasure such a ministry gave to the benefactor. This is indeed a royal enjoyment. Nor is it an indulgence confined to possessors of large means. Large capital is not needed in order to secure happiness to ourselves and others. A few pennies laid out with economy will procure comfort and help for at least one poor child. Kindly feeling should accompany kindly deeds. We need not treat the subject of our charity as an offensive beggar, nor crush out his finer feelings with an ungenerous growl.

The manner of doing is often greater than the deed performed. More pathetic than anything I ever heard was the strange question of a hungry child, put to a lady who had abundantly relieved her pressing wants. The sweet pity of the kind donor was more surprising than her thoughtful gift. Receiving the choice food so suddenly placed in her hand as she stood shivering on the streets, the child asked, with wondering eyes: "Be you God's wife, ma'am?" If the neglected maiden had no recollections of human love, or human goodness, she learned correct theology from some teacher. The waif must have had the gospel description of God, for "God is love," and she could only surmise that a divine being had come at last to pity and to aid her.

Mr. James Greenwood, of Casual Ward fame, a very philanthropist, whose narrations of experiences among the lower classes have led to many practical reforms, relates the following illustration of this surprising ministry:—

Crackling himself was as jealous of his "secret" as though lasting disgrace would have been his portion had it been discovered, and the amazement and vexation visible on his jolly round face, when, accompanied by a friend at noon of Christmas day, I entered his shop and boldly taxed him with it, would not be easy to describe, whereas the real wonder was that it had not leaked out years before. It was simply as follows: Compassionating the melancholy and down-heartedness of those whose hard fate it was to go dinnerless on the day of all days when most folk were feasting, he had hit on an ingenious expedient to give comfort to some few of them, at any rate. His shop, though situated in a prosperous highway, is in the vicinity of an exceedingly poor "back" neighborhood. He had observed that on Christmas day more than at any other time the handsome array of eatables displayed in his window attracted the atten-



A GENUINE SURPRISE.



tion of "hard-up" wayfarers. From his place behind the counter it was his custom with his wife to keep a sharp look-out for the most manifestly miserable of these window-gazers, and without ceremony to beckon them in and sit them down to what he called a "fair tuck-in" of roast-beef and plum-pudding. There was not very much doing in the ordinary way of business at his establishment on Christmas, and for the respectable and paying class of customers there were the dining-rooms upstairs. The place set apart for his impecunious guests was the space at the back of the shop, where there are several compartments calculated to accommodate ten or a dozen sitters, the occupants of each box being screened from the observation of adjoining diners by means of a short red curtain ringed overhead to a brass rail. My companion and myself occupied the box nearest the shop, from whence, without being seen, we had a view of the window; and the compartments being divided one from the other only by a thin partition, it was easy for a listener to overhear any conversation that might be going on amongst his neighbors.

Punctually at twelve o'clock, though more, I believe, as a lure for that particular class of guests the benevolent cook-shop-keeper had foremost in his mind than in the ordinary way of business, there was brought up from the kitchen a weighty and handsome joint of ribs-of-beef, deliciously fragrant and browned and garnished with horse-radish, and a couple of prodigious Christmas puddings, one of which, ornamented with a sprig of holly, was placed on either side of the beef. Within the first ten minutes several regular customers came in and were passed upstairs by the waiter, but it was fully twenty minutes before any of the hungry fish for whom the window was specially baited put in an appearance.

It never rains but it pours, they say, and when at last

they arrived it was in a batch of three. They scarcely could be called chance passers-by, however; nor were they, strictly speaking, penniless. They were three boys, dirty, tattered, and pinched with the cold, and it was easy at a glance to discover what occupation they followed. The youngest, who was a capless, shoeless little wretch, certainly not more than eight years old, had a "cigar-light" box tucked under his arm; another, a couple of years elder perhaps, who carried the stump of a birch-broom; while the third, who was the eldest and the hungriest, looking the most decently dressed, held in his hand a few newspapers — dismally "dead" stock, considering the day and the hour.

The faces of Mr. and Mrs. Crackling lighted up as though the impending good-fortune was theirs instead of the trio of poor little ragamuffins; and Crackling, from behind his hand, whispered to us, "Keep your eye on 'em, they're the sort." We did as requested, as well as the steam on the window-pane would permit. It was evident that urgent and anxious debate was going on amongst them. They scrutinized the tempting display closely and critically, but apparently with much more of disappointment than admiration; they seemed to be looking for something that was not there. What it was was presently made known, for the boy with the old broom stepped in, chinking halfpence in his hand.

"Ain't you got no plain, mister?" he inquired of Mr. Crackling. With an unmoved countenance that worthy tradesman shook his head.

"Plain plum or curran', I mean," pursued the "crossing" boy; "any sort 'll do."

"We don't keep plain sorts on Christmas day," said Crackling; "only the rich kind — this sort," and he indicated one of the luscious spheres with the holly-sprig stuck in it. "You can have a few penn'orth of that if you like; it's dear, but it's beautiful — taste it."

And he helped the boy with the broom with a piece as large as a walnut, while his two friends outside, with their noses pressing the window-pane, stared at him with their mouths agape in wonder and amazement.

The delicious morsel was hot, but, rashly eager to realize all its delights, the boy "bolted" it, and it burnt his throat. But he didn't mind that.

"How much of it," he gasped, and with tears in his eyes, "how much of it for threepence?"

Mr. Crackling cut off a portion not more than three times larger than the tasting piece. "That 's threepenn'orth," said he.

The broom-boy's countenance fell.

"A jolly lot o' good that 'll be for three hungry coves," he remarked; "we 've on'y got threepence amongst us."

"Then I tell you what," said Mr. Crackling, with perfect seriousness, "I've got some cold suet-pudding left from yesterday, and I can serve you with a good threepenn'orth of that if you like, and, being Christmas day, I don't mind you and the other two chaps sitting down here to eat it."

The broom-boy retired for a moment to make known the proposition to his friends, and how thankfully it was accepted was betokened by the promptitude with which they all three came in.

"Go and sit in the end box," said Mr. Crackling, "and I'll send it to you."

They did as they were bid, and we could hear them whispering together. The two who had remained outside plied the broom-boy with eager questions concerning the "liker" of plum-pudding they had seen Mr. Crackling give him, and, with the flavor of it still tingling his palate, he described his sensations from the instant it touched his lips till it was gone, prematurely engulfed, in terms that made them smack their lips audibly. They wondered how much

of "cold suetty" they would get for their threepence, and argued from the cookshop-man's kindness in asking them in to sit down, that they should probably get "a whackin' lot" for their money. Meanwhile Mr. Crackling was generously filling their hot plates with beef, and pudding, and baked potatoes, and cabbage; and when all were ready the waiter, who was a lanky young man, with no doubt a good appetite of his own, but who nevertheless evidently experienced some difficulty in concealing his disgust, carried the dinners to where the expectant three sat.

We raised a tiny corner of our curtain that we might witness the effect as the waiter proceeded to lift the plates from his tray and to place them. The boys gazed in speechless amazement at the attendant, with mouths ajar, and then, like boys half awakened from a dream, they looked at each other. The poor hungry-looking newspaper-boy turned white as a sheet, and the newspapers he had tucked into the bosom of his jacket rustled with his trembling. The crossing-sweeper was the first one to recover the faculty of speech. He lifted his plate from the tablecloth back on to the tray.

"You'll get yourself into a jolly row, young feller," said he to the waiter, in a severe undertone. "Take 'em away to them that ordered 'em, good luck to yer, before the guvner sees yer. Ourn's three of cold suetty."

"Yours is what 's giv' you," returned the waiter, haughtily, but not loud enough for Mr. Crackling to overhear him, "an' don't cheek me, so I tell you."

And he was flouncing out of the box when the broom-boy laid a detaining hand on the tails of his coat.

"There 's summat wrong, I tell you," he exclaimed. "Hi, mister!"

This last to Mr. Crackling, who immediately came forward. He walked up to the table, and without anything

in his countenance to provide them with the least clue to the mystery, in full view of them and their plates, remarked, "If you three boys don't keep quiet and get on with your dinners, I shall have to be angry with you, and you won't like that, I promise you."

There could be no mistake about it. The roast-beef and plum-pudding were intended for them, and, as Mr. Crackling retreated, the newspaper-boy remarked, in a nervous whisper, to the broom-boy, who had turned back his cuffs, "What are you goin' to do?"

"I'm a-goin' to get on with my lot an' chance it," was the sturdy response, "an' you" (this to the cigar-light boy) "do the same, young un, while it's 'ot."

"But what's the reason of it?"

"Gone mad, *I* should think," returned the broom-boy, bolting a baked potato.

"But," gasped the timid young news-vender, "s'pose he was to come to his senses again before we're done?"

"He'll have to change very sudden if he comes to his senses before I've done," retorted the calm trencherman, speaking through a mouthful of plum-pudding; "get on, an' don't jaw so much, that's a good feller."

At that moment a short cough from Mr. Crackling caused us to look shopward, and in time to discern at the street side of the shop-window a gaunt individual, whose gray hair betokened him as being past middle age. His clothes were of respectable cut, though wofully shabby, with the coat-collar secured at the throat with a pin, and blue-nosed and famished-looking he stood blowing on his knuckles, and staring with a fascinated gaze at the roast-beef kept piping-hot on its metal dish. Mr. Crackling gave a louder cough,



THE CALM
TRENCHERMAN

and the man outside started and looked up, and misconstruing the sound to be an indication of the shopkeeper's displeasure that he should stand there blocking the public view of the viands exposed for sale, he was hastily moving off, when he must have seen, or fancied that he saw, Mr. Crackling beckoning him. He was no beggar, however, and, though he hesitated for a moment, he walked on.

"Did you ever see such a poor starved 'cat of a man?" remarked Mrs. Crackling to her husband. "Drat him, poor fellow! why didn't he step in and see what you was beckoning him for?"

But, as luck would have it, the hunger of the gaunt one rebelled too strongly against his pride to consent to his throwing away even the remotest chance, and slowly, very slowly, and with only half an eye towards the window, he presently passed again. He must have been blind had he missed the signal this time, for Mr. Crackling gesticulated him with all the energy with which a would-be passenger hails a distant and almost hopeless omnibus. He affected surprise, and with one hand in the bosom of his coat, and with an old glove in the other, he turned back and came a step or two into the shop.

"I beg pardon," he began, in genteel tones, "was I mistaken when I thought that you made a sign that you wished to speak with me?"

"Quite right," returned Mr. Crackling, stooping across the counter, so that it was unnecessary for him to raise his voice above a whisper for the other to hear. "I wished to ask you if as a favor—as a favor, mind you, to my wife as well as myself—you will have a bit of dinner?"

We could see plainly enough from our box that the gaunt one had it in his heart to resent the liberty taken with his poverty, and to stiffly decline the invitation. But in facing round, probably with that object, his eyes encountered those

of Mrs. Crackling — kindly, pitying eyes, and with her face in such a pucker of womanly sympathy that he was vanquished in an instant.

“God bless you for such goodness to a stranger,” he said, huskily.

But I don't think Mr. Crackling heard him, he was so busy with his carving-knife on the ribs-of-beef. He had not been seated with a well-filled plate before him five minutes, when my suspicions that occasionally Mr. Crackling's artful plan for relieving the necessitous on Christmas day might be abused, was, I am afraid, confirmed.

Two young fellows next came to the window, and had his experience been as extensive as mine are among such characters, the charitable cookshop-keeper would have recognized them as cadgers of the true Mint-street type. Either they had been there on some previous year, or an obliging acquaintance had put them up to it. They were tattered and threadbare, but as much as was shown of their shirts at the chest part was scrupulously clean, as was their faces, and their hair was sleek and shiny as soap could make it. They were dolefully wending their melancholy way, when, unexpectedly, they found themselves exactly in front of Mr. Crackling's shop, and there remained transfixed at the abundance of delicious food there exhibited. They overdid the pantomime to such an extent it was a marvel it passed muster. They whimpered and whispered dejectedly one to the other, and hungrily bared their teeth as they eagerly pointed at the beef and at the puddings: they tapped their empty pockets, and soothingly chafed their waistbands with an open hand to pacify inner complainings. But they never once looked at Mr. or Mrs. Crackling, and seemed startled as though electrified when the former presently raised his hand and beckoned them in.

“I suppose you chaps could eat a jolly good dinner if you could get one for nothing? Go and sit down.”

“Oh, sir! thank you kindly, too;” and, with a curious instinctive knowledge as to where they were expected to sit, they wiggled their way to a box in an instant.

It was a barefaced imposition; but I would not have opened the worthy man's eyes to the cheat that had been put on him on any account. His faith was tightly pinned to the system, and, as far as I had seen, in the majority of cases it worked well. It was no fault of his that, being prepared to entertain at least a dozen penniless guests, only six presented themselves during the hour we remained there, though more may have come in after we came away.

Nor, as already remarked, were three of the hungry company absolutely destitute of money — as the haughty waiter found, no doubt, to his deep vexation and humiliation. The three young gentlemen who had just entered, having dined to their hearts' content, came to the counter, and the crossing-sweeper, being spokesman, gratefully and earnestly thanked Mr. Crackling for what they described as “the best tuck-out ever had in all our lives.” And then, turning to the haughty waiter, the broom-boy further remarked: “Likewise we're much obliged to you for waitin' on us, an' we've left you a trifle for yourself on the table.” It was the threepence originally mustered among them to pay for the cold suet-pudding.

“Arab” life has many fascinations, though full of curious contradictions. The “Arab” hunter must be prepared for endless freaks and multiplied dodges, else he will find himself outwitted in the end. With an air of injured innocence they protest against your unjust suspicion of them, and cry you down as a hard-hearted “gen'l'man as 'u'd hurt a feller who had trouble enough to git along in the world.” If you give an “Arab” sound advice, and a little money to ratify your kindly counsel, you had best not always look



"I suddenly turned to my little man, placed the packages in his hands, and decamped."
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back over your shoulder lest you might have an awkward revulsion of feeling in discovering that you have been "sold." The lad in pantomime, with thumb on nose, might impress you that your counsel is as water spilled on the ground, and your dime will speedily find its way to the cigar-shop. All of which may dull the edge of your philanthropic zeal, and play havoc with your finer feelings.

On one occasion I saw a hungry-looking lad peering wistfully through the window of a city bakery. After watching him for some time with increasing interest, I entered the shop and made a small purchase. With a few substantials* in their paper wrappings I took my stand with apparent unconcern before the window, and, cautious not to drive the "wee laddie" from his unsatisfying pleasure, I purposely looked away from him. But in soliloquy I expatiated on the buns and tarts and pies before me. I knew at once I had an attentive hearer whose appetite I was whetting on the sharpening-stone of pie-enulogy. Then, hinting at the possibilities of some boys having such good things for dinner and harping on the probabilities that other boys could only enjoy them with their eyes, I suddenly turned to my little man, placed the packages in his hands and decamped.

I had only time to notice the surprise upon his face before leaving. I wanted the lad to enjoy fully his unexpected meal; but I had scarcely reached a neighboring street when it became my turn for surprise. As if the ground behind me had yawned and a horde of young vagrants leaped out, here they were, troops of "Arabs" pursuing me. They headed me and bombarded me right and left. They begged for food and money as if I were a Rothschild. How he of the wistful eyes could so quickly relate my generosity, and

* It is criminal to practise the mission-school dodge and surfeit poor children with cheap, poisonous candy. Why should we give them what we deny to our own children? Some superintendents should be arrested for wholesale poisoning.

muster this ragged regiment, is among many of the street mysteries still unfathomed.

A little wisdom gained on that occasion has been of service ever after. Jack and Gill must now promise and vow to chew their cud in silence, and not proclaim their "luck" to mortal boy or girl.

The gratitude of the "Arab" is not always expressed with elegant phraseology. There is more point than roundness in the style. The tongue lacks oil, but the heart jerks out its solid utterances. Behind the coarse wrappings of their speech lies the grateful spirit; frequently it is seen in the shining eyes. Unaccustomed to the slang phrase "bully for you," I thought at first it meant an insult. But when I heard a prison chaplain relate the conversion of a young jailbird who in narrating his experience simply said, "I feel bully," I was then indoctrinated into the rich meaning of its usage, and learned that my grateful boy had spoken his best thanks. I need not furnish the polite reader with further specimens of "Arab" slang. Their mode of speech is little different from that of the average politician, with which we are all, unhappily, so familiar.

I wish to emphasize the fact that notwithstanding the impositions practised by street vagrants there are found among them examples of heroism, of affection, of honor, and genuine nobleness of character.

"Take a bigger bite, Billy, perhaps I'll find another," said one hungry child to his companion, as he urged him to eat more of the peach he had just picked out of the gutter. The impulse was one of self-denial and princely generosity. True charity is never measured by what is given but by how much is retained. How many of us give, with equal magnanimity, the biggest part of our peach?

"Nothing truly can be termed mine own
But what I make mine own by using well."

CHAPTER III.

“ ARABS ’ ’ ACADEMIES.

Our Free Institutions.—The City of Chicago.—A Pandemonium of Vice.—“Arab” Literary Ware.—Anthony Comstock’s Mission.—Studying Through the Window.—Gloating Over Pictures.—Filing a File in Order to Buy a Paper.—All Should Fight This Evil.—Lord Derby’s Advice.—The Low Theatre.—The Mimic Faculty Characteristic of Human Nature.—“I’ve Got to Come Home Boozed.”—Acting to the Life.—“The Topsy Rascal Aged Eight.”—“She Cried ‘Murder, Murder!’”—The Arrest.—The Reconciliation.—Seeking His Pay.—“Chuckin’ Handsprings and Somersets.”—How the Joke Tickled Him.—How the Grubby-faced Actor Lived.—“It was a Strange Story.”—The Result of Visiting Low Theatres.

SCHOOLS of all kinds abound among us. From the simple country loghouse, to the more imposing university, we can boast of as many classical advantages as any country in the world. The national system of our public schools cannot certainly be equaled outside of the United States. This, I believe, is conceded by visitors from other shores qualified to judge. Likewise, every child being equal in the eye of the law, all share in the common privileges of these free institutions. But all do not prize the advantages secured to them, hence, apart from the foreign population crowding in upon us, there are not a few of our own sons and daughters whose lack of education is sufficiently evident. Their ignorance is dense as a London fog—darkness that may be felt. “Arabs” are among those who play at truant, and who manage to squeeze between the various school-committeemen, fully eluding their grasp, till they have attained their legal majority and freedom from school-board compulsion. Nevertheless, they are not without schools of their own choice, where they learn tact and cunning, and other essentials of “Arab” life.

Take the city of Chicago, for example. There are about *one hundred* free and private schools, besides *twice as many*

Sunday-schools, missions, and churches. To counteract these there are *three thousand five hundred saloons*, beer-gardens, and dance-houses, besides gambling-dens, and other infamous resorts. The patrons of all these places are renewed from the youth of the city, and "Arabs" flourish among them. The vicious instruction received in these academies depraves the most innocent very quickly, and pre-

pare them for daring deeds and riotous living. A Chicago merchant referring to this condition of things reported:—



Our children cannot live and move amongst this flood of pollution without being more or less affected by it. And hence it often happens that the most pious Christian families all at once discover that the poison has penetrated even the sanctity of their own homes in some boy or girl becoming wayward, and the irreligious do not seem to care

anything about it. And so we have thousands of youth in this great and growing city, even now far advanced in their education in intemperance, licentiousness, debauchery, and crime. Our jails and Bridewell are full of the young of this city. And many more are coming. What will be the end in a few years hence, if this state of things continues and these schools of vice go on multiplying as they have for the last few years? Who can tell?

Now does it not behoove the citizens of Chicago to awake to the importance of this subject and see if something can't be done as a moral and economic measure, if nothing more, to curtail this growing evil in our midst, and thus prevent our fair city from becoming a pandemonium of vice. We would prefer that we should become a truly Christian people, but if we cannot attain to that exalted position, may we not at least try to become an industrious, sober, temperate people. Shall the schools of vice be multiplied? Is it sound public policy?

Chicago is a typical city in many respects — no better, no worse, than others. Dark haunts which are schools of vice thrive elsewhere, and youthful brigands multiply on every hand.

In addition, there are stands and shops which supply the "Arab" with literary ware. Arrayed in their settings, indecent prints appeal to the eye, and coarse descriptions of gross life excite the imagination. Standing in front of those poisonous fountains may be found ragged urchins drinking in with all-absorbing interest the scandals and villainies set forth by pen and pencil.

A young vagabond, with the design of frightening his mother into compliance with his rascally wishes, hanged himself to a door, and died before help was obtained. The evidence before the coroner proved conclusively that the vile compound of literature for boys and girls suggested to his mind this frolicsome adventure.

The concoeters and retailers of intoxicating beverages are doing their part in the destruction of young life; but I question if their evil fruit is more abundant than that borne by the traffickers in pernicious literature. These blood-suckers, who write and print only to corrupt, deserve the extremest sentence of outraged law. The unearthing of

hideous plots hatched for personal gain, by that intrepid officer, Anthony Comstock, startles us to think such diabolic attempts have been made to ruin our sons and daughters. Much of their dastardly trade has been uprooted, yet a refined nastiness is still retailed in the sensational literature sold at the stands and publicly hawked on the streets. Coarse prints illustrating brutal murders, cleverly-executed robberies, or barbarous pugilistic encounters, are on public exhibition. Pen and pencil are employed to spread moral infection and physical corruption. Parents are growing wiser in counseling their children, and in seeking to protect them from these pollutions. But what of the lads and lasses left wholly free to the destroyer? That which quickly creates a relish for wickedness is under their eye; aye, and in spite of State legislation, from that exposed class come many inmates of our asylums and our prisons.

There were two little lads who dwelt with their respective parents under one roof, the one being a schoolboy, aged nine, and in his way a scholar, and the other a year or so older, a poor neglected waif of no education at all, who did not know one letter of the alphabet from another. Nevertheless, the latter's craving after knowledge was like that of a thirsty creature for water. Somehow or other he became possessed of such a yearning for literature of a certain sort that, being unable without aid to gratify it, his life became a misery and a burden to him. His daily occupation being the care of an infant sister, his habit was, with her on his shoulder, to haunt the shops of newsvenders where cheap illustrated serials are displayed. The poor dunce could not read the print, but he could make out the meaning of the pictures. When he saw depicted a dashing gentleman mounted on a horse, with a crape mask concealing the upper part of his features, and wearing a three-cornered hat, and

with a pistol in his hand pointed at the head of the frightened guard of a mail-coach, he had no doubt in his mind but that it was a story of which some renowned highwayman was the hero; and he yearned to know what it was all about. There were all manner of pictures of the same class. Of pirates at their murderous work on the high seas, of burglars engaged in mortal strife with the affrighted householder, who has sprung out of bed to defend his property, and Tyburn hangings, and heroic rescues by the condemned man's "pals" at the very instant when Mr. Ketch is about to draw away the cart from beneath the convict's feet. The ignorant boy gloated over pictures such as these, until he grew desperate.



He knew a means by which his fierce longing might be, at all events, in some small degree assuaged. He used to lie in wait for the boy already mentioned, at noon and at evening as he came out of school, and, either by threats or persuasion, induce him to accompany him to the newsvender's shop window, and read out to him the brief portion of print that appeared on the page with the woodcut. But, alas! this solace was but small, and very often acted only as an aggravation. "At that instant, and just as bold Bill, knife in hand, had planted his knee firmly on his victim's chest, a crashing as with a sledge-hammer was heard at the door and"—

And what? It was enough almost to tempt the excited listener to demolish a pane of glass, so as to be able to turn over the page and have the next few lines read to him. But one day something that nearly approached a catastrophe occurred. The lad with the hungering desire met the schoolboy once more, the scraps were read out to the former, and in this case with such a tantalizing breaking off that human nature could not endure it. Bidding the schoolboy remain where he was just for a few minutes, the little rascal went out into Peter Street, and there finding the stall of a secondhand tool-dealer, he filched a file therefrom, sold it at a ragshop, for a penny, and in less than ten minutes was back at the paper-shop, where the coveted purchase was made; and sitting on a doorstep, a feast of eight full pages was commenced. But the theft of the file was discovered and the thief was followed, and so it was that the story came out.

The influential papers which array themselves in battle against all kinds of hurtful literature merit the thanks of the nation. Are there not other vigorous writers to step into the arena girded with righteous indignation to smite this monster of iniquity with manly courage? It would also be hailed as a reform in the right direction if the ministers who help to sustain certain serials by their contributions hurled their shining lances against them, until every publisher is compelled to purge out the leaven of wickedness from his columns. I am well persuaded that such sources of youthful demoralization would soon be dried up, if the more enlightened portions of the community waged a vigorous and persistent war against them.

Think of the poor lads who are in danger, and that every trap removed from their pathway has its beneficent value. One vile sheet hidden from a sensitive youth will be of untold benefit to him. In closing these schools of vice,

and in leading their feet to the open door of free and elevating education, we are doing a work of true benevolence for the "Arab."

Lord Derby gave pithy advice when he said: "If you look at the matter *selfishly*, it is very much your *interest* to give these lads a lift, because they are exactly at an age when habits of industry and honesty on the one hand, and of idleness and vice on the other, are permanently formed. *It is now or never for them.* The next two or three years will probably decide whether they are as workers to increase the public wealth, or whether they are to lessen it by living upon it for the rest of their days as paupers, vagrants, or possibly worse."

Ignorance has ever been the bane of the masses; it bears the evil fruits of vice and improvidence. What would occur if the restraining bounds of Christianity were thrown down has been exemplified in the reign of the Commune. The undeveloped evil in the young "Arab," if left to work out its unrestrained action, may lead to serious consequences. A match will blow up a magazine; a lamp set Chicago on fire. "Prevention is better than cure." If the ignorant classes grow restive under a period of commercial stagnation, they may turn upon the very persons who took no personal interest in training them to a better life.

The low theatre and obscene plays are other sources of youthful debasement. The eye and ear are the open channels through which the foul stream flows, polluting the mind and corrupting the heart. Within the walls of the variety-theatre untold mischief is bred. Children of both sexes have been inoculated with forms of wickedness like a spreading plague which has no limits. Stage-struck with the plots, and intoxicated with the accompaniments, these young votaries of comedy and tragedy have been swept onward on the dark wave of damning vice.

The mimic faculty is characteristic of human nature, and, as its natural tendency is ever downward, we do not wonder that the worst things are repeated and the coarsest scenes remembered. "Arabs" are not slow to learn in these



schools. Their powers of imitation are abnormally great. Mr. Greenwood furnishes us with the following serio-comic drama of which he was sole spectator:—

It was not long since, and in the midst of a protracted spell of rainy weather, that I witnessed a performance of peculiar interest.

There were five actors in the piece, and at a glance it was apparent they were not all of one family. The two elder of the party were a boy and a girl of unmistakably Irish parentage, and with unkempt and "carrotty" heads of hair, their respective ages being, perhaps, eight the boy, and six the girl. The latter was nursing a red-headed baby — her sister. The other two performers were a girl and a boy, distinctly of the "alley" type, each aged seven probably, and like each other only as regards their rags and the stamp of shameful neglect deeply impressed on the poor bony little frames and on their sharp-cut, pale, and hungry faces. The theatre was a dilapidated shed in a corner of a court, which was used as a receptacle for a sweep's full bags of soot, the latter serving as convenient seats for those performers who for the moment were not engaged on the "stage." The piece in progress included, on the part of the elder carrotty boy, an impersonation of a drunken man, the original being probably his own father, his sister taking the part of the distracted and ill-used mother, and the carrotty baby their child. Taking refuge under the archway in a sudden pelting shower, I was just in time, an unnoticed witness, to overhear the chief male actor exclaiming:—

"Now, I've got to come home boozed, don't you know, and you are sittin' up for me, and you begin to snack me about it, and then there's a jolly row. You two are the lodgers in the back-room," he continued, addressing the other girl and boy; "and you don't come in till you hear Liz scream 'Murder!'"

On which the actors last addressed for the present took a back seat on the soot-bags, and the red-haired boy's sister with the baby in her arms posed as the weary wife sitting up for her drunken husband. She must have been familiar with the original, and closely studied it to have been able to copy it so naturally. Seated on a front soot-bag, she took

off her ragged little apron, and having withdrawn a hairpin from her ruddy locks so as to allow her hair to fall about her face, she tied the apron over her head and under her chin, and hugging the baby in her arms sat rocking it and sleepily crooning an Irish song, at times rubbing her eyes and shrugging her narrow shoulders as though she were cold.

Presently her "husband," who meanwhile had retired to the back of the shed to make preparations, came staggering in in an advanced state of intoxication. With a bit of crooked stick in his mouth to represent a short pipe, and with his tattered waistcoat buttoned awry, his old cap perched at the back of his head, and his hands thrust into his trouser's pockets, he stumbled into the shed, and, leaning against the doorjamb, demanded, with a thick utterance, and with many hiccups (wonderfully rendered), what she was sitting there for, and why she had not gone to bed.

"And what 'u'd be the good of my goin' to bed," was the angry retort, "to be dragged out again to pull the boots off of a drunken beast like yourself?"

And then the childish voice waxed more wrathful still, and was raised to a shrill pitch, and she upbraided him with spending his earnings in the public-house, whilst she was sitting up without so much as half a pint of beer to comfort her. The tipsy rascal, aged eight, began to jeer at this, and reeling towards her, bade her buy beer for herself if she wanted any, since she had money in her pocket to do so. Promptly, and as though it were really the fact, the six-year-old sister on this turned fiercely on him declaring the few pennies she earned at the washtub she meant to keep, having a better use for it than to make such a disgusting pig of herself as he was.

"O, you've got the pennies and you want to keep 'em, do you?" cried the dreadful little reprobate, dashing down

his pipe and his cap, and turning back the cuff of his ragged jacket. "We'll jolly soon see about that!" And, without more ado, he attacked her, and hauling her off the bag of soot, made a desperate attempt to abstract the money from the pocket of her dress. Adroitly setting the baby aside so that it might not be hurt in the struggle, she resisted with all her might, and made-believe to pull his hair and scratch his face, which so infuriated him that he scrambled to his feet and pretended to kick her, viciously making "Hish, hish, hish!" through his clenched teeth at every kick.

At this she cried "Murder, murder!" which was the cue for the two "lodgers"—the two playmates already mentioned—to hasten in. To the life they enacted the demeanor of persons who had been affrighted out of their peaceful slumber, and hurried to the rescue of the prostrate victim, at the same time indignantly reproaching the ruffian for his brutality, and endeavoring to drag him away from her. But now his blood was up; and as though he were no more than a mere ninepin, he bowled over the intrusive male lodger, and then made as though demolishing the furniture, stamping and raving about the shed, and in the end driving the two lodgers out by threatening to knock their heads off with an imaginary upraised chair. They rushed away, and presently returned personating two policemen, imitating with their diminutive naked feet the resolute tramp of stern constables, and speaking in a gruff and determined voice.

"Hallo, here!" exclaimed the small female, marching up to and collaring the delinquent, "what sort of caper do you call this, hey? We warned you last time that we would n't be sent for again for nothing. Out you come, and quick, too, or you'll get a crack over the head that'll make you quiet."

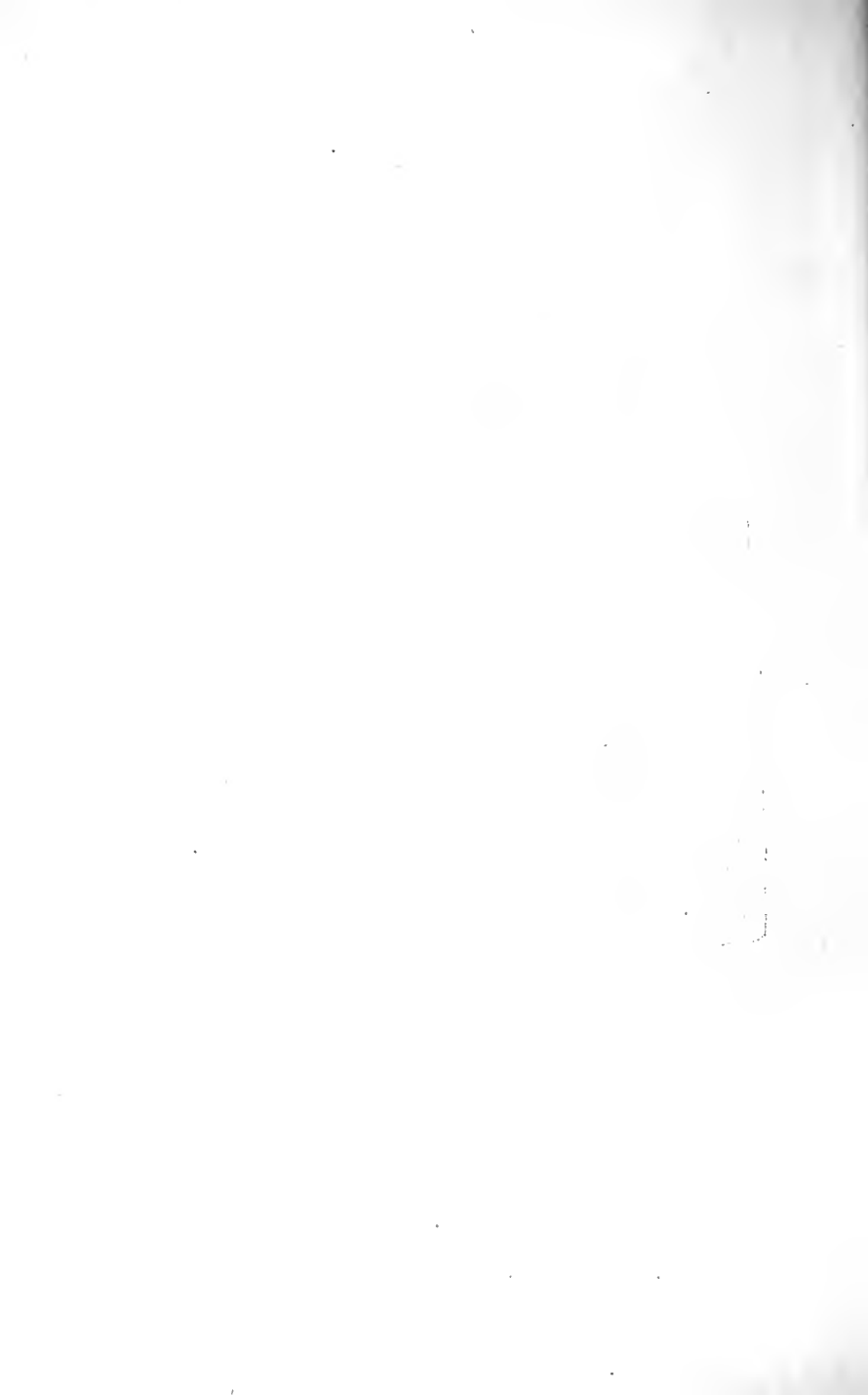
And they both—she and the other half-starved mite in

ragged knickerbockers — drew imaginary staves, and shook them at him threateningly. When matters arrived at this pass, the make-believe assaulted woman on the ground rose to her feet and begged of the two policemen not to take him, at the same time declaring that it was all her fault; that he was the best of husbands when he had n't taken a drop to drink and was n't aggravated. On which the officers grumblingly took their departure, reappearing again a moment afterwards in their previous character as the two lodgers. They were warm in their congratulations to the wife-kicker on his escape from being locked up, and earnest in their persuasions, "for the dear baby's sake," that the quarrelsome couple should "have a drain, and make it up" — a proposition which was received with favor by the husband, who first became mollified, and then maudlin — weeping and wiping his eyes on his old cap, declaring himself a beast and a brute, and as fitter to have a brick tied to his neck, and be thrown into the river, than to be blessed with such a jewel of a wife as he had. Hearing this, his ill-used partner relented, and producing from her pocket what was supposed to be the price of half a pint of rum, the female lodger pretended to fetch it; and after they had severally drunk all round, — out of an oyster-shell, — peace was effectually restored, an extemporized jig was indulged in by the whole company, and the game came to an end.

I have remarked that I was an unnoticed spectator of this domestic drama. At its commencement such was the case, but I soon had reasons for suspecting that one of the actors was aware that I was taking an interest in the performance. This was the elder boy — the drunken husband and wife-kicker. I observed several times that he cast a glance in my direction, and that he appeared for the sake of effect to be exerting himself more than simple pastime with his young companions called for. I was not mistaken, for as soon as



A CHIEF SOURCE OF ARABISM.



the play was over and he had quaffed his share of the make-believe liquor and finished with the jig, cap in hand and grinning, he came to me and inquired if I had got a copper to spare for the poor play-actors.

“If it is only a penny, sir, it will be better ’n nothin’.”

“But what would be the good of a penny among so many of you. You are all together, and would share it, of course?” said I.

“Ah, that’s only when we’re playin’.” returned the “heavy ruffian,” his grinning face growing serious: “it’s different looking up the cash. Them two isn’t anythin’ to do with me. (The lodgers he alluded to.) No, thanky; I’ve got quite enough of ’em to look after without.” And as he glanced toward his sister (who was now comforting the baby in the midst of a fit of coughing, probably brought on by inhaling the soot, a cloud of which had accompanied the winding-up dance), his young face grew grave and anxious as that of a middle-aged father of a family.

“What do you mean when you say that you have to look after them?” I asked. “You are expected to see that they don’t get into mischief, I suppose?”

“Somethin’ more ’n that,” he replied, with a sober wag of his red head. “I’ve got to find grub for ’em. There’s another one of ’em — my young brother Bill. He’s a-sittin’ by the fire in the kitchen ’coz he can’t walk.”

“What is the matter with Bill, then? Is he a cripple?”

The old look gave place to a grin again as he replied: —

“You wouldn’t say so if you was to see him chuckin’ handsprings and somersets a-side of the ’buses. It was the wheel of a hack what went over his toes that lamed him.”

“But where are your father and mother?”

“Father’s down at the docks, or somewhere, I suppose, lookin’ after a job. Mother, she works over in Tooley

Street, at the tater-sack makin'. They goes out fust thing in the mornin' and comes home last thing at night. That's all we see of 'em."

"But wouldn't it be better to stay indoors this bad weather?"

"Can't; they lock the door of our room, for fear we might fall out o' winder or set the place on fire, or somethin'."

"And you, being the eldest," I remarked, "are, I suppose, trusted with the money to buy food for your brother and sister all day long?"

He grinned again, and then laughed outright, the joke tickled him so.

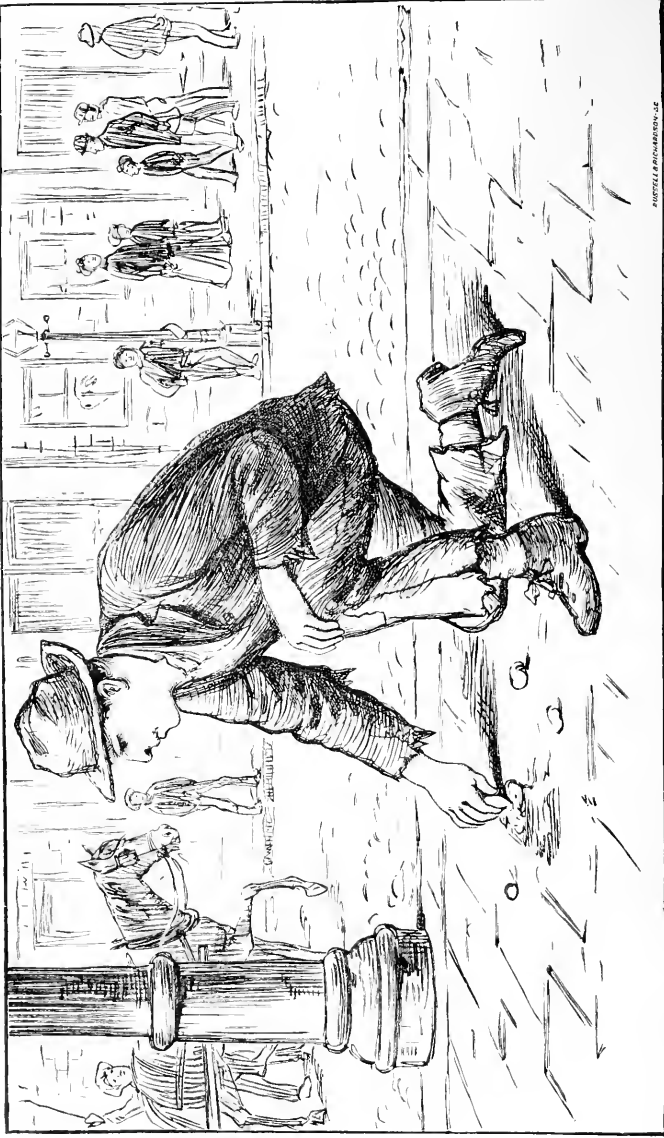
"Ketch 'em leavin' any money along o' me," he presently made answer. "The way of it is this, mister. We has some bread and coffee before mother goes out in the mornin', and all we gets 'twixt then and eight or nine at night is what I picks up. When mother comes home we have some of what she brings home for supper, and that's the lot."

"But your father, don't he bring home any money?" A resentful scowl distorted the boy's mobile face as he replied:—

"A rare lot *he* brings home! More like he'd take away what I get if he finds the chance. He'd do it more, only mother rounds on him about it, and sticks up for us. A stummin' mother she is, too," continued the grateful young "street Arab," admiringly. "No matter how he punches her and pastes her, she won't give in about *that*. 'What he'—that's me, you know—'ever picks up,' sez she, 'let him divide it among 'em, and if you take it away from 'em, you'll have to settle with me for it when I come home!'"

"But what is it you do pick up, and where?"

"O, anythin'—anywheres; I ain't pertickler," replied the grubby-faced young actor, on the instant becoming light-hearted again. "But I can't get about and do anythin'."



ROSTELLE & BROTHERMAN - N.Y.

CHALK SKETCHING FOR A LIVING.

while it's rainin'. Sometimes I works the 'buses, like I was doin' when the cab-wheel went over young Bill's toes, and sometimes I play on the tin-whistle, or I go hunting for bones and rags, or p'raps I takes my bag and goes down to the river and picks up enough coals to sell for tuppence or threepence. It's no use bein' pertickler, don't you know, when there's two or three of 'em lookin' to'ards you for a bit of wittles."

And there was a look in his eyes as he spoke that no man would have been anything but gratified to see in the eyes of a little son of his own. It was a strange story. The poor hard-working drudge, the mother, able with her toiling from morning till night to buy only half a loaf in place of a whole one for her unlucky progeny; the dissolute, lazy father, who rather than work would rob his child of its vagabond gleanings; the ragged, sturdy, ready-witted ragamuffin, aged eight, who stood before me, and who, according to his own account, acted the part of father and mother as well to his younger brothers and sisters day after day.

"Acted the part?" I had witnessed with what fidelity he could represent a drunkard ruffian's treatment of his wife: was he still exercising his powers of personation, and endeavoring to pass with me as a little hero of gutter-life, whereas in reality he was only waiting for what he could wheedle me out of, to adjourn to the sweetstuff shop with his sister and the two "lodgers" and make merry over the recollection of how nicely I had been taken in? I may be doing the poor little chap an injustice by insinuating such a possibility. There is a doubt, and a broad one, and he shall have the benefit of it.

The idea of acting, and the formation of the plot, must have been the result of his attending school in some low theatre.

CHAPTER IV.

UNNATURAL PARENTS.

“Sairey Gamp” and “Mrs. Harris.”—Mistress Society.—Suffering Children.—Unnatural Parents.—A Diminutive Female.—“Now They Fit Lovely.”—The Poor Old Cobbler.—Calling on Crispin.—“He Did Pretty Well as a ‘Translator.’”—“That’s Her Cuss and Mine too.”—The Drunken Wife.—The Relieving Officer’s Discovery.—A Healthy Child Reduced to Seventy Ounces.—Terrible Tragedies.—Stepmothers.—Dark Deeds.—“It Never Had a Garment.”—Bacchus and Moloch.—The Ravages of Drunkenness.—Royalty Among the Lowly.—“My Heart is Mos’ Bruck.”—The Three Woolly Black Heads.—“Five Cents a Sack for Her Work.”—“Mudder, Let’s Go.”—The Bath, Clothing, and Warm Soup.

THE best-cared-for babies have cause to complain. Nurses are not always the most delicate or tender-hearted. “Sairey Gamp” belongs to a numerous family, even if the mysterious “Mrs. Harris” should have no existence. Many an infant in its own extraordinary language calls Nurse, Curse. What between bathing and bandaging, feeding and fondling, dosing and dandling, poor baby has a hard time of it. Mamma’s “darling” and sister’s “pet,” papa’s “cherub” and brother’s “Hello, young one!” has to endure infinite tossings, besides the risk it must run with foolish aunts, silly cousins, and doting grandmas. Even growth out of the infantile condition is not protection to the most fortunate. Precociousness is encouraged and injudiciously developed. They are crimped or curled, laced or ruffled, girdled and squeezed. In addition they have colics and croups, superinduced by improper treatment or criminal neglect. What wonder then that little ones take wings and fly away? The children of the poor generally escape, although, the Lord knows, they have their trouble; but as for the children of the wealthier classes—well, may heaven pity them! Mauled by the nurse, physicked by the doctor, surfeited by parents, turned into apes by governesses, and into strutting peacocks by that

dissipated, Frenchified, despotic old hag, Mistress Society, instead of happy, rollicking childhood, we have stilted young ladies and young gentlemen. We heartily wish the Grundys and Brummells were at the bottom of the sea. We



wish it on behalf of helpless little ones who cannot protect themselves from the freaks of fashion and the follies of pride. Why should Christian parents cry loudly against the Chinese practice of torturing their children's feet, when their own suffer torments with strangely shaped misfits? Is it refining

or health-giving to pierce their ears, squeeze their delicate hands into non-elastic gloves, and garter their legs until all natural circulation is destroyed? Oh! no. All other nations are cruel to the rising generation but our own. And stranger things occur. We are often startled by the ghastly reports of the daily press, and sometimes question if the inhuman conduct of parents toward their children, detailed with minute shockingness, can really be true. There are stories of severe beatings, horrible mutilations, and dastardly inhuman treatment of children by parents and professed guardians. There are descriptions of cruelty — wringing of the heart's-blood of helpless little victims, nothing short of devilish. The Herods have not all died out. From this proud Republic, from the boastful empires of Europe, from so-called Christian England — the central head of Christendom, arises the loud-piercing wail of anguish, wrung from wretched children, who are, alas! frequently tortured on the rack of parental lust and greed.

The tragedies of the streets occasionally come to light, while deep, dark silence settles down on untold deeds and nameless horrors committed by monsters who have forfeited all right to the tender, holy relation of father or mother. An attempt to describe many a scene, where a child is the victim, would read more like a mocking nightmare than a dread fact. Fancy could hardly conceive the singular eccentricities of brutalized human nature. The maternal instinct of motherhood has been annihilated till nothing is left but a wretched monstrosity. The strong arm which should be used for fatherly protection has rained cruel blows upon the dying child. That *a man* should become a vicious monster does not alarm us with such surprise, as that a woman should become a frenzied demon. There is at least a grain of comfort in the reflection that not always are *both* parents cruelly disposed. When soberness and humanity are left to

one of them, the children may partially escape. I quote the following by way of illustration:—

At the lamp-post in Leather Lane, the individual in charge of the sorry array of patched-up boots, and superintending the sale thereof, was a female so diminutive in size that her tousled old hat—which was suggestive of a last year's nest in which a bird of gay plumage had moulted—was no higher than that part of the lamp-post where the slender part joins the base. She could not have been older than ten or eleven years, but her worldly knowledge, in the old boot-and-shoe line of business, at all events, was equal to that of a middle-aged matron. At the moment when my attention was attracted towards her she was endeavoring to do a stroke of trade with a man six feet high, who had brought out his little boy to buy him a pair of secondhand shoes.

The giant in ankle-jacks was no more a match for the shrewd little street-marketwoman than his infant progeny would have been. The shoes were tried on, and at once pronounced to be about "five sizes too large." She was instantly ready for him with a brief anecdote of a child of her acquaintance who was crippled for life in consequence of wearing shoes in which there was not free play for its toes, and, whipping out one of the curl-papers from her hair, she tore it in two, and, stuffing a portion into each little boot, tried them on again, and declared that "now they fit lovely." She laughed to scorn the fellow's offer of eighteen cents for them and, with a perfectly serious countenance, assured him that if it were not Sunday, and the pawnshops were open, she could get thirty cents on those shoes for the asking, at the same time explaining that the whole and sole reason why she had offered them to him for this low price was, in the first place, because she had not taken a "single red" all the morning, and in the next because in a minute or two she

would be turned away by the police, and this was her last chance of selling. On this the good-natured rough relented, and paid down the cash.

The transaction was scarcely completed when there emerged from an adjacent narrow alley a wretched-looking old man, with rags of slippers on his feet, and a tattered leather apron that charitably concealed the deficiencies of his nether raiment, bare-armed, and with hands so gnarled and knotted, and blunt and black at the finger-nails, that they scarcely looked human. Despite these various drawbacks to a prepossessing appearance, however, and the additional one of his wearing a pair of wide-rimmed horn spectacles that exaggerated the blearedness of his eyes, it was plain at a glance that he was either the father or the grandfather of the shrewd little shoe-seller, and I was not surprised when I heard him address her.

"I thought I'd just come and give you a hand to carry 'em in, Kitty," said he. "It's very nigh twelve o'clock, my dear, and we don't want 'em all kicked into the mud by the perlice, like they was last Sunday; do we, Kitty?"

"All right, father," said she; "you take 'em in, and I'll trot up the lane and get a bit o' something for dinner."

"Do, gal; and, Kitty, bring a bit extry, because I thinks it very likely your grandfather may drop in and pick a bit with us to-day," returned the old cobbler, whose voice and manner in speaking to the child were an amazing contrast to his rough and uncouth aspect.

"That'll be all accordin' to what mother'll be up to, won't it?" the girl remarked, as though she had some doubt of the wisdom of his last proposition.

"No fear of her," replied the cobbler; "she'll wake up as dry as a clinker as soon as the houses are open, and we sha'n't see any more of her till three o'clock."

Any one, I suppose, is at liberty to call on a cobbler to

consult him on the subject of shoemaking or mending; and, having observed the house into which the old fellow carried his leather apron full of the unsold stock gathered up from the lamp-post, there were no difficulties in my way. When I say that I saw him enter the house with his burden, it is scarcely correct, for he seemed to shoot it into a cellar in front of his abode, and then he vanished in at the street-door. I experienced no difficulty in finding him, however, when a few minutes later I walked up the narrow alley and looked down into the cellar or kitchen; there, by the light of a tallow-candle — though it was noon and broad daylight in more favored places — I saw him seated in the midst of a circle of all manner of boots and shoes, most of them seemingly in the last stage of dilapidation, and all of them mouldy and mildewed, tugging away at his wax-ends as though his life depended on his turning out the job in hand within a limited time. He looked up as my shadow darkened the open window, and, having hinted my business to him, he made answer that he would come up and speak with me about it. But I preferred to go down to him, and, he making no objection, I made my way through the house-passage and down the kitchen-stairs, and there joined him.

Soon, however, as I put my head in at the door I made a hasty step back, for there, dimly revealed by the feeble light of the tallow-candle, stretched out straight on a bed of decaying old soles and upper leather in a corner, with a crushed fish-basket for a pillow, was what looked like a dead woman. The old fellow saw in an instant why I hesitated, and observed in an off-hand manner: —

“O, don't mind her. She's only sleeping it off. She got a sly glass or two among the neighbors, cuss 'em! this morning; not that but Sunday and weekday is pretty much the same to her, wus luck for me.”

It was, of course, not for me to mind, since he did not, and

after I had justified my calling on him we talked of matters generally, and of his occupation in particular. He informed me that, with Kitty's assistance he did pretty well as a "translator" (i.e. a conjuror of wearable boots out of those that are utterly worn-out and seemingly worthless). Yes, this was the material he worked on (the mildewed mounds by which his seat was surrounded). "All-sorts" it was called in the trade,—men's, women's, children's, odds and ends—anything,—and he could always buy as much as he wanted of it at the rate of two shillings a bushel. They were not always "pairs" that he made up, but he matched them as close as he could, and the Leather-laners were not overnice about such matters. His daughter Kitty was his right hand. She generally managed to sell as fast as he could 'translate,' and by pinching himself of sleep, getting to bed at twelve, being up and at it again at six, Sunday and weekdays, he could earn as much as nine or ten dollars a week.

"I should have supposed," I remarked, "that, earning as much as that, you could afford to live in a more comfortable place."

"O, it's comfortable enough if it comes to that," glancing contentedly around the wretched kitchen; "you see, it's so roomy. Where else should I get a single room big enough to live in, and sleep in, and work in as well, especially considering the quantity of rubbish I'm obliged to have always nigh me? Looks rather damp! Well, it might be drier. But the rats is the worst of it; I can't keep anything from 'em. They gnaw the old boots and shoes and lick up the blacking, and when I go to bed there's a fight among 'em for the candle-end. At the same time, I don't think I could better myself in this neighborhood, and one dollar a week isn't overmuch for it. We could do very well, sir, if it wasn't for her." And he lowered his voice as he pointed to the

slatternly wretch who, with her hair in disorder, lay with her face on the fish-basket.

“That ’s her cuss and mine too,” and he signified a drinking measure with his waxy fist, and tossed off a dram at one gulp. “If there ’s a dollar earned I ’ll wager she melts half of it in drink. She will have it, sir, or ” — and he finished the sentence with a horrible grimace, and clawing the air with outspread two hands. “That ’s her, sir. And then poor Kitty she drops in for it, and then I have a say, and then *I* drop in for it, and old boots and shoes ain’t the lightest of weapons to have shied at you. It’s no use me trying to stand up against her. She ’s as strong as a horse, and as free with her fists as with her tongue when she ’s in her tantrums. Does she do any work? Now and then she goes out and does a bit of washing or a few chores but it all goes in rum. How long has she been at it? Blest if I can tell you. A good many years, though. Ever since I ’ve lived here, and that ’s seven years.”

“But is there no way of securing your hard earnings from such ruinous waste?” The poor little cobbler shook his head.

“Her way of doing it, you see, sir, is to wait on the gal. The bar-room she uses is just close at hand to Kitty’s post, and she keeps watch at the winder, and as soon as there is a pair sold she ’s down on the dimes before the poor child can pocket ’em. Why, many a time I ’ve ” —

But at this point a sudden rustling of the fish-basket pillow on which the wretched woman’s head reposed announced that she was waking up, and her husband began pegging away at a boot, at the same time, with a significant wink, bidding me good morning. And at the same moment the bony-fisted virago scrambled to her feet, and, staggering towards the cobbler, threateningly demanded money of him. I thought it as well to take his hint in good time and so I left.

Another case in point: A Relieving Officer deposed that, having received an anonymous letter calling attention to the condition of a family he went there the next day, where he found four children, the eldest a boy, the others girls, in



a small back-room on the first floor. Their ages were ten, seven, five, and two. After knocking for some minutes at the room-door, the children unlocked it and let him in. Two or three of the children had no clothing on, and were lying huddled up in the scanty bedclothes; there was no one with them: they had locked themselves in. When the

officer entered the room, the eldest child began to cry, and seemed frightened. He was told by neighbors that, since the parents had come to live there, the children had *not once been out of the room*. They appeared to be in such a neglected condition, so emaciated from starvation, that he had to remove them to the poorhouse in a cab. In the evening the wretched mother called upon him. She was the worse for liquor. That the woman was sentenced to three months' imprisonment was probably in its way a sufficient punishment, but what about the poor children — what is to become of them? They are but typical of many who, although they have the shelter of a room, are hidden away in squalid lodgings uncared for, without clothing, and unable to go out until they arrive at that age when, if they survive the trials and sufferings of the first few years, they become too old to be restrained, and rush out upon the streets, where they find liberty and at least pick up a crust; where also they learn the secrets of a vicious life which many end in a criminal's death.

What think you of the mother whose healthy child was reduced to *seventy ounces* in weight through the starvation process? "For the past month," according to the newspaper account, the prisoner had "systematically neglected the deceased by leaving her in a box of rags half a day at a time in a room where there was no fire, and also by refusing to allow food to be given to her." Comment is needless. Whitefield used to maintain that unregenerated human nature was half beast and half devil; and had he needed illustrations to confirm his startling proposition, he might have found them in our modern police-courts.

There are various ways of children being starved to death. A woman was charged with causing the death of a boy aged eight months, an infant she had taken in to nurse. At the *post-mortem* examination "not a particle of food was found,

the child having died literally from starvation." Notwithstanding the absence of disease, the body weighed only seven pounds and two ounces.

At Sheffield, a steel merchant, who had from some unstated cause become "somewhat singular in his manner," which obliged him to remain at home from work, murdered his infant. Rising from his bed at evening, he went downstairs, "and, in the absence of his wife, took his baby from the cradle and dashed its brains out on a dresser."

I think the reader will be fully convinced that shocking deeds are being enacted in our day after getting through the subjoined list of selected cases:—

A woman falls into the canal with a child five months old in her arms, and the infant is drowned. One witness at the coroner's court believed "the mother was under the influence of drink at the time," while the coroner remarked that the life of the child had been sacrificed to the mother's folly.

A married woman who drowned herself was found in the water with her youngest child, a girl under three years of age, tied to her waist.

A soldier who had been discharged from his regiment was charged with the murder of his daughter, an infant a month old. The cowardly ruffian came home, and after beating first his wife, and then the woman's father, "seized his infant daughter, swung her round his head, and dashed her against a hen-house," soon after which the child died.

Harrowing would be the stories we might tell about step-mothers—jealous, ignorant, cat-like women, to whom the offspring of former wives were helpless victims on whom all kinds of cruelty might be practised. An inquest was held on the body of a boy eleven years of age, whose emaciated condition, even as he lay in his coffin, was noticed by the coroner and the jury. One of the jurymen and a



THE HOMELESS.



female witness very succinctly stated the facts of the case. The former said: "All my children, and others as well, know that the boy never had sufficient food, and if any one gave him anything to eat he was flogged for taking it." The other witness, who had known the child for nine years, added: "When his mother was alive he was well treated, but since his father had married again he was quite neglected. He was half starved. I have seen bruises and other marks of ill-usage upon him." Of course the coroner lectured the vixen on her "eruel and inhuman conduct," but unhappily could award no more fitting punishment.



This of a laboring man: "The prisoner, his wife, and the deceased child were left in the room about eight o'clock, and on the brother of the prisoner going into the room at half-past nine o'clock the prisoner was found lying upon the floor asleep, and the child was also on the floor, quite dead, but still warm. A medical examination disclosed the fact that the unhappy child had received most terrible injuries: the skull was fractured in several places, one of the arms was broken, there were a number of contused wounds in all parts of the body, and other mortal injuries, which in the opinion of the medical men had been occasioned either by heavy blows with the fist or kicks from a boot."

A visit to a family of gutter snipes is thus described: Abominable filth made the room almost unenterable: and lying in a corner on some rags was a blear-eyed, half-dressed

man under the influence of drink, and, although now but the hour of noon, quite incapable of coherency.

Who is he? do you ask: and why should we care for him? A letter from a Christian working-man was received some



time before, beseeching us to visit the house, in which a connection of his lived, and imploring us to rescue, if possible, *some* of the children from the fate to which their father's confirmed vice exposed them. There were *five* children in the room, one a baby girl of eleven months. The others were a little girl of five years, and three boys of fourteen, ten, and eight respectively. The children and their father occu-

ped a small back-room in Princess Row. They were in a deplorable condition, in fact almost naked; the mite of a five-year-old girl playing the nurse to the miserable baby, whose mother had died ten months before. A few bits of bread were in the room, and on the fire was a broken pot containing some potatoes. The man, a native of Ireland, appeared half stupid; and was, we heard, continually in liquor. Where he got the needful money was a mystery; but somehow or other he *did* get it, and, oblivious of the claims of his unfortunate offspring, spent all he could secure in the poison which was already working his death.

The baby was quite naked. Since it was born it never had a garment on, except the old rug in which at night it was bundled. They were all covered with vermin and sores. Three of the youngest were in the worst possible state of filthiness. The baby's face was like that of a little old

woman. It would sit on the ground and munch with its tender gums at a hard crust or suck at a piece of candle; and it was no easy matter, after their rescue, to accustom any of the children to decent ways.

Bacchus is as cruel as Moloch, and multitudes of children are yearly sacrificed at his shrine. The law is powerless, or faithlessly executed, hence much devolves on Christian philanthropists whose earnest efforts on behalf of unfortunate youth have been already signally successful.

The ravages of drunkenness have frequently been discussed, yet its relation to the children of the intemperate needs to be more fully ventilated. By it "Arabs" are multiplied, and "waifs" are on the increase. There are, however, lower depths of depravity into which helpless childhood is dragged — whirlpools set in motion by degraded parents, into whose awful vortex they are irresistibly drawn. Think of fathers and mothers inciting their children *to steal*; they themselves the receivers of the ill-gotten gains. At a police-court, a child of nine years of age was charged, with another a little older, with having stripped houses in that neighborhood of an incredible quantity of lead and taps. Obtaining scent of a certain house, the detectives there found the property. "I'm the gov'nor," said the father, who, with his wife, had tutored the young creatures to commit their depredations. We trust that the law will take cognizance of a "gov'nor's" responsibility.

I have felt it my duty to call attention to these terrible revelations. We prepare for the dreaded pestilence when warned by its approach, and if moral evils are averted we must become aware of their existence. It is, therefore, no idle whim which governs my present purpose. In laying bare the fact that *unnatural parents* are driving their children to the streets, who become parasites on the body politic, and out of whom grow gamblers, thieves, burglars,

and paupers, to impoverish and degrade our country, I am only adding my quota of help in the direction of civil



reform and national purity. To save these children should be the aim of all, and a wise legislation which successfully accomplishes this end will minimize crime and limit cruelty. The prison and the gallows fail to do either.

Turning away from these sickening details, it is gratifying to meet with a decided contrast. It is our profound conviction that many royal people are found among the lowly. Shining like imperishable diamonds amid the surrounding darkness, they enrich the world by being in it. Preserving their saltness, they hinder the spread of corruption around them, and sweeten the moral wastes by the perfume of their Christlike sanctity. They bring up their children in the fear of the Lord and are among the most important citizens of the Commonwealth. In his search for "Arabs" Doctor Barnardo found one of these queenly daughters in disguise: black as the tents of Kedar, yet comely as the curtains of Solomon. This is his narrative: —

We passed down the main street, then turned to the left, walked through the narrow passage for about forty paces, turned again to the left, and then entered a small court. There are not many houses in it: the one we seek is at the farther end. There is no hall-door, and the crazy stairs are exposed to view from outside. Up we go, disturbing in our passage several groups of children, who, in the dim light which enters through the narrow casements of each landing, are playing noisy games. They stop to gaze in wonder as we ascend. It is a high house for so narrow a court, and was once inhabited by people of better quality: now it is but a tumble-down affair. The balustrades are nearly all gone. One here and there suffices to afford the railing an insecure support. The rats have appropriated not a little of the staircase: huge holes leading to their burrows suggest to the unaccustomed traveler the necessity for carefulness: but due caution being exercised, we get to the garret "top back," as we were told when below. There is no need to knock, for the door of the back-room on the upper floor is partly open.

“Step in, sar,” cries a voice, as our foot-tread is heard by the inmate of the room. Inside, a woman is seen sitting near the small window, trying by the fading light to complete her task. No furniture of any kind can be seen — not even a chair, nor an apology for a bed. The weary worker speaks, but without raising her head, or leaving off her work for a moment. She sits on an old broken box, turned bottom upwards to serve as a seat. The room is very dirty, dark, and close-smelling. We attempted to open the window, but it was fixed, and would not open. The occupant of the tenement goes on with her work, “stitch, stitch, stitch,” at it, and always at it. She is not even curious enough, or has not time to spare, to ask our business, although she must wonder why we have come. She is a colored woman and is dressed in the poorest rags. Her face is that of a sufferer, and her voice, when she speaks, has unutterable weariness in its tone.

Is she alone? We thought she was at first, but the landlady came up, and is now standing behind, and she points to the corner under the slanting roof, and says, in a hushed voice, “That ’s where *they* are.”

Some sacks are indeed there, in the centre of which a bigger mass protrudes; but all only appears to be a heap of other sacks fresh from the hand of the woman who sits before us, still at work, and always at it — stitch, stitch, stitch! But our inquiry attracts her; she has raised her head; she is interested, and looks keenly at us. A quick glance it is, and we can see the moisture which has gathered in either eye.

“Eh, sar,” she says, “mebbe you ’ll help the childer! My heart’s most *bruck!* de good Lord forgive me!”

Big tears coursed down each swarthy cheek.

Greatly moved, we turned to the corner and pulled aside a sack, revealing *three woolly black heads*. Yes, sure enough,

there three little black children lay. In a few minutes they were awake, and, to our surprise, instead of springing out with the usual vivacity of children, from the heap of sacks, they remained quite still, looking quiet and abashed.

"She hain't no clothes for 'em this while back," explained the landlady, in a low voice; "so they keeps together under the sacks to get warm, till the mother takes her work off to the factory. When she comes back they've a new lot of sacks; but 't ain't much they 'd have to eat if it warn't for the neighbors who pities 'em, and gives 'em a bit of broken wittles now and then. But the neighbors 'bout here are only poor theirselves, God help 'em!"

"Do you mean that these children have really no clothing at all, and always lie in these sacks?"

"Never a rag among the lot of 'em," responded the landlady.

Gently and kindly we conversed with the mother of the poor children, who had resumed her sewing, and drew out from her, in broken snatches, fragments of her history, which is as follows: Her husband was a sailor, tall and powerfully built. When near one of the West India Islands, a companion had fallen overboard, and was in danger of being devoured by a shark. The woman's husband, always remarkable for his courage and bravery, jumped without hesitation over the ship's side, and rescued the drowning man, but lost his own life. The widow heard the sad tidings on the ship's return. Her heart must have been broken if she had not had the consolation of *the Christian's faith and hope*. Enshrined beneath the dark and swarthy skin which proclaimed her race was the bright jewel of a soul that had been cleansed in the Redeemer's blood. Sickness came, poverty, then sickness again, followed by the birth of her posthumous child, a little boy, now five years old, the youngest of the three children who lay between the sacks.

She might have gone to service: but what of her children? The eldest child, a girl, was twelve years. The mother's great struggle had always been to keep them from the streets. "Any way and any how," she said to us with streaming eyes,



"away from sin and wickedness!" True they had no clothes, and were almost starved, for she received only *five cents a sack* for her work.

"But they know'd summat 'bout de Lord Jesus; and I wants 'em *sore* to *lub* him."

“I have a HOME for such; I will take them. Will you give them up to my care?” was the substance of a parley.

Her eyes glistened. “I would like to let ‘em go, but” — A voice from the corner cried, “Mudder, let’s go! Plenty food, nice warm tings. Let’s go, mudder!”

That was conclusive, and they came; or rather we took them, wrapped up by the kindly hands of the landlady and their own mother in some of the sacks with which they had been invested. Off the next morning we carried them in a cab, and in the studio of our photographer laid them and their sacks in a heap, as they had been the day before in their mother’s dingy attic; and thus preserved a picture of the state in which we found them. Then, away again to the Girls’ Home in a cab. How glad they were for the delightful luxury of a warm bath and clean clothing! Some soup, too, worked wonders; after which, with their braided hair fastened demurely by a little scarlet band, there stood before the writer two twinkling-eyed congenitors of the world-renowned “Miss Feely’s” Topsy!

Work for the mother, of a better character, less arduous and more remunerative, was soon obtained, and thus the wife and children of one who had lost his life in saving a fellow-creature’s were themselves rescued from a worse fate than that which had befallen their devoted husband and father. “Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me.”

“Through night to light — in every stage,
From childhood’s morn to hoary age,
What shall illumine the pilgrimage
By mortals trod?”

“There is a pure and heavenly ray,
That brightest shines in darkest day,
When earthly beams are quenched for aye;
“Tis lit by God.”

CHAPTER V.

SHIRKERS AND HEROES.

Temporary Employment Provided. — Plan of Operations. — A Pair of Shirkers. — “Charley, I’m Open to be Converted.” — Like the Wriggle of a Homeless Dog. — “Sleepin’ on a Empty Stomach.” — Objections to Work. — “Is this your Bloomin’ House of Labor?” — Description of a “Rough.” — Heroes. — The Crossing-Sweeper. — Squeaker and Poll. — Porkey’s Vicious Trick. — “I’m the Father, She’s the Mother.” — Papers and Lights by Turns. — “Poll Earns more’n I do.” — Charley’s Sudden Alarm. — The Reason Why.

MUCH good has been accomplished in providing temporary work for young men who are earnestly endeavoring to “turn over a new leaf.” In many cities both private benefactors and public institutions seek to encourage this class, and have provided them with food and shelter for a certain amount of wood-sawing and wood-splitting. In deserving cases the lads are rewarded with a suit of clothes and permanent employment. A writer thus describes his visit to one of these wood-depots and what occurred in the neighborhood: —

The right-minded would no doubt find these various inducements ample, but I must confess when, several months since, the idea in its present shape was confided to me, my faith in it was of the faintest. I am the more glad to make known that, as far as the means at the disposal of the gentleman in question will admit, the experiment has proved an undoubted success. Within the past four months thirty-two of these youths, rapidly maturing to adult ruffianism, have been received, and of this number twenty-six remain, manfully earning their bread, sweetened by the sweat of their brow, and thriving wonderfully on the, to them, novel aliment. Nor does one need to be a physiognomist to tell at

a glance that exactly the sort of fish angled for have been secured. I recently saw them, about a score in number, squatted at the chopping-block, and cheerily hard at it, but most of them with that unfortunate type of face not easily softened or improved by a fit, more or less enduring, of moral resolution. There was the heavy under-jaw, the eyes deep sunk in their sockets, the massive chin, the large outstanding ears with the barren space behind. Nevertheless, and by what magic their taming is accomplished I cannot say, there they were, chopping their way to an honest and creditable future with an amount of energy and perseverance that showed unmistakably how thoroughly their minds were made up about the matter. I tried to talk with two or three of them, but they were evidently averse to conversation with strangers, and gave me answers that were civil, but decidedly short. The prevailing sentiment among them was one that could not be found fault with—they had entered on a contract and, though they were perfectly well aware of the tough work they were engaged on, they meant to stick to it for the sake of the reward, and, that being so, the least said about it meanwhile the better. I was informed that, though some of them grin rather ruefully at the discipline at first, they soon learn to bear with it. They get their three meals a day, plain as well can be, but unstinted, and each worker has a clean bed, with sheets and a rug to cover him, of a very different complexion from that he has probably been used to at the common lodging-house. There are two hours school in the evening, with a comfortable reading-room, with plenty of lavatory accommodation, including a spacious bath. I don't know exactly what is the cost in each case, for such an establishment can scarcely hope to be self-supporting; but whatever it may be must be regarded as merely trifling as compared with the item entered to the credit side of the ledger — one rough the less.

It is not surprising that it occasionally happens that the youthful rough of the utterly incorrigible kind, misled by false rumors as to the life of ease and luxury to be secured by the exercise of a little artfulness, makes humble applica-



SHIRKERS.

tion, but when he hears the terms turns disgusted away. Indeed, such an instance came under my notice. I had descended the steps, and was turning away from the premises, when I saw at a few yards' distance a couple of

youths, of exactly the type that will probably prove more troublesome to the promoter of the bold experiment than any he is likely to be called on to deal with. They were apparently about eighteen years old, and at the moment when I beheld them one was practising the steps of a dance he was presumably at present not quite perfect in. His companion, lounging with his back to the wall, and with the peak of his cap tilted jauntily over his eyes and a short pipe in his mouth, was critically contemplating the motions of the dancer's feet. The instant they caught sight of me, however, the dancing ceased, and after a rapid whispering together, the pair, suddenly assuming the demeanor of sober and steady lads incapable of swerving so much as an inch from the straight path of integrity, hurried after me. When they overtook me, however, they did not immediately address me. Walking abreast and keeping pace with me, they continued a conversation, speaking loud enough for me to overhear.

"That 's where I 'm like you," said one. "I didn't have pluck enough to go up the steps and knock, for fear they might think we was only making game or somethink: which nothing is funder from my thoughts. Wot do you say, Bill?"

"I say that them wot 's got the 'ard-'artiness to make game of them who's money out o' pocket to convert us from our wicked ways, ought to be jolly well ashamed of themselves. That's what I say, Charley. I tell you fair and honest. Charley, I'm open to be converted if any kind gen'l'man would set about it!" And then they feigned to be made suddenly aware that they were walking within six feet of me. They started and fell back apace.

"It is him, I tell you," said Bill, in a stage whisper.

"Wot, him that we see come out just now? Well, he looks a kind-'arted sort. Blest if I don't speak to him."

And next moment the last speaker, with a smile of childlike confidence, and with a twist of his body comparable to nothing but the wriggle with which a homeless dog beseeches the compassion of any one who casts pitying eyes on him, remarked: —

“I beg pardon, sir; but might you be one of the head ums at the Labor-House, wot us saw you come out of just now?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Coz if you was, if you would n't mind the liberty of us arstin', we thought as how you might be the means of gettin' us in!”

“Are you destitute, then?”

“Are we not, sir?” struck in Bill; “reg'ler 'ard up, and no mistake.”

“Got no home, no wittles, and never a penny to buy none with. That 's about the size of how destitoot we are, sir.”

“How did you manage, then, to buy the tobacco I saw you smoking just now?”

I saw that the unexpected question took him somewhat aback. But it was only for a moment.

“I didn't buy it, sir,” he replied, with another wriggle; “no fear. If I'd had a penny I'd have bought a penn'orth of bread and divided it atween us. No, sir, I was smokin' a 'arf pipe of 'baeca I begged off a workin'-man, coz I had the toothache so awful bad.”

“Which it do make 'em ache, and all your bones as well,” remarked Charley, “sleepin' on a hempty stomach out in a cart, like we've been doin' this month and more. If you *could* get us into that House, sir!”

My opinion of the precious pair was certainly not improved by closer inspection. They were wretchedly clad and well-nigh shoeless, but their bodily condition was far from being that of two youths reduced to the verge of starvation.

Indeed, they were rather plump and sleek than otherwise. Sturdily built, muscular young fellows, fit for any sort of rough, hard work ; but, endeavor to conceal it how they might, there was that in the demeanor of both that betrayed them. They were of the hulking sort, street-corner loungers of the unmitigated lazybones breed, much given to standing at ease at alley entries, with their feet crossed and their hands enjoying warmth and repose in their pockets. And, unless I was mistaken, Bill's soft cap was pulled to its full capacity over his head, not so much that he objected to expose his ears to the gaze of the public, as to hide the havoc a prison barber had made with his hair.

I had seen several decidedly unhandsome specimens of the youthful "rough" kind in the wood-chopper shed, but none that so plainly bore the irreclaimable brand as these two. The wonder to me was what could have put it into their heads to seek admission at the Labor-House, where they certainly would have to work hard for all the benefits bestowed on them. Perhaps they were mistaken as to the sort of institution it was.

"I don't know that I have interest enough to obtain your admittance," I remarked, "but I know enough about the place, and of the way that workers there are treated, to give you some information on the subject if you desire it. Of course, you are aware that the labor test, as I may call it, is rather severe."

They glanced askance at each other.

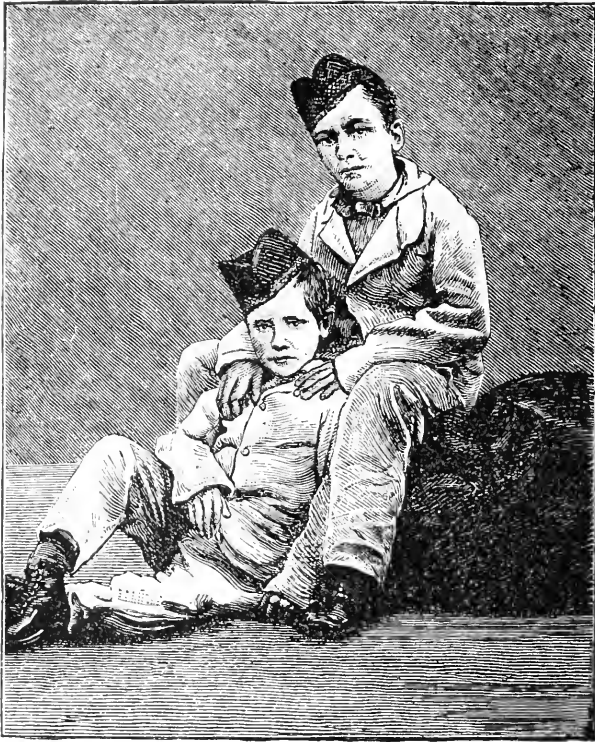
"No other can't be expected," one of them remarked.

"O, yes, we are aware of that, as you say, sir. They have to keep the place clean and make themselves useful, don't they?"

"They don't have such an easy time of it as that," I replied; "they have to work in the woodyard sawing and chopping from morning till night, with a strict foreman to

watch over them, and who takes care to stop their food if they are caught shirking the task set to them."

They regarded each other with an expression of countenance that told, as plain as speech, that they had been wrongly informed.



HEROES.

"I just now saw about twenty of them," I continued, "stripped to the shirt-sleeves, sweating away at their work in a way it would have done your heart good to see."

Bill's companion uttered an involuntary growl, but,

nudged by the latter, he changed it to a cough; but the ill-disguised screwing of his visage betokened what were his unexpressed thoughts on the subject of perspiration induced by vigorous bodily exercise. But Bill was not disposed to give up the matter yet.

“Well, I don’t b’lieve that sweatin’ does you any harm,” said he, “not when you are well grubbed, and have a good suit of clothes give yer to go about in when you’ve done your work; ’specially if they ain’t institootion togs, with buttons of that sort anybody can spot you in.”

Then the rascal nudged Charley, who took heart and brightened up a bit. I thought I at last saw at what they were aiming. They had somehow heard of the comfortable and unobtrusive attire in which the young fellows who were admitted were clad; and, underrating the worldly wisdom of the promoters of the institution, designed to get their rags changed for comfortable clothes, and then to bolt at the earliest opportunity.

“There you are again mistaken,” said I. “A suit of clothes is lent, not given, to the workers, and such precautions are taken that, should they attempt to run away with the things, they soon find themselves in the hands of the police. Besides, they don’t have much chance of running away. They are never allowed off the premises unless an attendant goes with them.”

At this Bill’s pent-up wrath broke forth, defying further restraint.

“And this is your bloomin’ ’ouse of labor, is it!” he exclaimed, turning savagely to his companion: “workin’ like a ’orse in a woodyard for your wittles and your lodgin’, and a suit of clothes wot’s only lent to yer, mind yer. It wouldn’t suit me, by a precious long jump!” And, with a parting look at me of the loftiest scorn and defiance, he turned abruptly into a side street, his grinning friend follow-

ing him. Meanwhile, the steadfast twenty-six provided for at the Labor-House for Destitute Youths were busily chopping away at the billets that to them were emblematic of the thicket that stood between them and freedom and respectability; and a good thing it would be for our great cities if the number so employed — their quality and condition considered — were increased a hundred-fold.

An industrious working-man, however hard up, despises the lazy loafer, who, rather than earn honest bread, sponges on others or lives by theft. A huckster of small wares thus describes the rough: —

“A ‘rough,’ sir, is a lazy warmint, and you can’t say much of any grown-up human creeter who ought to be working for a living. He’ll make his wife work for him, and he’ll beat her if she does n’t do enough, and he’ll starve her and her children too, rather than go short of beer and ‘bacca. He’s got a mind to do any amount of willany; but he’s mongrel-hearted, and dare n’t do it, only in a sneaking and behind-your-back kind o’ way. He’ll sponge on any one, will a rough, and sham any mortal thing to cadge a sixpence; and that being a true picter of him, you’ll ‘scuse me if I prefer to call myself a ‘General Dealer.’”

It is gratifying to know that all “Arabs” are not like the lazy louts who shrink from saw or axe. Many of them are true heroes fighting greater battles than were fought at Waterloo or Bull Run.

The late Thomas Carlyle, though decrying hero-worship, was nevertheless a great admirer of heroes. Luther, Cromwell, and others, were grand men in the eyes of the Sage. The title “hero” calls up troops of men belonging to every age and country who have fairly won the distinction. There are now living great generals, great statesmen, great philanthropists, who are called heroes. But the world’s unknown

army are greater and grander than plumed knight or helmeted soldier. James Greenwood, whose clear light shines into the darkness of low life, and whose pen calls aloud to his generation to lend a helping hand, has dug out of unseen quarries many a hero with a heart as big as czar or emperor, beating right royally behind a ragged jacket. Shame upon us that we cry ourselves hoarse applauding many an undeserving man and allow the nobler character go by unheeded. There may be a child at our feet, whom we impatiently spurn from us, worthy of at least an encouraging word. Mr. Greenwood narrates this captivating story:—

I was taking advantage of a crossing swept in the half melted snow, selfishly pondering a second whether it was worth while to unbutton my overcoat to get a penny for the little sweeper, at the further end, when another boy, who was near him, called out:—

“D’ye hear, Squeaker, here’s your old woman with the mock-turtle.”

As he pointed in my direction, I looked back, and found, close behind me, a little girl, who might have been twelve years old, and whose wizened mite of a face was overhung with a bonnet large enough for a grandmother, while an apron of coarse canvas, and with a bib to it, reached from her chin to her ankles. That was the “old woman” to whose coming the other youth had drawn “Squeaker’s” attention, I could have no doubt, for there was the “mock-turtle” in proof of it. It was contained in a three-pint can, and was evidently piping-hot from the soup-kitchen. It was unmistakable that Squeaker was the crossing-sweeper boy. He sniffed the savory soup afar off, and hailed it with a “hooray” and a flourish of his old stump of a broom.

“You’re a reg’ler good sort, you are, Poll: there’s no mistake about that,” he exclaimed, gratefully: “soup a

Wednesday, soup a Thursday, and now agin a Saturday! Jiggered if it ain't almost worth while to come out and be friz, to be thawed again with this sort o' stuff; and such a whackin' lot, too! Come

on, Poll, and hev some while it's hot."



SQUEAKER. *

But Poll of the matronly bonnet and the charwoman's apron, though she licked her lips, and the steam of the soup made her eyes blink with pleasure, was not to be beguiled from a duty that evidently was part of the purpose of her visit.

"You get on with it, Charley," said she, giving him the can and fishing a spoon from the interior of her apron-bib; "if there's a drop left I can have it. I've got the crossin' to mind, don't you know—

which it's time," she continued, as she whipped up the bottom of the apron and girt it about her waist, to give herself more freedom of action.

It certainly was time, if the rights of property were to be preserved. While the soup was changing hands, the young gentleman who had announced the advent of the "mock-turtle" had seized on the unoccupied broom, and, on the strength of it, begged a copper from an old lady who had taken to the crossing. Poll was after him in a twinkling, but the mean rascal diverted the chase by flinging the broom into the middle of the road, and by the time she had recovered it he was out of sight.

“All right, Porkey, old son,” remarked Charley, *alias* Squeaker, and who, anchored to the soup-can, was for the moment helpless; “it’s only borrowed, Porkey. I’ll wait on you.”

Then he carried his dinner to the least muddy step of an empty house near at hand, and proceeded to thaw himself at the rate of two spoonfuls a second. I waited until half the soup had vanished, and he had paused for breath, and then I inquired what it was the boy had run away with. As at the time I inserted a hand in my pocket, he must have known perfectly well what it meant, but he honestly replied:—

“On’y a penny, sir. It’s alwis a penny with that old gal.”

And having squared that small account, with a trifling interest besides, Charley and I got on conversational terms.

“What did the boy mean when he said it was your old woman that was crossing?”

Charley (I won’t call him Squeaker) looked up and half laughed through his mud-plashes as he replied:—

“Why, so she is my old woman—meanin’ mother, don’t you know. We ain’t got no other, so she must be.”

“‘We,’ did you say?”

“Ah! me and the two kids—my young brother and sister, which she’s my sister as well, as you might tell by her lightness.”

(He meant her likeness to him; but really it was as true one way as the other.)

“Then you have n’t a mother?”

“She’s the mother, don’t I tell you.”

“And have you got a father?”

“I’m the father,” returned Charley, grinning, at the same time stuffing his old cap into the mouth of the can to keep warm a little of the soup he had left for Poll. “She’s the mother and I’m the father, don’t you see? and the kids is our’n to look after, and we keep them atween us.”

“But where are your parents?”

“Lord knows,” said Charley, with a hopeless look up the Marylebone Road. “They hooked it at the hoppin’ time, and they ain’t come back yet.”

“And how old are the two younger children?”

“Five one is, and the other nigh about two.”

“And you and your sister work for them?”

“Certainly we do; and keep the rent paid. We’re goin’ to keep everythin’ right and ’spectable till mother comes back again, and if she don’t come, nor father neither, why” —

“Why, what then?” I asked, as Charley paused.

“Why, then, we’re goin’ to keep everythin’ right and ’spectable, don’t I tell you?”

“And do you always sweep a crossing?”

“N-no; I’m general, I am,” returned Charley with the air of an elderly man. “I goes in for anythin’ that shows a openin’. This kind of weather shows a openin’ for crossin’s, so I’m at it. But you durs’n’t leave your crossin’ a minute or somebody’ll come and prig it. That’s why Poll brings my grub instead of me goin’ home to it. She minds the crossin’, don’t you see?”

“And what else do you turn your hand to?”

“Any mortal thing. Of mornin’s I’m papers — that’s from about seven to ten; and then I’m lights till the evenin’ uns come out; then I’m papers again till eight or so; them I’m lights again.”

“Till what time, pray?”

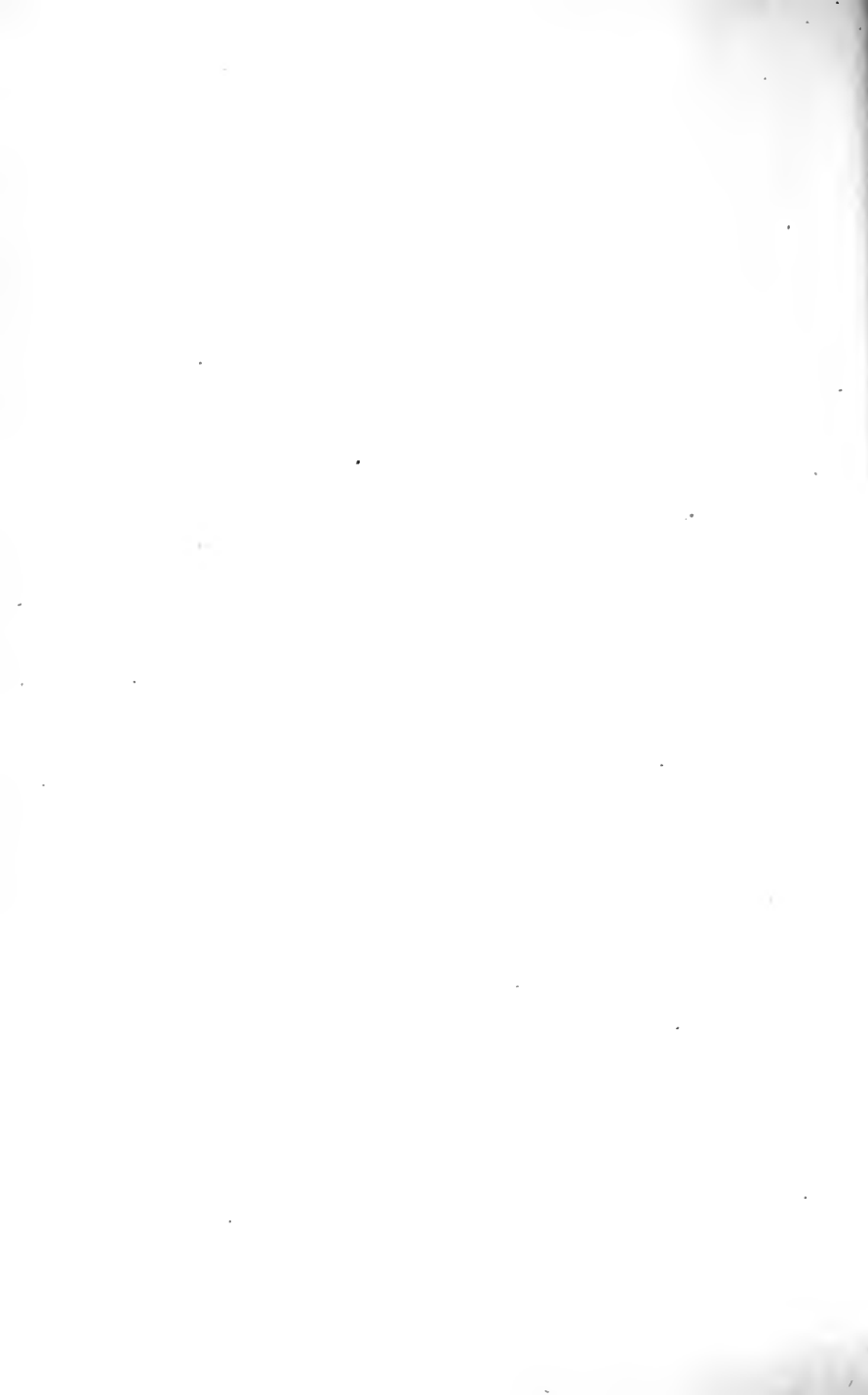
“Eleven in general; earlier if it’s very wet; later when it’s fine.”

“And your sister — she stays at home and minds the little ones, eh?”

“O, no, she don’t though,” replied Charley, with an emphatic wag of his aged head. “Lor’ bless you, no. Poll



THE FORTUNES OF A STREET WAIF.



earns more'n I do. She's a 'ouse-step cleaner. She's out o' mornin's about eight, and home again at twelve; and while she's gone young Bill minds the baby."

"Now you must tell me one thing more," said I—and my heart and interest so warmed towards Charley that I took out my note-book to make sure.

"What's that?"

"Tell me where you live; it may be worth your while."

Charley eyed me and the book in my hand, and it was painfully plain that a sudden alarm had seized on him. He rose from the steps and, unstopping the soup-can, replaced his old cap on his head. Then, without a word, he darted into the road and joined Poll, and while he hurriedly addressed her with his

mouth as close to her ear as the enormous bonnet would admit, she looked across at me in a startled and defiant manner. Then she shouldered the old broom, and Charley carrying the soup-can, they fled in different directions, and I lost them.

It needed but a moment's reflection to account for this



A SCHOOL BOARD VISITOR.

sudden and unexpected proceeding. My "Where do you live?" the production of my book—and there I stood before Charley, aged only eleven, that most terrible of officials, a school board visitor.

The next day, and the day after that, having business that way, I looked out for the brave little pair, but they had been effectually scared.

What a pity you frightened them, Mr. Greenwood, but anyhow I give three cheers for Poll and Charley!

"Great God! to think upon a child
That has no childish days,
No careless ways, no frolics wild
No words of prayer and praise!"

CHAPTER VI.

“WAYS THAT ARE DARK.”

“Arabs” Wonderfully Inventive.—The Potato-man.—“Like Ajax Defying the Lightning.”—“Arabs” are Disappointing.—Sharp and Sly.—Juvenile Offenders.—Stealing a Jacket.—A Public-house Robbery.—Three Bad Boys.—The Donation-Box.—Robbing a Bather.—Digging up a Diseased Cow.—Drowning a Brother.—Carrotty Joe.—The Slice of Luck.—“I goes in for New Inventions.”—“Japan Paper Pair-o’-sauls.”—The Ruined Lucifer-man.—The Spill.—The White-faced Blacking-Seller.—Jollying.—“Wallopin’.”—The Visit.—“A Chip of the Old Block.”—“An Idle Warmint.”—The “Pints.”—Hair and Ears.

THE “heathen Chinees” is not the only person given to “ways that are dark.” Two can play at that game, and the “Arab” has just claims to this distinction. As they grow older their shrewdness and cunning comes into requisition. A precarious living will not suffice a family man. It sounds oddly enough, nevertheless it is even so, that “Arabs” mature and become heads of families. The growing responsibilities, whenever recognized, greatly develop their business capabilities. Wonderfully inventive in adopting new methods, and holding their special lines with the air of a monopolist, certainly they deserve to maintain their unique positions undisturbed. Of course I have reference to specialists. Here is one whose only tools are a bag of large-sized raw potatoes:—

The man is beyond middle age, and his head is bald, or nearly so; and all over his cranium, from the forehead to the base of his skull, are bumps unknown to the phrenologist. There are blue bumps, and bumps of a faded greenish hue, and bumps red and inflamed, and his bald scone looks as though it had been out in a rain of spent bullets. It is not so, however; it has only been exposed to a downpour of raw potatoes. He is well known, and as soon as he puts

his bag down, and divests himself of his coat, is quickly surrounded by a ring of spectators.

"Here I am again," he says, with a grin, as he takes off his cap and exposes his mottled skull; "here is the old man once more, an' he's not dead yet. You'll see a treat to-day, for my taters are bigger than ever they were before, an', what's more, they're 'Yorkshire reds,' the hardest tater that grows. I shall do it once too often, there's no mistake about that; but I've served the public faithful for five years an' more, an' I ain't goin' to back out now. Here you are: here's a tater that weighs half a pound if it weighs an ounce. Chuck a bit in the ring, an' up it goes."

As soon as the pennies are "chucked" into the ring, up it does go — high above the houses; and the man with the mottled head folds his arms, like Ajax defying the lightning, and gazes skywards, prepared for the descending missile; and presently it strikes him with a sounding thud, and is smashed into a dozen pieces with the concussion, and bespaters his visage with the pulp.

One is never morally certain of success with "Arabs." It will not do to count chickens till they are grown, as, even after released from their shell-prison, the pip may pop them off, or the hawk may hasten their death. So with young vagabonds. They are very disappointing, for, even where intention is right, habit is strong, and, like an uncertain horse, they may stumble at any time, or break rein and dash away. It will never do to trust every boy on first acquaintance; although your purse is not left to his guardianship, he may possibly make more familiar with your pocket than is agreeable. Nor is it wise to impress them that you have them under sharp surveillance. It will make it worse, if they suspect that your intentions toward them are not honorable. Lose a boy once through a false estimate of his

character, and you will find it difficult to win him back again. Some boys must be mastered by the force of will; others—the greater number—are won by love, and elevated by kindly counsel.

The typical “Arab” is sharp and sly. With a seriously sad face he will detail his grievances while his hand is busy



A PICKPOCKET STILL.

with your watch. They are quick terriers and will smell a policeman at a great distance. At times they grow impudent towards him. I heard of one, eight years old, who would skin a “bobby” with his rasping tongue. Horse-car conductors and omnibus-drivers are often goaded into fury by their antics. Shopkeepers are raided upon, and, even when hunger is not prompting, they cannot keep their hands from picking and stealing, for the very mischief of doing it.

Graver crimes and depredations are frequently committed by juvenile offenders. Reference to the police reports will reveal many a strange tale of childish villainy.

One is charged with maliciously causing the death of his brother by drowning him: one (a girl) with being drunk and incapable: five with robbing their employers in the capacity of errand-boys; three with digging up a diseased cow for the sake of stripping it of its fat: one with aggravated assault; two with making off with a bather's clothes; and four with orchard robberies. But those charged with graver offences outnumber all the others put together. Little lads, many of them no more than nine years of age, are charged with being concerned in various burglaries, housebreakings, and thefts from inhabited houses.

As bare fact this would be bad enough, but the details of many of the cases reveal a degree of criminal precocity that forcibly brings back to the memory the gaol chaplain's warning words:—

“We find mere children of ten or twelve years acting with an amount of daring audacity and cool design altogether irreconcilable with the probability of its being their first offence, or the freak of mere children who cannot be held responsible for their actions.”

In one instance, two promising babes, each aged nine years, in broad daylight, and on the chance of discovering portable plunder, made their way into a private house by means of the washhouse window. The handiest article within reach chanced to be a lady's new cloth jacket, and with this they safely retreated the way they came. But the plunder being secured, which, no doubt, was worth several dollars, the difficulty arose how to dispose of it. They were too young to offer it at the pawnbroker's and too shrewd to run the risk of tendering it for sale at a shop in a neighborhood where they were probably known. So they settled the matter

safely, though at a ruinous sacrifice, by tearing the new jacket into shreds and disposing of it for a few cents at a ragshop.

Two boys break into a house in the dead of night. The prisoners (on one of whom was found the last instalment of a weekly romance entitled "The Black Highwayman") resisted violently when apprehended on the premises by the police, until one of them remarked to the other: "It's no use, Bill; we'd best go quiet." There was conclusive evidence that they had endeavored to force the door of the wine-cellar with a poker and a garden-fork, and a large kitchen-knife was discovered in the drawing-room, where it had been used in opening drawers, and property to the value of two hundred and fifty dollars had been put together ready for removal.



About the same date four boys were concerned in burglariously breaking into a public-house in the same district, the entry being effected by means of the skylight. The actual robbery was entrusted to one of the gang, the other three keeping watch outside. They ran away on the approach of the policeman, who entered the house and found the juvenile robber behind the door with two bottles of spirits in his possession, together with four packets of tobacco and a considerable quantity of money.

A few days later a sixteen-year-old burglar is caught, who had broken into the premises of an oil-and-color man and packed up a good parcel of plunder in the kitchen. But, although in the eye of the law the offence is of less magnitude, there is no case among the heavy batch which for vice and depravity equals that of three boys — two of them aged fourteen and the other thirteen — who were indicted for a series of systematic robberies committed on their masters, who were goldsmiths and jewelers. It appeared in evidence that the depredations had been going on for several months, the elder two boys asserting that it was the younger — the one aged thirteen — who had dragged them into crime and “egged” them on. Indeed, if the testimony coolly tendered by one witness might be relied on, the said youth must be as promising a young rascal as ever stood in a prison dock. The witness in question was a girl; and the revelation she had to make was that the thirteen-year-old boy had lived with her for about five months, and that during that time he had frequently handed to her various articles of jewelery to pledge, and she had done his bidding and handed him the proceeds, and in corroboration of her statement she gave the names of different pawnbrokers who were in attendance, bringing with them the chains, locketts, necklets, bracelets, etc., on which money had been raised.

After this appalling instance of juvenile crime, it furnishes but tame reading to be informed that an ingenious little fellow, aged eleven years, was charged with attempting to rob a donation-box attached to a public soup-kitchen. The novel arrangements, however, the young delinquent had made to effect his aim are worth mentioning. He had bent a piece of iron and inserted it in the money-slit of the box in such a manner that any coin afterwards dropped in would lodge thereon. He was taken in the act of operating on the box with two lucifer-matches used by way of pincers,

and when questioned declared that, so far from intending to take anything out, he had observed some money peeping through the slit, and he was endeavoring to push it down.

Again, a boy of nine was charged with “stealing a jacket, a pair of boots, a pair of stockings, a collar, and a necktie,” the whole valued at a dollar and a half and being the property of another boy who, in consequence of being engaged at the time bathing, was unable to protect his belongings. The bather said the accused ran off with the bundle and handed it to a confederate in the distance, after which he returned to the spot, presumably for the victim’s trousers and shirt, and when asked what he had done with the things, he disclaimed all knowledge of them, and threatened to “punch” the prosecutor if he attempted to follow him.

Greed and mischief seem sometimes strangely blended in the juvenile mind, as is shown by the fact that, included in the court record, we find four “small boys” brought up for shying stones at passenger-trains on the railway, and two more a week after (one had attained to the ticklish age of nine) who had amused themselves by flinging portions of bricks and flint-stone on to the roof skylight of a passenger-station, some of them breaking through the thick glass and falling on the platform beneath.

Other boy delinquents, it appears, combine business with pleasure, as witness the incident of the three young fellows—two of them being aged respectively twelve and thirteen—who were charged with the novel though dangerous offence of digging up the body of a cow that had been buried in a field in the vicinity of the cattle-market, their object being to cut as much of the fat as they could from the carcase, and realize its worth at the marine-store dealer’s. The animal, as was shown, had been slaughtered in consequence of its being afflicted with a contagious disease, and it was admitted that the carcase was not quite covered with earth, though who was responsible for that serious neglect

did not appear. Anyhow, the three boys were taken red-handed, and one of them sentenced to three weeks' hard labor, the other two being remanded for a week.



I will quote but one more case, the most grave and unaccountable, considering the age of the accused—a boy of eleven. He was charged with having pushed his brother into the Thames, and so caused his death. It was done in the presence of a witness, a child aged nine. The last-mentioned heard the elder brother quarreling with the younger, and saw him thrust the boy off the dock-wall into the water; and on the witness threatening to tell, the other—without, as it appears, making the least effort to help his drowning brother—shook his fist in the child's face, saying, "I'll punch

your nose if you say that I clucked him in." It was not until three days afterward that the distracted mother, who, meanwhile, had been making inquiries in every direction for her lost little son, obtained a clue to what had happened.

Such a deplorable state of affairs furnishes a grim commentary on our boasted intellectual advancement, and on the increasing demand for more money to bring as nearly as possible to perfection the present system of education.

Adult "Arabs" are known to prey on the uninitiated. The following is well authenticated:—

There was at one time to be seen in the neighborhood of "The Angel" at Islington, a fat and well-fed, dirty-looking,

middle-aged man, who himself sold cigar-lights, and who was reputed to have “made his fortune,” and retired to rural independence out of profits derived from a score or so of ragged urchins who sold for him “on commission,” his allowance to them being three halfpence in the sixpence on gross returns.

“I recollects him,” said a veteran in the “trade” of at least eleven years old, and with whom I had some conversation. “Carrotty Joe, you mean. I worked for him goin’ on for six months. That’s ever-so many a year ago. I got stone broke through hearin’ of a stunnin’ piece wot was out at the Vie, an’ when I got there with another chap there was no room in the gallery, and ’stead of comin’ away we stopped lookin’ at the picters of the piece outside till we could n’t stand it, an’ we both paid a tanner — all we had — to go into the pit. That was why I took to workin’ for Joe — three ha’pence in sixpence on cigar-lights. O, yes, it paid pretty well. Leastways, the lights did. Joe paid, too, but he was such a oner for tossin’. He would n’t give you a job unless you tossed with him for what you made. ‘Threepence or nothin’,’ when you had three ha’pence comin’, an’ if you won that, ‘sixpence or nothin’;’ an’ so he’d go on double or quits, till you lost the lot, an’ p’r’aps got a tanner into his debt, an’ then you had to take your earnin’s mostly in wittles, what he brought with him in his coat-pockets — lumps of bread an’ bits of cheese, wot he give about threepence a pound for.

“That was his artfulness, don’t you see, mister. Takin’ it out in wittles stood in the way of us gettin’ a bit of stock-money an’ starting on our own hook, an’, then, he had the cigar-light business atween The Angel, right away to High-bury an’ t’other road down to The Eagle in the City Road, almost all in his own hands. One of the artfulest coves Joe was. Gen’tlemen used to deal with him, an’ drop him four-

pennies an' that, cos he was so kind to poor boys. He used to give us out our wittles for breakfast when the gen'l'men was waitin' about for a 'bus, an' they used to think that it was his charitable ways. If any one took any notice he'd say:—

“Poor little beggars; a poor man like wot I am can't afford it, but I can't abear to see 'em hungry which p'r'aps I sha'n't be any wuss off for it.”



“Which he jolly well knowed he wasn't, chargin' a penny for a chunk of bread that didn't cost him a ha'penny. No; I did n' work for Artful Joe till he made his fortune an' cut the business. I had a slice of luck. It was at nighttime an' very nigh the last 'bus to Wictoria. Gen'l'man on the top, he says, says he:—

“Box of wax ones, boy.”

“So I chucks it up, an' he chucks down the penny. Leastways it wasn't a penny; it was a two-shillin' bit.

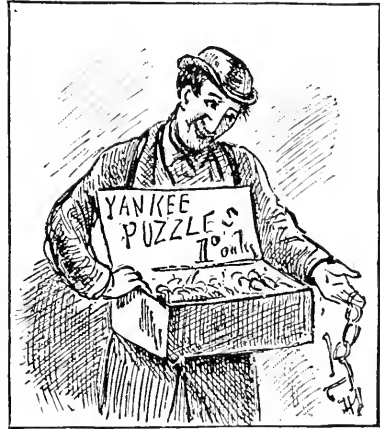
“Do you know what you give me, sir?” I asked him.

“Rayther,” he says, swearing. “You won't get more'n a ha'penny out o' me for a box o' lights, I can tell you.”

“All right,” I says: “I ain't goin' to be pertickler if you don't mind” — which it served him right, for the wax lights

cost fourpence ha'penny a dozen. But I durs'n't tell any of 'em, nor yet Joe. The gent was a reg'lar rider, don't you see, an' Joe would 'a' made me give it up to him, so as he might have giv' it back to the gent an' been told to keep it for his honesty very likely. I've been on my own hook ever since. What do I reckon to make? Sometimes ninepence or tenpence in a day.

Sometimes not more'n fourpence or fippence. I don't go in for cigar-lights now. Come to pay twopence ha'penny a dozen for flamers an' soovians, an' sell 'em at three boxes a penny, which they've been brought down to, you'd better go 'tottin'. Pickin' up bones, I mean. No; I goes in mostly for new inventions in the trick toy way. What do I mean by



that? Well, you can see a lot of it any day in the City round about the Bank an' Broad Street an' Cheapside. Puzzle cards—how to find the Lord Mayor in the Zulu ladies' school was one of 'em. That give me a good day that card did. I sold three dozen an' six at The Angel in one arternoon an' evenin', when it fust come' out, at a penny each, an' they cost only threepence a dozen. There ain't a day but wot somethin' new comes up—bird-whistles, tickin' watches, magic flowers, spring-wire spiders, magic mikerscopes. Never more'n a penny each. They wouldn't sell if they was dearer. Houndsditch you buy 'em in mostly, an' they're half profit. But you have to keep your eyes open. They are always a-comin' out with these new dodges, but the

novelty wears off 'em quicker 'n a boot-shinin' sometimes. I nearly got broke over goin' in vast for them Japan paper pair-o'-sauls. It was when they first come over. You've seen 'em p'raps, sir. 'Bout as large as a sarser, an' all painted, an' let up an' down all reg'lar. I was sweet on 'em, an' trusted 'em with all my stock-money—one an' nine—at fourpence a dozen. It was sunny when I bought 'em. The weather looked like lastin', but blowed if it did n't set in wet soon as I got 'em, an' it rained an' rained every day for more 'n a week. I altered the name of 'em an' called 'em umbrellas 'stead of pair-o'-sauls, but it was no good. I durs'n't show 'em, don't you see, sir, for fear of the rain sp'ilin' 'em, an' the wet got into the box I kept 'em in an' made mash of nearly a dozen. I don't remember ever havin' such a funky time as that was. One blessed penny was all I took one day, an' that's all I had to buy grub with, an' all the while gettin' into debt at threepence o' night at my lodgin', which was n't worth the money, through my layin' awake, an' wishin' an' hopin' that it might be a fine day to-morrer. But it was n't. It would hold up in the night, but in the mornin' down it came again, an' kep' it up till dark. Why, it was enough to make anybody do anythink."

"And what did you do?"

"Well, I don't say it was a right thing to do," replied the worthy pupil of Artful Joe; "but I was druv to it. There was a lodgin' in the same buildin' in Golden Lane where I was, a chap—a old man who used to pay a extra penny every mornin' for warm water an' soap to wash his white hair, which he wore long—who used to work the ruined lucifer-man's game."

"What is that?"

"Why, make b'lieve somebody run agin him, an' pushed him down in the mud an' spilt all his stock, which there

it was, an' him a-eryin' as he picked his up loose matches out of the gutter. He'd get as much as half-a-crown collected for him for a couple of penn'orth. Well, he see the fix I was in with these blessed pair-o'-sauls, which was all gone limp an' not one fit to open by this time, an' he says to me:—

“‘A nod is as good as a wink to a blind 'orse, Teddy. Have a spill with 'em.’

“So I did. I brought it off just opposite that big chapel in Upper Street, when the people was flockin' out in the evenin'. I got another chap—bigger than me—to begin quarrelin' with me, an' punchin' me, an' then he threw me down an' jumped on my tray what the pair-o'-sauls was in, so that they was all squashed in the mud, an' then he ran away. Ever so many gen'l'men an' ladies see him do it as they was comin' out with their im-books an' that, but he was off before they could ketch him. Close upon two shillin's that brought me in, an' I was set up again. Give you my word, mister, I'd rather have worked, for I ain't done nothink like it ever since. It on'y shows you what a feller might come to if he was druv.”

As “Arabs” are much alike the world over, I select again from Mr. Greenwood a veritable description, given by a proud father, which will indoctrinate my readers in arabology. It will be of great value to know the “pints”:—

“Please, sir, did you want any blackin'?”

To be invited to have one's boots cleaned has become so common a feature of London street pedestrianism, as to excite no surprise whenever or wherever the useful industry involved is practised; but to be solicited in a comparatively secluded locality like Lincoln's Inn, to purchase material for the personal exercise of the polishing-brushes

seemed so odd, that I involuntarily paused to contemplate the small pedlar who put the question to me. He was ten years old, perhaps — a white-faced, miserably-clad, thin little boy, but intelligent looking, and so unaccountably shy, that, as I looked at him and he at me, he appeared painfully embarrassed, and as if rather than detain me a minute longer, even though a purchase came of it, he would prefer that I



would curtly cast him off with a “No,” and let him go his way. Nor did it seem to set him at his ease when I gave him a penny, declining to accept the three moist and sooty little packets he tendered in exchange.

“This is not a very likely place for selling blacking,” I remarked to him: “you should try bustling streets, where there are plenty of people passing to and fro.”

“I know that, sir,” he replied, miserably. “I should

catch it if father found me here. On’y I can’t bear to ply in the lane — Leather Lane, I mean. That’s where my two brothers stand. But the other boys won’t let me alone. They’re always jollyin’ me, an’ my two brothers join in an’ won’t take my part.”

“What do you mean by jollying?”

“Chaffin’ me, an’ pullin’ my hair, an’ smoothin’ me down the face, an’ makin’ all manner of game at me. I feel as though I could smash ’em, if I was big enough.”

And as he spoke the small blacking-boy’s eyes flashed through tears, which he furtively flicked away with the cuff of his old jacket as he turned away his head.

“Perhaps you don’t like selling things in the streets?”

“I don’t, sir,” he replied, looking up quickly: “I hate it. I—ain’t got the knack of it somehow.”

“And do your father and mother know that you don’t like it?”

“Yes, they know it, but I dare n’t say much to father for fear of a wallopin’. Mother knows it, but we don’t talk about it very often. She makes allowance for me, unbeknown to my two brothers, who would round on me an’ mother too if they knowed it, an’ then father’d wallop her.”

The walloping propensities of the blacking-boy’s father notwithstanding, here was a case for some one’s interference. To say the least, the school board had a claim to the child for some years to come; and, though I could not be very sanguine of success if I ventured to find out and argue with his unnatural parent, I felt curious to inquire a little into the matter. I contrived to get out of the blacking-boy where he lived, and the time in the evening when his father would probably be at home. I did not make known to the boy that it was my design to pay a visit to his paternal abode, a reserve I afterwards almost repented of. For when about eight o’clock that night I tapped at the kitchen door of

a house in a court near the Gray's Inn Lane, and it was opened by the blacking-boy himself, he looked so horribly scared and shook so that I thought he would have dropped the bottle he carried in his hand, and in which a bit of tallow-candle was glimmering. I gave him all the encouragement and reassurance that could be conveyed in a look and a nod and entered the room.

The whole family were at home. The father, a brawny skulking-looking fellow in frowsy fustian and with a spotted cotton neckerchief, the knot of which was under his ear instead of under his chin, and who wore his cap at the fire-side, and mingled with the smoke from the fire that of his dirty short pipe: the mother, a poor gaunt-looking creature, whose soaked and crinkled-looking hands betokened recent experience at the washtub, but who in face and features was strikingly like the blacking-boy, and the two brothers of the latter. There was an equally striking similarity between them and their father, and one, whose age may have been thirteen, had faithfully copied the tie of his neckerchief and the cock of the peak of his cap, while the two short pipes might have come from the same mould. The younger child was seemingly a year or two junior to the object of my solicitude, but, for his size, as pronounced a chip of the old block as his blackguardly brother. My blacking-boy looked imploringly at me and got behind his mother.

"Get up, Jack, an' give the gentleman the cheer," she nervously remarked to her husband, who sat on the only article of furniture of the kind contained in the room.

"P'raps the gen'l'man would rather stand, an' p'raps I'd rather he did," he replied, with an ugly scowl and with the look and tone of a man who smells mischief.

"What does the gen'l'man want here?"

"I have called merely to tell you," I replied, with a glance





"Brisk and cheerful!" he exclaimed. (Page 131.)

at the quiet young blacking-seller, “that, if you will permit me, I think I may be able to give your little son there something better to do than selling things in the streets. I saw him so engaged this morning, and, from a few words I had with him, I should imagine” —

“Never mind about the ‘imaginin’,” interrupted the father, knocking the ashes out of his pipe in a way that was significant of more serious business shortly to follow: “tell us about the few words. Wot was they?”

I hope to be forgiven. It was for the sake of the white and terror-stricken little face beseeching me from the cover of his mother’s gown-skirt that I evaded an exact reply.

“I don’t remember the words precisely,” said I; “but from his brisk and cheerful way of going about his business, it seemed to me he might be better employed.”

The man regarded me searchingly for a moment, and then broke into a hoarse laugh.

“Brisk an’ cheerful!” he exclaimed; “why, he’s the laziest warmint as ever was turned out to peek for hisself. Brisk an’ cheerful! Good Lord! An’ he brings home threepence ha’penny arter bein’ out about nine hours. I’ll settle with him presently.”

“He brought back nearly all his blackin’, so it was mostly profit, anyhow,” remarked the mother, timidly.

“You hold your jaw,” returned the partner of her joys and sorrows; “I knows wot I’m talkin’ about. Here’s his two brothers; they goes out day arter day, an’ a shillin’ a piece is the worst they makes, an’ that milkslop little warmint don’t earn the bread he eats.”

“He don’t try,” the elder brother with the short pipe put in, maliciously; “he’s fit to wear petticoats an’ go to the Sunday-school; that’s all he’s fit for.”

“Perhaps he would do better at something else,” I remarked.

“He ain’t a-goin’ to try, thanky,” said his father, obstinately; “he’s got to stick to what he’s doin’ of. He’s got to be broke to it, or he’ll have his blessed neck broke, so I tell him. A sort o’ workman like I am ain’t a-goin’ to be lived on by idle warmint like he is. I’ll lather him afore he goes to bed.”

“No, no; you don’t mean it, Jack,” the woman remarked, coaxingly. “You ought to make allowances, Jack.”

“Why, so I do, don’t I? Hain’t I said to you, over an’ over agin, it can’t be expected that Bill will ever do as well as the other two — he ain’t got the pints.”

“I beg pardon,” said I, “he has n’t got what?”

“The pints, — the promisin’s, if you like it better, — the features an’ the markings. He ain’t a bit like me, more’n a mungrel like a rattin’ terrier.”

There was no gainsaying this, though an unprejudiced person might not have felt disposed to agree that this was altogether to the boy’s disadvantage.

“But about the ‘pints,’” I remarked.

“Ah, that’s it,” he replied, with an amount of readiness that denoted it a favorite subject with him. “It’s the same with kids as with dawgs. If they ain’t got the right strain in ’em they are sure to grow up curs, ain’t they? Can I show you how to pick out the pints of a boy? Course I can. This ’ere one we’re talkin’ about is what I call a soft-roed one. He takes after his mother, an’ he ain’t got the pluck of a tame rabbit. Take the looks of him, or feel of his head, if it comes to that” — and he reached towards the white blacking-boy and hauled him towards him by the hair. “I’m a bit of a fancier, you know, an’ I can tell the pints of a boy just the same as I can tell the pints of a dawg. Ketch ’old of this hair. What’s it like? Why, it’s like kitten’s fluff. Now clap your hand on this one — take off your cap, Joe — there, it’s wiry, ain’t it? Got a spring

in it; that's a pint. Now look at t' other ones's ears; why they ain't bigger than a penny, an' they lay as close to his head as hyesters. I like to see a boy what's got a pair of ears on him that are ears, like Joe's; an' a good back to his 'e'd, an' a good solid pair o' jaws, like his young brother here has got. He's two years younger than that mother-coddle, an' he'd go an' beat his 'e'd off at buyin' or sellin', or fightin', or anythin'. But don't you trouble about him, mister. Bein' out o' work, I got lots of time on my hands to bring him up properly, an' I'll cure him if there's any curin' of him at all. Where is he?"

But behind the cover of his mother's skirts poor Bill has escaped out of the kitchen. Under the circumstances the best I could do was to present a small peace-offering to the offended father, and exact from him a promise that the boy should not only be permitted to go to bed unbeaten, but that he should have some supper. When I reached the street I looked about for Bill, but he, probably, had no faith in friendship such as mine, and he was nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER VII.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Boys' Noses.—Parrots and Pugs Predominate.—“Arabs'” Costumes.—The Truant Scholar.—Mr. Spurgeon and the Orphan.—Not Enough of Dirt to Make a Minister.—Deacon Day, the Cooper.—How to Manage Hot Soup.—“A Home for Pups.”—How to Discover a Pickpocket.—“The Firm's Busted.”—How to Manage Incurrigibles.—A New York Venerable Atom.—“Wee Davy.”—Davy a Bore.—Davy and his Grandmother.—The Doctor's Sermon to Davy.—The Train and the Ticket.—Davy Dying.—Davy's Saviour.—Poem on Outcast Waifs.

THERE is a ludicrous side to “Arab” life; they furnish rare examples of quaint humor. Did you ever observe boys' noses? I have frequently found it restful to a tired brain or a weary body to do so. It is cheap amusement and very entertaining. The nose indicates character and temperament. One hour in the parks, or strolling through “Arab” neighborhoods, with *noses* in your *eye*, will satisfy you that there is a greater variety of that useful organ than is first supposed. Noses are of different shapes and sizes. Birds and animals furnish the models. Parrots and pugs predominate. Little pinched faces look weary as if overloaded with their great beaks; others with round swelling countenances look strangely odd, with a nose like a marble glued on. Some noses are pert and waggish: they look you straight in the face; others are downcast and modest, as if apologizing for size; others still seem inquisitive as they look around the corner of their neighboring cheek, while not a few are as perfect in mould as the faultless Greek nose.

Another line of study takes in “Arabs'” costumes. Here we have diversity, if not unity. A telegraph-boy who had angered a ragged juvenile, was told that “the Company gives you your togs; I buys my own, I does.” To which telegraph queried: “Does you buy them in the lump or by the piece?”

With some of these poor children Fashion quarreled and took her departure. When we consider their circumstances we do not wonder at their rags. A poor boy once saved a gentleman from drowning. Full of generous intentions he asked the lad what he could do for him. "Speak a kind word to me sometimes," replied the boy. "I ain't got a mother like some of them."

A policeman came to report a truant scholar named Jerry, to the teacher, and then take him away to the lock-up. "I must take this boy to the lock-up," said the officer, after talking a few minutes with the teacher.

Jerry's white face grew whiter, and he clasped his hands in utter distress. "Oh, don't take me there!" he said, and the tears rolled down his face. "I never had anybody to tell me how to be good; I never had any bringin' up; nobody ever cared for me. Oh, teacher! I'd be like other boys, but nobody ever showed me how."

Mr. Spurgeon relates the following anecdote of the artlessness of childhood: "At my Orphanage some time ago I was sitting on a seat, watching the children at play. A little boy came and asked to sit beside me. I lifted him up, and then he said: 'Now, Mr. Spurgeon, listen to me. Suppose there was a "horphanage," and there was a lot of little boys there, and suppose those little boys had all lost their fathers, and suppose once a month their mothers came, and their aunts, and brought them pennies, and apples, and oranges, and nice things, and suppose there was a little boy that had got no mother, nor aunt, nor anybody to come and see him, don't you think somebody ought to give him sixpence? 'Cause, Mr. Spurgeon, that's me.'"

*For a full account of Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage, see "Life and Labors of C. H. Spurgeon," by George C. Needham. 700 pages; 45 illustrations. Published by D. L. Guernsey, 61 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

What philosophic insight into the inquisitiveness of our nature must he have had who proposed this bargain: "Bob, if you give me a hunk of your bread, I'll show you my sore toe."

When a boy stole something, and having been detected was asked: "Did you not know that God would see you?" he made for reply, "I grabbed quick."

A country boy was found on the roadside playing with mud. A clergyman asked him:—

"What are you doing?"

"Makin' a church."

"But where's the steeple?"

"There."

"Where's the pulpit?"

"There."

Then thinking he had him cornered, queried:—

"But where's the parson?" To which the young one replied with a sober face, "O, I hadn't enough of dirt to make him."

We fear he had little reverence for the cloth.

Little Anna, when a clergyman was visiting the family, watched him closely for a time and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate. When asked what she was doing, replied: "Ise makin' your picture." The gentleman sat quietly and she worked away for a while quite earnestly. At length she stopped and, comparing her work with the original, shook her little head, and said:—

"I don't like it much. 'Tain't a good deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it an' call it a dog."

When asked how he was getting along in school, an "Arab" replied:—

“O, very well; I’ve got so I can turn a somerset without touchin’ the ground with my head, an’ I can walk on my hands.”

“You had better ask for manners than for money,” said a snob to a beggar-boy. “I asked for what I thought you had most of,” was the quick rejoinder.



Deacon Day, of New Hampshire, was a cooper. One Sunday he heard the boys playing and making quite a disturbance in front of his house and he went to quiet them. When he appeared he said: “Boys, do you know what day this is?” “Yes, sir,” replied one of the boys, “it is Deacon Day, the cooper.”

A little boy was asked: "If a man should give you a hundred dollars, would you pray for him?" His reply evinced more honesty of feeling and purpose than most people are willing to express, when he said: "No, but I would pray for another just like him."

A number of Arabs were provided with dinner by some Christian ladies.

Decidedly the stew *was* hot.

"You are a-gobblin' of it up, you are, Joey," remarked one quick, red-headed boy to his next neighbor. "You'll be as sorry for it as I was last time if you don't watch it."

"'Ow was that?" inquired a muffled voice.

"Why, I burnt my tongue that bad that I couldn't do more 'n a couple of basinsful arterwards. You take it cool, like I do, Joey. You'll put away more of it in the end, I'll lay a penny."

Taking it cool, taking it hot, the ragged young trenchermen certainly did "put away" such an enormous quantity that in many cases it bewildered one to understand where they stowed it all, especially as there were no outward visible signs of their filling out. To be sure, as the vessels were filled and emptied and filled again, there were heard murmuring complaints respecting elbow room, and there was a general demand from everybody to everybody else that he should "get up furdur an' not serouge so."

But there was no mistaking the evidence of a happy change afforded by their faces. The hawk-like look of the eyes of mere babies was softened, and they seemed, somehow, to have grown much too young to partake of such strong food as Irish stew, till one wondered to see them there; while the elder boys and girls at length found time to talk with each other and toy with their spoons. There were many, however, who still stuck to their work, and with a

motive. Their eyes frequently wandered to the clock, and they knew that the precious moments were flying, and that presently they would hear the sound of the bell announcing the commencement of the religious exercises for which they had not the like relish.



TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Two bright-eyed boys whose best clothing was a ludicrous conglomeration of many-colored rags, were seen looking at a "Home for Lost Dogs," in evident surprise. One of them, who had been to the Ragged School, spelled out the

title for the benefit of his companion. "Hillo," said he, "just think o' that. What d'ye say to it, Bill? Why, if it ain't a home for pups! Think o' people givin' a grand place like that for lost dawgs. I expect they have a fine time of it inside an' plenty o' grub. I won'er why they don't think o' havin' a home for poor chaps like us. I think if they 'ad I'd apply for a sitivation." If poor chaps were treated with a tithe of the consideration that some dogs have shown them, it would be a reform of manners most needful. We regard some women utterly insane and heartlessly cruel in their care of dogs and neglect of children.

Those who are brought into constant contact with street-boys can by a few questions detect a thief.

A lad, thirteen years of age, once expressed a desire to be put in a way of reformation. From the appearances and behavior of the applicant, he was supposed to be a thief of some experience, both in the art of pilfering and in the imprisonment which is its result. "Have you ever been in prison, my lad?" asked the missionary. "Never in my life, sir," he immediately replied. "Hold out your arm," continued the examiner, certain that what he heard was deliberate falsehood. A trained pickpocket, when suddenly called on to stretch forth his hand, will, if he suspect no motive, act quite differently from an untrained person. For instance, our missionary says: "If a boy is a pickpocket, on being told to put out his hand he does so quickly, with his fingers straight, and generally with his first two fingers together; but if he is not a pickpocket, he raises his hand clumsily, close to his body, with his fingers bent." Thus the manner of this boy discovered him to be a practical thief. "Turn round, my lad," being the next order, the young sinner's movements betrayed his acquaintance with prison-drill. This last piece of evidence was perfectly conclusive.

“You *have* been in prison,” cried the missionary. “Upon my honor, I have never seen the inside of a prison in my life,” still protested the boy. How can truth be drawn from such strongholds of deceit? This is a question which few can properly answer. A lady happened to be present, having called to inquire about the work among thieves. “You may be wrong, sir,” said this visitor, pitying the boy. “I dare venture anything I am correct,” answered the other. “Still I shall have pleasure in leaving him in your hands, and perhaps he will confess to you the truth.” The lady tried every winning feminine art to elicit the truth, and still came protestations of never having entered a prison. But the evangelist knew of a potent plan as yet untried. “My boy,” he said, “I have children of my own; kneel down, I will pray for you.” The three went down on their knees, and a prayer followed, faithful and earnest. The boy was conquered. On rising he was observed to be in tears, and he confessed having been imprisoned frequently for several misdemeanors.

A little boy applied to General Clinton B. Fisk for capital to go into business. Amount wanted, seventy-five cents; business, boot-blackening; station, near Fulton Ferry, New York. Profits to be divided at the end of six months. The arrangement was made and the firm began business. One Monday morning, however, the “working partner” came into the General’s office, wearing a very lugubrious countenance.

“What’s the matter?” asked the General.

“O,” said the boy, “it’s all up!”

“All up!” said the General. “What do you mean?”

“O,” said the boy, “the firm’s ‘busted’!”

“How is that?” was the inquiry.

“Well,” said the boy, “I had four dollars an’ sixty-two

cents on hand; yesterday a man came into our Sunday-school, an' said we must give all our money to the Missionary Society, an' I put it all in. Couldn't help it; an' it's all up with us."

The writer of this story adds:—

"We have no doubt the firm immediately 'resumed' business. But it is the first partnership we have heard of that has been 'busted' in that way. Hence our extreme sympathy. As years passed on, the 'working partner' became a man; and we have been informed by the 'special partner' that this 'working partner' is now in Chicago at the head of a profitable mercantile business on his own account."



Cases are frequent before magistrates of the despair of parents as well as of others in dealing with refractory and criminal children.

The following case was stated in a city paper:—

As long as there is no human Rarey, what is one to do with a boy of this sort? He is aged eight, he is a liar and a thief, has attempted to set fire to his house two or three times, has been turned out of several schools, killed a cat and parrot, and is most incorrigible; beating has no effect on him, his mother and relatives are afraid of him, and no one can control him. Such is the problem placed before the justice by an anxious mother. The officer, however, could not answer the question, and merely suggested beating,

beating, and again beating; but meanwhile the unhappy parent is wondering what will become of the boy. Perhaps a week or so on a fishing-smack would have some moral effect on him, or he might be turned loose in one of the vast deserts in Patagonia, or the Sahara, or Gobi, without much danger to any one but himself, and give full vent to his juvenile ferocity.

It elicited the subjoined reply from the superintendent of the district half-time school:—

There needs no human Rarey to deal with a boy of this sort. Place him in better surroundings, give him no time to steal, ask him no questions for some time, and his habits of lying and stealing will die a natural death, much quicker than by any amount of beating. Quite lately I had a boy with an inveterate habit of getting up in the nighttime and stealing from the clothes of his schoolfellows who slept in the same dormitory. I put him through an extra course of gymnastics before going to bed, and tired nature improved his moral nature. My remedy for a bad habit is to fill up a boy's waking time with thoughts and actions of as pleasant a nature as possible, and with such a genial supervisor that the delight he takes in his new life leaves no room for his old life, and then send him to bed too tired to talk or do anything but go to sleep. Constant employment of time made as pleasant as possible never fails to alter and improve what are called incorrigible boys.

At the Battery in New York I was hailed by a news-boy: "Star, Telegraph, Star; paper, sir!" It was nine o'clock at night, and as I reached for the paper and passed the change, I was struck with the dwarfishness of the boy before me. How can I describe him? Small, fragile, pert, ragged, cold, wet (it was raining), impudent, though responsive to a kindly word. "How old are you, Bob?"

was my query. "Six years," replied the venerable atom, perfectly indifferent, as he was then counting his pennies and making up the returns of the day. "How much have you made this evening!" "Nine cents—'t is a bad evenin' for business—rainin'." "What profit do you make on your papers?" "We gets half." There was some more commonplace talk between us. The *size* and *age* and bearing of that veteran infant haunted me, and in my comfortable room in the house of a friend the wee, wet, wan-faced child of six trying to earn his bread and compete with the rough newsboy companions could not be easily forgotten.

My New York acquaintance reminded me of "Wee Davy," about whom another has sweetly written:—

He was so small, so ragged, so altogether *illconditioned* looking, that it seemed a doubtful experiment to bring him into the house, and attempt to train him as a servant!

Yet, as he stood every afternoon by the side of the carriage that waited at the station—stood, with one foot on the step, and seemed almost inclined *to get in*, in his eagerness to sell a paper, or run an errand, there was something very beseeching and touching in his look. He was only one, out of a number of waifs and strays, who spent hours at the station, on the chance of some errand, who, at the slightest encouragement fly wildly about to do anything or everything for the sake of a penny. But in "Wee Davy" there was something that singled him out from the crowd and made him an object of pity. This something resulted in a proposition being made that he should come and live at what he called the "big house," and learn to be a servant. Perhaps by-and-by be promoted to cleaning the carriage, on whose steps he hung so often.

But Davy dependent on himself and his own powers of persuasion as a beggar was quite another person from

Davy installed in the "big house" and earning regular wages.

As a domestic he proved an utter failure. Alert, quick, civil, and obliging before, he became nothing better than a disobedient specimen of an unreformed street "Arab." So, very shortly, Davy found himself back at the station, calling his papers again.

A little disheartened, his friends felt inclined to exclaim: "What is the use of trying!"

Yet there was use. And now we know that even in that brief service there was a purpose, and a training for something better than earthly advancement was in store for Davy.

Every one in the house voted Davy a bore, and more plague than profit. One little girl excepted, and she held out a helping hand to the boy. As long as he remained in the house, she brought him every evening into the dining-room to teach him first his letters, and then to read. So that when Davy left he could slowly spell a chapter in the Bible. This was the use of his service in that house, and this the first step in God's own training.

A few months afterward, we heard that Davy was ill and not going to get better. At first he tried to keep up, and in the autumn days would steal out as far as the end of the street, watching with grave, quiet eyes the busy passing to and fro, and the daily occupation in which he would not take a part again.

The boys ran past with their papers under their arms, to the old stand on the station platform. Then came back some of the fortunate ones carrying parcels and light luggage; others merrily swinging on the backs of carriages and carts, or chasing one another down the street. All things went on the same; he did not seem missed. No one paused to ask how he was. No one cared! With a sigh he turned

back from the street-corner—it was not much use to go there. He grew weaker and moved about less, until at last he spent all day in the low, dark room of his home, looking into the fire, and reading, half sadly, half stupidly.

Opposite to him sat his old grandmother, nodding and dreaming; trying to get some warmth from the fire which was never too cheerful. A dismal pair they looked! Life was dreary work now to either. Side by side they were both drifting on. Out of this world soon—but *where?* That, they could not tell, and hardly seemed to care.

“Davy you can read nicely now, can’t you?”

A flicker of brightness over the dull face, then gloom again.

“Ain’t no books here.”

“No Bible?”

A shake of the head.

“Only a Tes’ment.”

“I should think *only* a Testament was a great deal; but if I send you a nice Bible, with big print, could you not read a little every day to your grandmother?”

The brightness spread over his face, and Davy looked up with some interest.

“Aye, that I could nicely.”

So the Bible came, and every day Davy read aloud; the old woman sitting close to him, bending her deaf ears to catch every word.

Day by day, and many times a day, the life-giving words were uttered. Words that, through all her long eighty years, she had never heeded before. Surely the seed took some root? We cannot tell; she was too old and feeble for much utterance. Only, sometimes, at the sweet sound of the gospel story, tears would slowly fall from the dim and almost sightless eyes, which had long since ceased to weep at any earthly news.

By slow degrees the light of God's truth began to make its way into Davy's heart. As he became certain that a few weeks, more or less, was all he had before him to live, he became more and more uncertain where he should spend eternity. The dissatisfied doubt increased, until it became a great dread.

Every day the unanswered question was, "*Where* are you going?"

Late one evening the doctor called. Davy told him all his pains and weakness. There was no need to tell much; any one who looked on the little shattered frame would see how it was. A few questions sufficed. Then came the ever-recurring, unanswered one, "Davy where are you going?"

Poor Davy did not know. He did not see how he could have "any right" to go to heaven. He was quite sure Jesus died for sinners; but there was a vagueness in the belief that made him feel insecure and quite prevented him being able to reply with any comfort.

"Davy," said the doctor, "you know a good deal about the station where you used to sell the papers, and you can tell me if I am right or wrong when I describe to you the way a person goes from this place to the city?"

Davy nodded. O, yes, he knew all about that.

"Well, then, we will suppose that some one wants to go to the city — yourself for instance. The distance is too far for you to walk there, so you go to the station. The platform is crowded. People are bustling about. The train is coming, and will take any one who wishes to go to the city. You wish to go (as you wish to go to heaven, Davy), and you come up and mingle with the throng.

"But they are not *all* going by the train. Some will stay behind on the platform when it leaves. People who came to see their friends off, porters, newspaper-boys, such as you were, a great many will be left behind. Why? Because

they do not want to go by the train. There are hundreds not on the road to heaven, for the simple reason that they do not want to go.

“But, in this case, you do want to go, and you hasten into the ticket-office. You know you could not go without a ticket. It would be folly to seat yourself in the train without it. Soon a conductor would come and ask you to show it, and it would be useless to say, ‘O, it’s all right, I paid my money, but I did n’t take a ticket;’ or ‘I will pay at the end.’ A poor little boy in a ragged coat, indeed. The conductor would make you get out again and would say, ‘You have no right to travel without a ticket—the company’s rules are that you must have one.’ It is their guaranty that the money is paid. It is their word the conductor goes by, not yours. You know this, and take up your ticket, and then your place. There is no hesitation in the matter; you have a right there now.

“Is this the case, Davy?”

He nodded again, and the doctor continued:—

“See how like this is to your soul’s need. You want to go to heaven, but God has shown you that you are a sinful boy and cannot go there by any effort of your own. Therefore he has provided a way and can take you to heaven as the train can take you to the city.

“You know the line was laid, the station built, the train provided, and all things made ready, before passengers were invited to travel that way.

“God’s message is, ‘Come, for all things are now ready;’ and the more you attend to that voice the more you will see that ‘Jesus is all things’ to you. He is the one that takes you to heaven, and he is himself the way there. He is the one that gives you your ticket, without which you cannot go there, but he takes no payment for it. It is ‘without money and without price.’ On it is written ‘free pardon.’ It cost



SUMMONED AWAY.

him much to purchase it for you. Much time, much pain, much *love* — it cost his life. It is Christ's work, not yours, that God looks at. *His* payment procures for you the forgiveness of your sins and a right to go to heaven.

“Now, listen, Davy! You know I told you the conductor would not let a ragged little boy go in the train, and promise to pay at the end. There must be no debt between you and God when you start heavenward! How many people think that it is at the end they pay, and that God will require then something at their hands, and they are always trying to do something towards that settling time. There is no such thing. ‘Jesus paid it all, long ago.’ With your passport of forgiveness you are safe in him. You lean back at rest. No effort, no toil, no anxiety, and, Davy, *no doubt* either. The next time a friend says, ‘Where are you going?’ will you not say, with confidence, ‘To heaven.’ If asked, ‘Have you a ticket?’ ‘Yes, indeed, a *red and white one!* Red, with precious blood that was shed for me; and white, for he washed my sins as white as snow.’”

Those words did Davy more good than anything else which had been said to him.

He thought of them in the silence of the night after the Doctor had gone; and the light which dawned, shone clearly now over his soul.

The next day when “his lady” called to see him, and asked him anxiously again that question (for she saw how near death was now): “Davy, do you know where you are going?” he answered, —

“Yes.”

“Too weak for much talking,” he only added. He said, “Jesus will wash me white as snow.”

He looked so content and so peaceful, even in the midst of great pain, that she could not doubt the peace he had found.

“Shall I sing you a verse of the hymn you learnt for me, Davy?”

He looked up with a glad smile of assent.

“I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of his love in the book he has given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.”

It *meant* something now. It was more than a pretty tune and sweet words. It was a *reality*. “Jesus loves me.” He was really Davy’s Saviour.

Two days after this the summons came and Davy left this world.

He was gone. O, how well that he now knew *WHERE!*

“Lo! side by side with the halls of pride are the haunts of want and sorrow;

Where the gathering shadows are dark with fear for the need of the coming morrow;

Where the struggling weak one toils and sighs, while the stronger fights and scrambles,

And the child must *steal* for his daily bread, while his drunken father gambles.

“Oh! pass not by with a shuddering sigh or a cold, half-hearted pity;

There are souls to win for the Saviour’s crown from these slums of the surging city;

Poor outcast waifs—yet beneath their rags is often a warm heart beating;

And the *love that acts* from the rudest lips wins often a heart-warm greeting.

“Go, gather them in with a heart that owns each suffering soul for neighbor;

To the school—to the home—to the frugal feast that is earned by honest labor;

To the Saviour’s feet—to the place of prayer—to the sound of the ‘sweet old story,’

Of the Lord who came to the cross of shame, that the *lost* might rise to glory!”

CHAPTER VIII.

WOMAN TO THE RESCUE.

Women Philanthropists. — Female Novelists. — “Too Dreadful to Know of.” — Desolating Individualism. — The Swift and Terrible Nemesis. — Save the Children. — The Bristol Plan. — How Five Thousand Girls were Saved. — How Girls are Decoyed. — The “Black Kitten.” — Best Methods of Reclamation. — The “Female Brethren.” — The Dissipated Old Bachelor of Eight. — “All Progress Begins with a Sense of Sin.” — A Disagreeable Subject. — Sky-high Christianity. — Saving Soul and Body. — Spanish Gypsy Mothers. — The Old Thatcher. — Experience of a London Barrister. — Our Factory Population. — Saint’s Day and Sinner’s Day. — Free-Lovers Sowing their Evil Seed. — Self-sacrifice Demanded.

CHRISTIAN women have always been foremost in practical philanthropy. Qualified by nature to enter into the deeper mysteries of pain, and with an instinctive adaptation for comforting the sufferer, their feet have traveled further to soothe and to save than those of their more rugged brothers. With a delicacy of touch and a strength of nerve they prove themselves natural nurses and the best of surgeons. Like sunbeams they penetrate into foul dens, and keep their purity unsullied. Their presence in the fever-ward is as cold water to a thirsty traveler; their smile charms away melancholy and their cheering words stimulate hope. In the battle-field; in pestilential districts; in dark dens of infamy, Christian ladies are met with on their errands of mercy. The female novelists who supplant reality with artificiality; who drug and damn with their fatal sentimentalism, do not represent the noble work of consecrated women. It is no abnormal piety or senseless faith which leads Christian women to follow their Master who went about everywhere doing good. There will be strange reversals when he returns: those whom the world now applauds will be found unworthy, while humble, persistent toilers, whose lives are devoted to shield the tempted

and save the erring, will then hear his words of commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

One of the noble women of our age is Miss Ellice Hopkins, whose exposure of female children's degradation is a trumpet-blast calling loudly on her sisters to follow her in her preventive and reclamation efforts for the little ones. Her special mission is indicated in her own words:—

There is a subject so painful, so full of shame and anguish, that one's first cowardly impulse is to hide it in darkness and in the silence of the grave, although he who "knows what is in the darkness" is calling aloud to his church to face it in the light. I mean the terrible fact that the degradation of women is rapidly becoming the degradation of children.

"O, mother!" Mrs. John Stuart Mill's young daughter used sometimes to exclaim when anything distressing was mentioned, "it is too dreadful to know of!" "My child," she would calmly reply, "what others have to bear, you can at least endure to know of." If one who did not call herself by the name of Christ could utter those brave and true words, are strong Christian men and women going to cry that it is too dreadful for them to know what poor little children even have to bear?

In one week, a month or so ago, I had to deal with three children, —

1. A child of twelve, who had gone down into all depths; a nice docile child now that she is under Christian training.
2. A child of nine, who had gone down into all depths, and was so fearfully injured physically that, poor degraded mite, she has never reached the Christian home a friend of mine provided for her.
3. A child who was a mother, and whose little baby lived for half an hour.

“How has it all come about?” do you cry? Through your neglect and my neglect, my brothers, my sisters. Through the self-indulgent shrinking from the pain and the shame of the cross which has made us refuse to face this question. Through that desolating individualism which has made the central fact of our Christianity to be personal salvation, saving our own soul, getting to heaven, instead of what *is* the central fact of Christianity, whatever *we* make it out to be, a life poured out for the good of the world and personal salvation in order to have a life to pour out. Through “l'égoïsme à deux, à trois, à quatre,” the debased side of the family spirit, which has made us centre our thoughts about ourselves and our own, and spread an oasis of purity around them, and think we could save our own while leaving others to perish.

“Seest thou this woman?” But we have not seen her. We have deliberately shuttered and curtained out the sight of her and her anguish and degradation. And behind those shutters, behind that carefully drawn curtain, with no character to earn her bread by, she has fastened like an unclean bird of prey on our own sons in the streets. Ay, we have thought we could have these poor murdered souls in our midst, and we could go on in our comfortable and pious homes just as we were before, and God would not search it out. A few of us, appalled at the greatness and depth of the evil, have stirred, but we have been told that “we can't touch pitch and not be defiled,” though it seems to me that it is just for the want of this brave putting forth of the hand against evil, for the want of this “touching pitch,” that the ark of the church is growing rotten, that her oaken timbers leak and let in the bitter waters of death. Men have even looked us in the face and assured us that it is a “necessary evil,” a necessary class in a country like our own where marriage is necessarily deferred—a necessary

thing that we women should be sacrificed by thousands in body and soul, and sunk below the beasts that perish!

But God who has made us, and not we ourselves, — God who has made this poor darkened humanity of ours in his one indivisible image of love — not we ourselves, with our false notions, false methods, false self-indulgence, false necessities, — God is teaching us that not the weakest member of the body can be suffered to know corruption without the whole body suffering loss. We think we can say to evil, “Hitherto thou shalt come, but no further.” But he is teaching us that a neglected evil, especially the evil of pent-up cities, is essentially cumulative in its results, that an accepted outcast class in our midst brings its own swift and terrible Nemesis. He is stripping this evil of all the glamour and miserable sophistry and cunningly wrought veils that have surrounded it, and laying it bare in all its hideousness as the base and cowardly evil which accepts the sacrifice of young and ignorant girls, and before which even a child is not sacred.

Of course it has spread to the children — how could it do otherwise, when we had deliberately left it to breed? The children see it, breathe it, hear it, talk it, dream it, it is going on all around them — and how *can* they escape from falling victims to the debased manhood it breeds? Recently an inspector found two little girls — one ten, the other twelve, lawfully born children — at twelve o’clock at night in the same bedroom with their abandoned mother and four men, *all five drunk*. I ask, What chance have such children as these? What chance have they but to be what they are compelled to be? I appeal to the church of the living God to have pity upon her little ones, whom she has left without one living protest, to become the children of the devil, the members of women-wrongers, and the heirs of corruption, disease, and death.

At least I know that I shall not appeal in vain to my

sister-women. I appeal to you by the awful consecration God has put on your womanhood — in the fact of the Incarnation consecrating especially the mother, in the woman, to be in Him the fountain of life and love and purity — not to



BROTHER AND SISTER WHO HAVE BEEN RESCUED.

stand by supinely any longer, and see your own womanhood sunk into degradation, into unnatural uses — crimes against nature that have no analogue in the animal creation; but, whatever it costs you, to join the vast, silent, woman's movement which is setting in in defence of our own womanhood.

I appeal to you in the name of the children, of whom we as women are the natural guardians, to overcome the shrinking, the repulsion, the determined ignorance, the loathing of the whole subject; or rather to turn them into a cross, on which you can suffer and die to yourself with Christ to *save the children*. I ask you to renounce the purity of ignorance, and go in for a better purity—the purity of Christ. We women are the great reserve force of Providence. We have never yet been brought into the field. We have the training of the young. The world has never yet seen what we can accomplish when once we wake up to the sense of the dignity of our common womanhood.

I want you to unite with me in silent prayer. Do not talk about it; *pray*. “There are some who will not anchor upon God in a calm, and there comes a great storm and they are wrecked upon God.” Pray: “That which I see not, teach thou me.” Show him dumbly your hands and feet, as he showed you his, and ask him to show you how you can best use them in lifting up your own womanhood out of its dust of degradation, in strengthening your sons to fight this battle for you (which is also the battle of their manhood), and in saving our little children. Pray: O, Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world: Grant us in this conflict thy peace. And by thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion: Good Lord, deliver us.

I have urged the necessity of procuring legal protection for the young from all attempts to lead them into a dissolute life, and I have also urged the turning of the full force of our educational and compulsory reformatory machinery against the degradation of women.

But I am aware that this by itself will not be sufficient. It must be supplemented by a vast amount of voluntary agency and moral and spiritual influences. The mass of the work must be done by love, not law. We must be

content to look after our young girls a great deal more than we do — ay, and use a great deal more influence than we do, to get parents to look after them too!

To begin with the first point. I am endeavoring to introduce into all our large towns — though there is no reason why it should be confined to large towns — the systematic preventive plan, known as the Bristol plan. It consists of a free registry office, clothing-club, and careful visitation. A small house is taken, large enough to give a room for the office, a small classroom, living-rooms for the matron, and a few extra beds, where any respectable girl who has been turned out of doors, or is changing her situation, or who wants training, can be put. The matron should be a strong, motherly, sensible woman. She places the young girls applying out in situations, their outfits being advanced to them, and an arrangement made with the mistress that a portion of their wages should be paid into the clothing-club to refund.

This works well all round: the child gets her underlinen cost price, cast-off clothing at a nominal price, the principle of self-help being always adhered to, and nothing given; if the clothes are not paid for, the mistress returns them to the office, so that the longing to possess them for her own is a great inducement to the girl to keep her first place; but above all, the clothing-club gives one a good firm hold of her. Her better feelings may wear off, but her underlinen goes on, and she is always backwards and forwards seeing after her clothes, and is never lost sight of. She is visited once a month, and a ledger is kept in which the particulars of every girl are entered; and the child has always her matron to go to in any childish scrape. This again works well. The mistresses of these rough little girls are much in the irresponsible position of a captain on the high seas — there is no one to interfere, and we all know our poor human

nature cannot bear irresponsible power; but when the mistresses see a number of ladies caring for these little girls, they catch the contagious influence of good example, and begin to be more careful of them themselves. A sewing-class is held one evening, when the girls make some of their own clothes; and it ends with twenty minutes of a short, earnest Bible address. Bible-classes are also held on the Sunday.

The girls who have such bad homes, and are so untrained that they cannot keep their places, and ultimately, alas! work their way out into the outcast class, are taken in and given a few weeks' or months' teaching in ordinary household service, so as just to put them on their feet. But the mass of the girls learn in service if well looked after and "*mothered*." One free registry office, and small Preventive Home, holding only seven, has in the nineteen years of its existence *started five thousand girls in respectable life*. Most of them had been in circumstances of danger. The mass of them but for this one agency would be on the streets. If each of our large towns would only save a fifth part, in twenty years there would be thousands saved from swelling the ranks of our degraded girls. Does it not show us, if we are really in earnest in saving our own womanhood from degradation, how we can, if we will, fence this prejudice at the top, instead of merely providing ambulances, in the shape of penitentiaries, at the bottom — the vast mass of the waste material we can cut off, out of which this terrible degradation is made?

Few, indeed, realize the needs of our young girls in our large cities, or the miserable trifles that precipitate so many of them into their melancholy fate. One girl came to us whose only underlinen was a strip of calico pinned round her like a savage, and a petticoat with three openings to it, and which was the right way in we never discovered. How

could this poor child get into respectable service with such clothes?

Another, an orphan, was turned out by an irate mistress. She had no home to go to. She was but a child; she sat down on a doorstep and cried. In half an hour or so some poor outcast girl would have passed by: "O, come along with me; I will take you in for a bit." Scores and scores of our girls are thus decoyed. Providentially our preventive work was started; she was directed to the office, given a bed and a breakfast, and placed in service the next day. I don't think it cost us fifty cents to save her. Alas, alas! the little that it takes to save our girls; and yet we neglect, refuse, forget to give that little, and the child is lost, and becomes a centre of corruption to others.



Another — not, alas! a preventive case — a little foreign girl, with no friends to look after her in this country, stayed out too late on the occasion of a royal visit, with illuminations and torch-light processions. A girl in the crowd offered to take her home with her, and she could return to her situation the next day. She took her to the worst house in the place. She was brutally injured and nearly lost her life. It was only a little girlish love of fun and thoughtlessness at the time. So constantly it is what I call the "black kitten" in them — just the longing that our own dear girls have to jump about a little in ways that are often not very

discreet. But alas! these poor children jump about on the brink of a precipice; and with no voice to warn and no hand to save, very often in a moment they are gone.

Besides this more general preventive work, — which ought to take in our workhouse girls, and generally the class of little servants after they first leave school, working them up ultimately to the standard of the Girls' Friendly or the Christian Young Women's Association, into which they can be drafted in the end, — there is the work of rescuing little girls in hopelessly bad conditions, who have no chance in life. These — the children of drunkards, of poor widows, living chiefly in low localities, destitute orphans, etc. — we either emigrate or send to voluntary industrial schools.

I do not think it necessary here to dwell on the necessity of rescue work as well as preventive — the necessity of our going personally among our lost children, as our Lord Jesus Christ came personally among us, not sending an agent, not shrinking from our defilement, but Himself laying his hands upon us, — because I think this necessity is getting recognized. I urge the personal visitation of the vile haunts where our lost girls herd, as only so can we aim our blows at the forge where fresh links are adding to the evil chain, far faster than we can take them off at the other end; only so can we get at the keepers, and take the message of salvation to them in the fearful moral isolation in which they live; only so can we find out the very young girls and rescue them at once. More than twenty of these vile resorts we have thus closed in our town, not by the force of the law — when they only break out in the next street, — but by the methods of Christ, and the conversion of souls. And this self-denying work does prove a most powerful protest to men, that we simply will not have a class of our own sisters set apart to moral and physical destruction.

But in order to carry out systematic preventive and rescue

work, as well as other measures that are needed, there must be some organized agency. Let us remember we are going up against a great organized evil, and we can only meet it by counter-organization. In every large town there should be a band of women who have bound themselves together for the one purpose of protecting and raising their own womanhood, under the name which is generally adopted of a Ladies' Association for the Care of Friendless Girls. The work is unsectarian, the organization simple but effective. A president, treasurer, and secretary elected triennially, a small executive committee elected annually, which manages the affairs of the Association, and a body of associates — full associates, who attend the monthly meeting for prayer and apportionment of work; and honorary associates, who subscribe and only do occasional work. At the monthly meetings of the Association, each associate chooses what work she will undertake — to visit a certain number of girls, to make up clothing, to collect cast-off clothes, to hold a working party, to rescue a child at such and such an address, to hold a class, to distribute suitable publications to mothers' meetings, schoolmistresses, parents, etc., to visit outcast girls, etc. etc.; but whatever work it is, if it is undertaken, it has got to be done. It is entered in the minute-book opposite the associate's name, and she has to report upon it at the next meeting. This definite apportionment of work to each one is the very secret of managing an association. We women, from the want of professional training, are apt to get slipshod in our work, but once well wound up to our duty, I always agree with a working-man, who, when I was proposing to start something by the help of men only, exclaimed, enthusiastically: "Miss, you'll do nothing without our female brethren; one female is worth ten men."

Now, here again, surely we can all work. If those who are "longing to do something" would just begin by trying

to prepare the ground for an association in the place or district where they live. Scatter literature bearing on the subject. This cannot be lost work, for it will aid in educating public opinion and getting people to know the facts. Get two or three to unite with you in prayer about it. As the interest gradually grows and deepens, write to some other associate you may know of, and invite helpers to come and hold some meetings, with a view to forming an association.

At any rate, let us be content to take these little steps that lie next us; and again I say it is in "going forward" that the path will open through these waters of death, and we and our children shall pass over, the redeemed of the Lord.

But great as are the results which I believe we should attain by this systematic preventive work among our rough girls, I cannot blind my eyes to the glaring fact that preventive work is needed much further back than that which begins with the girl of thirteen or fourteen. If we are to succeed in getting rid of the great social cancer of the degradation of women, we must endeavor steadily to work up our working mothers to a higher standard of decency and modesty and care in the training of their girls and boys. Without them we cannot be made perfect. As I tell my beloved working mothers, "Remember, you are the ones who make the bricks; we Sunday-school teachers, evangelists, heads of mothers' meetings, schoolmasters and mistresses, pastors, etc., are but the masons; we can but build with the material you bring us; and if you bring them to us just sodden and shapeless through your overindulgence, or bent all ways but the right by your hasty tempers, how, I ask, *can* we build them into the living temple?" As long as mothers say, "Well, ye see, ma'am, I have n't much to give them, poor dears, so I gives them their own way"; as long

as mothers bring dissipated old bachelors of *eight years old* before the school board with the plaint, "Gentlemen, will you put him away for me? He keeps late hours and I can't control him"! what chance is there that we can save our girls and boys? Alas! let those answer who have to do with a girl so undisciplined that she cannot bear the restraint of any respectable service; who cannot yield obedience to any decent employer; and who from sheer wilfulness works her way out at length into the outcast class — the one mode of life in which she thinks she can do "as she likes."

Of this I am sure, that unless we can get our working mothers to join us, and make it "a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether" in saving our girls from this unspeakable fate, our great woman's movement is doomed to at least partial failure.

Let us think, therefore, how we can best reach our dear working-women. First of all, let us recognize where we have failed. "All progress begins with a sense of sin." Has not God put us into different ranks that each may supply what is lacking in the other, that we might learn our most precious lessons in faith, in endurance, in contentment, and self-denial from the poor, and that they, in their turn, should learn from us lessons of refinement, of modesty and decency, of carefulness in little things in the training of the young, and the fulfilment of our great common task of bringing up the children for God? Has not the Master given us our larger houses and separate bedrooms, our good localities, our greater education and knowledge, all the purifying and refining influences of our lives, as a trust for the good of the many, in order that we might diffuse a high standard of living, and keep our human life from being forced down by the conditions of back-streets, as it inevitably would be if we were all of us ugly and dirty and ignorant together in those back-streets?

Only, unfortunately, we have spent our trust-money on ourselves. We have allowed the very possession of these advantages to make us forget the purpose for which they were given. The difficulties presented by scanty sleeping accommodation, and crowded rooms, and no play-place but a street full of unruly children and loose lads, are not difficulties that press upon us; so we have never tried to grapple with them. It is n't our dear girls that are sacrificed



in body and soul, it is n't they who are tempted before they are old enough to resist, and therefore we have ignored the whole thing as a "disagreeable subject."

But is not this full of hopefulness, when once a "sense of sin" has made progress possible? We cannot in the least tell what we can do in

helping our working mothers to a higher standard, because as yet we have never systematically tried. Again I say, we do not know what the great reserve force of Providence, the influence of women on their own question, can accomplish, because, as yet, it has never been brought into the field.

Only let us make a dead-lift effort to get rid of this sky-high Christianity of ours, with its head in the clouds and its feet in the mud. Constantly, when I urge the importance of bringing these practical subjects into our mothers' meetings I am met by the answer that "after all the great thing is to preach the gospel." But, surely, where there is one injunction to preach the gospel there are ten to apply it,

and, in scriptural language, "to edify": that patient laying of stone upon stone, line upon line, precept upon precept, building in the gold, silver, and precious marbles of knowledge, experience, and wise counsel, which enables the spiritual building to rise from the one foundation, a temple meet for the Eternal. What, I ask again and again, is the use of preaching the gospel, and telling our people that their bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost, when men and women, girls and boys, litter down like pigs in one room at night? Surely we wish to build them up into something higher and more human than this. I sometimes wonder whether we have not been saving "souls" so long that we have ceased to save men and women — this too solid flesh which must sit down somewhere on washing-nights, and has too often only the public-house; that terribly obtrusive body, with its strong passions left unguarded and untrained, to run headlong like Gadarean swine; those high functions of fatherhood and motherhood, that make us akin to God himself as the parents of beings that can never die, but which, ignored in the Christian home and treated with coarse jocularity in the world, are left to change the glory of the uncorruptible God, after which they were made, into an image made like unto the beast and creeping things.

Let us then set to work earnestly and systematically to attack the degradation of woman from one at least of its great sap-roots — defective early training on the part of working mothers. Do not let us do it in a self-righteous spirit, but rather "considering ourselves," and how we should have done under their adverse conditions. Alas! we have not succeeded so well ourselves with our sons, that we can afford to sit in judgment on them for their girls. Let us put our heads and our hearts together and try, both of us, to do better. Invite discussions of difficulties. Press well home on them the fact that the gypsy mother manages to

train her girls to be virtuous, teaches her that she is not to part on any terms with the eternal jewel of her character; that whatever else happens, that is *not* to happen. And it never does happen. Such a thing in Spain as a gypsy girl who has lost her character is never heard of. What a poor ignorant gypsy mother can do, surely our mothers can do.

But do not let us think the work will be done by once reading a paper. We must keep steadily on at it. I always think of a German minister, who had a very eccentric old thatcher living in his parish, a deeply pious man. One day this old thatcher came to him and said: "Thou must preach on family-prayer; there is no family-prayer in this village, and there'll never be any blessing till there is." So the minister preached the next Sunday on family-prayer. Up came the old thatcher: "Thou must preach that sermon till they begin." So for five Sundays he preached precisely the same sermon. Then the old thatcher made his appearance again: "Now, thou mayest stop; four families have begun."

So we must go steadily on, rubbing it gently but persistently into the bones of our mothers, till we really do see an improved state of things.

Do not let us get discouraged and hopeless about the difficulties with regard to overcrowding. I always quote the experience of a London barrister, whose mother, a widow, was so poor that she could only afford one room for herself and nine children: "It is mere nonsense," he always says, "to think that mere scanty space necessitates indecency and immodesty. We were brought up as modestly and decently as any rich man's child. My mother was determined about it: she stretched a curtain across the room and she and the girls slept on one side, and the boys on the other."

And as a means to our end, could we not organize a band of women-lecturers, who would undertake to give to

“women only” simple homely talks rather than formal lectures, on points with regard to the training of our girls and boys on which it is impossible to touch in print. Any lady-doctor could supply the necessary instruction; and such homely lectures to the best methods of treating childish ailments, of training their children’s bodies as well souls, would be of incalculable service to educated and uneducated mothers alike. When I recall that the worst case of corruption I have ever known, was begun by a nursemaid and completed by a groom, and was all carried out under the blind eyes of deeply pious parents, I may be excused for the feeling that we all stand alike in need of the “knowledge that giveth light.”

There is another vast line of service which, from the peculiarity of the conditions it presents, requires separate treatment. I mean our factory population.

Let me first touch on the good side of factory life, in relation to our present question. As far as I can find out from most careful inquiries, factory life, as a rule, does not feed the outcast class. This partly results from the fact that loss of character does not, as in the far larger servant-class, involve loss of employment; partly, too, that factory life develops an independence and self-respect which is not favorable to the deepest degradation. The fact I think proves, at least, that women, as a rule, do not join the outcast class from choice, but from miserable necessity. Where a girl can earn her own bread in other ways, she prefers hard work to idle vice.

On the other hand, factory life dislocates the moral order of our life more profoundly, possibly, than any other, and presents the most difficult problems to solve. The habitual practice of mothers is to desert their God-given duties, in order to work in the mills, relegating their infant children to the care of old women armed with “cordials,” which, as

Professor Jevons remarks, in his article in *The Contemporary*, "On the Employment of Women in Factories," quickly quiets all protests on their part. The ordinary mortality of infants in one year, which is estimated at 15 or 16 per cent., rises in some of the manufacturing towns to 70, 80, or even 90 per cent. It is calculated that from 30,000 to 50,000 infants annually die from preventable causes: in other words, are killed off, in this Christian country.* Truly the saints' day on which the Church remembers the "Holy Innocents" is not without its modern application, and I should suggest that in future it be observed as a day of national humiliation, a sinner's day, rather than a saint's day, to which, alas! we have no right. But to many of these children, the dirty, fungus-bearing bottle, alternated with "cordial," means not blessed death, but stunted life, the sickly constitution, the low vitality, the weak will which lends itself so fatally to evil, the emphatically "poor creature" whom it is proverbially so hard to save.

Added to this neglect of young children is the utter insubordination which results from their being early breadwinners on their own account, and should their parents "offend" them, their having the power to set up for themselves, two or three young girls clubbing together, and living altogether removed from any control; girls and boys marrying while yet in their teens, only to dissolve partnership in a few months, and try some one else. When, on the top of all this, we have to add that free-lovers are sowing *their doctrine of devils* among these raw lads and lasses, and practically teaching unbridled licentiousness made safe, I think it will be allowed on all hands that factory life presents its own problems in the prevention of the degradation of women as the great vital factor in the moral and

* England. This paper was written for English eyes.





THE STREET GIRL'S END.

physical health of the nation, and that here at least is one of the hardest battle-fields of the Church of Christ.

May I not, in conclusion, say one earnest, pleading word to parents to be ready and willing, at some cost to themselves, to give up their girls to this blessed work of raising the young womanhood of their country to be a fountain of love and life and purity, instead of the fountain of impurity and low rough ways and bad training of the young that it too often is? May I not urge home on them our Lord and Master's solemn dying words, "As the Father hath sent Me into the world, even so have I sent them *into the world*." Are you "sending them into the world," as God sent his own Son into the world, repeating the Divine self-sacrifice humbly and faithfully and unshrinkingly in your parents' hearts, sending them into the world to pour out their life-blood for its redemption? Or are you refusing to send them into the world, because you are afraid of their catching something infectious, because you don't like them walking alone or being out at night, with no one but their God to take care of them; because you can't let them be unconventional, and go against the *convénances* of the world, — perhaps like one father I know, from sheer selfishness refusing to let his daughter teach in the Sunday-school because, though "he always went to sleep on the Sunday afternoon, he liked to feel that she was in the house"!

Then may I not earnestly ask you to remember that you are refusing to let them be Christians, and standing in the way of their eternal salvation? There is but one condition of discipleship: "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, so have I also sent them into the world." Sent into the world, to go about doing good, to encounter evil and impurity, to be spoken against, to suffer, to die if need be, we must be if we are his. In the name of him who spared not his own Son for you, but freely delivered him up for us all, refuse

not your children to God. Send them into the world to do battle for the kingdom of God, to look up and to lift up. Use the evils without to cast out the evils within, and suffer its mighty forces to mould them into heroic shape, even after the likeness of God's own Son. Surely James Hinton spoke the truth for us and our children when he said, "You women have been living in a dreamland of your own; but dare to live in this poor, disordered world of God, and it will work out in you a better goodness than any dreamland of your own." Let us cry, for us and our children, —

“ Let not fair culture, poesy, art, sweet tones,
Build up about our soothed sense a world
That is not Thine, and wall us up in dreams,
So my sad heart may cease to beat with Thine,
The great world Heart, whose blood for ever shed
Is human life, whose ache is man's dumb pain.”

CHAPTER IX.

PERSONAL EFFORT.

Story of Little Mary. — Victor Hugo's Description of the "Arab." — "The Pretty Picture." — "Ma'am, it would make a Gentleman of me." — Omnipotency of Faith. — God's Little Girl. — Selling his Son. — The Runaway Pig. — When Polly was Tight. — A Little Wild Savage. — The Beautiful Moon. — Corruption of the Lord's Prayer. — Mary's Conscience Finally Reached. — Asking Forgiveness. — Mary's Changed Conduct. — Her Prayers. — Taken Home. — The Moral Precipice. — "I Serve." — "Little Flower" and the Teacher's Grave. — My Bright-eyed Child. — "Have You?"

THIS chapter illustrates the work to which Miss Hopkins has consecrated her splendid powers. The story of "Little Mary" is furnished by her pen. It not only describes such waifs as need motherly interference and protection, but it likewise sets forth the perseverance, tact, self-denial, and heroic Christian endeavor, which Miss Hopkins calls into requisition in securing results: —

It was raining with the soft, warm, straight rain of spring. The golden eavedrops of the laburnums in the cottage gardens dripped upon me as I passed: the delicate plumes of lilac were hung with momentary jewels and all around were —

"Cool whispers rippling round the eaves,
And soft, sweet pipings by the hour
Of chilly birds in dim wet lanes,
And glades all haunted with gray rains,
And footfalls of the falling shower."

I was just thinking what a lovely world it was, as lovely in this soft floating gray veil as it was the day before in its spring sunshine, when a Sweep passed me. I do not think I should have noticed the man particularly had he not been followed by two children, a boy and a girl. I stood simply

aghast in the middle of a puddle and stared stupidly at them. The boy looked degraded enough, and evidently belonged to that class of homeless "gamins," whom, in revolutionary France, Victor Hugo describes as possessed with two unattainable ideals — "to upset the government" and "mend their own trousers"; but who in our more peaceful and matter-of-fact country are chiefly associated with pitch-and-toss of coppers, not governments, much cadgering, and general "up to no good." But the little girl — how shall I describe her? She was clad in an old great-coat; a piece of faded print was tied with a bit of tape round her to do duty for a skirt; her feet were bare; shadowing her little impish face she wore an old wideawake, and she was literally as black as a coal. Evidently she had been used for sweeping chimneys. There they stood, that outcome of the great human world and of nineteenth-century civilization, in the midst of all that blossom and verdure, their degradation standing out all the more painfully in that pure, sweet, sacred setting.

Seeing me still gazing at them, the father stopped and said ironically, "She 's a nice-looking girl, ain't she?" Whilst I was saying a few grave words to him about the child, and receiving the excuse that his wife had left him, and he had no home and no one to take care of her, the child pulled him by the coat and said, "Show the lady the pretty picture." This was at once produced and displayed to me, "the pretty picture" being a photograph of the father lying dead drunk, the man taking off his hat and displaying his bald head, from which every atom of hair had been singed in some fire, to show me how very like it was.

I passed on with a saddened heart, but I suppose like the hundreds who had passed those two children by on the other side, it would not have occurred to me that I could do anything, and I should have forgotten all about them, had I

not belonged to an "Association for the Care of Friendless Girls." Would to God that every educated woman with a happy home and well-cared-for children of her own would belong to such an association, and our degraded children would soon cease out of the land! In vain I tried to escape the thought of that child, in vain I pleaded that I had come to U—— for perfect rest; "thy vows were upon me, O, Lord," and I felt I must care for those friendless children.

I was just making up my mind to go round to all the low public-houses and inquire for them, when, to my joy, the very next morning I caught sight of the boy just outside my garden gate. It rained harder than ever; the lad was so wet and grimy I dared not have him inside the passage, and I can see the poor little forlorn object as I stood talking with him just outside the doorway, every now and then tilting his head sideways to let the pouring rain run off the gutter of his old wideawake.

His story was much what I expected. His father was a confirmed drunkard, and his mother had been so knocked about that she had herself taken to drinking, and finally deserted them, and now they tramped about the country, their father, when intoxicated, often cruelly ill-using them. I found the boy could not read or write, never went to any school or place of worship, and was literally in heathen ignorance. He was most anxious to escape from his awful slavery, and when I suggested sending him to a school, where he would be apprenticed to learn a trade, he exclaimed, "Ma'am, it would make a gentleman of me!" I had concluded from his size that he was about twelve, but, on asking his age, he told me he was sixteen. I exclaimed, in dismay, "O, you are a little one!"

"Well, ma'am," he said, apologetically, "I ain't big: but you see I have had a great deal agin me."

I gave him my address, and told him to ask for a letter at

Burwash, as they were going to sweep chimneys for the next week in that neighborhood.

I was just then leaving U——, and my last sight of my son, as I proudly called him, was lying in the mud on his



A COUNTRY "ARAB."

stomach, with his arms behind him, picking up a penny with his lips out of a puddle, the admired of all beholders.

I at once wrote to the Hon. Thomas Palham and to Dr. Barnardo, about the children, stating that I had no funds to

pay for the boy, but that an association would give a donation with the girl. Dr. Barnardo most kindly consented to take both the boy and girl free: the former to go to his Boys' Home, the girl to be sent to his Village Home for Neglected and Destitute Girls.

But by the time all arrangements were made and the papers procured to be filled up, it was long past the time when I had told the boy to call at the Burwash post-office. They were tramps, they had no settled home, they could none of them read, and there was all the country to wander over for stray jobs in the way of chimney-sweeping. How was I to find them? It was much like setting out in search of two flies that had stung one and flown away. If there is one thing I have learned more than another in these sceptical days, it is the omnipotency of faith. All things are possible to him that "believeth." I knew that the Great Shepherd of the sheep knew where his lost lambs were, and would guide me to them. "God has love, and I have faith," and that was enough.

I first wrote to an uncle, whose address I had got from the boy, their only self-supporting relation. I received a scarcely decipherable letter back, to say that he could do nothing for the poor children as his wife was ill, and no one could do anything with the little girl. He did not even know where they were to be found, and felt sure the father would refuse to part with them. Evidently the man was very poor and ignorant.

I then wrote to the neighboring clergy, and asked them to keep watch for me, which they kindly promised to do. Before two weeks were passed I received a letter from the Vicar of Burwash, stating that in his parish visitations he had observed two miserable children sitting on a bag of soot by the wayside, and feeling sure from their appearance they were the children I was in search of, he had at once accosted

them, and found they were. He then hunted up the father in a public-house, and found that he was willing to part with

the girl if I would come over to U—— and fetch her; but he refused to give up the boy.

Owing to a mistake in the arrangements, I again lost sight of them for a time, but my indefatigable Vicar again caught them, and with a thankful heart I started off to U——, an hour's rail from Brighton, to claim the little girl, and with faith that I should get the boy too. On arriving I found the Sweep and the two children waiting for me. The sight of the poor little degraded mite to be handed over into my keeping, made my eyes fill with tears, and, as much to ease the ache of my own heart as anything else, I stooped down and said, "You are God's little girl; will you come with me and



be taught about God, and be a good, happy, little girl?" Putting her little black hand into mine she asked: "Shall I have a doll and little gals to play with? Boys do knock one about so. I should like a little gal to play with."

We had to enter the public-house to fill in the papers.

“I am so black, them there won’t have me; they like the clean sort,” said the man, pointing with his thumb to the coffee-shed which I had suggested as preferable. A hint that, I thought, to our teetotal friends. All sorts are welcome at the ginshop.

All the while that I was filling in the papers, the publican, regardless of my presence, was addressing “God’s little girl” as “You young devil, you, can’t you keep still?” Evidently she was held in small estimation.

But in vain I made any approaches to getting the boy. The father swore I should not have the lad, and got so angry that I had to leave and go back to the station waiting the arrival of the train. I have, however, great faith in friendly talk and I sat down and entered into chat with the man. Once or twice the boy broke in with a piteous entreaty to his father to let him go with the lady and was shut up with an angry word and a threatened cuff. No, nothing but death should ever part him from the lad.

Suddenly, in the middle of a talk about the wet season and the state of the crops, the man turned round and said: “You shall have him for ten shillings.”

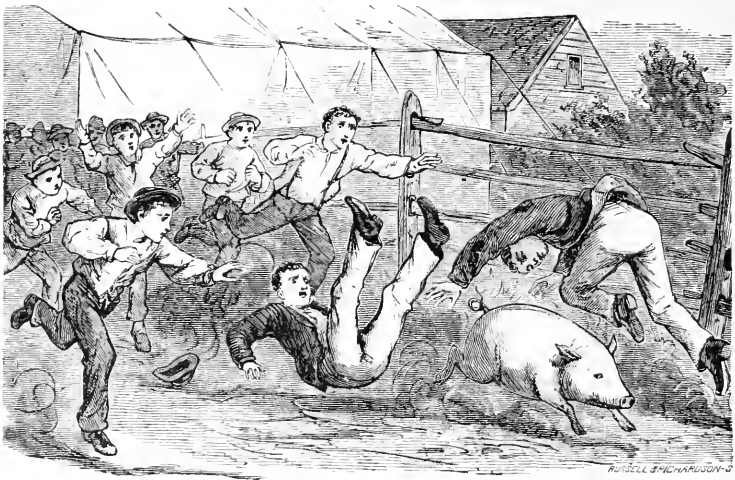
“Done!” I exclaimed. “Quick, let us fill in the papers before the train starts.”

So I bought my son for ten shillings!

And yet the man, bad as he was, touched me. I don’t think it was only the ten shillings, but also a lingering sense of all that I had been saying about the lad’s good, that made him give him up. I wondered whether he, too, had been a degraded lad with none to have pity on him. He kept pacing up and down on the opposite side of the station, whilst I and the children were waiting for the train, the tears making pink wormy channels down his poor sooty cheeks, evidently in sore trouble at parting with the lad.

As ill-luck would have it, the train was half an hour late.

I thought it would never come. To the last, I did not know whether that imp of a child would not be off. Her brother and I were perpetually making forlorn darts after her. Never did I so sympathize with the man whose pig bolted in a crowded London thoroughfare just as it had been driven with much labor to its destination, while the man stood stock still, and, clutching at his hair in a frenzy of despair, exclaimed: "Blowed if it won't run all up Cheapside!"



But when at length the train did draw up, never did I find myself such an unpopular character with my black following. Looks of loathing turned me from all doors, and it was not till, at last, I got a guard to lock me up in an empty compartment with my two "wild beasts" that I began to draw a free breath. They roared, they danced, they hullaballoed, they punched one another; they behaved like young savages—but I knew I had got them safe.

But my difficulties were renewed at the other end of my journey. They were so dirty not a cab would take them,

and my house was some distance from the station, and I was far too tired to walk. At length I bribed a broken-down cab to convey us, and arrived at my own door, feeling much aged, but still cheered at the beaming faces of my two servants and fellow-helpers in my work, who rushed out to greet my two jewels, "rejected of men and despised," but exquisitely precious to our hearts.

When, however, they got the little girl into her bath she cursed and swore so awfully, and used her teeth so freely, that cleanliness on that occasion did not come next to godliness. Their clothes had to be burned then and there; the state of living filth they were in was indescribable. They ate with their hands, having no notion of using a knife and fork; and on being asked how she had broken one of her front teeth, at first the child said, "Jack did it."

"That's a lie!" retorted poor Jack. "You know you did it yourself, Polly, when you were tight the other day, and fell down."

"O, yes, so I did," she answered affably. "I was so drunk I couldn't stand!"

Only nine years old, this child of our Christian civilization!

By the afternoon we had got them rigged out in decent clothing, and looking quite clean and respectable, and they started, under the care of my own servant, for London. Alas! it was only the outside of the platter we had cleaned. The little girl's behavior was such that every one had to leave the carriage, and my unfortunate servant heaved no slight sigh of relief when, at length, she handed them over to the agent, who was in waiting for them at the London station.

My heart sank at the very thought of them. Surely it was a task beyond any human power to reclaim them: the boy was too old, and the girl too utterly wild and savage.

Could anything be done with such waste and cruelly misused material?

To my surprise and joy, I heard from time to time that both were doing well and were very happy!

One immense advantage of the cottage system adopted at Ilford over the old-fashioned detestable barrack system is that it admits of classification, not only of the children, but also of the "mothers." Little Mary was put with the cottage mother who was most likely to be able to manage her, and was always under one loving firm hand, not under half a dozen.

For the first eight days it was as if a little wild savage had been admitted into the peaceful home. She bit and pinched the children, till the youngest, called "the baby," a little three-year-old child, was ill from sheer fright of her. Her skin was as hard and tanned as leather from constant exposure, and bore the scars of ill-treatment. She would turn the tap and splash the water all about, and on being rebuked would say, "O, but I want to get white like the other little gals!" She had never slept in a bed, and it was impossible to get her to lie straight in one. The instant the mother's eye and hand were removed she would curl herself up in a little brown heap on the pillow, or she would pull all the bedclothes off her own and the other children's beds and sleep on the floor. It was impossible to make her keep on her clothes. She would be dressed in the morning, and half an hour after she would appear in the same state as

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Her shoes were the greatest offence of all, and she was in the habit of running out on the wet veranda with her shoeless feet and then pattering up the clean stairs and jumping on her white counterpaned bed with her muddy stockings.

She had apparently no knowledge of God or sense of his presence. The only thing she had any reverence for was the





THE SILENT WATCHER.

moon. On one occasion, when the children were going to evening service, and a beautiful moon was shining, one of them pointed to it, exclaiming, "O, mother! look, what a beautiful moon!" Little Mary caught hold of her hand and cried, "Yer mus' n't point at the blessed moon like that; and yer mus' n't talk about it!" Was it from constantly sleeping under hedges and in barns, and waking up and seeing that bright calm eye looking at her, that some sense of a mysterious Presence had come upon the child?

Her only idea of prayer was a sort of heathen incantation of unmeaning words jumbled together; her "form of prayer" was generally, "Our Father chert in heaven: Hollered by thy name: Kingdom come. Amen: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, four angels round my bed: Good-night, father; good-night, mother; good-night, uncles; and good-night, everybody. Amen." This curious spiritual exercise was accompanied with other exercises in the shape of pinching the child next her, pulling the blind tassel to pieces, dabbing at a passing fly, etc. On one occasion, when the much-tired cottage mother was pouring out her heart in prayer for the poor child, and asking God to change her heart, and telling him how very naughty she was, and how she liked to do wrong things rather than right, the child exclaimed, quite out loud, "Yes, that I do: it's *iver* so much nicer to do wrong things than right!"

At last things came to a crisis. The mother heard the child go out on the veranda, and then with her little wet feet, as usual, run pattering upstairs into her bedroom. She had a sort of human affection for her bed, and would be found cuddling it, and saying, "O, my dear, dear bed!" The mother went up stairs, and said, "Now, Mary, you must put on some dry stockings and put on your slippers."

Her large, dark eyes flashed fire, and shaking her little brown fists, she said, "I won't!"

"Mary, you will!"

One of the elder girls advanced with the clean stockings, but with a well-planted blow she knocked her backward. Another came forward to take the post of danger, but the mother interfered, and said, "No, Mary; I will not let you ill-treat the children. I will put the stockings on myself."

The child struggled with all her strength, but did not offer to strike her; and having gained the victory the mother left the room, feeling utterly done.

One of the elder children came to the child and began talking to her in sweet childish fashion, how it made them all so unhappy to see her so rude to their mother, and then began telling her about our Lord, how he loved us, and how he came on the earth, and "was poor just like us," and had n't a nice bed to lie on when he was tired, and how he died for us because he loved us so very, very much.

The child looked up in her face and said, "Yer don't believe that now, do yer?"

"Yes, I do. And oh! Mary, to please Jesus, will you ask mother's forgiveness?"

"Well, yes; I will," and the child flew downstairs and burst like a November squib into mother's room. Suddenly she stood transfixed. The mother's tea stood untouched; her eyes were very red. She had, in truth, been having a good cry over the child.

"Yer've been cryin'!" Mary exclaimed.

"Yes, dear; because I am so very, very sorry for you; you have been so naughty."

"I wouldn't cry, I wouldn't. Yer've not got to be punished; yer have nothin' to cry for."

The mother proceeded to butter her a piece of toast, as she generally gave the child something from her own tea. "This is for a little girl who is going to ask mother to forgive her."

"That ain't me," said Mary, conclusively.

“Very well, then; I will give it to Brenda.”

Out she flew, and said to the eldest girl, “What do yer think? That ’ere mother has been cryin’! It’s all to make me cry, but I ain’t a-goin’ to.”

Then she ran back. Suddenly, in the middle of their talk, she fixed her impish brown eyes on the mother’s face. “I dare say yer a-wishin’ that I’d ask yer forgiveness?”

“Yes, Mary.”

“But I ain’t a-goin’ to.”

Conversation was again resumed. Then suddenly the child again broke in. “I dare say yer still thinkin’ that ’ere wish?”

“Yes, Mary.”

“But I ain’t a-goin’ to.”

“Very well, my child. I shall have to tell the governor.”

“But yer won’t tell him, and yer won’t cry no more if I do?”

“No; there’ll be no need.”

The child then insisted that the mother should turn her chair away from the table and sit straight upright; and hereupon, the ground being clear in the front, and all things properly prepared, she fell down on her knees, looking a most miserable object, and implored her forgiveness. At once the mother caught her in her arms, and they had a good hug and cry together.

From that moment little Mary was conquered.

“It was the tears that did it!” as the dear cottage mother exclaims. The child had known beating enough, but she had never known the “grief of the Spirit” in the heart of one who loved her. From that time her devotion to her cottage mother knew no bounds. She poured out her forgotten heart upon her with the divine wastefulness of a child who has had none to love her. She never had to be punished. Of course the mother had to be constantly

correcting her, but she never had to speak twice; she never forgot what her mother told her.

One of the first signs of change was that Mary wanted to pray like the others. The mother had sent her to bed with the other children to see if she could undress herself. Soon after she peeped into the room to see what was happening. There was little Mary, properly clad in her night-dress, kneeling by the bedside, while "the baby" was sitting up in bed like a doctor of divinity teaching Mary to pray, while Mary was reverently repeating the words after her.

And so little Mary learned to pray much as the dear birds learn to sing, from one another; only since in man we ever touch on mysteries, it was the callow nestling that taught the full-grown song. And native as song to a bird was prayer to little Mary's heart. It was literally with her the beautiful child-definition of prayer—"the heart talking with God." She prayed for every one, but especially for her brother, to whom she was fondly attached, the tie between them being very close. If she ever thought that the cottage mother in their morning prayers was going to forget to pray for him, she would whisper very low as a reminder, "*My poor little brother!*"

At length, in the spring, poor little Mary fell ill of bronchitis. Her cottage mother suspected that there was something more amiss, as whenever she caught the least cold she had a most dreadful cough, and alas! but too truly, the exposure and ill-treatment of her past life had sown the seeds of consumption, which rapidly developed. She clung intensely to her cottage mother, and, with that reverence for a child's heart which seems to me so profoundly Christlike, Mr. and Mrs. Soltau managed that she should be nursed through all the first months of her illness at the cottage, and only quite towards the end was she removed to the school infirmary. She showed a most sweet patience in her suffer-

ing; sometimes, when the terrible fit of bleeding came on, she would look up and say, "Don't cry, dear mother; Jesus helps me, and I will try to bear it." And once, when the cottage mother said she feared she would not get about again, she replied, simply and brightly, "I don't know, mother, what Jesus will do; perhaps he will make me better. He is inside me, you know, and he can do it." But later on the dear child seemed to have a longing to depart and be with her Lord. "If I die now I shall go to Jesus, and he will take care of me till you come. But mother," she added wistfully, "don't you think if we ask him he will let you come with me?"

Once, in the first part of her illness, she said to the mother, who was sitting by her, "I know what makes me ill like this. My father was so unkind to me; he would often pay for a bed for himself and leave me to sleep outside on the doorstep, or anywhere. I never had a nice bed like this, or I shouldn't be ill like as I am now." Then they prayed for the poor father; and when the prayer was done the child said, "Now I should like to be quiet and pray, too." And putting her hands together, she prayed by name for every one who had shown her kindness.

"Who taught you to pray like that, Mary?" said the mother, in secret amazement.

"Mother, I like praying," she answered, simply, "and I used to get behind the cottage with" — naming a particular tiresome child — "and pray with her and try and help her to do better."

On another occasion the mother had attended a mission service among the pea-pickers, and was speaking of the little barefoot children and the untidy, drinking mothers. It evidently recalled her own past, and she said, "O, that's just like my poor mother. She did drink awful!"

"And what did you do?"

“O, I used to look out for a policeman, and when I saw one I used to run up to him and say, ‘Mister, just come and take this woman off; she’s drunk and can’t take care on us.’”

“And did he take her?”

“Yes, he took her off.”

“And what became of you?”

“Johnny and me used to give ourselves up at the Union to get a night’s lodging.”

“Well, dear, which would you rather be, back in the old life or with me and like you are now?”

“Never,” says the kind mother. “shall I forget the soft expression that came into her eyes as she said, in a low voice, ‘O mother, don’t ask me that!’”

On my return from a short absence abroad I wrote to say that if the sea air would do the child any good she had better be sent down to me; but I received the answer that little Mary was fading rapidly away. Only a few weeks after, she was taken home to sing more fully in heaven the beautiful



little hymn which she was always singing upon earth,—

“ I am Jesu's little lamb ;
Happy all the day I am.”

What can I add to this narrative of facts, for the accuracy of which I can vouch, and which are so much more touching and powerful than any poor words of ours? This, and this only.

Hundreds had passed that poor child, and some had even done her little kindnesses, but not one seemed to ask themselves “ What will this child be as a woman? Drunken, swearing, dissolute, it will be impossible to save her then; cannot I save her now?” We all know it is the girl, and not the boy, that is most likely to become a social outcast. Once let her fall over that fearful moral precipice which skirts her path, and it is hard indeed to recover her. Were it not better, then, to fence the precipice at the top, rather than to confine ourselves to providing ambulances in the shape of penitentiaries, rescue societies, etc., at the bottom? Yet how systematically preventive work among girls has been neglected is shown by the proportionate number of girls to boys in the London Industrial Schools — 200 girls to 1,300 boys. In Ireland, on the contrary, where the standard of female honor is high, and the Roman Catholic sisters look after the girls, the proportion is 2,039 boys to 3,171 girls. At one of our large seaports 500 boys are in careful industrial training to 0 girls. Is it any wonder that all our large towns swarm with outcast girls? Till within the last few months the Industrial Schools Act refused to take any cognizance of what I may call the representative danger in a girl's life.

Is not James Hinton right in saying that the great basic evil of all is the sort of unconscious selfishness and individualism on which our life is founded, and the two great

factors of our Christianity have been God and our own soul; and the third and equally vital factor, the world, humanity, has either been left out or come in by the way as an after-thought? Cannot we, I ask, bring up our children with the motto of the heir-apparent—certainly the motto of every



heir-apparent of the kingdom of heaven—"I serve"? Cannot we get into their very bones that all they have, all their advantages, are not theirs by right, but only as a trust for the good of others, to give them a vantage ground for helping and serving?

May little Mary, being dead, yet speak to our hearts, and may the mother in us rise up in the power of Christ, and unite with our children in making such sacrifices of money, of time, of labor, that there may be no longer in our midst

hundreds and hundreds of degraded children being brought up to a life of shame and misery for the want of industrial schools to train them to better things, and make them "God's little girls."

In speaking of the rewards of such workers, an English minister said:—

I was walking in a beautiful cemetery in America, and my attention was called to a green plat of turf on which no stone was raised; no marble crowned the moss, but the turf was almost invisible for the wreaths of choice exotic flowers which were freshly clustered there. I was told that twenty-three years ago a quiet Christian gentleman, who had worked hard and lovingly to teach and train the children, had been buried in that spot, and every day since the children had come with fresh and fragrant flowers to lay upon his grave. "But how can poor children get such costly flowers?" I asked. "O, they just call on rich men who have conservatories and tell them what they want the flowers for, and the best are not half good enough to give them. They divide the pleasure of adorning their old teacher's grave among themselves. The turn does not come round to the same child above once a year, for he was loved by hundreds, and those whom he taught have trained their children to revere his memory. But one day, many years ago, soon after the teacher died, there was a very poor little girl who had been one of his favorite scholars, who could not pluck up courage to go and ask great men for flowers. See there!" said my guide, "that little grave just at the teacher's feet is where she lies"—for she followed him soon after. There was a little marble cross, and a chain of simple daisies hung upon it, and the two words "Little Flower" carved upon the stone. She had gone in her turn to her old teacher's grave, but she had no flowers to lay upon it, so she twined a chain

of daisies and put it on the grass. But it looked poor beside the unfaded magnolias and choice flowers of the day before, and she blushed to let it stay. It was a warm and beautiful summer evening, so she hid herself among the bushes till



the cemetery gates were closed, and then went back, and with the daisy chain about her neck, lay down upon her teacher's grave. In the morning the keeper of the place was walking by, and he saw the child asleep with the daisies round her neck. His footsteps woke her and she started up. "Don't send me away," she said: "let me lie here till the

next child comes with fine flowers. I had none to give him, so I stayed myself. He used to call me his 'little flower,' and I hoped he would feel me like a flower on his heart now. I was n't a bit afraid. I lay and saw the stars come out in the sky, and wondered which was the window he was looking from as I lay here, and I slept and dreamed the happiest dreams of all my life." He could not bid her begone; he left her there till the next little flower-bearer came. But *that* is a glorious vocation which gives the possibility of eliciting such love, and I congratulate every worker upon the work of so culturing the moral wastes as that haply a "little flower" may spring out of their barrenness, and the desert may rejoice and blossom as the rose. The spirit of the age may be too practical to care for such sympathy. But I have a bright-eyed child who is the apple of my eye, and when I think of what a madness would be mine if brunt of shame or hardship should touch her, I bless the man or woman with all my soul who seeks to fling a shield round some other person's child, and no ice and no stately or critical article shall ever freeze the prayer I offer for such. If ever a man spoke right from his heart I speak from my heart now.

"Have you carried the living water
 To the parched and thirsty soul?
 Have you said to the sick and weary,
 'Christ Jesus makes thee whole?'
 Have you told my fainting children
 Of the strength of the Father's hand!
 Have you guided the tottering footsteps
 To the shores of the Golden Land?"

"Have you stood by the sad and weary,
 To smooth the pillow of death;
 To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
 And strengthen the feeble faith?"

And have you felt when the glory
Has streamed through the open door,
And flitted across the shadows,
That I have been there before?

“Have you wept with the broken-hearted
In their agony of woe?
You might hear Me whisp’ring beside you,
’Tis a pathway I often go!
My disciples, my brethren, my friends,
Can you dare to follow Me?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be!”

CHAPTER X.

HARD EXPERIENCES.

Child-life Endangered.—The Water-dog.—Who are the Neglected Ones?—"Patsey the Dog."—The Story of Barnardo's Rescue Work.—First Efforts.—The Startling Discovery.—Sleeping Out.—Taught Useful Trades.—Increasing Facilities for Boys and Girls.—"The Edinboro' Castle."—The Singing-Class.—Ginger, Jumbo, Parrot, and Croppy.—Pummelled by Policemen.—A Sorrowing Mother.—Specimen Cases of Poor Girls.—Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4.—City Missionary Experiences.—Description of a Tramp's Lodging-House.—One-eyed Joey.—Joey's Religion.—Joey's Singular Gift.—The Girl's Affecting History.—Joey's Honorable Stratagem.—Difficulty of Finding Employment for Discharged Prisoners.—Birds of Prey Outside the Jails.—Remarkable Letter by a Converted Thief.—Full of Slang Language.—The Runaway Horse.—The Job of Work.—Reformation, Education, Conversion, Consecration.

THE most superficial observer of "Arab" life will readily discover that there are many difficulties in the way of their progress toward respectability. Street associations quickly demoralize. Raw country children when left exposed to their corrupting influences have readily fallen. Notwithstanding the fact that greater efforts are made now than formerly for their reclamation, the temptations have so multiplied, and are so glaring, that child-life is ever endangered. Some have special drawbacks, and, however strong their determination to live honestly and work honorably, they are borne back by the strong tide of wickedness as it rises higher year by year.

Then the lack of charity among the people generally, who, in selfish fear of being "taken in," drive from their door the ragged urchin looking for a job and hopeful of a chance. When a newsboy was offered a reward for the brave act of saving a drowning child, he promptly declined, saying: "No, thankce; 't was a little thing for me to do, as I am a reg'lar water-dog, and I hain't earned your money. But if you could help a feller to a sitiuation where he'd grow

up 'spectable I 'd be werry much obliged." Yet that same lad, who afterward became quite "'spectable," said that for years when he ached for a kind word, or a job of work, he was frowned on by everybody on account of being a news-boy and knowing no one to recommend him. We are so greedy for gain we never think of taking destitute children under our wing, give them practical lessons in business, even though we may not need their help, and fit them for a situation elsewhere. Boys, and girls too, in certain conditions look upon all mankind as alike—their enemies; and feel deeply aggrieved that they are without rights or representation. What wonder then if they should be brought to view the public as their prey, or seek to live by plunder.

Oh! the hardships and hard knocks to which innocent children are subject. Alas! that we have allowed them drift before our very eyes into deeper depths without any painstaking effort on our part to rescue them from their terrible surroundings. Are we not guilty of our brother's blood? or do we disclaim being our brother's keeper? It may not be an easy matter to rid ourselves of the responsibility, or to plead exemption, at the judgment day.

In 1877, Mr. Letchworth gave a report on "Dependent and Delinquent Children," before a conference of charities at Saratoga. In the debate which followed, Mr. Tousey, of New York, said:—

There is another class of children not yet referred to, that may be numbered by the thousand, who are not idiots nor truants nor criminals. I refer to the neglected ones. They are not orphans; they have something that answers to the name of home, though in a very minute degree so far as home comforts are concerned.

I wish to call your attention to an occurrence which took place in this building yesterday, showing one type of this

neglected class. About four o'clock I went down to the lock-up, at the northeast corner of this edifice. It is a miserable place, ill ventilated and poorly lighted. When the windows are closed in winter, the air, I am told, becomes



so foul from the drunk and disorderly inmates congregated there, that animal life is sustained with great difficulty. On entering I found two decently dressed men, and a little boy, a bootblack, about seven or eight years old. I asked the jailer: "What is the boy here for?" He replied: "For

pilfering fruit." Then turning to the boy I said: "Tommy, what is your name?" "Jim Sweeny." "Have you a father?" "Yes." "Does he know you are here?" "I don't know whether he does or not." "What does he do for a living?" "Don't do anything." "Do you ever go to Sunday-school?" "No; haven't got any clothes."

Turning to the jailer, I said: "What do you know about this boy?" "He is a bad boy, and he is connected with a gang of vagabonds who have been stealing fruit all summer." "What do you know about his father?" "His father is known as 'Patsey the Dog,' because he is a miserable drunken scamp who goes walking around the streets, and if he sees a stray dog anywhere he picks him up, keeps him a day or two, and then sells him for whiskey, upon which he and his wife get drunk. They visit this police-court very often. I am afraid this boy is steering in the same way."

Now this thing will go on for a while. By and by when some of this conference are visiting the State prisons, they will find that boy a confirmed, habitual criminal. Just so sure as society does not interfere will that boy become so familiar with iron bars and jail life, that the State prison will have no terrors for him, and when at length he arrives at maturity, he will, like "Margaret the mother of criminals," leave children to follow his downward course in crime, and burden the State. All our county jails are contributing to this dreadful result. What is to be done under these circumstances? The gentleman from Michigan told us that the State assumed a superiority over the parent in its control and care of the child. This is the only correct principle. Parental rights are all very well, but the State has a right over the parent, and it should come in by its superior power and take hold of the child of Patsey the Dog, remove him from the influences that surround him, and preserve him from becoming a criminal, by placing him under better influ-

ences. We have no institution for such children. The nearest to it is that known as "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." Its powers and duties, however, are not of a class to embrace the boy I have described, and we still need a provision for such children as the son of Patsey the Dog. Society must rescue these neglected ones from their evil surroundings, or its burdens of crime and misery will be greater than can be borne.

No city of the world, perhaps, or at least of Christendom, contains a greater number of "Arabs," or in such extensive variety, as London. Nor certainly does any other city furnish such a host of devoted Christian philanthropists. In addition to numberless organizations devoted to the reclamation of the fallen, a strong phalanx of consecrated men and women, on their own personal responsibility, devote their lives to this work. Foremost among these is Dr. Barnardo, who has these many years given a home to at least *one thousand waifs*, besides incidentally benefiting thousands annually of the same class. Thus his work has been described:—

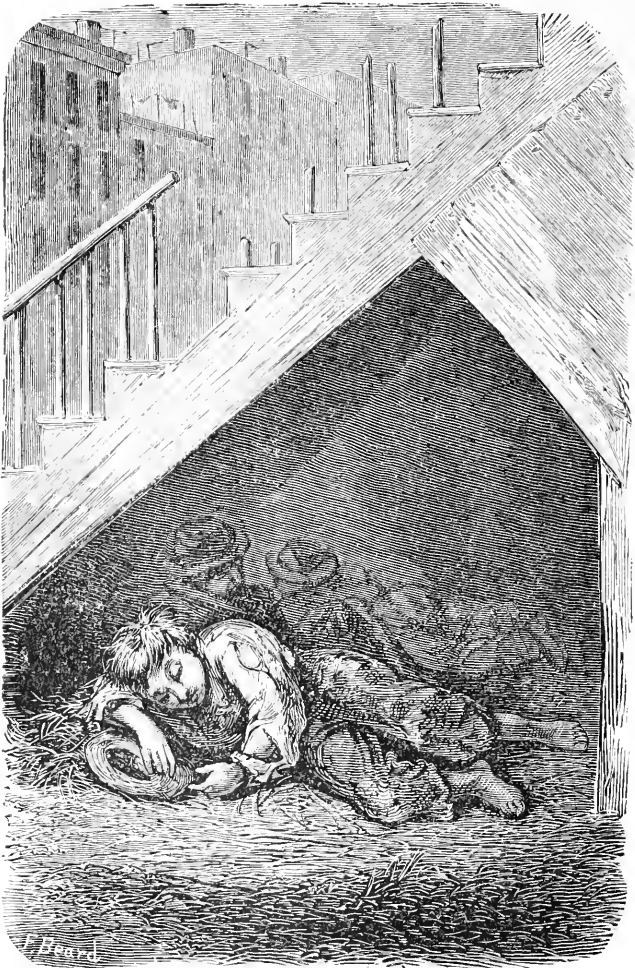
He was gradually led to devote himself to the more hopeless class, whose reckless ways defied all rule, in the belief that the gospel of Christ has power to subdue the most hardened. As the work grew under his hands, prayer was its chief instrument, and love the energy by which it prevailed. It was soon felt that the intervals between the religious teaching of the Sundays, in which the children were exposed to every evil influence, weakened impressions which more frequent intercourse might deepen. A little room was taken and opened for boys every night in the week. It was presently crowded with rough, noisy lads, who scandalized the neighborhood. People so complained of the uproar that removal after removal was made. With but

one helper, Dr. Barnardo held firm to his purpose. At length he was enabled to secure possession of two cottages in a fitting locality, and there the work began on a larger scale.

The audiences that gathered were of the roughest order. Strange scenes occurred. There was hooting, yelling, fighting. Boys would throw pepper on the fire, or begrime the faces of comrades with soot. Outsiders jeered, and threw mud or stones at the teachers; but the blessing of God followed their perseverance. In due time there was a change. Not unfrequently the hardened offender would quail under the steady eye and the more piercing word. A lad has been known to go out and say: "I don't care for 'bobby' or 'beak,' but I can't stand that." Often the truth went deeper. Big fellows, who used to curse and fight, became willing helpmates. Another cottage was taken, and the work steadily expanded. Presently there were more than seven hundred scholars in the schools. Night after night the little services were continued. Fathers and mothers became interested. Soon a hall was built for adults to meet in; there were numerous conversions, and the enthusiasm of a genuine revival was felt in the neighborhood. Gradually other means of usefulness were added to the original work. Schools for secular instruction were opened, sewing-classes were established, a system of weekly dinners provided for the destitute, and other machinery of an extensive mission set in operation.

Dr. Barnardo has himself told the incident which was mainly instrumental in shaping his own course, and leading him to abandon other plans for this work. One evening, after the ragged-school, a little boy loitered behind, and begged for leave to sleep in the room. Conversation brought out the fact that he had neither father nor mother, and that he was in the habit of sleeping out in the streets where he could find a nestling-place, and that the night before he had





THE STREET BOY'S BED.

slept in a hay-cart. The talk of this tiny lad of ten years opened at that moment quite a new sense of the appalling destitution to be found in the streets of wealthy London. Dr. Barnardo was then comparatively inexperienced. "Are there many such boys sleeping out?" he asked; and the little fellow replied: "O, yes, sir—lots, 'eaps on 'em—mor'n I could count!" He took the boy home, sat him down at his bachelor table, and let him talk under the novel inspiration of coffee and a warm fireside. It was a sad story he had to tell—how mother had died, and he had lived on a barge with Swearing Dick, who beat him cruelly, but at last enlisted, in a drunken fit, when the boy ran away; and how since he had picked up anything he could in the streets. Then the conversation turned to brighter things. They talked of heaven, and "Our Father" there. "But, sir,"—and then suddenly 'came a look of earnest inquiry into the child's face,— "will Swearin' Dick be there? and will there be any bobbies?" What a depth of pathos in this fear of the homeless street-boy! "Every one that goes there must love Jesus," was the reply. "Have you ever heard of Him?" The child nodded assent; but it soon appeared that his knowledge was total ignorance. He listened attentively to the story of the cross. When he heard of the scourging and the crown of thorns, he eagerly asked: "Were they the perlice, sir?" And he burst into crying as he heard, for the first time, the history of the crucifixion. Little Tim led the way that midnight to the sleeping quarters of some of his companions. Dr. Barnardo followed through lane and court to a long shed, which served as a market-place in the daytime for cast-off clothes; and, climbing the high dead-wall at one end, he found eleven boys huddled together in deep sleep on the roof. It was enough; he would not wake them till he could help them. It was an easy thing to make provision for Tim; and in

after days he amply repaid the care that surrounded him from that time. But there was a greater work to be done; and this sight of the sleeping boys so impressed itself on the vision that all other aims seemed now subordinated to the rescue of these outcasts. Yet such a sight was not a rare one to men who knew the darker side of London life. On a subsequent occasion, as many as *seventy-three children were found lying closely packed together, under tarpaulins in an unfrequented street* by one of the river wharves.

The next step was to open a Home for Working and Destitute Lads, and this was accomplished in September, 1870. A house was taken in Stepney Causeway, an unattractive by-street, and fitted up for the purpose. During the first year eighty-nine boys were admitted; but, as means allowed, another house was added and fresh accommodation provided, so that there are now one hundred and thirty-five boys in the institution, and from the commencement several hundreds have passed through it. Boys are received who come from the country, or are engaged in work, and have no friends in town, on payment of a small sum from their weekly wages; but, from the first, two thirds of the whole space has been devoted to the really destitute boys of the street. A strange history attaches to some of these lads, who have been picked up in all parts of London, in rags and filth, and with the deeper stains of vice upon them. On their first admission they are placed at the top of the house, and sleep on a simple bed of canvas sacking, with one blanket to wrap them, in a well-ventilated, orderly room, which is a mansion to them after their out-door experiences; and as they descend lower, as vacancies occur and good behavior warrants, their privileges and comforts increase. No boy enters the institution but through Dr. Barnardo's room, and from his entrance he is taught to feel that there is hope before him.

No difficulty has been experienced in maintaining discipline. Private expostulation is often found to be more effectual than open punishment. The "father" who presides in the house is an old ragged-school teacher; the "mother" shares his oversight. One schoolmaster suffices. The boys, as they are old enough, are taught useful trades — brush-making, shoe-making, tailoring — in convenient shops on the premises; they make all the shoes and clothes of their companions, and do much work beside. Some have emigrated, but the majority are trained for home occupations, and the demand for the lads at present exceeds the supply of efficient hands. The severer employments of the day are enlivened by cheerful exercises, such as singing and drilling. And so the work goes forward, the religious motive being always paramount. The funds, which are dependent upon variable contributions, have never failed, though sometimes low, and sometimes for a while insufficient; fresh building operations have sometimes been suspended, but debt has never been incurred. The principle which has so effectually sustained Mr. Müller in his great work at Bristol appears to have been relied on in this instance, with corresponding results. The work now embraces the rescue of little destitute girls.

Meanwhile, the earlier work of the ragged-schools has been maintained, and other agencies have clustered round it. These schools are the headquarters of a Wood-Cutting Brigade for boys, and a City Messenger Brigade, which keeps seventy lads, all clothed in uniform, running about on daily errands. There is a laundry for the women; and there are sewing-classes; and, during the colder weather, a soup-kitchen is in constant operation. There are also other agencies, which we need not enumerate, but we should mention among them a shop for the distribution of pure literature.

During the summer a large tent had been erected, in which religious services were held every evening, and the simple truths of the gospel preached by those accustomed to deal with the working-classes. The kind of persuasion exerted may be inferred from the fact that during these months more than two thousand persons signed the total abstinence pledge; but it is due to say that the claims of spiritual religion were never subordinated to resolutions for social reform. It was at this time that the opportunity offered for acquiring the "Edinboro' Castle," a noted public-house, which was at once seized by Dr. Barnardo. The place was offered for sale, and the amount required was forthcoming as soon as the facts were known. Within a fortnight a large sum was sent into Stepney Causeway; but scarcely had the deposit been paid, and a day fixed for the completion of the transaction, than some one in the interest of the drink-traffic offered another \$2,500; and the building would have passed to the highest bidder, if the whole of the purchase-money had not been forthcoming on the appointed day. It is a singular fact that on the morning of that day the sum in hand amounted to \$20,450, but that a gentleman then unexpectedly called and said he wished "to fire a hundred-pounder at the Castle" (\$500), and that the post subsequently brought another \$50, making in all \$21,000, the exact sum needed, within the hour required. So the purchase was effected and the transformation made. A considerable sum has since been contributed and spent in the necessary adaptations. The Coffee Palace is now opened at five o'clock every morning, and working-men who are early abroad can have their cup of coffee without the two penny-worth of rum, which is the usual infusion of the public-houses. All day long its rooms are at their command; but the great "music-hall" is reserved for religious services. The rector of the parish was present at the opening meeting,



INDUSTRY.

when the hall was crowded with two thousand people, and expressed his deepest regret that he had not had the honor to stand forth at an earlier period and take part in this work, which filled him now with thankfulness and wonder. The following inscription is emblazoned across the wall of the principal coffee-room: "The 'Edinburgh Castle,' formerly used as a Gin Palace and Concert-Room, was opened on Friday, February 14, 1873, as a Working-Man's Club and Coffee Palace, by the Right Honorable the Earl of Shaftesbury."

A lady who has a singing-class for poor lads, as a means toward their rescue, writes:—

At one of the meetings, I noticed a young lad of fifteen seated with the rest, looking anxious, very timid, and very poor, and not long afterward I got from him his story, which ran as follows:—

"My mother's dead; father and the two little uns are in the poorhouse. I've a sister wot's in service over the water, and a big brother: but he's ill now, so I hear, and he's out of work."

"Where does your brother live?" "I don't know: I've not seen him for a long time."

"Did your father drink?" "Yes, that's why he's in that there place now. He used to come home and knock mother about, so as she left home for weeks, afeard to come home: but she's dead now."

"How do you get your living?" "Wal, I used to sleep out o' nights, like 'Ginger' and them two," pointing to two lads. "For three years I did that, but I had enough of it; and one day, as I were in the lodgin'-ouse, guv'nor comes up to me, and he says, if I helped him to wash up the dishes and clean up the place he would let me sleep there for nothin' and give me money for my grab: and I stayed there

ever since. I had enough o' sleepin' out in them wagons." Soon after this conversation I went up to the lodging-house he referred to, where I found that he had told me the truth, and I was told that he was a very good lad. But it was not long after this when at one of the meetings I found



IDLENESS.

“Jumbo” looking very low-spirited. Presently I heard him saying to one of the lads, “I ain’t a-goin’ to lodgin’-ouse to-night; I’m goin’ to sleep out to-night.” “What are you saying?” I asked. “Wal, mum,” he said, in rather subdued tones. “guy’nor knocked me about this morning, and I ain’t a-goin’ back to *him* no more.” “Tell me all about it,” I

said. "Wal, I sleeps overlate this mornin', and guv'nor comes upstairs with a strap, and pulls me out o' bed, and begins leatherin' me about; so I ain't goin' baek to *him* no more," with a determined toss of the head. He never did go baek again, except as a visitor, and has now to walk the streets or take refuge in some corner of a stable or wagon, like the others, when he has not saved enough during the day to pay for his bed.

"Parrot" is seventeen years of age. Of him, one of his companions said to me two years ago, and in desperate earnestness: "Satan is *in* him, mun; if we could only get Parrot away from here, we might get on then, but it 's useless tryin' to be good while *he* is round here." I am glad to say, however, that, bad as Parrot used to be, he is now much altered for the better, although I must admit that his character still affords room for further improvement. Poor Parrot is much to be pitied. He has no father, and in speaking to him about his mother one evening, I was greatly struck with the disrespectful tone of voice he used. "Kindness, indeed! *She* don't care about me, *she* don't," in a despairing tone. "She turned me out the other night 'cause I was late, and I had to join them two in the wagons": this with a sneer and an expression of utter disgust, not only with his mother's conduct, but with the world in general.

Parrot has been one of the most regular attendants at the little room, and many a time in leaving he has said half-jokingly to me: "Won't you let us stay and watch that there lump o' coal out? We will be good, an' them boys wot's gone won't know." And I knew it did them more good to "watch that lump o' coal go out" than to loiter outside exposed to dangerous temptations. Permission therefore has been often given to a few to remain behind after the meeting has dispersed. Then they would sit round the fire. I taking up needle and cotton and trying not to listen to *all* that was saying between my young friends.

“Now, then,” says “Croppy,” “let’s have hymn 45.” “No,” says Jumbo, “106.” “No, let’s sing 114, that’s a fine un.” “‘Blessed Jesus,’ that’s my favorite; that’s best, isn’t it, Missus H——?” appealing to me; and so they would go on through nearly half of the well-known Sankey’s “Sacred Songs and Solos.” At another time it would be a talk about what happened during the day, or about “that duffer wot stabbed another in the back.”

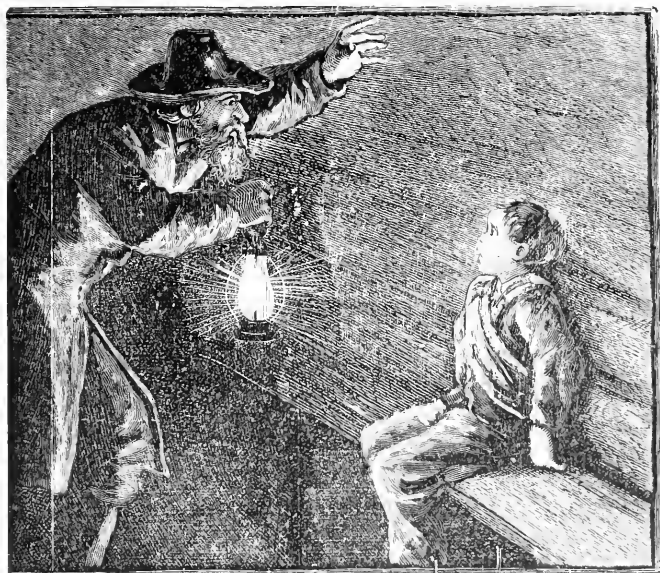
“Was it up in your yard, Croppy?” “Yes, o’ course it was.” “An’ did yer know him?” “Ay, an’ a rare bad un he is too.”

Or it might be about “Old Copper.” “Just as I wur a-comin’ round the corner, he comes up to me, an’ slap he goes [at the same time imitating it] in my face, till I goes spinnin’ on to the other side.” “What were you doing, Jerry, that the policeman should do that to you?” “Nothin’, Missus H——, they allers boxes us if we stand still; we ’as to move on.” “But surely you must have been doing something very wrong before the policeman would have beaten you like that?” “No, mum! no!” from all; “Copper allers does that!” “Why, t’ other night,” said Bill, “me an’ Jack was rather late a-goin’ home, an’ he says to me somethin’ an’ just then old Copper comes up an’ fetched me such a clout on my head, an’ says, ‘Take that! wot are you a-doin’ of here.’ We says, ‘Nothin’; an’ he says, ‘You be off, or ——.’”

The other evening, finding one of the most hopeful of my lads looking pale and ill, and with a very bad cough, I suggested to him to make haste home as soon as he could, and go to bed. The tears were in his eyes as he replied: “I have no place to go to, mum: they won’t let me go home. I had to sleep out in a cab last night, and I’ve caught this cold through it.” “Was it the first time you slept out?” “O, no!” Jim answered, “for I’ve often found him a bed in

the stables." "But why *do* you sleep out?" "Why, mum, 'cause father won't let *me* go home 'cause I've got no work."

Another lad of seventeen told me the same story about himself. "Father won't let me go home until I find work." "But do you *try* to get work?" "Yes, Missus H——, but 's no use on me goin' home, father'll only nag me and knock me about." This lad's mother came to me the other day,



with tears in her eyes, to thank me for my kindness to her son. She herself would gladly have her son home, even when he had no work. "But his father," she said, "has such a bad stubborn temper, and he is very angry with me for taking his part." "But has he considered that he forces his son down to the level of the beasts of the field? Does he know that he has to sleep with horses? or may have to walk the streets all night and be tempted to steal?" She

burst into a flood of tears. "Oh!" she said, "my poor, poor boy!"

The other lad, who was still crying, said: "We has all to fly when father comes home, he is always a naggin' and leatherin' us about, and my sister sha'n't sleep home when she has no work in the factory." "I suppose your father gets drunk?" "I spects he does." "Well, don't cry, my poor lad, God will take care of you if you will only ask him."

"Jimmy," another boy who works at the stables, and who looks most unhappy, has been lately out of work for some weeks. Seeing him looking so miserable I could not help saying to him, "Don't you feel well, Jimmy?" "No, Missus H——," he replied, quietly. "What makes you so unhappy? Have you done something wrong at home?" "No, Missus H——, only I've been out o' work, and they won't let me go home only to sleep. I've to find my grub and it's hard work."

I append a list of specimen cases of poor girls who have come under the watchful eye of a friend:—

1. My parents are both dead; my father died first. My mother married again; then she died. My stepfather married again; his new wife and myself did not agree, and I had to leave the house. I went to service, went out for a holiday when my time came, became acquainted with a young man, lost my character and my situation. Went on the streets, and lived with another young man, who locked me in one room all day, only letting me out in the evening. I could not have come to you to-day, but I heard of you and climbed out of the window. I must go back again before he comes home, or he will beat me dreadfully, as he has often done before.

2. I lived at home with father and mother, till both died. I had no brothers or sisters, no one to care for me; but I

got a little place; and though the work was dreadful hard I stopped at it as long as I could; but I got tired at last, and gave a week's notice, and left, thinking to get an easier place. I had a few shillings and some clothes, and I went with some girls that I knew, till my money and clothes were gone; then they wanted me to do as they did, but I could not. So I had to leave them, and go about to stations and refuges till now. But I can't go any longer. I'm so sick, and weak, and filthy, I feel as if I should die in the street. Do take pity on me, and help me! Indeed, indeed, I have not done any wrong; only I'm nearly dead with hunger and cold.

This dreadful story was literally true. We took her in, fed her, sent her to a refuge; thence she was transferred to a hospital, and there the doctor said she was a good, honest girl, all but starved. Her garments were so filthy, as to be burned as they were cut away from her.

3. A girl aged nine, both feet turned inward, on the crippled feet rags, covered by wrecks of woman's boots tied round the ankles with cotton; clothing ragged and very scant; stomach empty and craving. Mother never married; quite willing to part with her.

4. A baby-child, with an angel-face: carried easily in her mother's arms; seven years old. The mother asks a portion of the children's dinner for the pretty child who has never walked to get one yet. The mother had three at once when this was born, the husband lying dead in the house at the time. Since then she has worked on, earning a living for all until rheumatic fever sent her to the hospital, and the children to the union. Recovered and able to work: strong, hopeful, and self-reliant. So the widow and orphan-cripple's story is told. "Will you part with her?" "Rather all the rest, sir: but, if I could see her sometimes, I would, thankfully." Thank God for the love-look on this true mother's face as she glances on her child!

The city missionary is always competent to speak on the dark side of life. One of these brave men thus discourses :

“Keep in the middle of the street, please. I do not suppose that any one will molest us ; but that good hat of yours might suddenly disappear down either of these courts. Neither you nor I would see the conveyancer, or know anything of him, but the hat would be gone ; and it is better to be safe than sorry. This is not a good street by any means, seeing in all its half mile of squalid houses about the hardest things to find would be honest men or decent women. As to the courts and passages on either hand — keep in the middle of the street, please.”

As we go, you find you could conveniently dispense with three of your five senses — hearing, seeing, and scent — for the time being ! Can *taste* the foul air, can you ? Ah ! you are not used to it ! “Likely to cause fever ?” Plenty of that, always ; not long since I heard they took sixty cases in a week from one street close by. Beware of that heap with decaying cabbage leaves forming the summit ! Don’t tread in the gutter if you can possibly avoid doing so ; but turn in here, for we have reached the lodging-house I intend to visit, and we will enter. “Knock ?” We shall be the first that ever did so, and, as I don’t wish to attract a crowd, we will enter without that ceremony. Notice the little hatch at the entry, and the hideously ugly old woman behind it. She takes the money there — fourpence for a night, two shillings for a week ; no credit, and no embarrassing questions asked.

The room is burning hot : an immense fire of coke is in the old-fashioned grate ; an iron kettle with a tap, full of boiling water, on one side ; on the other a large frying-pan, not just now in use. Twenty or thirty women, lads, and girls, are in the rough boxes or upon the benches round the room. A filthy table occupies all the centre, and food of

many kinds is upon it. Glance at the medley: tripe, sausages, red herrings, faggots, fried fish, bacon, greens, potatoes, pudding, and bread that might have been clean once. Raise your eyes from the food to the owners around. Girls, with clean faces and well-arranged hair, clean print dresses, and heavy boots (often used for weapons): but wearing neither bonnet nor shawl in or out of the house. Older women, clearly from the country, and on tramp; silent, scared, intensely miserable; probably straight from some rose-trellised country home into this horrible den. Aged women, seamed and scarred, hopeless and degraded, smoking short pipes of strong tobacco as coolly as high-bred fast ladies. Lads, with round hats with short pipes in the bands; short-haired, high cheekboned, soft-handed, ready for anything but work. Elder men of the same stamp and calibre, but hardened and enlarged; among them the husbands of the countrywomen, rawboned and helpless. Old men who carry advertising boards, give out bills, receive outdoor parish relief, and whine and beg at midnight round the carriages that roll away from the doors of theatres.



Waiting upon them all indiscriminately, the one attendant of the place, blind of one eye, glaring horribly with the other, which is blackened by a blow, a blotched inflamed face, and a wide mouth, almost always grinning, and able to convey downward any quantity of beer, ale, gin, or rum, that may come without paying for. A guernsey not quite clean, cord trousers, thick boots, no stockings, powerful

body, strong arms and legs to match,—so Joey stands before us, grinning as usual, and quite ready for agreeable conversation.

Now, my dear friend, don't take me seriously by the button, look grievedly in my face, and ask: "Why paint such scenes?" Thousands upon thousands of our fellow-travelers to the judgment seat know nothing better from birth to death. The men and women and — God pity them! — the little children are there; and, it may be, our Judge will ask hereafter whether we knew of these human brethren and sisters, and what we did for them? With this interjection we will return to Joey, and commence conversation.

"Back again from your last six weeks' temporary retirement, Joey, and not looking much the worse for it. But how came your eye painted so soon again, eh?"

"Vell, gov'nor, to tell truth, it vos n't meant for me; I stepped in between Tom an' his old 'ooman, an' ketched it hot; she or the little un would ha' had it bad, else, for Tom was mad drunk an' hit out savage. But he stood a quart ven he got round, an' there's no bones broken atween us. How ha' you been yerself, gov'nor?"

"I've been in the lake district, Joey, where water runs clear from the hillsides; the air is so bright it makes your eyes ache at first, and you can get wild raspberries and strawberries as fast as you can pick them."

"Ain't never seen nuffin' like *that*, gov'nor; seen plenty o' ferns an' flowers in the market. I seen the sea vunce, an' said it vos a green field, an' a fine place to lie down an' smoke a pipe in. I seen the difference ven I got closer. But that 'ere about the fruit ain't easy to b'lieve, gov'nor."

"Quite true, Joey, as thousands know: why do you doubt it so much?"

"Vy, d'ye see, gov'nor, all as I've ever seen b'longs to somebody; as yer soon finds out if yer go an' take it as you



"Clean, neatly dressed, fresh colored, and very quiet in manner,—there she stood." (Page 226.)

says. I took some vunce, ven I vos a kid,* an' I had to do twenty-eight days for that bit. I done many a bit since longer an' shorter, but I don't forget that fust bit; how lonely an' cold I vos of a night, an' how I had to valk round, vith the high valls lookin' down on me, for exercise. Been used to it since, knows the vays, an' lost all care about it long ago."

"But isn't there a prison ahead, Joey, where you will have to care, unless you take good advice, and get on the safe side."

"Now, guv'nor, vee reelly don't vant none o' yer trade here; it's sickening to a cove that sees vot I sees. Now, fair an' square, this yer wery crib b'longs to a pious big-vig. He knows quite vell vot goes on here; but he takes the rent as sweetly as Old Poll sips her gin. Tho' he does turn up the vites o' his eyes in church o' Sundays, vere 's he goin' by-an'-by, eh?"

"I'm not his judge, Joey, but I am afraid it may be what you call 'hot' for him; but tell me, now, what do you think of true religion?"

"Don't know nuffin' — don't vant to know; can't read or write, never go to church or chapel, never vant to go. I mean to eat an' drink an' live 'slong 's I can, an' I'll chance it afterward. I thinks I'll be as vell off as our guv'nor, even if he turns the vites o' his eyes right round to the back o' his head."

Not long after our interview I was somewhat astonished by a visit from Joey at our mission-house, and still more astonished to see him come boldly forth, the usual grin upon his face intensified with triumph that greatly puzzled me.

"Now, guv'nor," he began, "you've given me a supper more nor once; now, I vants my turn at givin' — look 'ere, guv'nor!"

*Slang word for youngster or child.

He stepped aside, revealing one of the most innocent girl-faces I ever saw. Clean, neatly dressed, fresh colored, and very quiet in manner, — there she stood. I felt the hot blood tingling and burning within me like liquid fire as I saw and felt my way to the awful truth that *she* was under the patronage of Joey.

“Who is she? How came *you* to have anything to do with *her*?”

“Guv’nor, guv’nor, don’t get angry; there ain’t no need, — there ain’t indeed!”

“No need to be angry, and a girl like that here with you!”

“Now, guv’nor, let a man speak! I did n’t think ye’d cut up like this! but if yer von’t hear me, I’ll take her back again!”

“Will you? You will find two very hard words to that bargain! I am angry, Joey, very angry, and I fear with only too good cause!”

“Not now, guv’nor; yer had cause ven yer pitched Sneaking Sam out o’ yer other crib over the vay, that ’ere Monday night, for priggin’ another cove’s loaf at the supper. But hear reason, now, guv’nor, an’ I’m sartin ye’ll say it’s all right.”

There was comfort in his words and manner; but to see her, and know where she must have come from, made self-command terribly difficult. But when I had quietly asked her whence she had come, this was her story: —

“My father and mother died at our home in the country. My aunt took me till I could go to service. She got a place for me a little way out of London, where I was very happy, only I had not much money for clothes, and it all went as fast as it came. Yesterday morning my mistress told me they owed money they could not pay, and must go away at once or master would be sent to prison. I asked her where

I could go to. She cried, and said she did n't know where to go herself and could not help me, but I had better go while it was morning, and try and find some good Christian to take care of me till I found another place. I packed up my clothes in a bundle, then she kissed me, and wished me good-by. I walked into London, carrying my little bundle. I looked at the shops as I passed, till afternoon came on, and I was very hungry. I had only sixpence, and did n't know where I could sleep; so I asked a poor woman, and she said if I had only sixpence I had better pay fourpence for lodging and twopence for food. She did not know much of such places, but directed me till I found the place where this man lives. I paid the lodging, gave one penny for bread, another for milk, as he told me to do; but he took my bundle away, and I have not seen it since."

"All quite right, guv'nor," interrupted Joey, as I turned to him; "I ought to finish the story, an' I'll do it. Ven she come in our crib I vos struck all o' a heap. She looked so like them innercent flowers in the market, that I thort. 'However did yer come here?' Our old 'ooman came out o' her den, an' began talkin' to her; but it seemed to me such a thunderin' pity as she should be spoiled like our other gals, that afore I knowed it I says to our old 'ooman, 'Look yer, there's spoiled uns enough, don't yer make vun o' her!' 'Shut yer tater-trap,' she says; 'vot is it to you?' 'Nuffin' to me, sartin,' I says; 'but don't make her like the others an' I'll stand a pint o' gin!' 'Yer fool,' she says, 'vot 's a pint o' gin to vot she 's vurth?' 'Vell,' says I, seeing I must fight it out, 'then I *don't* have her spoiled. I manages the bed-rooms; yer aint any right up there, an' you don't go near her *this* night! There 's clean sheets on my bed in my little crib; an' she goes there, an' no mistake vots'ever about that.' She veedled and coaxed, an' stomped an' svore, but it all vorn't no gin. I got 'old o' the little un, hands her over to

Tom, an' promises summat 'andsome if he minds her vile I'm in an' out. Tom owes me vun for the stinger he giv' me, an' keeps her for me. Ven bedtime comes, I takes her to my crib, v'ere I'd put a strong bolt on the inside. I shows her this, tells her to fasten herself in, an' not open the door to any vun till broad daylight. I vos sure no vun could get in vithout smashin' the door; but I keeps at the foot of the stairs till all vere in, an' I could go upstairs myself. I got a mattress an' thiek rug an' lays 'em down at the crib-door outside; then I fastens a thiek, hard rope to the door-latch an' my own wrist, vich I knowed no vun could ever cut without waking me, an' I slept vith my vun eye open. The old 'ooman had tried to get some on 'em to make me drunk, but I'd thort o' that, an' I fought shy till I lay down sober as a judge is in the mornin'. Our old 'ooman most 'nashed her gums ven she found I vould n't drink, she sneaked up two or three times in the night, but I vos votchin'. an' at daylight she giv' it up for a bad job. I heerd the bolt go, ven the little 'un come down this mornin', an' vaited for her at the foot o' the stairs. Ve vent halves in my breakfast. I kep' her by me all mornin'; an' as soon as this mission crib o' yours vos open I brought her an' her bundle. 'Ere *it* is — I vant her to see afore her as it 's all square; an' 'ere *she* is, safe an' sound for yer, and yer heartily welcome to her; but, giv'nor, don't say I never giv' yer nuffin'."

"All right, Joey, and I thank you heartily for her; if ever I can do any good in return for her, you will not have to send for me twice."

"Right yer are, giv'nor, an' I'm glad she vorn't spoiled. Good-by, little un; good-by, giv'nor!"

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these!" How far and to whom do the glorious words apply? I should like to know that they will count for Joey

“in that day”; for the story, though lightly and reticently told, is simply and literally true.

A friend of poor boys writes:—

It is sometimes exceedingly difficult to obtain employment for a boy or youth upon whose character there lies the least stain. Yet how many poor boys have been marked for life from no fault of their own! I do not refer to those, of whom there are great numbers, who give way to perhaps one act of dishonesty through the hard pressure of their lot, and who afterwards bitterly repent that false step. But I allude to others who have been charged and convicted of crimes of which they were absolutely and wholly innocent.

Anybody who has had the least experience of the police-courts must be aware that if a policeman can only say that such and such a boy has been to his knowledge in the society or companionship of thieves, or has appeared, at the time of some particular robbery, to have been associated with suspected persons near the spot where the occurrence took place, his word will be believed and the boy will be convicted by almost any justice of the peace. If such a boy can bring forward unmistakable proof of his having been present in some other place at the time of the robbery, and can get reliable evidence of general good character, he may have a good chance of escape, but not otherwise.

I have had at different times boys in the Home who had been accused and punished for alleged dishonesty, but who were no more guilty than the magistrates before whom they were convicted. Had it not been for our Homes these poor lads would, on leaving gaol, have encountered great difficulty to obtain honest employment, and might have thus been compelled to take to an evil course.

I remember distinctly one case in which a nice-looking lad of fourteen and a half years was sent to me by a clergyman,

the chaplain of the gaol, who said that he was satisfied the boy was innocent of the crime for which he had been convicted — stealing a pair of boots from a shop. He had taken the trouble to follow out the story and to investigate the boy's statement on his own behalf, and had arrived at this conclusion. The poor boy received a sentence of "six



months' imprisonment," and I think "hard labor," but am not sure.

He was to come out on a certain day, and nothing lay before him but a dishonest life, unless some one would take him by the hand. The worthy chaplain tried in half a dozen ways to get the boy assistance before applying to me. Every door was closed against him *because he had been convicted*. Owing to circumstances over which I had no control my reply to the chaplain's application did not reach him before the boy left the gaol, and I subsequently heard from his

protector, that, on the morning the boy's time expired and he was dismissed, his old clothes having been first restored to him, he met outside the gaol-door friends and companions of other prisoners, some of whom invited this young lad to go with them. Having no friend except the chaplain, he accepted their offer, only to discover later on that they lived by dishonesty.

Poor and wretched as the boy was, laboring too under a keen sense of injustice, he *could not* enter upon a dishonest life; so that when the chaplain got my letter to say that we had decided to receive the boy to the Home for a while, he lost no time in acquainting him with the fact, and the delight of the latter at getting away from the locality, and having a fair prospect before him of an honest life, may be conceived. I kept him for eleven months and then tried him with half a score of employers, feeling bound of course in each case to tell the facts of his previous history, supported by the chaplain's story, but as soon as it was known that *he had been convicted* every door was closed against him. A member of the Society of Friends at length kindly offered to give him work, and I know the lad remained with him as a faithful servant for some years, eventually leaving him to get better and more suitable work.

THE Christian believer who labors for the elevation of the lowly has this sustaining faith, — that the gospel of Jesus Christ is the true lever to lift the fallen from the pit of Despair to the paradise of Hope. As we have watched the veritable "Arabs" in their rough play, and listened to their coarse remarks, we have been tempted to doubt the possibility of their redemption from vice, or their reclamation to virtue. What assured remedy is sufficiently adequate to transform their characters, transmute their leaden natures into gold, or transfuse into their minds and hearts such ambitions and

aspirations as would impel them onward to live evermore a life of unquestionable purity? To climb, step by step, through merely human effort, from all that is swinish, and ascend to all that is saintly, is, indeed, an impossible task. How, then, shall the "Arab" be elevated? As we view the distance in this house of Life, from lowest malarial swamp to highest mountain of ambrosial air: from low-born and low-bred tendencies to dispositions radically opposed to all that is mean and debasing: do we indeed despair that these children of sin shall reach the mountain-top and bask in its sunshine? Verily, no! Nor do we hesitate to announce our faith in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ the real medicine for every moral disease. The grace of God can transmute the base metal into gold, and transform the mutilated image into a more perfect condition by his own perfect workmanship. The Stairway is hard to climb, and numberless skeletons of the dead lie around, whose *independent* efforts to attain unto a true exaltation were futile and fatal. When the "Arab" is taught to commit himself, in *dependence*, to the Divine Elevator, he shall then be drawn up, through the power of God, to safety and to victory. We do not, therefore, hesitate to affirm that in Jesus Christ alone, who is the Eternal Life, is found the never-failing, ever-successful remedy for lowly "Arab" or lordly Aristocrat. Let but his Spirit take possession of any human heart, then shall a power greater than hydraulics lift the soul to heaven and to God. Whether found in the foul gutter, or in the marble mansion, the sinner, laying hold of Christ by faith, shall indeed grow out of the selfish and the sensual, recognizing this true secret of victory: "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." (Gal. ii, 20.)

Hard, indeed, has been the experience of neglected children who have slipped through our hands when they might



"VERITABLE ARABS." Page 231.



have been rescued. And are we not likely to allow others to drift by on the rapid current, while we gravely discuss the question, "How to reach the Arabs *en masse*?" One by one they come into the world, one by one they leave it: shall they not be reached and rescued one by one? Shall we undervalue *one* human life, because we cannot save all? The way to reach the masses is through the individual. And when we rightly estimate the value of a human soul, we shall feel impelled to work in their behalf with downright earnestness. Some years ago, that greatly honored Christian philanthropist, Mr. George H. Stuart, when in London, visited that wonderful museum, the Tower. Being ushered into the Jewel Room, where crowns and coronets, swords of state, maces, gold-plate, and other paraphernalia of royalty are displayed in beautiful arrangement, the American citizen civilly asked the value of the regalia spread before him. The sum in pounds sterling given in reply was simply enormous, yet no amount of money could rightly determine the value of those splendid relics, closely associated with England's throne for many centuries. The same evening Mr. Stuart was called upon to address a large gathering of "Arabs" in the Field Lane Ragged-School. He described his visit to the Tower, and enlarged with commanding interest upon the crowns, and jewels, and precious stones on which his eyes had feasted, giving their worth in money, besides enlarging on their greater historical value. "But," said the speaker, with peculiar tenderness, "that little girl there possesses a jewel of far more transcendent value than all the crowns of earth, and all the splendors of royalty." How true! How solemn a fact is this! The soul of a child outweighs this globe with all its known and unknown riches. "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

That we are all verily guilty in our unconcern for the degraded, we must confess. A lady friend found twelve lost girls in one room, one dying, one unconscious in drunkenness, and others partially intoxicated; yet not one spoke a rude word, but those who were sufficiently sober listened patiently and tearfully to the story of the Cross. Their mortification was very great, and their penitence evidently heartfelt. *All of them had been Sunday-school scholars.* What of their teachers? Had they clung to them faithfully, and sought their salvation *personally*, would these children of sin have thus drifted so far away? Oh! that every reader may be aroused from selfishness and slothfulness, and inquire, "Lord what wilt Thou have ME to do?"

CHAPTER XI.

A COMMENDABLE WORK.

Workers Not Alone. — Charitable Institutions, where Found. — The Children's Aid Society. — Annual Report. — Criminal Gangs broken up. — Object of the Society. — Industrial Schools. — Decrease of Feminine Crime. — Great Obstacles. — Italian Children. — The Summer Home. — Lodging-Houses. — Economy of the Society. — Interesting Statistics. — Occupations of Pupils. — In Winter Many Come Barefooted. — Ladies at Work. — Principle of Teaching. — Kindergartens and *Creches*. — Night-Schools. — Foreign Children, how Treated. — Germans, Bohemians, Italians. — Exhibitions and Recreations. — The Summer Home. — How the Children Enjoy it. — Number Benefited. — Enormous Appetites. — Plans for Enlargement. — This Noble Charity has a Higher Destiny. — Interesting Letter from Dr. Skinner. — Sources of Enjoyment. — Rusticating. — Their Jolly Song. — Bathing. — Principles of Government. — Dining-Tables. — Their Favorite Song. — Newsboys' Lodging-House. — Representatives found Everywhere. — Former Boys Now in Middle Life. — Newsboys' "Hotel." — Sunday Services. — Girls' Lodging-House. — The Laundry. — Illustrative Cases. — Western Attractions. — Western Experiences.

WHEN the hero-prophet in an hour of unutterable depression poured out his complaint before the Lord, and mourned his dreary isolation in the kingdom, he was instantly reminded of the seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to Baal. Most prophets have had a similar experience. Reformers often think themselves alone. Philanthropists sigh for companionship in their work. Preachers weep in solitariness. But are they indeed alone? I have often gazed from the ship's deck around the horizon, searching for a friendly sail, and have felt my spirits sink within me in contemplating the dreary unbroken waste of waters. But anon, the glass brings to view many a goodly bark, each sailing on her own course and bearing her special cargo to some destined port. So it is with life's voyaging and life's mission. Not along the frequented thoroughfares of commerce are the many charitable institutions to be found: not in the open market-places are they planted. But in the more airy suburbs or dingy streets among the poor will you

discover them. Charitable organizations multiply on every hand. State asylums, denominational charities, church enterprises, and private homes are on the increase. Hospitals, asylums, orphanages, refuges, poorhouses, and other benevolent forms of charity are fulfilling their noble mission in every city of the land. *Children* are the special wards of many of these schemes of benevolence. It has been complained that *the little ones* were neglected. Acquaintance, however, with the work in our cities would dispel that delusion. Not that all is done which might be done; but much more will be accomplished when the public mind is thoroughly aroused on the question. Philanthropists are coming to the front. Christian life throbs with consecrated activity where Christian teaching is bold and definite. Examples and illustrations are more potent than abstract theories. What has been done may be done, and will be done, better with the experience of the past to draw from.

The Children's Aid Society, of New York City, is one of the oldest and most capable of charities seeking to deal with the social problem of "Arabism." It has in great measure arrested crime among the vicious youths of the city, and at the same time benefited them in their rescue, education, and elevation. This multifarious work is highly philanthropic; its marked effect in the preservation of life and property has been officially recognized, and worthy citizens have nobly and generously backed it up by personal influence and princely generosity.

The Society's *Thirtieth* Annual Report shows no decline in its earnest endeavor. With growing strength and added experience its influence widens year by year. Who can number the mischiefs prevented by its vigorous efforts? Who can count the mercies received through its goodly channels? Elsewhere we reproduce a series of letters from the Society's children, as also from their employers. The





"DEAD RABBITS" AND "SHORT BOYS." (Page 241.)

noble aim and practical outworking of this institution will be appreciated as it becomes more widely known. The varied operations of the Society are greatly indebted to the wise policy and unflagging energy of its capable and experienced Secretary, Mr. C. L. Brace. Since its formation thirty years ago he has been identified with it, having skilfully nursed it in its trying times, and lived to see it accomplish successfully its noble mission. Thus speaks the Report:—

It has been noted by the press in New York during the past year, how entirely the old associations of criminal youth, such as the "Dead Rabbits," "Short Boys," and "Nineteenth Street Gangs" of twenty years since have disappeared from the city. These gangs used to make life and property unsafe in certain districts, and they were the terror of all good citizens. Full accounts of some of them will be found in the early reports of this society. They are all gone now. Criminal youths still exist, and sporadic murders and crimes appear in this city as in all large cities. But associations of boys and young men, whose object is to commit crimes and acts of violence, are not known at present in this metropolis. The explanation given by the journals is the correct one. Associations of crime among youth in New York have been broken up or prevented, not by punishment and penalty, but by associations of reform and education. Society has taken hold of the bad boy when a child, and, instead of waiting till he was mature to imprison or hang him, has transformed him by the gradual influences of education, labor, and religion, into an honest and industrious young man. The press has rightly attributed this remarkable change among criminal youth, and the singular decrease of juvenile crime in New York, to the wide and carefully planned labors during thirty years of the Children's Aid Society. We have met organized crime by organized

education; we have improved associated squalor and poverty by associated efforts for the teaching of cleanliness and industry; we have prevented vagrancy, not by the police and the prisons, but by affording shelter and work; we have diminished thieving and robbery, by teaching honesty to the lad of the streets, and then putting him in a good home where he had few temptations to stealing; we have lessened vagrancy and prostitution, by bringing the begging and roving little girl under early influences of purity and industry, and then placing her with a kind-hearted family in the country. All this has been done, not in a few cases here and there, but by large associated efforts in this city, reaching in some form or other *over twenty thousand* of these poor and homeless children each year. Such long continued and carefully planned efforts could not but be finally successful. They must affect the permanent moral condition of the youth of New York.

One branch of them, however, — as diminishing a sad source of human misery, — has not been enough noticed by writers of the press. Our efforts are popularly supposed to be limited to the boys of the poorest class; but, in reality, we reach — as our statistics show — more girls than boys, and with quite as thorough an influence. It is to our Industrial Schools and Girls' Lodging-House, and Emigration branch, that may be attributed the remarkable decrease in our police reports of crime, and especially vagrancy, among young girls and women during the past twenty and twenty-five years. We have kept, carefully copied, and have published many of the police reports during the past thirty years. The increase of population is well known, and the many causes which should augment feminine crime and vagrancy in a city like this, yet the records show that, whereas the commitments of female vagrants amounted in 1859 to 5,778 and in 1860 to 5,880, they were in 1880

only 1,541 and in 1881, 1,854; while the commitments of young girls for petit larceny reached, in 1863, 1,113, and in 1864, 1,131, but fell in 1880 to 361 and in 1881 to 309. Here is unassailable testimony of a silent change which has been going on for a generation among the daughters of the lowest poor of the city, redeeming them from the untold miseries of prostitution and careers of crime. It is a direct effect of the agencies at work on so large a scale under this Society.

There are great obstacles, however, which always impede these labors and lessen their fruit. The fact that this port is the mouth of the great stream of foreign immigration, which is always pouring into the United States, and that its worst refuse is deposited here, and that the form of our island leads to a most dangerous overcrowding of population, thus continually breeding crime and poverty,—these create ever new supplies of the evils we seek to remove. Still, even these obstacles are being lessened; population is being scattered by the elevated roads, and the new tenement-houses are improved through legislation, and through the effect of the new improved model dwellings, erected by philanthropic citizens or associations. The foreign immigration too is of a better character, and tends more directly to the farming regions.

One difficulty too, which we have felt for years, is also somewhat diminished; we allude to the want of hearty co-operation of the Board of Education in the execution of the law for compulsory school-attendance. The new Superintendent, Mr. Jasper, has taken hold with much earnestness the execution of this law; many children from the street have been forced into the "Half-Time" or the Industrial Schools; many truants have been reclaimed, and large numbers from the factories of the city have been compelled to attend school for a certain number of hours each day.

There still remain, however, many hundreds of very young children — especially in the tobacco and similar factories — who ought to be in school during the day, and whose health is sacrificed to the greed of their parents. Then there is another throng of children — mainly of Italian origin —

growing up to be vagabonds, who attend no school at all, but are kept by their parents, nominally at street-occupations, though really amusing themselves and fast becoming vagrants.



Our own Half-Time Schools reach now some fifteen hundred of the poor Italian children; but there is a great body without, touched thus far by no school, and not being assimilated by American social influences. The Board of Education has only to use the existing law, to force this multitude of ignorant children, and similar of other nationalities, to attend some kind of schools.

Our Industrial and Night Schools are of course planned and adapted for the wants and peculiar habits of just this class.

The great thing needed apparently by the Board is some sort of truant asylum for the temporary confinement of those who are incorrigibly truant and vagrant. Brooklyn has such a Truant Reform-School. Why should not New York?

Our own work for the improvement and education of the poorest children is thoroughly well organized in every part.

The Industrial and Half-Time Schools reach the considerable number of tenement-house children, who are employed a portion of the day on the street, at home, or in factories, or who are too ragged, irregular, dirty, and vagrant for the public schools. The Lodging-Houses embrace the homeless and street-wandering and utterly friendless youth. The Sick Children's Mission relieves a portion of the great number who are sick during the summer months; and the Summer Home gives fresh air, good food, sea-bathing, and many pleasures to thousands from the tenement-houses, who are usually shut out from these enjoyments. The Emigration branch finally takes those *who are utterly homeless and adrift and redeems and elevates them by placing them in good homes in the country.* We repeat what we said last year, that there is no occasion now for any child in New York to be homeless or street-wandering; no child need beg or steal for a living; no little one need suffer for want of food; no boy or girl engaged in a street-occupation is obliged to be without a home for the night or a school for instruction; every one can easily find a place where moral and religious instruction is given. Labor, and a home, and kind care and protection, are open to all the poorest children of the city.

In the Lodging-Houses of this Society, during twenty-nine years, more than two hundred and fifty thousand different boys and girls have been sheltered and partly fed and instructed. In the Industrial Schools probably over one hundred thousand poor little girls have been taught; and of these, it is not known that even a score have entered on criminal courses of life, or have become drunkards or beggars, though four fifths were children of drunkards.

Special attention is directed to the financial management of this Society. The most scrupulous cannot complain of extravagance. It certainly has managed its various branches with great economy:—

Owing to careful organization, the work, though on so large a scale, shows an economy of management which has never been surpassed in such enterprises.

The total annual expense of our twenty-one Industrial Schools for salaries, rents, food, clothing, books, etc. etc., was \$86,489.18, which sum, divided by 3,676 (the average number in daily attendance), would make \$23.52 the annual cost for each child. The cost in 1878 for each child in our public schools, not including rents, was \$38.41; this expense, of course, not including food or clothing.

In our Lodging-Houses, 14,122 boys and girls were fed, sheltered, and taught, during the past year, at a total expense of \$58,690.89. Deducting the receipts, together with the cost of construction (\$33,072.82), the net cost was \$25,618.07; dividing this by the nightly average attendance, we have the average cost to the public of each child for the year, \$40.47. The average cost, per year, of each prisoner in the Tombs is \$107.75, and the Roman Catholic Protectory draws from the city treasury over \$100 annually for each of its inmates.

The total number placed out by the Society, mainly in Western homes, during last year, was 3,957; the total cost for railroad fares, clothing, food, salaries, etc. etc., was \$35,540.93; the average cost to the public, accordingly, for each person was \$8.97. Yet any one of these children placed in an asylum or poorhouse, for a year, would have cost undoubtedly nearly \$140.

These statistics need no comment. Again, the number who enjoyed the benefit at our Summer Home was 4,033; the net expense, deducting cost of construction (\$4,279.81), was \$6,398.51; the average cost for each child, \$1.58. Surely this is economical charity!

One branch of the Children's Aid Society's work deserves special commendation. I refer to their excellent Industrial



THE NEWSBOY. (From a Photograph.)

Schools. I am indebted to the Report of Mr. J. W. Skinner, the Superintendent, for the following presentation of the work of these schools during the year:—

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS (21 DAY-SCHOOLS, 13 NIGHT-SCHOOLS).

| | |
|--|----------|
| Number of teachers employed | 89 |
| .. children taught: 9,337 males, 4,631 females | 13,968 |
| Daily average attendance | 3,676 |
| Number of volumes in school libraries | 2,811 |
| .. volunteer teachers | 48 |
| .. children taught in sewing-machine classes | 161 |
| .. garments made | 15,056 |
| .. garments given out | 9,135 |
| .. pairs of shoes given out | 2,924 |
| .. children sent to places | 258 |
| public schools | 745 |
| of drunken parents | 1,812 |
| begging | 1,213 |
| depositors in schools' savings banks | 1,048 |
| Amount saved by children in schools' savings banks | \$910.30 |
| Amount spent for sick children in Industrial Schools | \$595.85 |

Industrial work taught: Sewing, machine-sewing, printing, crocheting, lace-making, buttonhole-making, cutting, darning, housework, kitchen and chamber work.

Meals at schools: Nine schools have warm meals of beef, soup, fish, rice, etc. Seven schools have a lunch of bread, syrup, milk, and butter. Five schools have no lunch.

Occupations of children: Picking wood, coke, coal, bones, etc.; peddlars of fruits, papers, pins, matches, etc.; boot-blacks, carriers, errand-boys, shopgirls, artificial flower-makers, tobacco-strippers, candies, etc.

It will be noted that we have on the roll thirteen thousand nine hundred and sixty-six, being twenty-nine hundred and eighty-eight more than on the roll last year; and that the average daily attendance is thirty-six hundred and seventy-six. This indicates that there has been greater regularity, and that the average time of each scholar is greater.

One of the greatest evils we have to contend with in trying to educate the poor, the vagrant, and the truant class, is the difficulty of changing their wild habits. Having once presented themselves with the "freedom of the City," they consider it a perpetual right and resent any disturbance of it.

Many of the pupils are occupied with home cares. Not unfrequently little matrons of ten or twelve years of age have the care of a family on their shoulders. They cook, wash, iron, and take care of the younger children, and then take the babes to the school. We have a few *crèches* where the babes can be taken care of, but generally they have to be tolerated in the schoolroom for the sake of the young nurses.

The poor can not dispense with the domestic service of their children. They help to keep the wolf from the door, though sometimes their scanty earnings are spent for beer, and thus let the wolf in. The expedients adopted by the teachers for getting the children to school and keeping them have to be varied according to circumstances. The newsboys and newsgirls, and bootblacks and pedlars, stand-keepers, and those waiting on parents, carrying dinners, etc., are allowed to attend to their business in "business hours." Those needing food and clothing have dinners provided at the schoolrooms and receive garments, new or second-hand, and shoes as rewards of good conduct. Even in winter many come to school barefooted. The truants are visited at their homes and the aid of the truant-officer is invoked with more or less success. Some are threatened with the terrors of the law. Those who are incorrigible are, at the request of the teachers or of their parents, committed to reformatory institutions. But we aim rather to draw children in than to drive them in. The schoolrooms are made as attractive, and the lessons as interesting, as possible. There are few rooms not embellished by pictures and made bright with plants and flowers.

Eighty-nine teachers have been employed, of whom all but two, in the day-schools, were licensed by the Board of Education or were graduates of normal schools. We have been assisted by forty-eight volunteers.

Many ladies from the higher walks of life, who have the leisure and disposition and means to help the poor, have given their time and services in the industrial work, and exercised a highly beneficial influence over the schools they visit. The Hudson River, Eighteenth Street, Cottage Place, Fourth Ward, and East River Schools are fortunate in having the aid of Associations of ladies who contribute largely to the welfare, prosperity, and happiness of the scholars. Almost every school has its patron or patroness whose charities supply their pressing wants. When cases come before the teacher of suffering from want of fuel or food, or inability to meet the rent, and the family are nearly put on the street, she has the means at hand of ascertaining the actual condition of things and knows to whom to apply for relief. Some schools are so fortunate as to be provided by their patrons with a fund in hand, to minister to the necessities of the poor as they arise. I find that these funds are carefully husbanded and distributed. The main object is to help the children, and to acquire an influence that will bring them up to a higher plane of life. The first aim of the teacher is to improve the morals of the pupils. Through the entire course there are inculcated the principles of morality and virtue, and love for truth, honesty, chastity, and temperance. The teaching is without sectarian bias, cultivating the spirit of benevolence and kindness, and strengthening the social affections and ties. The studies pursued have been those ordinarily followed in the public schools, and instruction is given, as far as possible, in grades or classes, in accordance with the directions in the Manual of the Board of Education. We have found it expedient

not to lay down any cast-iron rules for the government of the schools, or for the grading of the classes. I observe the work of each teacher, and endeavor to give such directions as will lead to continual improvements and the best methods.

The word-and-object systems are growing in favor. "The idea and then the word" is the keynote to the teaching of letters by means of words and to the teaching of reading. Object-lessons are given on plants and animals and all things that the children can see and handle. As yet we have not tried the teaching of arithmetic objectively, except in the kindergarten schools. The infants are taught, especially in Mrs. Briant's class, by means of sticks and blocks, to comprehend and express all the common relations of numbers. And it seems to me, that, in the first year of school, the pupils can be taught addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, instead of postponing the teaching of each branch till the others have been learned. Our scholars have to leave school at such an early period in their lives that we should use the most rapid and effective methods. For the same reason we have introduced writing in the primary classes, and even in the infant classes. As the principal need of correct spelling is to write words correctly, much attention is paid to composition, or expression of thoughts in writing, and to writing letters and dictation exercises. At the examination held in April, the scholars exhibited remarkable ability in the letters composed and written off-hand.

We have sustained four kindergarten classes and two crèches. The kindergarten class at Avenue C School is of the Kraus-Boelte type, conducted by a graduate, and confined to kindergarten work pure and simple, and is composed of children under five years of age. They become remarkably skilful in their manipulations of papers, sticks, and blocks, and take great interest in the exercises. The class



THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

at Eighteenth Street combines kindergarten work with instruction in letters and numbers. They have attained remarkable proficiency in dealing with numbers. Children seven years old are able to separate and to combine blocks in nearly every possible way, and explain the way in which they do it. Their power of perception and observation is cultivated so that their ability to acquire ideas is sensibly increased. They learn to think and to observe their own thoughts.

The "kitchengarden" classes are made up of older girls, who are trained in all matters pertaining to house-keeping and domestic service. After the plan, and aided by the lesson-book, of Miss Huntington, they play with miniature utensils at setting tables, waiting, making beds, washing dishes, washing clothes, etc. The teaching is done by Miss Grace Dodge and her pupils, and other ladies. They deserve great credit for their success. About eighty poor girls have thus been gifted with the "golden chain of domestic capability." Hundreds of girls in the schools, seeing the performances, get new ideas of skilful domestic work, and the families of the children are permanently benefited by the practice of their new accomplishments.

The night-schools have been conducted with their usual efficiency. They have forty-seven hundred and twenty-two on the roll, and the average attendance has been one hundred and eighty-seven.

One of the schools is for factory girls and domestics in the neighborhood of Fifty-second Street and Eleventh Avenue. Many large girls attend, who there get their first knowledge of the alphabet.

The German Evening School in Second Street is also attended principally by girls. Among them are many Bohemians who know no English. A peculiar feature of this school is the *solidarity* maintained by its members.

Through the influence of their teacher they stick together and form an association for mutual improvement and for "lending a hand" to others not so fortunate as themselves.

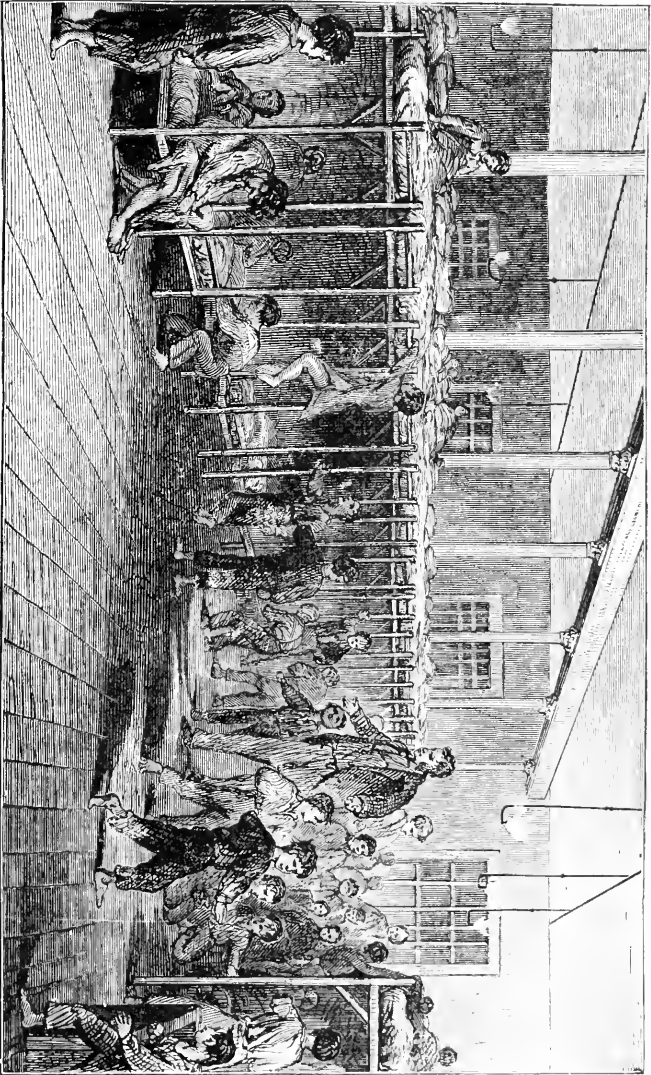
The schools in the Boys' Lodging-Houses have been doing a good work among the homeless ones.

Diligent attention has been paid to hand-sewing. Regarding this as indispensable to the tidiness and decency of home, and as a sort of reformatory power, great pains have been taken by us with this most important school work. It is not yet conducted as thoroughly and systematically as it might be, but I hope, through the aid of books and samples of the London method, for which I have sent, to see this department much improved.

I observe increased efficiency in the management of truants. The teachers have been diligent in their efforts to reclaim the wanderers; and have been well supported in their efforts by the truant department of the Board of Education: in fact, better than ever before. A special agent was employed to look after the Italians, who has been the means of compelling many Italian children to attend school, heretofore beyond our reach. The poor Italian children now constitute a large majority in the Fourteenth Ward and in the Cottage Place Schools.

The Bohemians are becoming a prominent element in our population. Many of these children are found in the streets, as there is no provision made for them in the public schools in consequence of their ignorance of our language. The Nineteenth Street School, removed from West Sixteenth Street, is located in the midst of a settlement of Bohemians, and is doing a good work in teaching them English.

The Superintendent of the Italian School has this noble Report:—



LODGING-HOUSES FOR HOMELESS BOYS — AS THEY ARE.

The inflow of immigration from the Southern Provinces of Italy, although mostly bound for the interior, is continually adding to the Italian population of this city. This is sensibly apparent from our attendance, which during the year has averaged seven hundred and six, including both day and evening sessions. The timely appointment of an Italian truant-officer by the Board of Education is gradually relieving the streets of Italian vagrant children, and the readiness with which most of them take to school encourages the expectation that at no distant day this evil may be entirely removed.

During the year seventy-five girls have been taught in hand-sewing, and twenty-four on the machine. Of the old attendants nine have withdrawn and take work at home. Some fourteen thousand garments of all kinds have been made by this class, nine hundred and eleven of which, for gifts to the most deserving children of the school. Of the printing department, four have been employed in other establishments.

The weekly lessons in vocal music, which Professor G. Conterno is giving under agreement with the Italian sub-committee, are well attended, even by some old pupils who have left school.

Mrs. J. P. Morgan and Mrs. E. P. Fabri have not failed to kindly provide, as usual, exhibitions and recreations for the enjoyment of the children; and the excursion to Raritan Beach, given last August, to our pupils and their parents, by J. P. Morgan, Esq., was indeed of much benefit and pleasure to these poor but grateful people.

The Summer Home is truly a "House of Mercy" for poor city children. The Report speaks eloquently of its purposes and benefits:—

Our generous Trustee, and friend of poor children, Mr.

A. B. Stone, in his letter to the children at the opening of the Home last year, if memory serves me correctly, expresses some such kindly thought as this: "I shall hope during the summer to see the Home full of glad young hearts—none more glad than mine at the thought of giving you this summer refuge." The wish has been more than fulfilled, for the Home has been full to overflowing. From its opening on the tenth of June, to its close on the second of

September, we have had four thousand and thirty-three children, and I have yet to know of one really sad heart among the number. True, it has sometimes happened that, as the afternoon shadows are lengthening into night, some little girl, tired with her ceaseless play, wandering apart from her companions, will think of the noise and bustle of her city



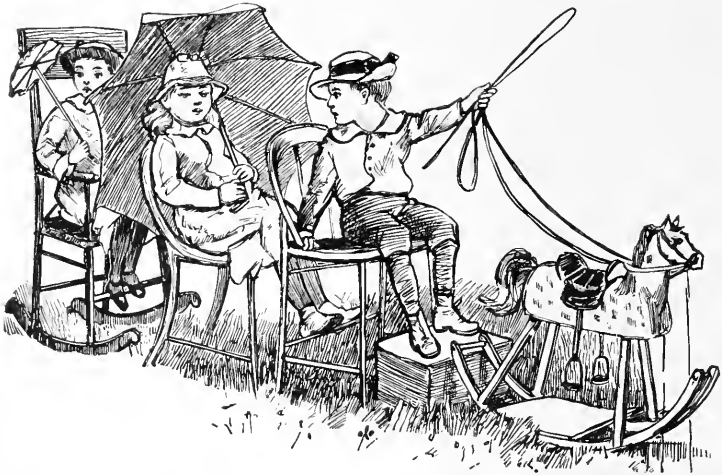
home: the boys and girls in the back alley, mother, the baby, the familiar smell of the swill-barrel under the window, the dog-fight, and the hand-organ around the corner. All these have their attraction, and, strange as it may seem, our little friend sitting thus apart, musing on things that were, forgets to contrast them with her present surroundings. The soft balmy air of June is fanning her cheek. The blue sky, streaked and tinted with a thousand rays of sunset, is stretched out before her. The sweet good-night of birds is sounding in her ears, and the soft murmur of the sea to lull her off to pleasant dreams. But she, heeding not the

present, but musing on the past, breaks out in one wild sob, and is *homesick*. I remember having come across just such a little girl as this, and when I asked: "Why, what's the matter?" she sobbed out in broken accents: "I—I want to go home, I'm afraid my mother's sick! My grandfather died of old age, and my grandmother died of old age, and I'm afraid my mother will die of old age. Boo, hoo, hoo!" A few kind words and a little caress made the matter all right, and next day she was as happy as a June-bug, with no thought of home. I would not have you think the children do not appreciate the Home, for I know they do, and enjoy it to the fullest. What I have related may all be accounted for by "Distance lends enchantment." "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

During the eleven weeks, from the tenth of June to the second of September, we had twenty-six hundred and twenty-two girls, or a daily average of about two hundred and thirty-eight, who spent each one week at the Home; one hundred and ten were with us three days; and thirteen hundred and one boys and girls participated in the pleasant daily picnics which were given during one week in July, thus making a total of four thousand and thirty-three children who enjoyed the benefits derived from fresh air, good food, and salt-water bathing. The net expense, deducting cost of building, was \$4,279.81, or an average of about \$1.58 per head per week. We have made many needed improvements during the year. The most notable being the plastering and finishing of our dormitories, new water-closets for the convenience and comfort of the children, and the furnishing of our dining-room with large hard-wood tables, built in the form of great circles, each seating twenty children on the inside and thirty-two outside, thus presenting a very pleasing appearance, and, at the same time, adding very much to the convenience of those who wait upon

the children. It has been our endeavor to make, if possible, our abundant fare for the children even more substantial; and the good living was plainly visible in the improved condition of the children at the close of their stay with us. Their appetites were enormous, but we have never yet been guilty of the sin of having a child go from our table without being fully satisfied.

A large tank, erected upon our land by the Bath Steam-



boat Company, gives us an abundant supply of fresh water, which has been carried, in pipes, to different parts of our building; two large outlets for hose give us additional security against fire. In short, we think our Summer Home is fast approaching what it should be — a model! I want to make it perfect. I have plenty of plans in my head and only want money to carry out the suggestions. We want a larger “merry-go-round,” thirty or forty tricycles, and a smooth, wide, and long walk prepared, upon which the girls can propel them. My plan would be to place the walk, or road, in a circular form around the merry-go-round. Our

great want now seems to be more sources of amusement for the children. Our twenty-eight swings and little merry-go-round are not sufficient. It is always pleasant to be thought well of by one's neighbors, and so we feel especially grateful to Mr. Lincoln, and the ladies and gentlemen associated with him, for the kindly interest which prompted the holding of a fair in the parlors of the Avon Beach Hotel. The proceeds (\$285.30) will go far in aiding us in our laudable desire to furnish better amusement for the children. We desire to thank the friends and Trustees who have cheered us by their presence, and feel that our thanks are especially due to Mr. Potter for the loan of a splendid sailboat, which I am sure will be a source of much pleasure to the teachers and children connected with the Home. We may look forward to the coming season with pleasant anticipations.

But, after all, this noble charity has yet even a higher destiny than the mere amusement and gratification of these little folks. I believe God intended, when he put it into the heart of the good man to bestow this generous gift, to have lessons of love taught here, and good seed sown, that shall yield a rich harvest in eternity. Soon these little girls will have grown to womanhood. The paths of many, I fear, will be rough and thorny, and the kind words spoken here and at school will be the only bright spots where memory may rest and refresh the soul; and so the lonely girl, driven to hardness by an unfeeling world, will think of her early home at Bath, the kind matron, the good fare, and above all the unselfish love that prompts all. The thought will bring with it a desire to be pure again as in childhood, and reaching out after the arm of Jesus she will be saved from sin, through Him.

The following description of this Summer Home is from the pen of Dr. Skinner, communicated to the *Christian Union*:—

The Summer Home at Bath, Long Island, under the New York Children's Aid Society, has each week during the summer entertained over two hundred children. Altogether about forty-seven hundred have escaped from sultry streets, and close, hot, ill-ventilated rooms to enjoy the cool sea air. They are gathered principally from the tenement-houses and the streets occupied by the poorest classes. A steamer takes them, under their conductor, Mr. Schlegel, generally from Broome Street, East River, to a pier adjoining the Home. Two minutes' walk along the beach brings them into the ground, when they become guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fry. A lot of about four acres contains a pavilion about sixty by ninety feet, dining-room about sixty by sixty feet, dormitories to accommodate three hundred children, thirty swings, a revolving platform, a great sand-heap, and grounds, shaded by forest trees, fronting four hundred feet on the ocean.

The children at first seem dazed with the sight of so many attractions. They finally get their minds settled by a sandwich, and are ready for work. The "scups" are the first favorites. A hundred take to the swings at once and set them a-going like mad. Some sit on the bulkhead or on the benches under the open piazza, where they have a view of the sea, and muse. They watch the waves in their ceaseless wash to and fro. They see the white sails of the pleasure-boats, the steamers to Coney Island, and the large, dark, heavy ocean ships slowly plowing their way, bound to distant ports.

One troop is marching around two by two, in good order, under a captain, their heads wreathed with elm leaves stuck together with pine needles. They are Italians, and perhaps through instinct are reproducing the revels of Bacchus. Others, scientifically inclined, engage in botanizing. Everything in the shape of a flower or plant is gathered with

avidity. A blue star-shaped flower on tall, branching stems, the pest of the farmer, is a prize. The daisy, clover, pepper-grass and tall dried grass are gathered and carefully cherished. Oscar Wilde would be delighted with their appreciation of weeds. Even the fresh green leaves of the trees have a charm for them. Happy the child that can get a branch and then deck his hat or hair with them.

The skipping-rope keeps up its beat from morning till night. The tired ones gather together under the shade to sit on the grass and read story-books or, what they like better, to hear a story told or read. Some lie sprawling at full length on the grass and look at the white clouds sailing through the azure depth of heaven. Some rest on their elbows like miniature sphinxes and, with heads in a circle, exchange ideas on the mysteries of the world. Some take at once to the great sand-pile. Another set form a ring by joining hands, and swing around singing:—

“Here comes a crowd of jolly sailor boys,
That lately came on shore.
They spend their time in drinking wine,
As they have done before.

“So we go round and round,
And round we go once more,
And this is the girl—
A very pretty girl—
A — kiss — for — kneeling — down.”

The last line is given when marking one to fall out. The one marked by “down” falls out and joins a row who march outside, contrary to the ring, holding each other’s skirts, till all who want to join them are out.

The greatest event of the day is the bath in the sea. Nature has prepared a great shallow bowl, with a rim of fine soft sand gently sloping into deep water, called Gravesend Bay. The surf of the Atlantic is stopped by the line

of Coney Island, but it has its own gentle waves. The children bathe in groups of one hundred at a time. The ripple of laughter that goes up with a staccato of little shrieks apprises everybody that they are in. They hold on to the rope and dance and jump with ecstasy. Watchers are on shore and in a boat in front of them to rescue any that may be in danger.

But one case has occurred among the many thousands when help was needed. It is singular that no serious accident has occurred or any one been injured of all that have been here; a good evidence of the continual care of the superintendent. The government is on the principle that the best government is that which governs least. They hardly know that there is a government. But they are not saints. There are bad tempers, insubordination, and quarrelsome dispositions, but they do not often come to the surface and are easily repressed. They are not the nice, clean children of people well-to-do, but the majority come with dresses ragged, dirty, and greasy. They require thorough washing. Their faces are often thin, and look as if pinched by want or pale for lack of good food. But at the end of the week they become rounder and ruddier, and their eyes dance with the thoughts of what a happy time they have had.

The dining-room holds two hundred and seventy-five children seated at seven tables. The tables are like a letter C, reminding one of the reclining of the times of Christ. But here both sides are occupied by little ones. With folded hands and closed eyes, in concert they follow Mrs. Fry and say devoutly, "Our Father in heaven! We thank thee for all thy mercies. Keep us from harm, and make us good children for Christ's sake. Amen."

In the morning the food is generally oatmeal, syrup, bread, and coffee; at noon, meat and vegetables; at night, bread and butter and milk. Their capacity for bread is

almost insatiable, but they are given all they can eat. Their appetites increase under the effect of sea-air and exercise every day. They go to bed shortly after sundown, tired and happy, worn out with playing. When assembled in line marching to their dormitories their favorite song is :—

“Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o’ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.”

Their heads hardly touch the pillow before they close their eyes in slumber. A hundred children in their little beds, silent but for the sound of breathing, seen under the dim light of the single lamp, the sea-breeze blowing over them, the guardian watcher moving noiselessly among them, presents a pretty picture of healthful repose.

The Newsboys’ Lodging-House was established in 1854. Its latest report is encouraging and gratifying :—

Our institution has been a factor in elevating the masses for twenty-eight years. Much that has been accomplished has been done quietly and without pretension, and its effects will never be known. Many cases have come under our observation, where a kind word and a little assistance cheerfully given, have been the means of saving boys from becoming vagrants and useless wanderers, whose only prospect in life was a prison-cell.

Representatives of our Home are to be found in every State and Territory. A large number of those taken West by our agents are now in the enjoyment of homes of their own, surrounded by wife and little ones, and possessed of sufficient means to make them comfortable. Had they remained here they would have at best obtained but a precarious living, and been apt to have been led astray by

the snares of the city. We have had with us one hundred and eighty-seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-two different boys since our establishment in 1854. The start and encouragement given to them through our instrumen-



tality have been the means of developing their manhood. Some are farmers, and others are to be found in the different professions and pursuits of life. Many laid down their lives in the maintenance of the Union, and others returned with honorable scars, received in defending the old flag.

Many of our former boys are now in middle life. They often state that they owe a debt to our institution which can never be repaid. All the education some of them possess was obtained in our night-school, as they had to toil during the day and were unable to attend the public schools.

Our work is peculiar. Before the plan was devised to rescue the little ones and surround them with the comforts of home, the poor, homeless, and friendless children were compelled to grub along as best they could, during the day, and at night seek some friendly shed, cart, barge, or ash-barrel as a resting-place. This is the kind of boys we welcome to our institution. Many of them come half-naked, and hungry for food. A bath transforms them and a hot cup of coffee refreshes. A boy on his first appearance gives his name, age, nationality, and parentage, which is duly registered. If he has money he is charged six cents for his lodging; if he is "broke," the advantages of the institution are freely accorded, and assistance is extended in loans to enable him to earn his own living. We have always found this nominal charge to be a wise feature in our methods. Our Home thus does not appear to them to be a charitable institution, and they are made to feel as if they were supporting their own "hotel." Besides it has a tendency to make them industrious and creates a desire to save.

Our bathroom, with its hot and cold water, is greatly prized. The gymnasium affords pleasure and healthful recreation. As an inducement to save money we have a savings bank, in which their deposits are made, on which an interest of five per cent. is paid monthly. The night-school is well attended.

At our Sunday-evening services, moral and religious sentiments are implanted, and advice given to guide and

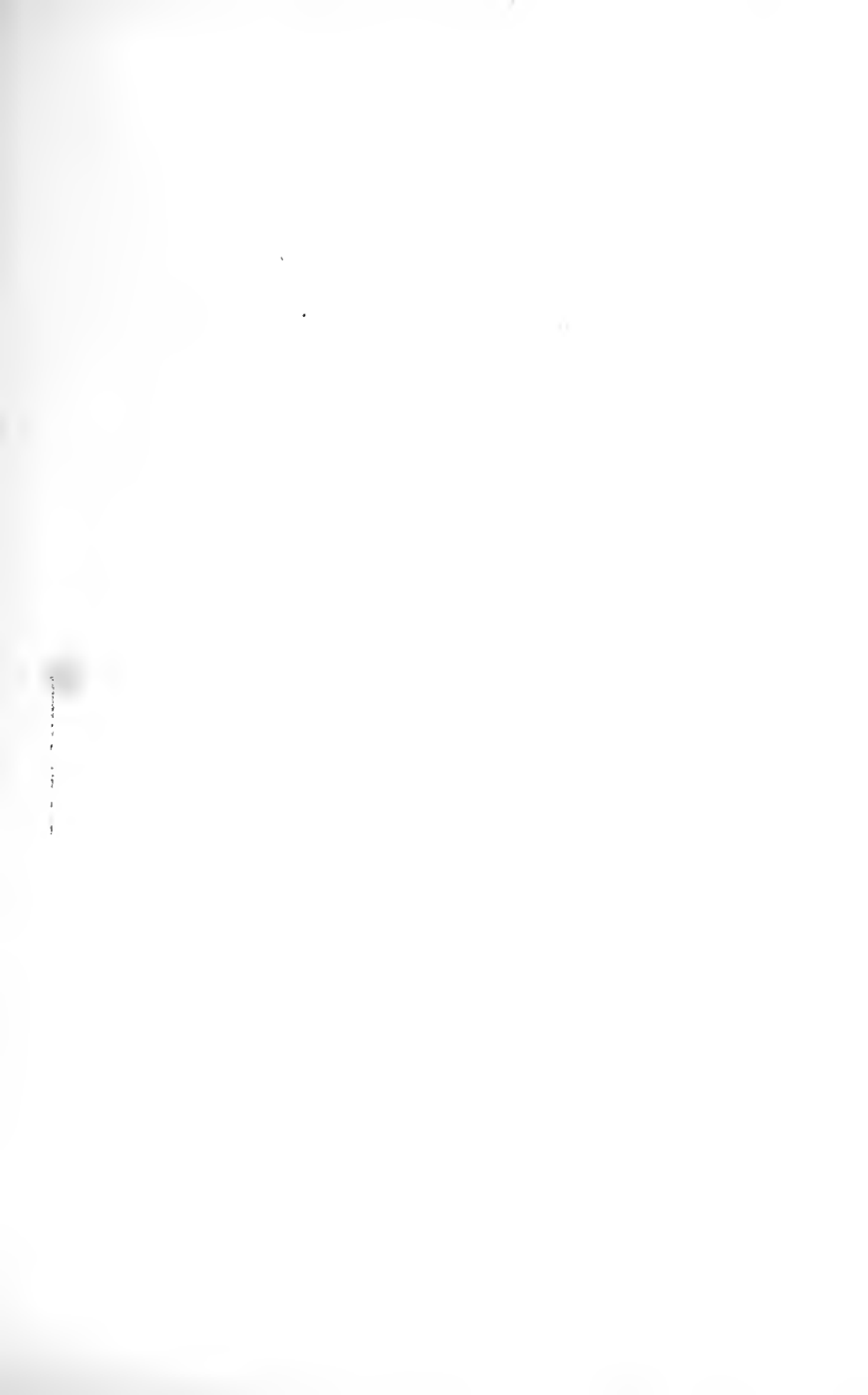
direct their steps. The many hundred visitors who have attended these meetings can attest their value. The attention given by the boys is excellent, and the interest manifested by them in the hymns and addresses shows that they have hearts which can be touched by kindly influences. These meetings are held at half-past seven o'clock Sunday evening. At these services we would be pleased to see any one interested in our work, whose heart beats in sympathy for the poor, outcast, neglected boys of our great city.

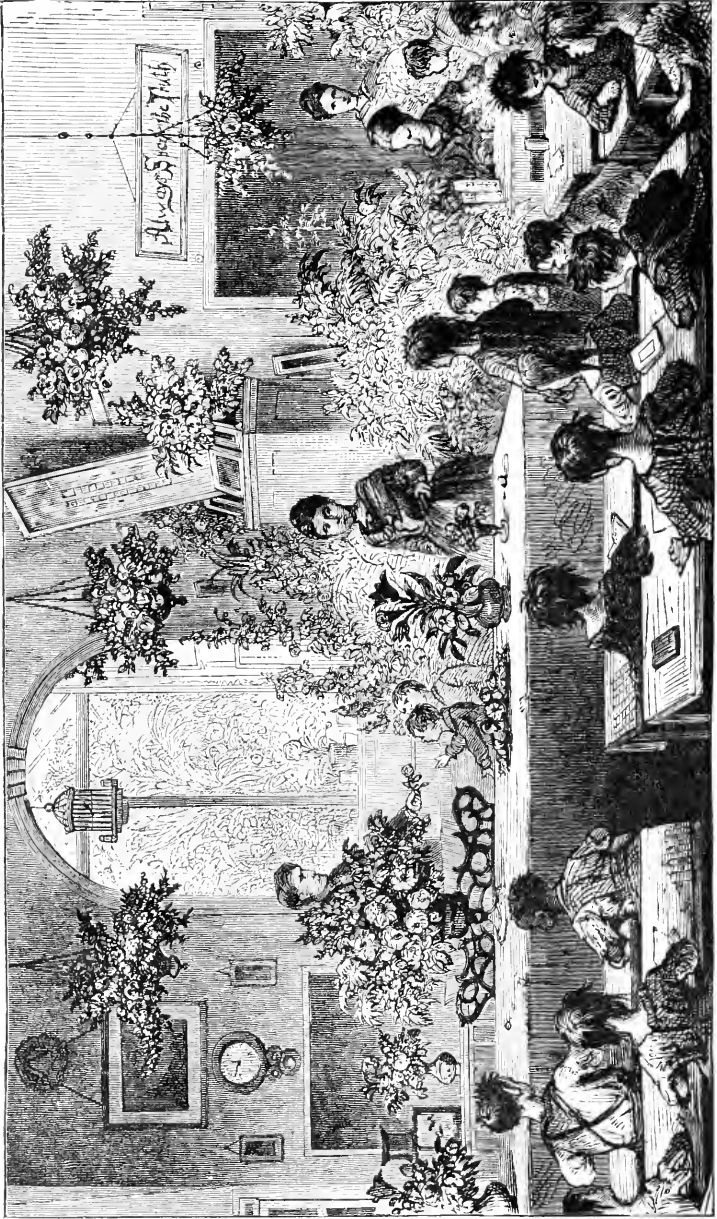
Since the commencement of our work, twenty-eight years ago, we have furnished 1,343,166 lodgings and 1,359,728 meals; 14,832 wandering boys have been returned by us to their relatives and friends. The total expense of this work has been \$318,125.68, and the receipts \$115,523.24. During this period we have had with us 187,952 different boys; and 20,720 boys saved \$55,567.28 in our savings bank.

The work of the past year is as follows: Lodgings furnished, 76,612; meals, 86,849; 469 boys returned to parents and friends; our average attendance at night-school has been 126; we have found employment and homes in the country for 501 boys; we have had with us 8,456 different boys. Our receipts have been \$8,208.19, while our gross expenses have been \$18,122.68. In our gross expenses we have included the sum of \$1,036.35 for construction and repairs. This sum, with the receipts deducted from the year's expenses, leaves our net cost \$8,878.14. In our savings bank, 1,194 boys saved \$2,674.34.

It might here be stated that for six cents a comfortable single bed is provided, and with it all the privileges of the home are obtained. It makes no difference to us how wretched, filthy, or ragged a new comer may be, he is ever received kindly and made to feel at home.

Our Sunday-evening services, to which attention has been called, consist of brief addresses and singing.





POOR CHILDREN AMONG FLOWERS.

The Girls' Lodging-House is also worthy of special commendation. Once more we refer to the interesting Report:—

The Girls' Lodging-House presents its claim to recognition among the useful institutions, of the city, from the following facts: It has during the past year sheltered 1,058 homeless girls and provided respectable situations and employment for 840 of them; has sent 51 to the West, where they are in excellent homes, and returned 102 to friends. It has trained 21 in dress-making, 30 in laundry work, and 323 on sewing-machines; has provided 14,018 lodgings and 39,724 meals. It is essentially a working household, with every available part in use for the benefit of the house and its inmates.

Visitors to the laundry, situated in the rear, will find in the washroom five or six girls at as many tubs, rubbing diligently, and in the ironing-room four more learning to use the iron artistically; no blisters on cuffs, collars, or shirt-bosoms allowed here. As the Sewing-Machine School, on the first floor, is approached, the hum of busy wheels greets the ear, and women and girls are found receiving free instruction on various machines. Hand-sewing is also taught. Up again to the dress-making room on the third floor: here a class of ten girls with deft fingers, are "plying needle and thread," and rich material is being transformed into garments of beauty. On further, to the fourth and fifth stories, where many unskilled hands are taking first lessons in making beds, scrubbing, sweeping, and dusting.

The rule of the House, to take in only young girls, is very strictly kept, strong as the pressure to be admitted often is from older people. Experience teaches that the two classes do not mingle with good results; therefore looking in any evening, when all are assembled, young faces meet the eye, chiefly of girls from sixteen to twenty, and children waiting to be sent to the West, each of these driven in by misfor-

tunes of various kinds. One has just lost mother and home: heart-broken and desolate, she comes for shelter. Another has but to-day left the hospital: she is penniless and still unable to work. A girl from the country has had her purse stolen and has been brought in by a lady who found her in the street crying, not knowing what to do or where to go. Another has crossed the ocean expecting to find friends at hand to receive her, but can get no clew to them, and has spent all her money. Two sisters have been sent here by their mother to escape the brutality of a cruel father who had chased one of them with a pitchfork. A girl of sixteen comes from New Orleans, sent by her mother, a poor widow, to live with an aunt who owns two canal-boats. This motherly relative has turned the girl on the street without a penny, because, being afraid, she refused to go on one of the boats as cook. Another, who came from Trinidad with a lady ten months ago, has also been sent adrift. Both these girls are remarkably quiet and well behaved, and were brought in by persons knowing their story to be true. Three others, all under sixteen, have come from Boston. One knew that some time ago she had a sister living here, and in the hope of finding her, with only her name as a clew, they all came, arriving in New York with a surplus of four cents, which they were prevented from spending in candy, shortly after coming in, by the fact being pointed out to them that it would pay postage on a letter to their friends. These are a few cases out of the hundreds requiring just such homes for shelter, guidance, and kindness. Many cannot give answers to necessary inquiries till their pent-up sorrow is relieved by tears, and then how often they tell of temptations to self-destruction, or a plunge into a life of shame, and express their gratitude for such a shelter.

During two months in the fall the numbers ran over fifty every night, which is a larger number than we ever before sheltered continuously.



LITTLE MISS VANITY.

The West seems to have a greater attraction for our girls now than formerly, owing perhaps to letters frequently received by them from their companions, who have been away long enough to test the truth of what had been told them. One writes that her employer has given her an acre of ground, which she planted last spring with potatoes, cabbages, and tomatoes, the potatoes taking a premium at the fair. This fact is attested by newspaper report. Another writes: "I have learned to make bread, pies, and cake; play the organ with one hand; make hay, and milk cows, and have never been lonesome once since I came here. I go out carriage-riding with the lady's daughter." A little girl of fifteen writes: "I am going to school and have a good time riding horseback, but am not allowed to go out nights; we have twelve horses, and four mules, fifty head of cattle, sixty hogs, and lots of little ones." Mary D. says she has been sent to school and treated just like a daughter. Her home is a very superior one, and the lady seems much attached to her, telling her she wondered how we could part with her. This girl gave much trouble and anxiety here, but seems entirely changed for the better there. Her own explanation of this is that she meets with no wild girls there to make her behave badly.

The laundry, under its careful, capable head, has earned an enviable reputation for good work. Customers frequently express their satisfaction, and some, moving short distances from the city, are willing to pay all extra expenses to have their washing sent for. This department, besides paying expenses, is doing a good work of instruction: even a few weeks' training is of great benefit, but many have remained several months. Twenty-five thousand four hundred and forty-six garments have been laundried, besides the House washing, and are all delivered and gathered by one faithful girl.

The Sewing-Machine School has had three hundred and twenty pupils, most of them finding employment as soon as taught; in fact, coming to learn on a promise of work. They are generally from their own homes and not inmates of the House, our lodgers being chiefly domestics. The teacher, assisted by the girls, does the House sewing, and makes shirts for boys going West, thus finding occupation for those waiting for situations, and giving valuable instruction in hand-sewing, buttonhole-making, etc. Three hundred and twenty-two shirts, one hundred and seventy-two bathing-suits, and two hundred and twenty-two other garments have been made, besides the folding, sealing, and stamping of numerous appeals and reports.

The "Domestic" and "Wheeler and Wilson" companies have been very kind in furnishing machines and fixtures.

We hear of institutions which have quantities of ready-made garments sent in, but nearly all the clothing given out here is made in the House from purchased material. Shoes also have to be bought, though we have often begged for old ones. When it is considered that perhaps one half who come in require a change before they can be made clean, the expense of providing, and the time consumed in sewing, which could otherwise be made remunerative, will be felt to be a heavy outlay. This is a part of the work forced upon us every year by necessity, but not generally brought to notice in our reports.

The dress-making department is occupied entirely by outside custom. The past year has been quite a successful one. Mrs. McAlpine, who has for over eight years been its manager, throwing into her work a great deal of earnestness, as well as much business tact and accumulated experience, has wrought out for it quite a solid foundation. Few dress-making establishments in the city have a more widespread custom. Dresses have been sent to fifteen different States, as far West

as Nevada and California, and South to Alabama, Florida, and Louisiana. The girls staying the full time of six months receive a thorough training, and are given charts and taught how to use them; Madame Demorest generously providing the charts free of expense, which is a great boon to the girls. Out of the two hundred and fifty-four girls who have passed through since the opening of this department, we can trace sixty-five who have done exceptionally well at the trade. Others have taken good positions as seamstresses; many are settled in life; several have gone West. One who went last spring writes to her teacher, saying: "You may think my chart has done me no good. You are mistaken. I have made two dresses for the lady I am with, one for myself, and have two more cut out ready to do, and several ladies are waiting for me to make them dresses. I work around the house in the morning, and sew in the afternoon." Another, who has set up for herself in a small village of Massachusetts, writes: "I am getting on splendidly, have plenty of work, and every one seems pleased with what I do for her. I get perfect fits with my chart, and have hardly any trouble at all; and, what is more, I owe it all to you, Mrs. McAlpine, and can never thank you enough for what you have done for me."

Our Sunday services, conducted in the simplest manner, but giving much earnest moral and practical instruction, are listened to with marked attention.

CHAPTER XII.

EMIGRATION.

The Home Rather than the Asylum. — Benefits of the Western Farm. — Promiscuous Emigration. — Miss Annie Macpherson. — A Diamond-Picker. — Brain and Muscle. — Contrasts. — Individual Enterprise. — "A Home and a Hearty Welcome." — Practical Questions. — Canadian Farmers. — "Arabs" not Little Angels. — Blessings of Emigration. — Illustrative Cases. — Annie and the Drunken Villain. — Testimony of the late Sir Charles Reed. — Another Sister of Mercy. — Rev. J. Macpherson. — Good Training. — A Great Wish. — Lord Cavan. — The Demand for Children. — Mr. Henry Varley. — "A Large, Fat, *Beautiful* Goose!" — A Montreal Merchant's Letter. — Preparatory Work in England. — Boys and Girls Needed in Canada. — Room and a Hearty Welcome. — The Liverpool Scheme. — My Opinion of Emigration. — The Pilgrim Fathers. — New York State's Penal Code. — Systematic Emigration. — "Waiting and Watching."

"The plainest farmer's home rather than the best asylum — a thousand times." is the merciful verdict of Mr. C. L. Brace. As a distinguished officer of the Children's Aid Society, of New York, he is qualified to give an opinion on the subject. His book, "The Dangerous Classes of New York," discusses very fully the question of "Arab" reclamation. In comparing the asylum system with that of emigration he favors the latter most decidedly. Thousands of children have passed through the institution with which he is identified, and were placed in homes with the farmers of the Western States. They have thus become useful citizens, growing with the growth of the country, many of them becoming extensive land-owners, and not a few are found filling important positions in the new towns which have so rapidly sprung into existence. Match-boys have grown into timber merchants, bootblacks polish youthful minds in halls of learning, and newsboys revel in the ranks of literature and journalism. Poor girls have become fair ladies, and are now honorable wives and happy mothers. Their start in life was given them in the New York Home,

but in the Western farm they shook off the slothfulness of city habits, and put into practice the fatherly counsel given them by their rescuers.

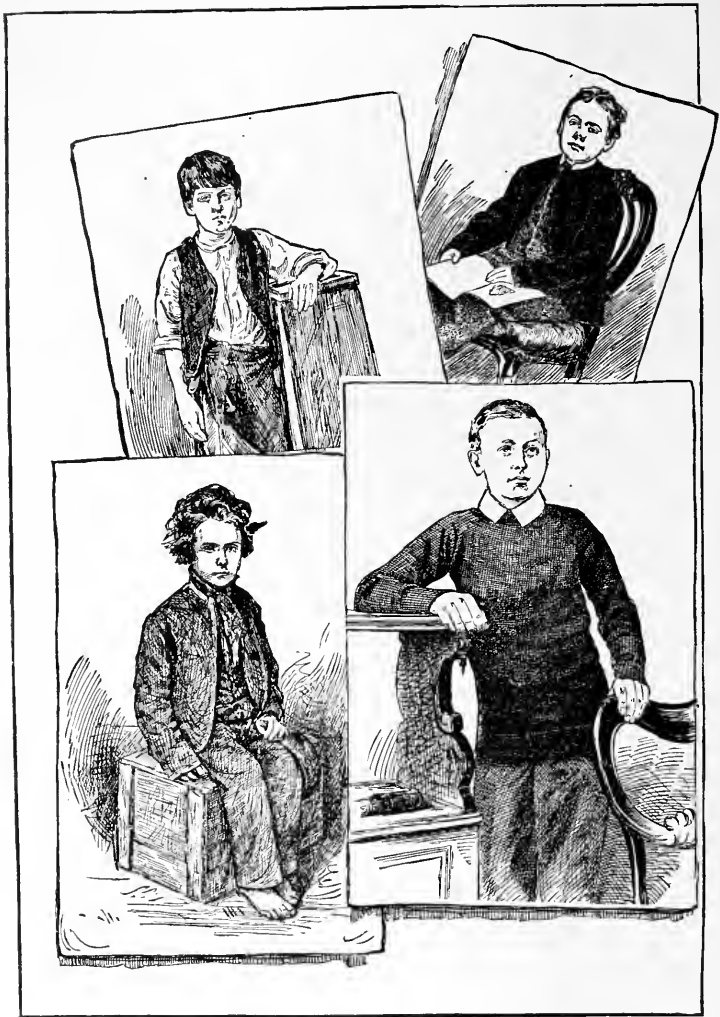
In this scheme of emigration wise legislation is needed. It is a national crime to import helpless paupers to a new country. Promiscuous emigration is a gross injustice. The mentally incapacitated and physically disabled foisted upon a pioneer community is an unlawful evil, to be strenuously resisted. The morally depraved allowed to go unguarded may work unspeakable mischief among the youths of a rural population. The generous States who throw open their hospitable doors to receive the homeless child should be treated with honorable consideration. The above-named Society, the Home for Little Wanderers, in Boston, and similar institutions, merit the thanks of the country in their careful supervision of the emigration department. Hence the proportion of defections is exceedingly small.

Unquestioned facts have decided in favor of transplanting from the crowded cities to the boundless prairies. England has of late years increased the population of her colonies by large importations of her street-children. Canada, Australia, and Southern Africa have had the greatest accessions. Private philanthropy has outstripped parliamentary legislation, so that at the present time a host of men and women devote their attention to this humane project. Within the past few years, through the efforts of a few Christian ladies, *ten thousand children* have been removed from the overcrowded cities of Britain to the generous soil and extensive fields of Canada.

Foremost among the noble band of volunteer self-denying laborers working for the lowly is Miss Annie Macpherson. Having no membership with any exclusive sisterhood, wearing no distinctive garb as the outward symbol of saintliness, and under no bondage to an ecclesiastical hierarchy,

she is, nevertheless, a veritable Sister of Mercy. Her right to this distinction consists of a generous nature, a heart full of philanthropic devices, a face radiant with goodwill, and a series of enterprising deeds, consummated with splendid ability, for the elevation of the degraded and the reclamation of the lost. Forty times has this brave woman defied old Neptune and crossed the billowy Atlantic. Twenty times has she arrived on these shores, bringing with her members of her great household *by the hundred*. Her *protégés* are not raked together out of the city's slums pellmell, and dumped on the shores of the New World to scramble on their feet anyhow. Never was diamond-picker more exact; diamonds are perishable, souls are imperishable; and the eternal salvation of each child is a consideration behind the lesser motive of temporal relief impelling this lady onward in her Christlike mission.

Since Miss Macpherson called attention to the advantages of emigration, many others have been inspired by her ardor and have gathered wisdom from her experience. Both of her sisters, Mrs. Merry and Mrs. Birt, with their respective families, have also devoted their lives to rescuing neglected children. Miss Bilbrough, Miss Rye, William Quarrier, and others, have adopted emigration as the chief solution of the vexed problem, "What shall be done for our city 'Arabs'?" Dr. Barnardo, who has *over one thousand* boys and girls in his Homes, gladly avails himself of the open doors found in the colonies. The gain is not altogether on the side of the children. The country receiving them is providing itself with the raw material of brain and muscle, which, through education and development, will, and does, give a rich return. The preliminaries are not easily, nor hastily, gotten over, but with careful training, and patient persistent oversight for a few years, the "Arab" will not fail to become a useful citizen, rendering his quota of labor toward the



TRANSPLANTATIONS.

prosperity of the Commonwealth. The writer has visited many parts of the Dominion, meeting with robust young men and blooming maidens who, through no fault of theirs, were formerly child-vagrants living amid squalor and vice in the purlieus of English cities. I have watched the career of some, rescued years ago, who are now ministers, missionaries, and professional men, while the great majority help to till the soil. These becoming producers enrich the land of their adoption. And oh! what a contrast! Children snatched from hunger, rags, dirt, and deviltry, are cleansed, clothed, taught, trained, and placed under the fostering care of strong-armed farmers, with their tender-hearted wives, as *adoptions*, or *hired help*, as the circumstances of the case will allow. The thought, the cares, the prayers, and unselfish whole-hearted labors demanded to accomplish this merciful work are known only to those practically devoted to the rescue and reclamation of poverty-stricken, sin-laden childhood.

Governments may legislate, corporations may scheme, councils may advocate, but in a work demanding heart and brain,—a work involving sacrifice and self-denial,—which brings refinement, purity, and decency into contact with loathsomeness, vice, and filthiness, individual enterprise and personal effort will best succeed. The motive power impelling and sustaining those who live to save the lost will never fail. The love of Christ is the inner force of their life. And whether alone, or associated with others like-minded, these missionaries of Christian reform who stand ever in need of the upholding grace of our Lord will find that a sufficiency. And He who knoweth of the daily conflict, who seeth those who do brave battle against the powers of evil to rescue a soul from sin, and to snatch a jewel from the prince of darkness to adorn His crown, giveth to his faithful servants many tokens of his approval,

many hours of sweet delight, and many happy assurances that their labors are not in vain. Hereafter too, in the day of rewards at his coming, will he point to many saved through their instrumentality — brands plucked out of the fire, — and say to such, “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

The emigration scheme is no longer an experiment; it has the fullest indorsement of Christian philanthropists and statesmen. It has also the verdict of time and experience ratifying its salutary work. Letters from transplanted “Arabs” speak most forcibly; as the chief subjects of discussion their testimony is of value. Elsewhere I append several letters; the following, as typical, I subjoin by way of illustration. It is addressed to Miss Macpherson by one of her boys, after a few years’ residence in Canada: —

Dear Friend, — I desire to hear of your welfare in the work that God has put in your hands to do — in bringing out the destitute ones from England into a land of plenty, and where they can be well cared for. I have seen many of them around the country where I have been, almost all looking well, and enjoying themselves much.

I now live in the township of Croft. I have one hundred and eighty-six acres of land, on the banks of Doe Lake. I think if I had stayed in England I should not have had as many feet. I like England very well, but it is a hard place for the poor. I took one hundred acres of this as a free grant, and the rest I bought. It is two miles and a half from the village. There are two stores, post-office, and saw-mill; I think a flour-mill will be built this summer. Magnetawan River runs through the village. There are two waterfalls for mill purposes in the village. A day-school will commence in the summer, and there is also a church and Sunday-school, to which I go. In the winter it is not

held, because the roads are so bad, but when the country gets open more the roads will be better.

I humbly thank God for guiding and keeping me in good health, and under the banner of Christ, and, I trust, walking in his ways, and hope to remain so unto death, and then live with him above, there to part no more.

My brother is living here also; he has two hundred acres of land. Remember me to all the workers at the Home, praying that we may all, as Christians, work for the Lord of glory, and at last meet together to praise Him. "Wait on the Lord."

Miss Geldard, the gifted writer of this poem, was for a time a much-valued fellow-laborer both in England and in Canada:—

A HOME AND A HEARTY WELCOME.

All day has the air been busy,
As the daylight hours went by,
With the laugh of the children's gladness,
Or their pitiful, hopeless cry.

But now all is hushed in silence,
They are lying in slumber deep:
While I ask in the solemn midnight,
Where do the children sleep?

We know there are children sleeping
In many a happy home,
Where sickness rarely enters,
Where want may never come.

Their hands in prayer were folded
Ere they laid them down to rest,
And on rosy lip and soft white brow
Were a mother's kisses pressed.

They sleep and dream of angels:
Ah! well may their dreams be fair!—
Their home is now so like a heaven,
They seem already there.

But where are the children sleeping
 In these wretched streets around,
 Where sin, and want, and sorrow
 Their choicest haunt have found?

Will you climb this broken staircase,
 And glance through this shattered door;
 Oh! *can* there be children sleeping
 On that filthy and crowded floor?

Yes! old and young together,
 A restless, moaning heap;
 O God! while they thus are sleeping,
 How dare thy children sleep?

Does the night air make you shiver,
 As the stream sweeps coldly by?
 (Cold as the hearts of the heedless),
 Here, too, do the children lie.

An archway their only shelter;
 The pavement their nightly bed;
 Thou, too, when on earth, dear Saviour,
 Hadst nowhere to lay *thy* head.

So we know thou art here, dear Master,
 Thy form we can almost see;
 Do we hear thy sad voice saying,
 "Ye did it not to me"?

Yes, chill is the wind-swept archway,
 The pavement is cold and hard
 Better the workhouse coffin,
 Softer the graveyard sward.

Thank God! yet we say it weeping,
 Thank God for many a grave!
 There sleep the little children
 Whom Christians would not save!

Yet smiles through our tears are dawning
 When we think of the hope that lies
 In our children's Land of Promise,
 'Neath the clear Canadian skies.



LODGING-HOUSES FOR HOMELESS BOYS — AS THEY WERE..

Though the frost be thick on the windows,
 Though the roof with snow is white,
 We know our Canadian children
 Are safe and warm to-night.

There thick are the homespun blankets,
 And the buffalo-ropes are warm;
 Then why should these children shiver
 Out here in the winter storm?

Why wait till the prison claims them?
 Why wait till of hope bereft
 For that fair young girl the river
 Be the only refuge left?

Come, help us! answer the message
 Now pealing across the seas—
 "A home and a hearty welcome
 For hundreds such as these!"

It comes from broad Ontario,
 And from Nova Scotia's shore;
 They have loved and sheltered our gathered waifs,
 They have room for thousands more.

The following plain answers to practical questions are written by those well acquainted with the work:—

1. "Are these children really *street Arabs*? If not, where do you find so many?"

In the early days of the work, before the establishment of school boards and kindred institutions, a large proportion of the children were actually taken from the streets. Now, the rescue work begins farther back, and seeks to get hold of the little ones before they have had a taste of street life and become contaminated. A policeman brings one sometimes, having found it in a low lodging-house, forsaken by its worthless, drunken parents. Christian ladies are ever on the look-out for the little ones in their work among the poor, and many a child has been taken straight from the dying bed of its only remaining parent to Miss Macpherson.

“Rescued from a workhouse life” might be written on many a bright little brow, and “saved from drink” on many more. Poor, delicate widows, striving vainly to keep a large, young family, have often proved their true, unselfish love by giving



up one or two of their children to Miss Macpherson, to be taken to Canada. Such are encouraged always to write to and keep in loving memory the dear toiling mother at home. Widowed fathers in ill-health, and short of work, feeling their utter helplessness to do for their motherless

flock, have come to Miss Macpherson entreating her to take care of some of them.

2. "How come the Canadian farmers to be willing to take these children?"

From a business point of view this is quite easily explained. Labor is so scarce and hired help so dear, while food is so plentiful, that the Canadian farmer finds it quite worth his while to take a little boy from the old country, whom he can train and teach as his own, and who very soon will repay him in quick ability for farm labor.

3. "Are you sure the children are really better off there?"

Every boy in Canada has before him a definite hope for the future. If he be steady, industrious, and of average intelligence, he may reasonably look to being independent some day, to owning land of his own, and attaining an honorable position in Canada. People do not amass fortunes there as a rule, but they may all live in comfort and plenty, and what they have is their own. Surely this is a brighter prospect than the ceaseless round of toil at desk or counter, in which so many in England—even the more fortunate—spend their youth helping to make rich men richer.

4. "Among the hundreds are there not some failures, some exceptions? What becomes of them?"

Yes, there are disappointments and failures in this work as well as in every other. We do not take little angels to Canada, but very human boys and girls with every variety of temper and character, and sometimes hereditary disadvantages that are hard to battle with. But patient forbearance and gentle treatment and time do so much for them. And often a kind farmer has asked to be allowed to keep, and "try again," the wilful little fellow who has tried to run away or proved tiresome to manage.

Ninety-eight per cent. of our children do well, and for

the two per cent. we do the best we can. If any circumstances arise making it desirable for a farmer to give up a boy, he is at once returned to the Home, where he is received and kept until a more suitable place is found.

Should any be still blinded to the blessings of emigration for the young, surely their eyes will be opened on reading the following facts as related by Miss Macpherson:—

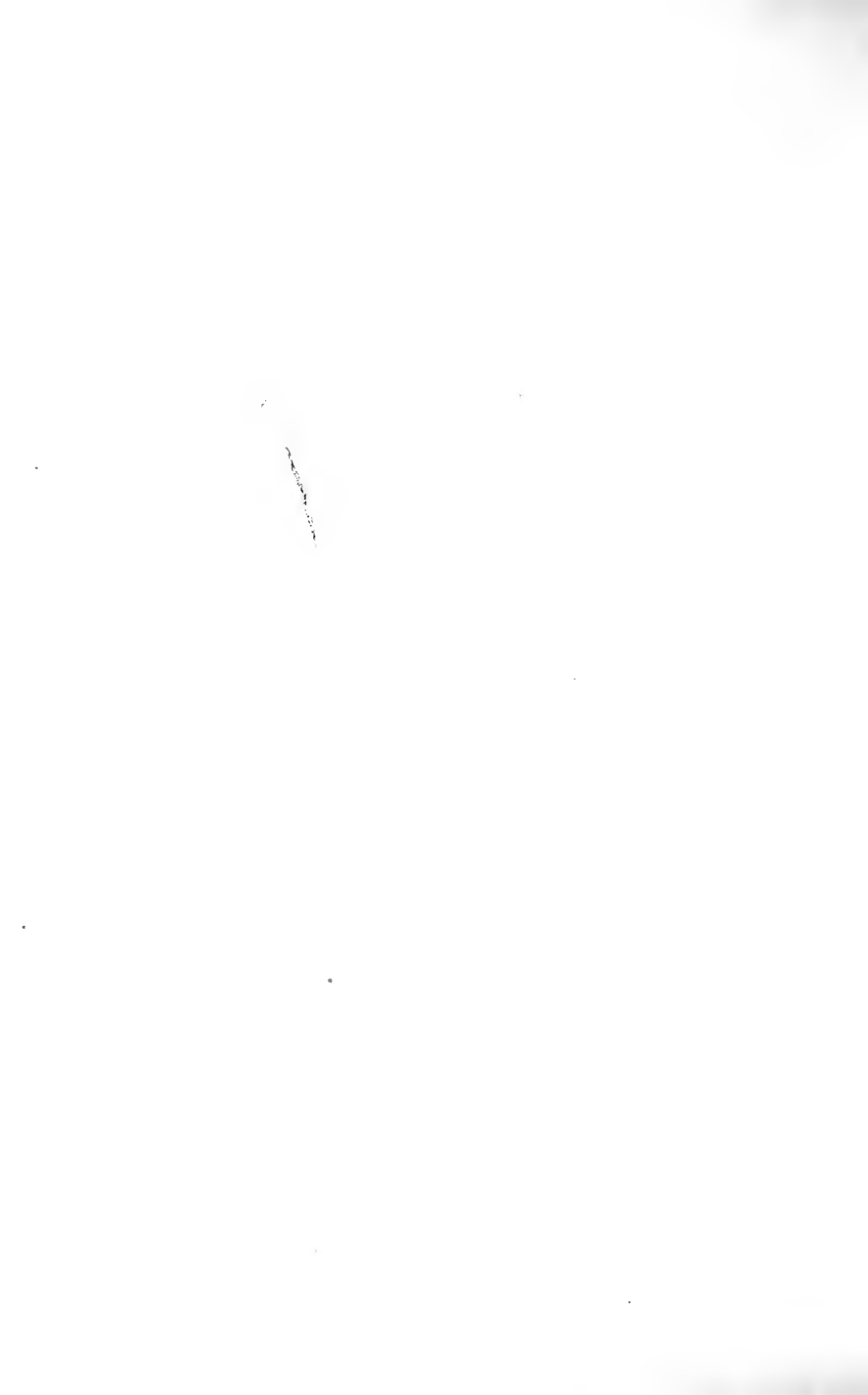
William and Mary were brother and sister living in a terrible warren near Drury Lane. The boy's employment was to gather rags and bones. Their parents had been buried by the workhouse. Their condition was too deplorable to be described. A year's training was not lost upon this sister and brother. They came to Canada in 1873. Now, could you see them at nineteen and twenty-two—able to read and write, well clothed with their own honest earnings, having saved, in 1877, one hundred dollars! William is now thinking of having a farm of his own.

A. B.—Who was he? The son of a drunken woman, who, when very tipsy, still comes in from Ratcliffe Highway to abuse us at Spitalfields. Alfred has been many years in a lawyer's family, and has saved enough money to be apprenticed as an engineer. He was a wise boy to be guided by the kind counsel of those he served. We are not satisfied with earthly adoptions only; we continue to pray that each one may be adopted into the family of those who are washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Well do we remember the winter, when a wild man from Seven Dials discovered that we had the little Annie, of whom he used to make such traffic in the gin palaces; though we had no right to her. The lamb was but six years old. Thank God! an ocean separates her from his drunken villanies. Now she is with kind-hearted people, the companion and playmate of their daughter.



"The Lamb was but six years old." (Page 294.)



S. W., seven years old; so puny (only a few pounds in weight) owing to her being starved and beaten by a drunken stepfather. Now, a year in a happy home, going to school regularly, is companion to an only child, and lacks no earthly comfort. The poor mother was ill-used by her neighbors in the dens where she lived, for having, they said, sold her child. We received a photograph of the little one from her happy Canadian home; this closed every mouth, for it could not be gainsaid.

Whilst stopping at one of the railway-stations, we were accosted by a young man, who told us he was one of our old boys of ten years ago, but was now settled in that town. He has sent for his brother to come and live with him. Since then John and his wife have spent a day at the Home, and they think in another year, if they continue to prosper, that they also would like to be entrusted with a little one. Thus openings are ever occurring for those yet to follow.

Since the above was written, other young emigrants, now married and settled in homes of their own, have offered to adopt orphans and children, homeless as they once were themselves.

The following are independent testimonies of those who have traveled or are residing in Canada:—

The late Sir Charles Reed, Chairman of the London School Board, stated that in his visit to Canada last year he had given special attention to Miss Macpherson's work, and, as his inquiries and investigations were made unofficially, the information he obtained might be looked upon as quite impartial. He was gratified by hearing from the Governor-General, at Quebec, that he was well informed as to the work, and bore testimony to its worth. He (Sir Charles) was prepared to say that the children were warmly welcomed and kindly treated. He also, without making his purpose

known, visited some of the homes where the children were located, and what he saw only confirmed what he had been told as to the Canadians' appreciation of the children. They were well occupied, well fed, and as happy as they could be. He had entered into conversation with the children as to familiar scenes in the east of London and learned how pleased they were with their new homes.

At Toronto he met Miss Billbrough, a lady in charge of one of the Homes, and a person enthusiastically devoted to this merciful work, who thus became a true Sister of Mercy. God has endowed woman largely for this Christian ministry. In half an hour she thoroughly interested him in the work, and put him in possession of such facts as convinced him that the work was one which demanded Christian sympathy and support. It was work which goes on quietly, and is little talked of; but it ought to be, as he trusted it would be, widely known. He was glad to say that through the School Board it was becoming known to intelligent Christian men both in and out of Parliament. It is good to work in faith, as those in charge of this work do; but it is also good to have evidence as an encouragement to faith, and as a corroboration of the work. Such evidence he, as in a sense a special commissioner, had qualified himself to give, and it gave him much pleasure to render it.

From the Rev. J. Macpherson, of Scotland:—

My dear Miss Macpherson.—Various ministerial and pastoral occupations, since my return home, have prevented me from carrying out my intention of putting into shape my impressions and thoughts about Canada and your work. If the Lord will, I shall do so at no great distance of time. Meanwhile, allow me to express in a few words my mature judgment in regard to the leading features of your work. It seems to me to furnish the key to the solution of one of the most difficult problems in home-mission work.

The character of the training to which the children are subjected previous to their removal to Canada appears to be all that could be desired. I was delighted with their knowledge of Scripture, their general intelligence, their respectful bearing to their superiors, their promptness of obedience, and other evidences of religious conviction working itself out in their general conduct. The extraordinary care exhibited *in the selection of homes and in the placing of the children out, in Canada.*

strikes me as one of the most important and valuable elements of the work. Most of all was I charmed with the noble Christian character of your fellow-workers, and was thoroughly convinced that a very remarkable measure of the blessing of God rests upon the entire movement. I anticipate the most precious results for time, and in view of eternity the issues of the movement will exceed all calculation. I could say much more,

but for the present must forbear. For the sake of the poor, dear, lost little ones in our large towns: for the sake of Canada, of whose wants I am not ignorant: for the sake of humanity, and, above all, for the Lord's sake, I heartily wish you were enabled to carry every summer thousands instead of hundreds of little children across the Atlantic, to be settled in those beautiful Canadian regions, where, by God's blessing, they may grow up "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

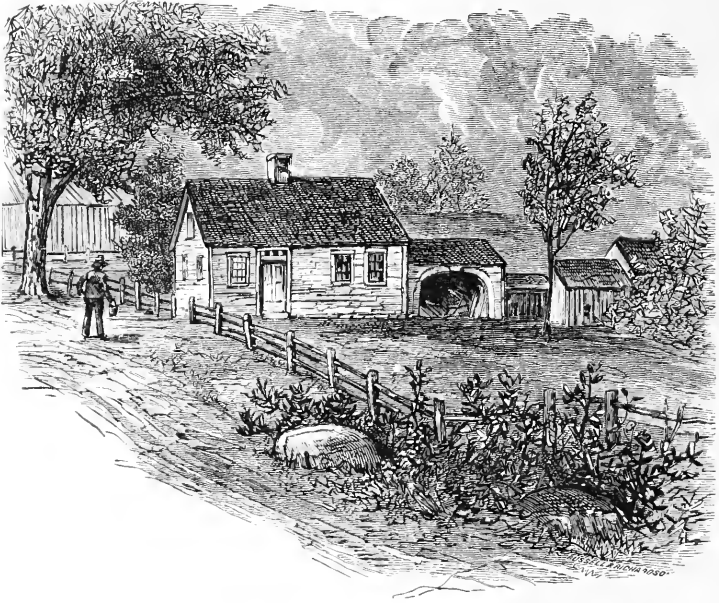
Go on, my dear friend: the Lord is manifestly with you, and he will bless you still — aye, and more than ever.



THE YOUNG FARMER.

From Lord Cavan :—

Having just returned from a six weeks' visit to Canada, I wish to add my testimony to the many already given of the very valuable work of Miss Macpherson in the three Homes which she has established in Canada for young British destitute children, each Home under the direction of devoted and much-esteemed Christian ladies.



Lady Cavan and I found much pleasure in visiting all these Homes, situated in different parts of the Dominion of Canada, in each of which children are received from two to twelve years of age, and looked after with motherly affection. The greater number sent out this year had been provided for.

There is a great demand for young children in this country, where domestic and farming servants are so few,

and numbers of these children are adopted into families, the greatest care being taken to place them with kind and good people. They are either trained for the place which they will occupy, or, for the most part, are loved and treated as children of the house.

It needs but to see for one's self the happy, bright faces of the children, to be satisfied of the value and importance of this transplanting institution for the rescuing of children from their degraded position, for which they are in nowise responsible. May many be brought under the Christian, happy influence of Miss Macpherson, through the liberality of those interested in our poor.

Testimony of Henry Varley, the Evangelist:—

What a work of blessing is being carried on by the different Homes here! My soul has been greatly refreshed this Christmas in seeing some of the dear boys return to "Blair-Athol," to spend a few days with our sister, Miss Macpherson. The change in appearance, from London's hapless poverty and degradation, to this glorious clime,—bright, rosy faces, full of laughter and fun, and yet deeply interested in the dear, loving Saviour, whose Spirit thus practically tells his own sweet story of love to their young hearts. One dear fellow specially delighted me. I was present as he was ushered in with his little brother, his eyes full of tears of gratitude and joy as he said to Miss Macpherson: "Please, Miss, here's a present for you," drawing a large, fat, beautiful goose from under his arm, carefully packed. Excuse my adjectives, but I cannot help it, for I fairly loved the boys; and when I looked back but four years, and contrasted their hapless life in one of our English provincial towns, my spirit was full of gladness, and I thanked God for these broad lands, and the untiring energy of the band of workers and friends who so intelligently and successfully save them from poverty, crime, and wretchedness, and, by change of position,

sympathy, common sense, and Christian love, fit them for useful, prosperous lives here, and, by grace, for eternal glory yonder.

Canadians might naturally fear the introduction of this crude material into their fair country. But thus writes a Montreal merchant:—

Dear Miss Macpherson,—My attention has been called to a communication referring unfavorably to your work in bringing out the little waifs and strays from England, and placing them in farmers' homes in the country of this Canada of ours. I have thought that perhaps a letter from me, giving my experience, might not be out of place.

Fully eleven years ago I first heard of your intention to bring out some young emigrants to Canada, and as I heard that they were of the degraded, vicious, and criminal class, I did not look with favor upon the effort. Being in England shortly after the first lot came out, without making my object known, I went down to the east end of London repeatedly, and personally inquired into the working of the scheme, saw the gathering in from the widows' families, the orphans, the destitute, and those worse than orphans. I saw the cleaning, the fresh clothing, the training in work and discipline, and, above all, the schooling in religious teaching from God's book, and singing sweet gospel hymns. I was satisfied that this part of the work was being well done in England, and great care exercised in selecting only suitable cases and giving lengthened training, so that the girls and boys from the youngest to those of thirteen and fourteen years of age, when drafted to Canada in fifties and hundreds, looked likely youngsters for workers in this land of plenty.

After my return to Canada, having got thoroughly interested in the work, seeing at least that it was doing a good work for London in relieving the overpopulation

there, I decided, if in my judgment the work was as well cared for in Canada, and as much care exercised in placing them out in homes as in gathering in and training, then it would prove a good work for Canada also.

Now, I can say, from large personal experience, that the placing of several thousands of these young, sturdy, willing workers in the homes of Canadian farmers, through this agency, has been a blessing to Canada, not only as workers, but also in many cases carrying good religious influences with them. The greatest care is exercised in selecting suitable homes, and in no case is a child placed out unless the applicant brings good certificates of character from the minister or justice of the peace. In these homes of the farmers the youngsters are well-fed, well-clothed, and well-treated, and in most cases made one of the family. I have constantly inquired, in various localities, as to how these young people are getting on, from prominent men, such as judges, members of Parliament, mayors and councillors of towns, ministers, and farmers, and am satisfied as a whole they turn out as well as the average of young people from any class of society. Some prove unsuitable—these are returned to the Distributing-Homes and given a fresh start; some few turn out bad or sickly—these are returned to England; but compared with the large number that turn out well the average is very small. I know the Distributing-Homes at Knowlton, at Belleville, and at Galt: they are fine, comfortable, substantial buildings, and at Galt there is a farm of one hundred acres of land. I know the workers and the oversight they take in training until placed out, the care taken in placing out, how they visit and correspond with them, and I have seen and possess hundreds of letters from these youngsters, written voluntarily by them from their new homes, many of which have been published in Canadian as well as English papers from time to time. I

have seen and possess hundreds of photographs of these waifs and strays, as taken into the Gathering-Homes in London, then brought out to Canada: then, after being here two, five, and even ten, years, the progress being marvelous.



Now, in conclusion, having within the past month visited the Galt Home and Farm, with more than fifty healthy hearty, vigorous youngsters training and fitting for work among Canadian farmers, it is my firm conviction that this

work is being well done on both sides of the Atlantic.* It is being carried on upon right principles and from pure motives, and God has owned and blessed it wonderfully. There is not only room but a hearty welcome for hundreds more of such emigrants. The work has proved a blessing to Canada as well as a blessing to England, and those engaged in it should receive hearty encouragement on both sides of the Atlantic.

Miss Macpherson writes, after Lord Dufferin's visit to the Galt Home:—

His Lordship said: "We meet your children everywhere, and they are so happy; we have crossed the ocean with them, and even last night where we were staying we were waited upon by one of your boys as a page, — he did it well, too."

Mr. Samuel Smith, representing Liverpool in the English Parliament, has had opportunity of examining the fruits of Mrs. Birt's heroic efforts on behalf of neglected children in that city. He writes with discrimination:—

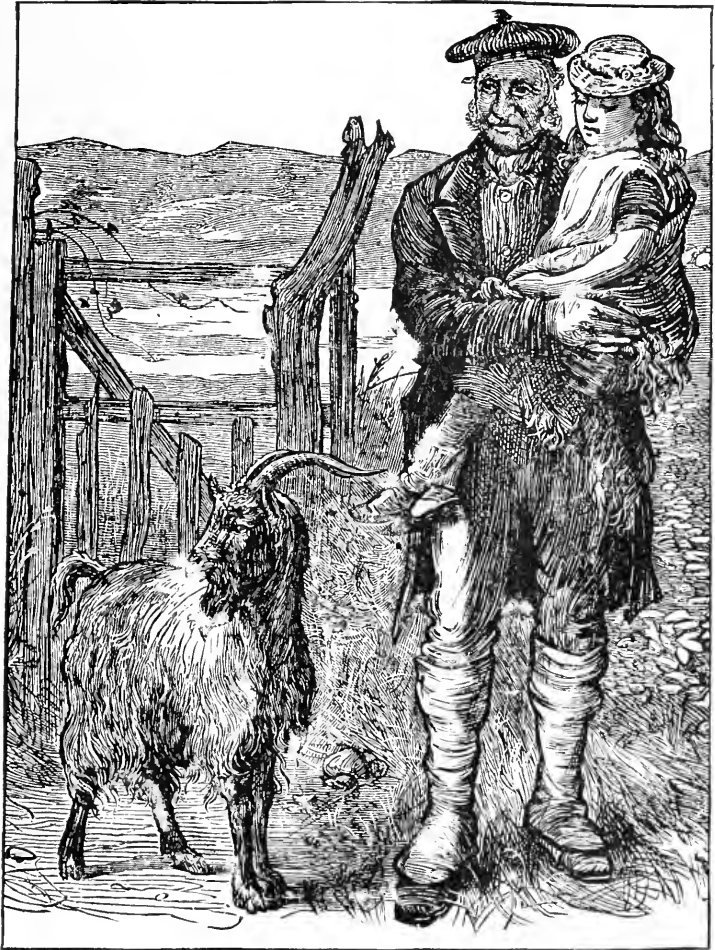
Life is no child's play in the colonies. People work harder than they do at home, and these demoralized creatures, with enfeebled frames and mendicant habits, would be a nuisance to the sturdy farmers of the New World. *Our only hope lies in resewing the children*: this is the main scope of my argument. We cannot rid ourselves of our adult pauperism, but we can save the children if we resolve to do so; there is a boundless field in the colonies for planting out these neglected little ones. We have tested it and found it a perfect mine of wealth in Canada, and no way has ever been devised so inexpensive and so

* Since beginning this book, I have a letter from Miss Macpherson announcing the purchase of a new Home near Stratford, Ontario. The Galt Home and Farm has been sold; the new Home affording better facilities for the work.

fruitful of good results as this emigration scheme. Since Miss Rye commenced in 1869, some ten thousand children have been sent to Canada, and, with few exceptions, have been absorbed into the healthy rural life of that colony, and are now doing far better than could have been brought about by any agency in the old country.

I am intimately acquainted with the Liverpool scheme, which has rescued twelve hundred children in the last ten years. Probably ninety-five per cent. of these are now leading happy lives abroad. The very few failures that have occurred, have taken place with children too old and too demoralized to be safely sent abroad. When the age is *not over twelve*, and sufficient training can be given in a Christian institution before planting out, success is almost certain. We find far more homes in Canada offering than we can supply with children. The farmers often lose their own children, by their early marriage and settlement in life, and are anxious to have the cheerful company of a child. They find also early use even for a child among the cows and poultry and the work of a farmyard. Children are, in fact, a treasure in a thinly-populated country like Canada, instead of a burden as they often are at home. We take effectual guaranties against ill-treatment, and require regular attendance at school and church, and specified wages after a certain age. The children are regularly visited every year and reported upon by the farmers who take them, as well as by the adjacent clergymen. I believe the children experience more comfort and are treated with as much kindness *as in the average homes of our respectable artisans*; in many cases they are adopted and made heirs by farmers who are childless, and the contrast to the utter misery in which we find them here is almost magical.

My object in the references to work done in England is to



support the proof that emigration is one of our greatest blessings for neglected or unfortunate children. I hope also to provoke others to labor in this great cause. In many cases the subjects needing our charitable interference need not emigrate beyond their own State; but I plead the country with its broad acres, comfortable homes, and simple habits, and especially the Western country, which gives our "Arabs" room and welcome. It will give the children immediate opportunity for bread-winning, and costs much less than keeping them for years behind the bars of great institutions, however excellent in themselves.

By no means are charitable institutions decried. They are a necessity in many important respects. But for them pauperism and crime would have grown rampant, and who can predict the evils which might arise but for their interference. It was wise that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts made it a misdemeanor to neglect the proper care or up-bringing of children, and gave extensive powers to charitable societies to take such children from their unworthy parents and deal with them as the State thinks best. I quote the last edition of this Act, revised last year, as follows:—

[Acts of 1882, Chapter 181.]

§ 3. Whenever it shall be made to appear to any court or magistrate that within his jurisdiction any child under fourteen years of age, by reason of orphanage, or of the neglect, crime, drunkenness, or other vice of his parents, is growing up without education or salutary control, and in circumstances exposing him to lead an idle and dissolute life, or is dependent upon public charity, such court or magistrate shall, after notice to the State board of health, lunacy, and charity, commit such child, if he has no known settlement in this Commonwealth, to the custody of said board, and, if he has a known settlement, then to the overseers of the city or town in which he has such settlement; except in the city of Boston, and, if he has a settlement in said city, then to the directors of public institutions of said city, until he arrives at the age of twenty-one years, or for any less time; and the said board, overseers,

and directors are authorized to make all needful arrangements for the care and maintenance of children so committed in some State, municipal, or town institution, or in some respectable family, and to discharge such children from their custody whenever the object of their commitment has been accomplished.

The State of New York has the following provisions in its penal code:—

§ 288. *Unlawfully omitting to provide for child.*—A person who wilfully omits, without lawful excuse, to perform a duty by law imposed upon him to furnish food, clothing, shelter, or medical attendance to a minor, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

§ 289. *Endangering life or health of child.*—A person who, having the care or custody of a minor, either—

1. Wilfully causes or permits the minor's life to be endangered, or its health to be injured, or its morals to become depraved; or

2. Wilfully causes or permits the minor to be placed in such a situation, or to engage in such an occupation, that its life is endangered, or its health is likely to be injured, or its morals likely to be impaired; is guilty of a misdemeanor.

§ 290. *Keepers of concert-saloons, etc.*—A person who admits to, or allows to remain in, any dance-house, concert-saloon, theatre, or other place of entertainment, owned, kept, or managed by him, where wines or spirituous or malt liquors are sold or given away, any child, actually or apparently under the age of fourteen years, unless accompanied by a parent or guardian, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

§ 291. *Children not to beg, etc.*—A male child actually or apparently under the age of sixteen years, or a female child actually or apparently under the age of fourteen years, who is found—

1. Begging or receiving or soliciting alms, in any manner or under any pretence; or

2. Not having any home or other place of abode or proper guardianship; or

3. Destitute of means of support, and being either an orphan, or living or having lived with or in custody of a parent or guardian who has been sentenced to imprisonment for crime, or who has been convicted of a crime against the person of such child, or has been adjudged an habitual criminal; or

4. Frequenting the company of reputed thieves or prostitutes, or a house of prostitution or assignation, or living in such a house either with or without its parent or guardian, or frequenting concert-saloons, dance-houses, theatres, or other places of entertainment, or places

where wines, malt or spirituous liquors are sold, without being in charge of its parent or guardian; or

5. Coming within any of the descriptions of children mentioned in § 292, must be arrested and brought before a proper court or magistrate,



as a vagrant, disorderly, or destitute child. Such court or magistrate may commit the child to any charitable, reformatory, or other institution authorized by law to receive and take charge of minors, or may make any disposition of the child such as now is, or hereafter may be, authorized in the cases of vagrants, truants, paupers, or disorderly persons.

Charitable societies have been incorporated in many of the States under these laws. Their officers search out cases of neglected children, give them the benefit of these salutary provisions, and succeed in getting possession of the child. In many cases where children have been rescued, they were immediately sent out West. In *twenty-five years* more than *fifty thousand* have been emigrated from New York City. In some instances considerable abuses have arisen through lack of proper training and discipline before removal. Nor should those who raised a hue and cry over such wholesale emigration be blamed in seeking to protect their own interests. As the work is now more thoroughly organized, a better system prevails.

“There are little ones glancing about on my path
 In need of a friend and a guide;
 There are dim-looking eyes looking up into mine,
 Whose tears could be easily dried.
 But Jesus may beckon those children away
 In the midst of their grief or their glee,—
 Will any of these at the Beautiful Gate
 Be waiting and watching for me?

“There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love,
 There are wretched ones pacing the street,
 There are friendless and suffering strangers around,
 There are needy and poor I must meet.
 There are many unthought of, whom happy and blest
 In the heavenly land I shall see,—
 Will any of these at the Beautiful Gate
 Be waiting and watching for me?

“I may be brought there by the manifold grace
 Of the Saviour who loves to forgive;
 Though I bless not the hungry ones near to my side,
 Only pray for myself while I live.
 But I think I should mourn o’er my selfish neglect,
 If sorrow in heaven could be,
 If no one should stand at the Beautiful Gate,
 Waiting and watching for me !”

CHAPTER XIII.

TRANSPLANTATIONS.

The Plant and Human Life. — A Western Farmer's Letter. — Once a New York Pauper. — How William and Mary Lived. — The Frozen Nose. — How they Now Live. — The Drunken Mother. — The Good Work Opposed. — Train-Wreckers. — From the Orphanage to the Bench. — Lucy is a Very Nice Girl. — Fortunate "Arabs." — "Arabs" Owning Farms. — William F. an M. D. — An Orphan's Career. — A Stenographer, a Musician, and a Druggist. — Great Emigration of Children from New York. — One Society's Report for 1882 numbers 3,957. — Pluck of G. W. S. — A Grateful Girl. — A Fortunate Condition in Life. — Illustrative Cases. — "I Love these Friendless Children for Jesus' Sake." — Miss Bilbrough. — For Five Years a Street-Singer. — Tommy and Freddy.

HAPPILY there is abundant material at hand to illustrate the necessity and desirability of human transplantation. The plant whose roots failed to penetrate the packed ground had wellnigh perished with neglect. When transplanted into other soil it bloomed with beauty and filled the surrounding air with its sweetness. We have seen it thus with human life. I do not say that this change is always good either in the animal or vegetable kingdom, but under certain conditions it is absolutely essential to development. For homeless children, I have already shown that emigration confers on them a boon which can scarcely be equaled by any other system. It is generally successful in furnishing them with homes in a generous land which soon repays in its cultivation. Besides, the moral advantages are great. Even where children have been kept free from contamination, — and I am glad to testify that numbers of them have only been unfortunate in their *poverty*, — yet their removal from old associations and dangerous surroundings, and their introduction to new scenes and new occupations, cannot be overrated. In the new land they blossom as the rose and become rich in fruitage as the trees of the orchard.

A Western farmer writes as follows to an officer of the New York Children's Aid Society:—

Dear Sir,—I received your very kind and welcome letter a few days since, and I assure you that I felt very much rejoiced to know that you felt that same interest in hearing and knowing how your Western boys and girls get along, as you have expressed in former times.

In your letter you spoke of the time you accompanied our company of boys to the West as not seeming so long to you as it really was. For my own part, if I could not look to the very many pleasant scenes that it has been my privilege to enjoy while I have been in the West, I do not think it would seem so long to me since we all marched two and two for the boat up the Hudson River on our route for Michigan. There were some among us who shed a few tears as we were leaving the city, as we all expected, for the last time. But as we sped on and saw new sights, we very willingly forgot the city with all its dusty atmosphere and temptations and wickedness, for the country all around us was clothed in its richest foliage, the birds were singing their sweetest songs, and all nature seemed praising our heavenly Father in high notes of joy.

In the midst of this enchantment we were introduced to the farmers in the vicinity of A., and then and there we many of us separated to go home with those kind friends, and mould the character of our future life.

For my own part, I was more than fortunate, for I secured a home with a *good* man and every comfort of life I enjoyed. I had the benefit of good schools until I was nearly of age, and when I became of age a substantial present of eighty acres of good farming land, worth fifty dollars per acre, was given me, and thus I commenced life. Once a New York pauper, now a Western farmer. If these lines should chance to meet the eyes of any boy or girl in your



Society, I would say to them: Don't delay, but go to the West and there seek your home and fortune. You may have some trials and temptations to overcome, but our lives seem happier when we know that we have done our duties and have done the will of our Heavenly Father, who has kindly cared for us all through our lives.

Last winter it was my privilege to be with you all through the Christmas festivities, and it did my soul good to return and enjoy Christmas with you after an absence of nearly fifteen years. I met you there as I also did at the Newsboys' Lodging-House. Those were times of rejoicing to me to see the wickedness we escaped by not staying at large in your city. When I returned home I brought with me a girl of eleven years of age, and intend to do by her as my circumstances will allow. I have been married nearly three years, and, by God's grace assisting us, we intend to meet you all on the other shore. I have written you a very long letter, but I will now close. I shall be pleased to hear from you again at any time when you feel at liberty to write. Hoping to hear from you soon again, I remain truly your friend,

C. H. J.

When reading the following from the "Journal" of another I was reminded of the proverb, "Prayers and pains will do anything":—

In 1873, W. L. applied to the Charity Organization Society in St. Giles's for relief. It appeared on investigation that he was living with his sister in Lincoln Court, Drury Lane. They had been orphans for two years, and during that time William, aged fourteen, had supported himself and his sister Mary, aged eleven, by picking up rags, bones, and other refuse in the streets of London. They did not seem anxious to give up their present mode of life, but only wanted a little assistance during the winter months. It was



quite evident that nothing would induce them to part company, and therefore it was very difficult to find a way of assisting them. On being consulted, I at once advised their sending to Miss Macpherson's. I had a long talk with William, and at last he reluctantly consented to go to the Home of Industry and see how he liked it. Next morning they came to my rooms, and, having given them some breakfast, I took them down in a cab to Commercial Street. I shall never forget the terrible filthy state they were in. Miss Macpherson soon made them feel at home, and they both thought they would like to stay there. After being *photographed*, William went to his old home to say good-by; but, to my grief, I heard on the following day, that he shortly afterward returned to Commercial Street and took his sister away. The woman in the house where he lived, who had found Mary very useful as a careful and cheap nurse, had prejudiced his mind against Canada, by telling him that she had a son there who got his nose frozen. I sent for him again at ten o'clock at night and had a long talk with him. A truer or more unselfish boy I never knew. He would evidently have much preferred to work as he had been doing, and it was only when I pointed out to him the terrible consequences of such a life for his sister, that he at last consented to go into the Home of Industry. On the following morning he came again and got his breakfast, and again we drove down to the Home together. Very shortly afterward they were sent out to Canada, and at the time of my visit they were in the service of Mr. and Mrs. J., some ten miles from Ingersoll. Mary, now grown to be quite a young woman, is indeed changed in her appearance. She seems to be doing well, and her mistress gives her an excellent character. William is not much changed in appearance, except, of course, that he is stouter and cleaner. He also has a very good character, though he seems to have

been somewhat slow in learning his work. They have put by a good sum of money, and I was glad to hear that they attend church and school regularly.

From one of Miss Macpherson's letters I quote an extract. The young man referred to is well known to me. He is an active Christian and a worthy citizen:—

In September, a young gentleman called on me; at first I did not know him—then looking into his eyes I said: "Why, you must be one of my old boys." "I am," he said, and then related how for seven years he had lived a sad life in the States, but never could forget my Bible lessons. He asked, and Jesus forgave him all: then he had joined God's people, and was a worker for Christ. He spent his savings of years to come home to England to try and win to the Lord *a drunken mother*: all his words failed, so he had to return to his wife and his profession, in his adopted country, with his longing for his mother unanswered. The habit of drunkenness is a sore evil, and many go down to an awful hell among rich and poor rather than to give it up.

That young man stayed several hours that Sunday with me, and he told in lodging-houses full of perishing men, what the blessed Saviour had done for him. Thus I was greatly cheered to go on and try and save hundreds more of the young, taking them right away to our great Dominion, where there is plenty of work and food, and no need of drink that makes so many orphans, and so many tears among innocent children.

An agent of the New York Children's Aid Society furnishes many items of interest regarding some of the children emigrated twenty years ago. His report to the Secretary of that Society is as follows:—

Dear Sir,—One would naturally suppose that such a Society as ours, ever ready to stretch out ungrudgingly the unsectarian hand of pure benevolence to the orphan or friendless boy or girl, wherever found, would never meet with even the slightest opposition in its good work. Such however is not the case, for even our Western emigration, which is decidedly, and deservedly, the most popular of all, is subject to occasional attacks, which are most injurious. My impression is that they find their origin in a lack of thorough knowledge of this best of all charities; possibly only in a thoughtless desire to create an item for publication, or perhaps in a bigoted prejudice to the removal of children from the influence of our large cities to the free thought and Christian influences of Western homes. The following will show, however, how a newspaper tirade may be started without the slightest foundation in fact. In October, 1881, a train on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids, and Northern Railway was wrecked, near Mount Auburn, causing the death of the engineer. Unfortunately for us, a boy whom we had sent to that place, several years before, was asked by a man named Phillips to assist him in wrecking a train; he refused to do so, and the matter passed out of his mind. The day after the sad occurrence, the boy informed the authorities, and the man Phillips was arrested. Phillips, to be revenged, stated that the boy was an accomplice, and he in turn was arrested. Believing fully in the boy's innocence, I employed a lawyer to defend him, and the grand jury at once refused to indict, and dismissed him. The boy returned to his employer in the neighborhood of the accident, and to-day has the respect and esteem of all. During the interval, however, a Des Moines paper started the cry of "Boys sent from New York to become train-wreckers and fill our prisons." Other papers speedily copied it, and entertained their readers with the addition of their own wise notions

about the evils of sending boys from New York to Western homes. A few of the more thoughtful editors took up the other side, and mentioned many cases coming under their personal notice, to show that our boys, at least, turned out as well as those born in the West. But, as generally



happens, those who wrote against the good work had the loudest voices, were not conscientiously bound to confine themselves to facts, wrote sensational articles, charging us with a thousand things with which we had nothing to do, and so did us a great amount of injury. One gentleman,

of some standing, even went so far in his blind prejudice as to say, "I don't believe that one boy or girl, of the thousands you have sent out, has ever done well." I have met a large number who were sent by our Society to different parts of the West, from twenty to twenty-five years ago, and, as many have "done well," and some fill important positions in the communities in which they live, I think a few facts from my note-book concerning them will interest you. I am sorry I cannot give names and addresses in full, but I am sure it will be readily understood, that to do so would, at least in many cases, be very unpleasant to those of whom I write.

In August, 1859, an orphan boy, David S., aged twelve, was sent to Noblesville, Indiana, and was placed with Mr. R. B. He was sent to the public school, fitted himself for college, was graduated, studied law, married a young lady of refinement, purchased a farm, and has built his house within a few miles of the home in which we placed him twenty-three years ago. He is now a justice of the peace, one of the leading citizens, and a man of whom none speak but in praise.

Mary F., a little girl four years old, was sent to the same neighborhood at the same time, and placed in the home of Mr. J. W. She remained, filling the place of a daughter, until she married Mr. J. R., a thrifty farmer. She is now the much-respected and happy mother of several children, and does not regret that she fell into the hands of the Children's Aid Society.

The history of Jemie M., an orphan aged five, in 1859, sent to J. E. B., of Fishersburg, about the same time, is very similar to that of Mary F. She is married, and lives in the neighborhood; both she and her husband are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and are doing well. The happiest relationship exists between her and her foster-parents.

Margaret B., aged four in 1859, is spoken of by those who took her, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. M., as a trusty and honorable girl. She is married, and living very happily with her husband within a few miles of her old home.

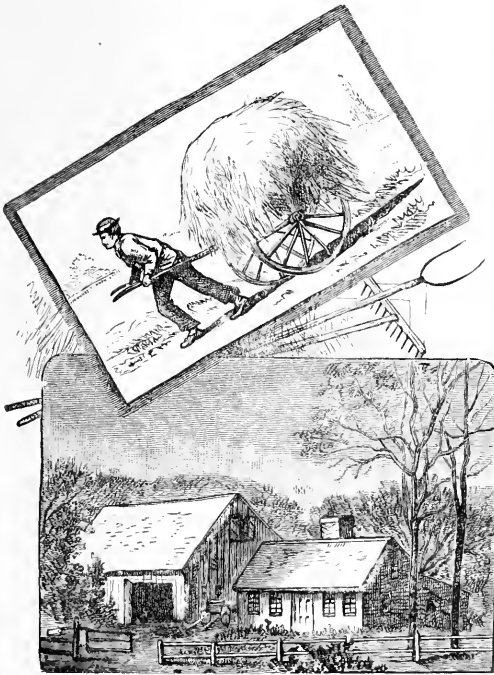
Lucy D. we find living with the family of Mr. E. H., at Noblesville, Indi-

ana, where she was placed in 1859. All we need say of Lucy is that she is a *very nice* girl, in a *very nice* family, filling in every respect the place of a daughter.

John K., aged fourteen in 1859, was placed with Mr. E. D., of Covington, Indiana. He remained with Mr. D. seven years, until of age, and then went to work for himself. He has never married, but is yet at work

in the neighborhood, and is very steady, industrious, and saving. It is not yet too late for him to marry and become a useful citizen.

John V., who went to the same neighborhood at the same time, married, and died two years ago, leaving his widow and children upon the farm he had gained by his industry. He had the respect and esteem of all.



Thomas J. S., aged eight, sent to Crawfordsville in 1859, and placed with Mr. Silas J., is regarded certainly by Mrs. J. as her own son, and he undoubtedly feels that she has been to him all that a mother could be. He has been all over the world, but says he could never forget her teachings. He is now working at Peru, Indiana, as a house-painter. He often calls upon the old folks, and is in every way a most worthy man.

B. D., aged ten when placed with Mr. D. W. G., at Russelville, Indiana, is reported by Mr. G. as a bright, industrious fellow. He remained till of age, and then went to Illinois, where he is now doing well as a farmer.

William K. was nine when placed with Mr. D. V., of Crawfordsville, in 1859. He is still at work in the neighborhood. He is an honest, industrious man, free from bad habits, an excellent farm-hand who is never out of employment.

William H., aged nine in 1860, when placed with Mr. Adam B., of Frankfort, remaining with Mr. B.'s family until 1879. He is now one of the first, if not the leading, lawyer of F. He married an excellent lady, one of his early schoolmates, and has several very interesting children, and a very snug home. He held the office of county clerk for a long time, and is now a candidate for the office of prosecuting-attorney. He has the respect and esteem of the community, is widely known, and spoken of as a useful citizen, and is a gentleman of considerable means.

Emma R. was but six when placed with Mr. A. H. S., of Frankfort. Emma is spoken of in the highest terms by her foster-parents. She married Mr. David J., a highly respectable farmer, who died a short time ago, leaving her with two children.

Jennie McC., about the same age, and who went to Frankfort at the same time, did remarkably well. She married

Mr. R., a merchant, in business in Reading, Pennsylvania, and is now living there.

Thomas A., aged eight in 1860, placed with Mr. T., of Frankfort, has turned out a respectable workman. I found him at work upon the new school building. He is married, and owns a house and several acres of land at the edge of the town.

John E., one of the same company, has become a very successful scene-painter. He owns property and is doing a good business at Kansas City, Missouri.

Mary C., aged seven in 1860, placed with Dr. A. N. S., of Frankfort, received a very liberal education, and grew to be a refined and amiable young lady. She is married to Dr. H., one of the leading physicians of Kokomo.

William M., sent West in 1860, is married, and living at Frankfort. He is a member of the church, and much interested in Sabbath-school work. He is a self-made man, having received a college education, and a knowledge of law, through his own exertions. Mr. M. is spoken of, by those who know him best, as a very promising young lawyer and an excellent man.

Robert H., sent to Greenfield, Indiana, in 1868, is married, and owns a farm at Mount Comfort. He teaches the district school during the winter, and is very widely known and respected.

George G., who went to Greenfield at the same time, is also teaching school in Grant County, but is unmarried.

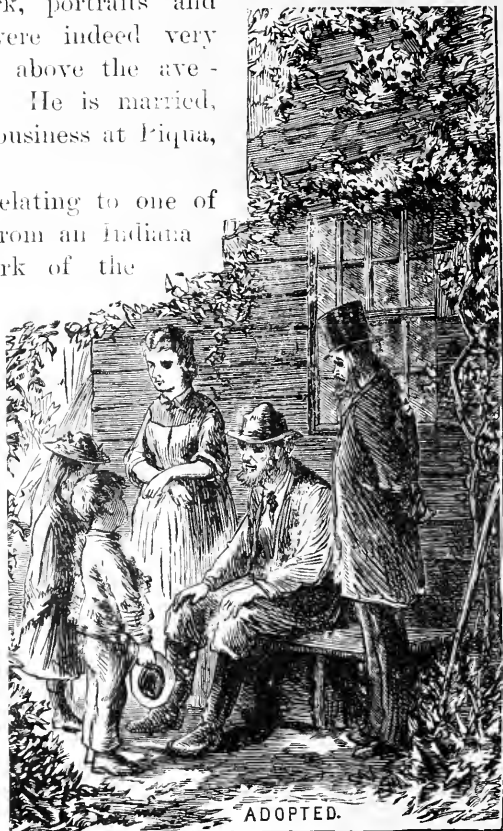
William F., who was ten years of age in 1859, was placed with Dr. L., of Marion, Indiana. He soon developed a taste for study, and was sent to college. He was graduated with honor, studied medicine with Dr. L., came back to New York, and spent two years in the hospitals of the city: returned to Marion and is now assisting Dr. L., and fast building up a practice of his own. He is a young man of pleasing

manner, with rare ability, and will no doubt be very successful in his profession.

M. D., a lad of nine, who went at the same time, twenty-three years ago, developed a taste for art. I saw some specimens of his work, portraits and sculpture, which were indeed very creditable, and far above the average of their kind. He is married, and at present in business at Piqua, Ohio.

The following, relating to one of our boys, I took from an Indiana paper: "For Clerk of the

Circuit Court, the convention nominated Charles Downing. Mr. Downing is a young man of good, industrious habits, and eminently competent for the position. He was born in the City of New York, August 7, 1857. At the age of four his parents died, and he was placed in an



orphan asylum, where he remained until 1867, when he was sent West to find a home among its generous and kind-hearted citizens. He was taken charge of by Mrs. Wood, one of the best and truest-hearted women in the country.

She trained him in the paths of virtue, honesty, industry, and personal integrity, and, to his credit, he has never departed therefrom. On the fourth of November, 1874, he was appointed Deputy Clerk of Hancock Circuit Court, which position he holds to this day, and has ever been faithful, competent, and true to his trust. Mr. D. is a member of the Christian Church; he is also an honored member of the I. O. O. F. A young man of rare business tact and talent, and is just upon the threshold of many rare possibilities. We are satisfied from personal observation extending through many years, that he will make a competent, faithful, and strictly impartial officer." Mr. D. is a gentleman of very pleasing manner, and seems to be a general favorite. He is married, and has just built a really fine residence at Greenfield, adjoining the home of Mrs. Moore, the lady whom he looks upon as a mother.

Another of our boys sent to Fort Dodge, Iowa, twelve years ago, is now stenographer in the Circuit Court of Minneapolis, Minnesota, receiving a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars per annum. Another who went at the same time we find to be a civil engineer, at St. Louis.

Ernest L., of the same party, is a prominent musician, at Marion, Linn County, Indiana, and M. McN., who was sent to Racine, Wisconsin, twenty-four years ago, is a druggist, doing a large business at St. Paul, Minnesota. I have many more names in my note-book, but it seems really superfluous to mention them. The truth is, not all the boys we send out become doctors or lawyers, but a very large majority become respectable and useful citizens. The work is no longer an experiment, but an unquestionable success.

The following table shows what has been done by the Children's Aid Society in emigration, in each year, since 1853. Aggregate, 67,287.

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-------|-------------------------------|--------|
| To February 1, 1854..... | 207 | To November 1, 1869 (nine | |
| „ „ 1, 1855..... | 863 | months)..... | 1,930 |
| „ „ 1, 1856..... | 936 | „ November 1, 1870 (one year) | 2,757 |
| „ „ 1, 1857..... | 742 | „ „ 1, 1871..... | 3,386 |
| „ „ 1, 1858..... | 733 | „ „ 1, 1872..... | 3,462 |
| „ „ 1, 1859..... | 779 | „ „ 1, 1873..... | 3,701 |
| „ „ 1, 1860..... | 814 | „ „ 1, 1874..... | 3,985 |
| „ „ 1, 1861..... | 804 | „ „ 1, 1875..... | 4,026 |
| „ „ 1, 1862..... | 884 | „ „ 1, 1876..... | 3,989 |
| „ „ 1, 1863..... | 791 | „ „ 1, 1877..... | 3,808 |
| „ „ 1, 1864..... | 1,034 | „ „ 1, 1878..... | 3,818 |
| „ „ 1, 1865..... | 1,235 | „ „ 1, 1879..... | 3,713 |
| „ „ 1, 1866..... | 1,450 | „ „ 1, 1880..... | 3,764 |
| „ „ 1, 1867..... | 1,664 | „ „ 1, 1881..... | 3,849 |
| „ „ 1, 1868..... | 1,943 | „ „ 1, 1882..... | 3,957 |
| „ „ 1, 1869..... | 2,263 | | |
| | | Total..... | 67,287 |

There have been provided with homes and employment during 1882:—

| | |
|------------|-------|
| Boys..... | 2,167 |
| Girls..... | 1,507 |
| Men..... | 101 |
| Women..... | 182 |
| Total..... | 3,957 |

The New York Juvenile Asylum has also transplanted many a child from the slums of the city to the homes of the prairies. The following letters speak for themselves:—

G. W. S. came to Illinois in 1862, then aged thirteen, now thirty-three. He writes: I was brought to Illinois by the Asylum at the age of thirteen, and indentured to Mr. J. Heath, of Belvidere. Mr. Heath died several years before I was of age, but I remained with the family till I was twenty-four, working the farm on shares after I was twenty-one. When I was twenty-four I was married, and two years afterward I bought myself a farm of eighty acres, on which I still remain. I have two children, a boy and a girl,

and I will enclose a photograph of myself and family. My wife is a member of the Baptist Church, and we attend regularly. I am in very comfortable and prosperous circumstances. I want to say to the boys and girls, that you must obey your guardians, and take an interest in your work. I found that it was better to try to please than to be saucy and disobedient. Several of the boys of my company left their places, and that made people think that New York boys were of no account, which made me feel indignant, and I determined to show that I could stay through my time. Those who leave their homes are almost sure to fall into temptation, while those who stay till they are of age have better habits, and are better capable of managing their affairs successfully.

W. C. H. came to Illinois in 1865, then aged seven, now twenty-two. He writes: I was seven years old when I came to Illinois, and I am now twenty-two. I still remain in the home where I was indentured fifteen years ago. Three of my sisters came to the West with me, and two of them are now married, and all are doing well. My foster-parents are good Christian people, and my life has been pleasant, though I have had to work hard sometimes; but it is not so hard when one gets well paid for it. My advice to the boys and girls is to strive to be loved by everybody, and if you are scolded, see if you are not at fault yourself. You can gain the affection of your guardians if you will try, and then they will be kind to you. Affection is like a plant that needs cultivation to make it thrive. How thankful we ought to be to those who have given us homes and opportunities to become successful and useful men and women. May God bless them in their good work.

C. G. came to Illinois in 1875, then aged thirteen, now twenty. She writes: I was in the Asylum about a year, and I did not want to come West, but I am not sorry now.

though I did not fare very well during my apprenticeship. My employer died, and my mistress not being in good circumstances, I had to go out to service. But I have been doing nicely since then. I have a splendid place. The lady is like a mother to me. I can do any kind of housework,



NOW AND THEN.

and can play on the organ. I attend church and Sunday-school, and I have taught the infant class for several months. I have had a hard lot. My father was a drunkard, and my mother would not take care of me, and that was the reason I was taken to the Asylum; but I think I shall come out as well as the best. Tell the Asylum children that, if they do have a hard time, they will never be sorry for coming

West, if they do right and follow God's commands. Please send me the next Annual Report. I like to read the letters.

S. S. came to Illinois in 1875, then aged twelve, now nineteen. He writes: I have been out West seven years. For the first two and a half years I was not contented, and I had four different homes before I made up my mind to settle down and stay. But now I am as well satisfied as I could wish to be, and I can truthfully say that I am glad I came West, and it has been the making of me. I would advise all the Asylum children to come out here, even though their parents are able to take care of them. And I would say to them: "If you are dissatisfied, keep steadily on, and when you get older you will learn to call those friends who now seem to be enemies, and they will be the first to help you in time of need."

M. M. H. came to Illinois in 1875, then aged thirteen, now twenty. She writes: My life in the West has been very pleasant. I came out seven years ago, at the age of thirteen, and I am still a member of the family in which I was apprenticed. I have ever received the kindest treatment from every one, and I am indebted to them for brightening a life that otherwise might have been spent in poverty and distress. In addition to a happy home, I have had the advantage of good schools, for which I am thankful. This is a pleasant village. There are two colleges, and the people are cultivated. My little brother Joseph, who came out with me, has a home with a farmer near by, and I see him often, which adds greatly to my happiness. I have many friends, and I feel that Providence, through the instrumentality of the Asylum, has given me a fortunate condition in life. I would advise the apprentices to be respectful to their guardians. They will secure kindness and sympathy by doing their duties ungrudgingly and with a cheerful spirit.

F. T. came to Illinois in 1875, then aged eleven, now

eighteen. He writes: I have been in one home all the time, and I have served my employer faithfully. In addition to one hundred dollars, I am to have a team of horses when I am twenty-one, and I am to have a farm to work on my own account. I have got a good farming education, and I always shall be a farmer. My employer has two other Asylum boys, and they both are doing well. When I came West I was sickly and had sore eyes, and I was left after all the other boys had been taken. Late in the evening a lady came in and took me home. I did not like it at first, but I have learned to like it very much. There are a number of boys in this neighborhood that are doing well, but some of the boys of my company left their places, and though they are now about twenty-one, they are not only worth nothing, but they have bad characters, which shows plainly that it does not pay to run away. My mother is in the Insane Asylum on Blackwell's Island. I would like to go and see her if it would be wise. My employer would like to have you come and see us all. I am trying to be a Christian. I hope you will answer this letter. May God bless all who are engaged in this good work.

Selections from various journals:—

M. F., a motherless little girl, deserted by her father, and left for three weeks on the streets to live and sleep as best she could, was brought to the Home by another little girl at midnight, drenched with rain and very miserable, but soon became bright, active, quick at work, and attentive. After a little training she was taken to Canada.

J. P., a London orphan, who was training for a jockey when rescued by Miss Macpherson, had sufficient "cuteness" to see that if he were obedient a new and more useful life was before him. After some months in the Home of Industry he was taken to Canada, where he has given



PAST AND PRESENT.

satisfaction, kept his first situation, and repaid his passage-money.

F. G., one of a poor oppressed East End family, whose friends could not give him the education his abilities deserved, nor get work for him to do, was taken to Canada where he was articled to a lawyer, and is likely to become a useful and prosperous man.

J. S., once a poor matchbox-stamper, with hard-working parents, struggling to keep the family respectable. He is now a bonny farmer's boy, has kept his first situation, is doing well, and will most likely be the means of the whole family's departure for Canada.

G. B., one of a family of five children, deserted by their father, when the poor mother was left to



struggle in vain to get sufficient bread for them to eat. George is now in a happy Canadian home.

W. H., a poor orphan boy, — turned on the streets by his aunt, to beg or earn something for her, and left to come to rags, filth, and starvation, — was in an extremely destitute condition when admitted to the Home. He proved by his good conduct, and gentle behavior, his appreciation of the kindness shown to him.

W. G., was brought one afternoon by a kind policeman who had taken tea at the Home of Industry and heard Miss Macpherson say: "I love these friendless children for Jesus' sake." His mother had died in the Hospital three years before, and his father eighteen months after in the Union; since that time this little orphan boy had lived on

without a home or a bed, no one caring for him, while he picked up bones or rags, and scraps of paper, to sell for bread; but a loving Father in heaven caused this policeman to find the little wanderer sleeping in a dusthole and bring him to the Home. Willie proved a quiet, obedient, gentle child.

II. B. — Both parents living, who were once in respectable circumstances, but the father's drinking habits reduced the family to the streets, where, by begging or singing, they lived from day to day, tramping the country and sleeping in lodging-houses. This lad had been for five years a street-singer when admitted to the Home.

One of the most intelligent and indefatigable workers in this department is Miss Ellen A. Bilbrough, of Belleville, Ontario. Sacrificing home, position, and personal enjoyments, she has brought her splendid executive ability into requisition in Canada both in receiving and in locating the children who pass through her hands. Her example has not been lost on English and Canadian ladies, many of whom second her in her whole-hearted earnestness to provide destitute and deserving children with carefully-selected homes under the glorious sky of Ontario.

Thus writes a visitor:—

At an early hour on the first morning, Miss Bilbrough and I started off in a buggy for a long drive. Having taken a wrong turning, and at last found ourselves in a *cul-de-sac*, we are compelled to retrace our steps for two or three miles, and consequently lose a good deal of time, and it is nearly four o'clock before we arrived at the house of Mr. V., who appears to be a successful farmer and an earnest Christian. While they are preparing a meal for us, we chat with two little brothers, Tommy and Freddy, twelve and eleven years old. We find that they have been there six years. They

seem to be exceedingly happy, and to have been well educated. They still go to school at certain times of the year, and are hardly big enough yet to be of much use on the farm. They are two bright little fellows, and one cannot help thinking how much happier they are here than if they had been brought up in a large pauper-school in England.

We next visited Mr. M.'s, a Quaker family, where we find a girl about fourteen years old, who has been there six years, and who, when in London, lived in that dreadful locality in Spitalfields, Flower and Dean Street. There is another girl, Lizzie, who is much younger, and who came out from the old country with her brother Henry, who at this time is out at work with his master. They all seem to be good children, very well cared for, and very happy.

Letter from a transplanted boy:—

I have been very sorry that I have not written since I came, because I had inflamed eyes, and I hope they are all keeping well in the Home, Mr. Muir and his wife and the boys, and I hope mother and father's keeping well, and all the other friends.

I like this country well, and I like my new home that I am in, and the people are very kind to me. I call Mr. and Mrs. Bacon father and mother, and Julia and Eliza my sisters, and Ned and Sam my two brothers. I can drive the horses, milk the cows; not a good hand at chopping wood yet. I had as many apples as I could eat; we preserved our plums. I like pumpkin-pie, but I never had it till I came to Canada. We have meat and potatoes to breakfast, and again for dinner, with pie and apple-sauce, or crab-apples or raspberries and sweeteake, so you see there is no danger of my starving. My master is going to get me two sheep and put them out to double. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and the

church is just up at the corner. I go there every Sunday. Unless my eyes get quite well, I sha'n't go to school this winter. My master is a good man, and very kind to me.

I hope all the boys who came out have as good homes as I have. I often think of all your good advice. "The Lord is my Shepherd." I remain, your very grateful boy,

J. F.

From another writer, I copy this touching incident:—

Christmas was keeping in the great City, by solemn services and joyous home-gatherings; but no such cheer came to little Willie, nor to the numberless other children just as poor and sad and friendless, whose only home was London streets. Yes! Christians were commemorating their Lord's humility, and as he was absent now in the glory, they lavished choice costly flowers on the Christmas decorations of their churches, thinking to do him honor, to whom they would so gladly bring their rarest gifts were he only once more in need, and homeless upon earth.

It needs that the eyes be sharpened by the heart-love to him, ere they can trace the likeness to the Babe of Bethlehem in the diseased, famine-stricken woe-begone little children, whose only shelter is a dust-bin, a railway-arch, a gas-pipe, a market-barrow, or the cold turf under a bush; and so his precious little ones perish, while men pursue their own ways of pleasure or business, heedless of the young sad lives that are lengthening out in woe close beside them. "The young children cry for bread, and no man breaketh it unto them" (Lam. iv, 4).

Could it be that the Lord was in London that Christmas-tide, pleading in the person of the little loveless, homeless children for food and shelter and love? and that once more the chill earth flung the answer back to astonished hosts of angels. "*There is no room for Him*"?

"I wanted money, and I wanted bread,
 I wanted all that willing hearts could do;
 I wanted the quick ear and ready eye—
 Aye, the deep true soul of sympathy;
 I wanted help, and then I called for thee,
 I called, and waited, and then called again:
 Oh! could it be that I should call in vain?
 I called, and waited,
 And thou didst not come."

Days and weeks went on, and little Willie made his home under that shrub. In the daytime he wandered out to beg coppers from the "Gemmens" passing by, and gather up the scraps of vegetables, or bits of meat and fish, the refuse of some coster's barrow; but always back at night to the bush in St. James's Park.

To all appearance it seemed that little Willie's crushed spirit must break beneath its weight of care. Constant exposure to cold and damp had brought on a painful hacking cough, and, from lack of nourishment, the child grew so weak that he could scarcely crawl from the bush. "I coughed, and I coughed, and I coughed, till I could cough no more," were his own words in telling his story.

Within sight of the palaces of the wealthy, sorrow had broken a young heart that love might heal; a life was fast ebbing away, that might be saved by the mere crumbs which fell from the tables of the rich.

But all the while a Father in heaven was watching over his little child astray in the wilderness. The God who in ancient days heard the lad Ishmael's cry as he lay dying of thirst under a bush, saw little Willie in that West-end Park, and sent him help from an unexpected quarter.

"For the Shepherd knows his own
 Everywhere;
 Though the pillow be a stone,
 And none other hear the groan,
 Christ is near."

A day in February came, long memorable as that of the great snowstorm. Large flakes fell and, mixing with the soot and mud, lay in dense blackened masses on the roofs, streets, and parks, till it was snow, snow, everywhere. Thicker and thicker it fell, almost burying our little Willie, for he was too weak and ill, and benumbed with cold, to stir from his hiding-place.

A policeman pacing up a sidewalk in the park, vainly flung his arms to and fro to check the cold, and whistled loudly to keep up his spirits. Suddenly his curiosity was aroused by noticing a heap of something under one of the shrubs. And there, oh! horrible to relate, he found a small human being lying curled up, so white and cold and still, that he had some difficulty to ascertain whether or no life were extinct. He carefully lifted him from his miserable couch, and finding that the child still breathed, unbuttoned his great-coat, and wrapping it round him, hurried with his burden to the police-station. There the kind man chafed Willie's stiff limbs by the warm fire, and revived the famished child with spoonfuls of hot bread and milk. Then he took off his wet rags and put him to bed. Another policeman came in, and when he saw the child, determined that he would ask the magistrate's leave next day to inquire at a refuge for friendless children, if little Willie could be taken in. He had been to a tea given to policemen at this Home, and his feelings had been touched by seeing numbers of children who were once destitute and miserable so lovingly cared for.

Sir Robert Carden readily gave permission, and Willie went with the kind policeman to a very large house. Over the door there was a board bearing this inscription: "Jesus beheld the city, and wept over it." In the windows there were beautiful texts, in large royal blue letters on white ground. Such comforting Bible words of welcome to the





RESCUED AND HAPPY.

outcast, and pardon to the sinful; one felt instinctively that this was a Home where the sorrowful and lonely would be loved and comforted for Jesus' sake.

When they rapped at the door, it was speedily opened, and a warm greeting awaited them. Few words were needed, for the case spoke for itself; for there stood little Willie, shoeless, shirtless, almost naked, except for a few of the dirtiest rags. His bones peeped through the emaciated skin; a large scald on the forehead and crown of the wellnigh bald head; the pale wan weary face, with deep sad hopeless eyes, and lips which nothing could move into a smile,—all bore a terrible testimony to the hard, painful life of physical and mental suffering, caused by want, starvation, and ill-usage, which had combined to render that little child the greatest object of pity ever seen.

At the station the little emigrants as usual repeated some texts at Miss Macpherson's request. Each child chose his own. When it came to Willie's turn, he said: "He loved *me* and gave himself for *me*."

It was not very long before friends found a permanent home for this dear child. A Canadian farmer adopted him, giving him his own surname, and treating him in every way as a son. Willie's health is quite restored; he is as strong and plucky a boy as one would wish to see, after four years' residence in that bright Canadian land.

Soon after he went out, he wrote to one of the ladies at Galt: "I write these few lines to you in hopes that this may find you quite well, as this leaves me at present. I hear that you are going home to England now. I am getting better by now. I can read pretty good, and do cums [sums] better now. I can work on the farm, and I have a yoaik of oxen, and I am going to yoaik them up this winter.

"I have a pear of white rabbits with red eyes, and they are in bed. I have a nice calf, I feed it every day. Father

is going to put me in a singing-class. I have had five pair of boots this twelvemonth. I have a nice dog, and her name is fan. Father makes me learn a task every Sunday because there is no sunday school near hand. I wish you would send me your likeness before you go to the old country, give my love to ——. Please tell them in England that I have got a good home and well off in Canada.”

Will you ask Jesus to open your eyes, and put his own love into your hearts this Christmas, and teach you how you may help him to seek and save the lost, for it is not his will that one of these little ones should perish.

“‘Call them in,’ the little children,
Tarrying far away — away;
Wait, oh! wait not for to-morrow,
Christ would have them come to-day.

“Hark! upon the crowded highway,
And amid the city’s din,
Sounds a child’s voice, sweet and solemn —
‘Oh! be sure and call them in.’”

I have already emphasized the fact that energy, tact, patience, and self-denial are required for the rescue of the friendless waifs of our streets. As for pleasure and profit, these have to be considered in another light than are valued in this metallic age. We cannot deny that there is deep, profound enjoyment in this self-imposed task: if there are thorns, there are also roses; if pains, there are also gains; if drawbacks, there are delights. I remember once plunging into the sea to rescue a lady who had been swept out by the treacherous undertow from a bathing resort on the Jersey shore. Her first words uttered in the joyful consciousness of safety thrilled my whole being and were an abundant reward for the risk involved in the effort: “Thank you, you have saved me.” They are simple words; a child could utter them. But under those circumstances, remembering

the uplifted face, grateful look, and the serious earnestness with which she spoke them, they remain a joyful recollection with me. They are words of life and ample reward, and have been a spur to duty and a solace in depression.

“Not many lives, but only one, have we —
 One, only one;
 How precious should that one life ever be —
 That little span!
 Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
 Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.

“We have no time to trifle: life is brief,
 And sin is here;
 Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
 A dropping tear:
 We have no time to sport away the hours.
 All must be earnest in a world like ours.”

In the emigration of every child to a land of room and plenty, a noble work is done, which of itself repays the brave reseruer. A slender sickly sapling is transplanted from a fœtid city atmosphere to the breezy prairie where it will surely thrive. Lord Shaftesbury, whose efforts on behalf of poor children have made his name a universal synonym for Christian philanthropy, relates the following interesting fact:—

I was walking through Scotland Yard the other day, and came upon two poor ragged boys, quite clean, but very ragged. To my surprise they accosted me with, “Good-morning, my Lord!” “Tell me now,” I said, “you go to a ragged-school, don’t you?” “Yes, my Lord.” Ah, the only place to make a perfect gentleman! The only hope you have of taming these roughs is by the influence of the gospel. I am certain also that many of these transplantations to the New Country are most valuable, inasmuch as in many cases they have lost all possibility of gaining an honest

livelihood among their old surroundings. Some years ago I received a "round-robin," signed by a number of thieves and burglars of the worst kind, inviting me to meet them at a certain place. I replied I would do so. They kept their appointment (there were about four hundred), and told me they wished to give up their bad lives, but did not know where to go. And now mark the sequel. We succeeded in gaining the hearts of these men, and managed to send some of them abroad; some went to America. One of my sons was traveling in the Western States; reaching a farmhouse he was met by a man who showed him much ready hospitality. After a little my son prepared to depart. He was traveling on foot, carrying his bag with the name painted on. He had only gone a few paces when the farmer came running after him: "I say, sir, is your name Ashley?" "Yes," was the reply. "Are you a son of Lord Ashley?"* "Yes." "Here, Luke, Jim, Harry, Poll, come here and see the man whose father saved me from ruin." Such was the result, in at least one case, of the round-robin from the thieves and burglars.

It is well, still further, to explain the *modus operandi* of the transplantation which takes place. A visitor, in his capacity as journalist, details Miss Macpherson's plan:—

A short visit to Miss Macpherson's Distributing-Home gave us an insight into the "inner life" of the Home and the system upon which the work of managing the boys is carried out here. We have seen by the pamphlets and circulars so freely sent around, that in Britain there are refuges and training-homes in the large cities. These refuges or receiving-homes have been established for the purpose of receiving the little waifs from the streets of the great cities. Boys who have been left orphans and totally unprovided for; those

*The Earl of Shottesbury's family name.

also who are as homeless and destitute as orphans—the children of drunken parents; in fact, all the friendless and indigent little “Arabs” who swarm in the thoroughfares of the large centres of population, hundreds of whom, like Topsy, scarcely know whether they had father or mother, and, may be, like her, “spees they growed,”—all these little waifs are made welcome in the houses of refuge. There is no circumlocution office here, no soliciting of the votes of “Charity” office-bearers, but on the principle that “while the grass is growing the steed is starving,” the little wanderers are taken in and cared for. There they undergo medical inspection, to see if skin diseases or any physical infirmity require treatment; if so, they are attended to at once. Thorough cleanliness is the rule—soap and water are elements of faith and works combined in this noble institution—and good food and comfortable clothing follow as natural consequences. The little waifs, ranging from three years old and upward to fifteen and sixteen are next sent to the Training-Home at Hampton, where instruction, mental and physical, is imparted. The rudiments of an English education are there taught and religious instruction attended to, and the work of an ordinary farm-servant forms part of their daily routine of duties. They are thus gradually weaned from the habits of their street life and started on the road which leads to comfort and respectability. After due preparation at Hampton, the boys are shipped off by detachments to the Distributing-Homes in Canada, of which Blair-Athol Farm is one, and here on Saturday we found thirty-five boys, of ages ranging from five to sixteen. We were kindly invited by Mr. Thom who has for some time assisted in the management of the Home in Belleville, to walk about the premises and see the progress of the alterations which are making. The dinner-bell was ringing as the little band soon mustered from the fields. After a wash they

filed off to where dinner was served on two tables in the barn, which is necessarily used at present until the dormitories are erected. Ranged in standing order at the back of the seat they first sang an appropriate grace in verse, their hands reverently shading their eyes, and then at the word of command each took his place in front of a plate heaped with meat and potatoes, which they attacked with a zest which testified to the appetizing effects of their outdoor labors. From the "dinner-room" we were taken to another part of the barn where the sleeping-berths have been placed in an airy and comfortable place. The berths are ranged in two tiers as in a steamer, and the bed-clothes are all of excellent materials. We could not help contrasting the comfortable, homelike aspect of everything about the place, even now before arrangements have been brought to anything like perfection, with the condition of the little castaways on the streets of London and Glasgow, whose beds are in old packing-cases, under the arch of a bridge, on a doorstep, or amid the squalor and disease of tenement-houses. The applications to adopt the boys are coming in in surprising numbers. Many have already been sent from the Galt Home* to various parts of the country, chiefly to be adopted by well-to-do farmers, in whose families they will be trained to habits of industry and be treated to all the comforts of Canadian farm life.

*The Home has recently been removed to Stratford, Ontario.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

The Canny Scotch Shepherd. — Human Pearls. — Future Transfiguration. — Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness. — Charlie Maquba Sitwana. — Natural Pantomime. — Clothes "Too Heavy! too Hot!" — Thirst for Knowledge. — "My Nose is Very Ill." — "Give Wife and Money! well! well!" — Hearing of the White Animals. — Going to See the World. — Description of Kafir Life. — The German Missionary. — Worshiping the Serpent. — Kafir Code of Morality. — The Deserters. — Great London. — King Coffee. — A Cruel Deception. — Charlie's Teetotalism. — Searching for Utjebaz Ujojo. — The Brothers Meet. — Charlie a *Real* Missionary. — Dublin "Arabs." — The Little Irish Boy. — The Pass-ticket. — "John Three Sixteen." — His New Name. — The Boy's Delirium. — The "Something Else." — The Nun's Beads. — The Young Missionary. — How Poor Children Suffer. — "Billy's Dead." — Nell's Idea of Heaven. — The Garret Bleak and Bare. — Nell Seeking the Rose. — "Just a Rose to take to Bill." — The Fretful Lady. — "Billy's Dead, so is Billy's Sister Nell."

THERE is a story told of a canny Scotch shepherd, who was frequently noticed wading in a certain river. When questioned about his novel exercise, he promptly replied that cold water was a good thing to strengthen weak ankles. He could not however hide the real secret, which, notwithstanding his caution, crept out. The close-minded Sandy had been finding pearls in the river mussels. No wonder he was often seen where such treasures were found. Could we trace the shepherd's pearls to their settings, we might discover them among the gems of royalty. But pearls are pearls, while human lives are treasures, of another sort.

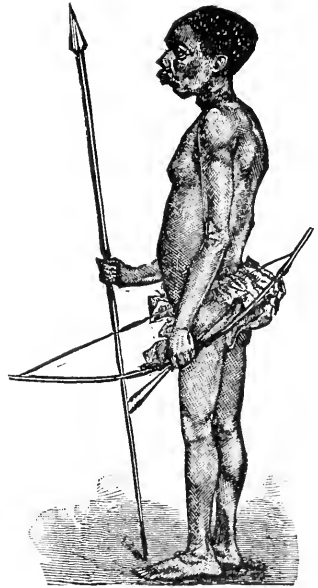
Down deep in the muddy bed, buried beneath misfortune, negligence, and poverty, lies many a human being waiting for some earnest seeker to come that way. He who gropes with diligent search will secure many of these — the perishing children of our land. These human pearls are lost in various ways. There are orphans bereft of both parents; children driven from home by cruelty or neglect; destitute children, whose parents may be sick or out of work; and those who

have wandered from their homes in self-will—prodigals not yet come to themselves. Scientists tell us the diamond is crystalized carbon. What a sublime transformation! But a thousand-fold more glorious is the change which takes place when a poor lost one is found by the Great Shepherd of the sheep, and brought from darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Yet this is only the first phase of that transfiguration which is completed at the resurrection. For, whatever be the gain to the believer who departs to be with Christ, we know the fuller glory is reserved until the hour of Christ's return.

My purpose in this chapter is to call attention to the fact that "Arabs" universally are susceptible to the transforming power of the gospel. Oh! how rich the rewards in store for those faithful servants whose aim in the temporal rescue of these "Arabs" is but a step towards their more important deliverance, namely, freedom from the curse and power of sin.

When on a visit to London, on one occasion, I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness, at Harley House. Mr. Guinness, whose name as an evangelist is still remembered in America, is also widely known through his writings. He is the Founder and Director of the East London Missionary College. Both himself and his gifted wife have devoted their later years to the work of educating and training young men for missionary labors among foreign nations. Several hundred students have thus passed through their Home, not a few of whom were formerly veritable "Arabs." Their mission embraces the world, and their candidates hail from many lands. Their hospitable Home being also a refuge for the oppressed, the writer there met with men from Ethiopia, Mesopotamia, and Kaffirland, besides many from European countries. It was there I became acquainted with two young Kaffirs, Charlie Maquba Sitwana

and his brother George. These were formerly savage young heathen, who had left their native home on the tramp, with hopes and ideas no more absurd than those which incite other boys in their vagrant life. I had many opportunities of talking with Charlie, who was fast learning the language, habits, and manners of England. Still he would mix things badly. Between his efforts to speak our native tongue, his excitement in relating some episode of his own history, and his clucking noises and dramatic action, he often failed to make himself intelligible. I could at times imagine myself in Kaffirland listening to the natives narrating their deeds of war, as I watched his motion and action, keeping up at the same time a peculiar sound made with his tongue, and interjecting his broken English. I fear I often started Charlie on those exciting topics relating to his home life for my personal enjoyment. To *see* him speak was to witness natural pantomimé; to hear him, I considered a great treat. But Mrs. Guinness' charming pen will give us the hope and history of this Kaffir "Arab":—



It was astonishing to observe how the enacting of these long familiar scenes seemed to change the decorous and almost gentlemanly young man—for Charlie acquired with singular facility the ease of manners and the politeness of deportment of a real gentleman—back again, in a moment,

into the wild and ferocious young savage. The almost supernatural variety of unearthly noises he was capable of producing, in moments of intense excitement, gave the impression that a score of savages, instead of one, were shouting and yelling simultaneously in the room, while the sudden and peculiar leaps of kangaroo-like length, which he was capable of unexpectedly making, strengthened the impression, for he seemed to be in two or three places at a time. Yet he never failed to explain that he really could not do these things in true style, on account of his clothes: "Too heavy! too hot!" It needed a man to be nicely greased up to the shining point, and clad solely in red tattoo, to do them properly! And then he would apologize for the poor impression conveyed of the reality, saying, "One man nothing! you should see plenty, plenty Kaffir men, more than a thousand, all do it, exactly same time, and then!" Imagination was left to call up the scene, but most of his auditors probably felt it was exciting enough to see a solo rehearsal, and felt little desire to witness the real performance.

Afterwards turning from the gay to the grave, Charlie would wipe his brow, and, transformed in a moment from the young savage describing his people to the young Christian pleading for them, he would, in earnest and tender tones, urge the claims which their utter ignorance gives them on the sympathy and help of the English. "They don't know! They know nothing! They don't know about God, about Jesus, about Bethlehem, about Calvary, about 'God so loved the world,' about sin; don't know what is sin, think sin very good, very best; don't know about love, about kindness, only about war and fighting; don't know how to do anything, or to read or write; don't know at all; like animals! And you!" And then he would dilate on what we know, in a way that showed that, infinitesimally small as was his conception of the white man's real attainments, yet that knowledge

seemed to him the principal thing, precious beyond any of the precious treasures and numerous advantages possessed by England. He seemed strongly of Solomon's opinion: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding"; for his thirst for knowledge was remarkable.

But we must try now to reproduce an outline of one of his addresses. There was a *naïveté* about them that sometimes made the temptation to laugh irresistible, and happily he never seemed pained at being laughed at. On one occasion in Birmingham he was suffering from a cold, and had a painful little swelling on one side of his nose. After I had briefly introduced him to a drawing-room meeting, and given a few particulars of his country and tribe, he rose and began by saying, "Dear friends, I wish to speak to you about my people to-night, but *my nose is very ill!* I do not know if I can, but I will try, *if my nose will excuse me!*" But in general he conformed remarkably well to the usages of society, and seemed quite at his ease in any company. On taking him to tea one evening with some friends who are blessed with a family of eleven young daughters, Charlie gazed on the group of girls with unfeigned admiration, and then turning to their father said: "You would be *very* rich man, O, very, very rich in my country." "How so?" "Such plenty nice daughters! Each one bring you so many cows. Some man want a wife; he come and ask for one of your girls; you say, 'Yes! for ten cows, twenty cows—very clever girl, *fifty cows.*' That man give you so many cows you want for your daughter, and with all these daughters, you very, *very* rich!" "Oh, but in our country we have to give our daughters, and give money too if we can!" With extreme astonishment Charlie took in this fact: "Give wife *and* money! Well! well! you are very very kind! too kind! much too kind! In Africa, *no cow, no wife!*"

In public address he needed a little prompting now and then, to recall to him the subjects on which he wished to speak. He kept mostly to the autobiographical style, somewhat as follows:—

“When I was a boy in Africa my father sent me to keep sheep. In Africa men don’t work at all, women work, but men dress their hair and fight and talk; boys keep cattle, not in little fields like yours, with gates and hedges and walls—in wide big open places where lion may come, or leopard to catch them; the boys watch, and if lion comes, make a great noise, great great noise, frighten him away. One day some boys tell my brother and me they been to Durban [Natal], and seen many, many wonderful things, big houses and ships, and looking-glasses, and most wonderful things, and white animals like men and women, and they make strange noises nobody could understand, like this.” (Here he would imitate the sounds of the English language as it struck the Kaffir ear on first hearing it; making everybody laugh at the rapid, sharp, fine bird-like chattering sounds, which certainly, in comparison to the long, sonorous Kaffir tones, seemed more like animal noises than human speech.)

“This make my brother Ujojo and me think we must go and see these white animals, and these wonderful things, and we ask our father to please to let us go to Durban and come back again, and he say, ‘Yes, for three months.’ That’s three or four years ago now, and we never go back yet; but we want to go and tell our father, and our king, and all our people, about all things we have learnt. We leave our country and walk long way quite naked, but when we come near Durban some Kaffir man tell us: ‘Must not go on quite naked; white animal don’t like it! must get clothes.’

“O dear, O dear! what must we do? we got no clothes, we don’t know about clothes, what they for, where they can

be got; so we stop and work, for get some; men give us money, some big brown, some little white in his hand; we like big penny best, and take it always, till some Africa man say to us: 'No! little white shilling the biggest money!' Then we get some clothes, trousers, and boots, and put them on to walk on to Durban. But O dear! O dear! what must we do? so tight! can't walk! so very tight! hurt our foot, feel as if tied up; must take them off; man say no, must keep them on, else white animal put in prison. We not know what prison mean, but very much afraid if white animal angry with us; so keep clothes on, and soon could walk and work too in them.

"Then we come to Durban. Very much surprise! look at everybody and at everything. All white animals got clothes, much clothes, and houses, big big houses, with walls upright and doors so very high! Kaffir house door so low as chair here [then going down on all fours he would show how they creep into the Kaffir huts], and inside all dark, no window, no fireplace, fire on floor, no chimney, house full of smoke, make eyes water, very sore, no chair, no table, just sit on floor in smoke and dark.

"Durban houses beautiful, like yours, and we saw books and looking-glasses; these make us laugh very much — like water. When Kaffir man do his hair very well, he go look in water and see how grand he look — but never could think how to make looking-glass! In Durban everybody work, white man work, and white woman do her hair and talk! We think that bad way, not to make woman work; but now I know that is proper, because man is strong, and woman is weaker and got babies to mind. But Kaffir woman very strong, must put baby on back and work all same, make crops grow, and grind corn, and dig and build house; and when she get weak and very old and no use, Kaffir man say, this one no use now, must push her over, and then they take her

to steep place on top of hill and push her down, because no use, can't do anything. Now I know that's very cruel and wicked, and I want to go back and tell my people; and they sha'n't push my old grandmother over, I hope. She love me and my brother, and we want to go soon, to save her from being pushed over, and tell her about Jesus."

After working in a stable at Natal for some time, the brothers thought they knew enough about horses, and wished to go to sea, for they had become imbued with a desire to go to the white man's own country, to England, and learn many things. They had originally the impression that the white animals came out of the sea, but by degrees they understood that they came over the sea only, and that the land from which they came was more marvelous even than Durban itself. So they made their way to a vessel, and were guided by a kind providence to one commanded by a good captain, and which had a German missionary on board. This faithful man took a loving interest in the poor heathen lads, and began at once to give them some instruction. He furnished them with Kaffir Testaments, and began to teach them to read.

At first it struck them as an absurd and stupid process altogether: but when they got a notion of the result attainable, their ardor knew no bounds. To learn became the dearest wish of their heart; and they were soon able to make out their Testaments. From the first their hearts seem to have been attracted by the idea of a God of *love*, and of a human-divine Saviour. "O, my dear friends," Charlie would say, "you know about God, and I know now! He is kind, he does not want to hurt us; he is very, very good, he loves us. Africa man no think about God at all; he pray to serpent, but sometime when it thunder very loud, up in sky, then he frightened, and he say, 'Ah! now God up there! God! he very wicked man! he want to kill us all.'



"COME UNTO ME."

But he no pray to him even then; he do so" (imitating the strange, fierce, defiant, horrid noises and gestures directed by these poor heathen against the mighty thunderer, of whom they have no other conception than of a malicious enemy). "Africa man not like God; he pray very much to serpent to help him stop the thunder, or make him well, or keep his father or his child from dying." And then he would intone a strange, weird, monotonous chant, whose tones were full of the most abject supplication, and the gestures accompanying which were intensely expressive of real fear and humble worship, the address or prayer to the serpent which is poor Africa's only God. One felt inclined to weep at the thought of myriads of fine, intelligent men, thus deluded by the devil into defiance and distrust of the great and good God, and into real, slavish terror and veneration of a vile reptile!

The German missionary's instruction roused in these poor Kaffir lads a thirst after the knowledge of the true God, which was remarkable from its strength and intensity. When the ship reached Aden, they resolved to go ashore to try to find a school, though they had promised to help work the vessel to London, for their moral sense was at this time by no means sufficiently developed to recognize the evil of breaking a promise or telling a lie. Indeed, Charlie's explanations of the Kaffir code of morality made one feel how difficult it must have been for true ideas of sin and righteousness to penetrate their minds. "Kaffir man think it quite right to kill if another man do you harm, quite right to steal if you want something another man got, quite right tell lies if it come bad to tell truth, quite, quite right! He never shamed, never sorry, never feel bad for all such things, if nobody know. Only if found out, ah! then he done very, very wrong, to be so unclever as to be found out: then he shamed and very sorry because he didn't kill or steal cleverly and well; but if nobody find out, then he all right!"

Providentially, the lads, suspected as deserters, were taken up in Aden and put in prison, and subsequently returned to their ship. The captain, of whose wrath they were greatly afraid, received them, to their surprise, kindly, explained to them their folly in hoping to find a school in Aden, and their duty to be good boys and keep their promises. They loved him in consequence of this forbearance, and seem to have done all they could to try and please him. On reaching England, however, they were quite resolved not to return with the ship, but to stay and find a school. "Must learn something, must learn about Jesus more; German missionary gone, we know nothing, we cannot tell our people enough about God; must find a school. We told captain; he say, 'No; you be lost in London, better come back!' We say, 'No, God take care of us; we must go to school.' He say, 'School not for you, school want money, better come back.' We say, 'Must work for money, but *must* find school.' So at last captain he bring us on shore, find lodging, and tell man we got four pounds each and must take care of it, and then he say good-by.

"Then we go out see London! oh, so very, very big—such a noise! so many men and horses and trams, we much frightened. We asked many people, 'Please, sir, show us a school,' but nobody show. Some people laugh, some talk, and we can't understand, and many days we asked and find nothing. Then man at lodging say one day he found work for me, and I must give him my money to take care of it, and he show me work. So I gave him all my money, and he took me away from my brother, far away over London Bridge, and bring me to Sanger's Circus. After I left my brother George one or two streets, I very, very sorry; knew I never could find him again! I wanted to cry, man would not take me back. Couldn't find the street where George was, any more than my country—London so big, such lots of

streets and people! Oh, I was very sad in my heart, very, very sad. Sanger's people made me 'King Coffee,' made me ride an elephant in grand red gown with feathers in head. made me take care of elephants. In Africa we see plenty elephant, but not come near him! not *catch* him! oh! no, no! Very much afraid of elephants. But now every day must ride him and show people, and hear music, and be with wicked men, and people laugh at me. My heart very sad, very sorry! No George, no school, no book, no learn about God! I could only pray; every day I did pray to God: O, God bring me back to George, and teach us, and take us back to our father and our people."

It was indeed a cruel deception that had been practised on the lad, to part him thus from the brother to whom he clung with intense affection, and place him in the midst of the ungodly scenes of a traveling circus. But he was helpless, and for more than a year he wandered over England with this menagerie, forming, as King Coffee mounted on his elephant, one of the most attractive features.

But the cry of the poor Kaffir, whose whole soul was athirst for the knowledge of God, was not despised or forgotten. During the interval, George, the elder of the two, had by a series of providential incidents, which we have not space to relate, been led to our Mission Institute at Harley House, where he made marked and rapid progress in the knowledge of the truth, and proved himself by his conduct a most humble, earnest, and consistent Christian. Charlie was, by the same kind Providence, kept in the most remarkable way from the contamination and injury which might have been expected to result from the strangely exposed life he was leading and the associations into which he was thrown. One element of safety lay in the fact that he never was persuaded to touch *alcohol*, of which indeed he seemed to have a kind of natural horror. He shrank from

the company of his mates, never shared in their revels, and preferred the society of his elephant. The men do not seem to have been kind to him, and he was lonely and desolate.

At last the circus returned to London, and Charlie's resolution was soon taken. He would leave it, and trust God to guide his footsteps through the perplexing maze of London streets to his brother; and if he could not find him, if he was gone back to Africa, he would try to follow. So he took his leave of lion and tiger and elephant, and laid aside without regret King Coffee's robes and feathers, and set out on his apparently hopeless search. He had command of a little more English now, so he did not feel quite so helpless. By following the river he soon found his way to the street where he had left his brother, which he was overjoyed to recognize, but he could hear no tidings either there or elsewhere of George. After days of asking, "Do you know where is my brother Utjebaz Ujojo?" and getting a variety of negative replies, he began to despair. Tired and sick at heart, he turned one evening into a sailors' Bethel chapel, where on first landing he and George had gone and listened with delight, though they understood little but the name of Jesus Christ. The missionary conducting the service recognized him, and when after the service Charlie anxiously addressed to him his usual question, he at once replied: "Yes, to be sure I can. George has gone to learn to be a missionary to his people; he is at Harley House, in the Bow Road, not very far from here." "Then I was very, very glad. I feel my heart hot, and jump up! then I begin to cry and to thank God. Then I say, my brother Ujojo not gone back; he gone to school at last; I shall see him. I was too happy, too glad. I say to minister, 'Please take me to Harley House,' but he write name down on piece of paper, and I got out—I find a boy and say, 'Do you know this place?' 'Yes, I know, it's a big house; where there's a lot of young men.'

‘Yes, my brother Ujojo is there, you take me there very quick. I want to run.’ At last we come to Harley House — I asked for my brother. He not there, he at Burdett Road ” (then one of our dormitories): “ we go there: as we go down Burdett Road, I see George coming. I call Ujojo, and I run, and he run, and we kiss and laugh and cry, and thank God!”



We well remember the day when George — quiet, gentle, Christian George — came with a countenance full of emotion to tell us he had found his brother. Struck with the young man’s earnest wish to learn, we received Charlie into the institution, not as a student, for we did not know him then to be even converted, but as a servant. He was with us about two years, and won all hearts both in London and at Cliff. The grace of God was very apparent in him, and his one burning desire was to become a missionary. His great delight when he first got a proper long black coat was amusing. He buttoned it and stroked it and said — his black face glowing with joy: “Now I *real* missionary!”

We explained that the distinctive characteristic of being a missionary lay in the heart rather than the coat, and he quite understood that, but he added: "Love of God inside, *and black coat*, then that *real* missionary!"

Poor Charlie! he is gone back to his people now, for his lungs began to suffer, as is generally the case with Kaffirs after a year or two of our climate, and we thought he would improve more rapidly in a mission-school in Natal, where he might be instructed in his own language. One kind friend paid his passage, and others have undertaken to endeavor to raise the money needed to pay for completing his training for a year or two, and then we hope he will go out as a native evangelist to preach Christ to his people, and be made a blessing to very many.

Into whatsoever city Jesus Christ has come, and called disciples after him, there we find philanthropy, reform, and missionary enterprise. It argues well for the Christian religion that its advocates are the pioneers of every good work. The gospel which brings peace to the sinner, also imparts a life which has world-wide sympathies. The believer is saved by grace, and enters immediately into schemes for saving others; for grace is an energizing power, filling the consecrated heart and then flowing out in gracious acts towards the graceless. Christianity is unselfish; it makes a man think of those who are lost, and reaches out its merciful arms to save such, soul and body. Therefore, where the Christian is, do we hear of Christian endeavor. In Dublin there has existed for some years a Refuge for the wandering street Arabs. Many have been gathered in from the highways and hedges, to fill the vacant seats at the table.

Friends interested in these poor homeless wanderers go forth at night into the lanes and streets of the city, with tickets of admission. Each ticket bears a verse of Scripture,

and the same verse is given to every person, and serves for a password for that night only. Every day the text is changed, but every night the same welcome awaits the wanderer; and "whosoever will," can find rest and shelter from the cold, hard world without, and drink of the water that springeth up into everlasting life.

There was a little Irish boy, a wanderer in the streets of Dublin — a city "Arab," homeless, houseless, and friendless. From childhood to boyhood he had been sinking into lower depths of misery, and it was ending in his becoming the associate of thieves. Weariness and terror often made him long for something else; but he was alone, hungry, and forlorn, and so he was becoming the slave of wicked men. - One dark cold night in November, he was awaiting his accomplices; the hour had not yet struck when the evil deed should take place — they had planned to commit a burglary in a house where the boy kept watch. The moon gleamed forth at intervals from the heavy clouds, and the robbers must wait until all was dark before they could attain their wicked purpose.

Brighter and brighter the moon shone forth — so bright that it cast a dark shadow on the boy's path as he hid himself behind the portico of the house. Some one was there! Was it one of the thieves, to see if he were there? Was it the police, aware of their evil intentions?

No! A voice not unkind, but with command in its tone, inquired: —

"Boy! what are you doing here so late? Go home, and go to bed; lads like you have no business in the streets at such an hour as this! Go home!" he repeated, as the boy did not move.

"I have no home to go to — no bed," replied the young "Arab," and his voice trembled.

“Poor fellow,” said the stranger, compassionately; “would you go to a home and a bed if I procured you one?”

“That I would, gladly,” replied the boy, as the cold north-east wind swept over his shivering frame, and carried the clouds away, so that the full light fell on the face of a gentleman, whose kindly smile shone brighter and warmer than moonlight on the heart of the wanderer. He gave the name of the street and the number, and the lad was hurrying off, when the gentleman recalled him.

“But how are you going to get in, my boy? You must have a pass-ticket as well as an invitation before you can be admitted. Take this; this is for you. Can you read?”

“No,” replied the lad, sadly. “I never learned.”

“Well, remember on this ticket is, ‘John Three Sixteen.’ Repeat it after me: ‘John — Three — Sixteen.’”

He eagerly repeated it.

“Now do not forget this is to give you a home and a bed, and is to do you good.”

Off ran the lad with his precious ticket, repeating his lesson without a moment’s cessation, until he arrived breathlessly at the street-door of the house indicated to him. He rang the bell fearlessly, for had not that kind friend told him that “John Three Sixteen” would procure him a home and a bed, and do him good? The night-porter opened the door and in a gruff voice inquired: “Who’s there?”

“It’s me, please,” gasped the boy. “Please sir, I’m ‘John Three Sixteen.’”

“All right,” responded the porter; “that’s the pass for to-night. Come in.”

The poor fellow soon found himself in a comfortable bed, his heart running over with gratitude for the shelter not only from the cold night wind, but from his evil companions, and again and again he repeated: “I’ll always be John Three Sixteen — it be so lucky.”

He slept soundly until morning, when he reluctantly left the place which had so wonderfully afforded him rest, food, and shelter, solely on the strength of his new name.

He was again on the streets. Who knows how soon his evil associates would have enticed him to be again a partaker of their evil deeds, had not the Hand, "mighty to save," snatched him from the mouth of the pit. In crossing a crowded thoroughfare, he was run over by a cart, and carried to the nearest hospital. Before taking him into the ward, he was asked: —

"Are you a Protestant, or Romanist?"

He did not understand anything about *that*; he only knew he was John Three Sixteen.

"Well," said the warder, "he's very badly hurt: carry him in — *John Three Sixteen* — or whatever his name is. Poor lad! poor lad!"

Men carried him into the accident-ward, and laid him down tenderly, and watched him till the surgeon came, and often he whispered to himself as he laid there: "How lucky I am since I had my new name; I'll always stick to it, that I am John Three Sixteen."

But soon everything was forgotten in his pain; fever set in, and delirium followed: but all the night long at intervals he repeated: "John Three Sixteen! John Three Sixteen! It *was* to do me good, and so it has."

Many in that ward, awakened by that ceaseless cry, stretched forth a feeble hand to turn the leaves of the Testament by their side, to learn what the continued repetition of the text meant. The holy Spirit blessed it *that* night to several souls, for it was God's own word, and he has promised that his word shall not return unto him void.

Oh! how good it is that God's word cannot lie: that his promise can never change, and his word endureth forever. Try it. Prove him. Believe him.

Time went on. Our little lad awoke to new life. He gazed about him as he seemed to awake from a long sleep. Many eyes were fixed on him. At last a patient from one of the wards near him, said: "John Three Sixteen! how are you?"

"How did you know my name?" inquired the boy, eagerly.

"Know it, my lad! Why you have never ceased telling us of it; and I for one say, *Blessed John Three Sixteen.*"

The boy marveled how any one could call *him* blessed, the poor "Arab" of the city, for whom no one had ever cared,



before he had this new name. And then, for the first time in his life, he heard those life-giving words that had brought salvation to many, and were now ordained to bring life to him: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Yes! he — the poor orphan boy, who had early learned the bitter

wages of sin (for the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel), he, the companion of thieves, was saved — not condemned. "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved" (verse 17). Yes! God so loved the poor city "Arab," that he had given his own beloved Son to die for him, that he might be saved. He had gone before him to prepare a home for him, for "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

“God *so* loved the world,” repeated the happy boy: “oh, but it is beautiful! Not only a home for a night, or such kind folk when one is sick, but a home *always*. I’ll learn every word of it. John Three Sixteen!” And so he did, and fed upon the precious words that were set before him, often saying, —

“I have not only got a new name, but the ‘something else’ that was to do me good.”

His recovery was very slow; for the Lord had not done without cause all that he had done: and many occasions presented themselves when the words he fed on were to feed others through his instrumentality.

An elderly man was brought into the same ward in a dying state, and many people came in and went out, and only his groans were heard.

At last a nun addressed the new patient:

“Well, Patrick! how is it with you?”

“Oh, badly, badly, — I’m dying! and what will become of me, big sinner that I am?”

“But hasn’t the priest been to see you?” inquired the lady. “What more do you want?”

“Aye, true,” replied the dying man, “but it has only made me worse. He has anointed me with the holy oil. I’m a big sinner still, and marked now for death.”

“Look here,” said the nun, “I’ll put these beads round your neck: they were blessed by the Pope, and they will help you to die comfortably.”

So the beads were hung round the neck of the poor man, but he groaned on, and continued to cry: —

“Ho! ho! what shall I do? I am a big sinner, and surely going to hell.”

Who ever heard of a string of beads comforting a soul bound down with sin, and soon to face a just God and a Saviour! A poor shivering soul on the brink of eternity!

"I'll just try my password," said our poor "Arab." "I found it lucky for a bed, and now I have found it good for a home for everlasting. Poor fellow! perhaps *he'll* find it lucky too."

Then in solemn tone and slow, with emphasis on every word, the boy repeated:—

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

There was deep silence in the ward while this young missionary gave forth the message of salvation. Hope dawned on the face of the death-stricken man, who implored for it to be repeated again and again.

The holy Spirit gave peace to the despairing soul, and the "big sinner," saved by grace at the eleventh hour, recognized a merciful High Priest in Jesus, ever living to make intercession for him, and he passed into the shadow of death, trusting in the merits of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

The young missionary came more and more under the influence of the living Word. He did not die, but lived to declare the glory of God, who "so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Many in after years knew our young missionary as "Blessed John Three Sixteen." It was his text, his motto, his song of praise, all the days of his life. He gave it forth in the lanes and the streets of the city, by the wayside, or wherever an ear could listen. The power of the holy Spirit rested on his message of mercy strong to deliver from the power of evil; and in simple faith he held forth the Word that cannot fail, the promise that abideth forever, and God honored it and made it fruitful, and it taught many the power of the Word of God as the password for eternity.

The sufferings of the children of the poor are touchingly set forth in the following pathetic poem. It is a sad fact that in numberless instances children are born, live, and die in wretched alleys or courts, which they rarely or never leave until their spirits enter the "great big playgrounds up above," and their wasted bodies are hurriedly hid away in the pauper's grave.

THE ROSE THAT BOUND THEM.

Billy 's dead, and gone to glory — so is Billy's sister Nell;
There 's a tale I know about them were I poet I would tell;
Soft it comes, with perfume laden, like a breath of country air
Wafted down the filthy alley, bringing fragrant odors there.

In that vile and filthy alley, long ago, one winter's day,
Dying quick, of want and fever, hapless, patient Billy lay;
While beside him sat his sister, in the garret's dismal gloom,
Cheering with her gentle presence Billy's pathway to the tomb.

Many a tale of elf and fairy did she tell the dying child,
Till his eyes lost half their anguish, and her worn, wan features smiled;
Tales herself had heard haphazard, caught amid the Babel roar,
Lisped about by tiny gossips playing at their mothers' door.

Then she felt his wasted fingers tighten feebly as she told
How beyond this dismal alley lay a land of shining gold,
Where, when all the pain was over — where, when all the tears were
shed —
He would be a white-frosted angel, with a gold thing on his head.

Then she told some garbled story of a kind-eyed Saviour's love,
How He 'd built for little children great big playgrounds up above,
Where they sang and played at hopscotch and at horses all the day,
And where beaules and policemen never frightened them away.

This was Nell's idea of heaven — just a bit of what she 'd heard,
With a little bit invented and a little bit inferred;
But her brother lay and listened, and he seemed to understand,
For he closed his eyes and murmured he could see the Promised Land.

“Yes,” he whispered, “I can see it — I can see it, Sister Nell; Oh, the children look so happy, and they’re all so strong and well; I can see them there with Jesus — He is playing with them, too! Let us run away and join them, if there’s room for me and you.”

She was eight, this little maiden, and her life had all been spent In the garret and the alley, where they starved to pay the rent; Where a drunken father’s curses, and a drunken mother’s blows, Drove her forth into the gutter from the day’s dawn to its close.

But she knew enough, this outcast, just to tell the sinking boy: “You must die before you’re able all those blessings to enjoy. You must die,” she whispered, “Billy, and I am not even ill! But I’ll come to you, dear brother — yes, I promise that I will.

“You are dying, little brother — you are dying, oh, so fast! I heard father say to mother that he knew you could n’t last. They will put you in a coffin, then you’ll wake and be up there, While I’m left alone to suffer, in this garret bleak and bare.”

“Yes, I know it,” answered Billy. “Ah, but sister, I don’t mind, Gentle Jesus will not beat me; He’s not cruel or unkind. But I can’t help thinking, Nellie, I should like to take away Something, sister, that you gave me, I might look at every day.

“In the summer you remember how the Mission took us out To a great green lovely meadow, where we played and ran about. And the van that took us halted by a sweet white patch of land. Where the fine white blossoms grew, dear, half as big as mother’s hand.

“Nell, I asked the good, kind teacher, what they called such flowers as those.

And he told me, I remember, that the pretty name was rose. I have never seen them since, dear — how I wish that I had one! Just to keep and think of you, Nell, when I’m up beyond the sun.”

Not a word said little Nelly; but at night, when Billy slept, On she flung her scanty garments, and then down the stairs she crept; Through the silent streets of London she ran nimbly as a fawn, Running on and running ever till the night had changed to dawn.

When the foggy sun had risen, and the mist had cleared away, All around her, wrapped in snowdrift, there the open country lay! She was tired, her limbs were frozen, and the roads had cut her feet, But there came no flowery gardens, her keen hungry eyes to greet.

She traced the road by asking — she had learnt the way to go;
 She had found the famous meadow; it was wrapped in cruel snow;
 Not a buttercup or daisy, not a single verdant blade,
 Showed its head above its prison. Then she knelt her down and prayed.

With her eyes upcast to Heaven, down she sank upon the ground,
 And she prayed to God to tell her where the roses might be found.
 Then the cold blast numbed her senses, and her sight grew strangely
 dim.

And a sudden awful tremor seemed to rack her every limb.

“Oh, a rose!” she moaned, “good Jesus — just a rose to take to Bill!”
 And as she prayed a chariot came thundering down the hill,
 And a lady sat there, toying with a red rose, rare and sweet;
 As she paused she flung it from her, and it fell at Nellie’s feet.

Just a word her lord had spoken caused her ladyship to fret,
 And the rose had been his present, so she flung it in a pet;
 But the poor half-blinded Nellie thought it fallen from the skies.
 And she murmured, “Thank you, Saviour!” as she clasped the dainty
 prize.

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Lo! that night from out the alley did a child’s soul pass away:
 From dirt and sin and misery to where God’s children play.
 Lo! that night a wild fierce snowstorm burst in fury o’er the land,
 And at morn they found Nell frozen, with the red rose in her hand.

Billy’s dead and gone to glory — so is Billy’s sister Nell;
 Am I bold to say this happened in the land where angels dwell? —
 That the children met in heaven, after all their earthly woes,
 And that Nellie kissed her brother, and said, “Billy, here’s your rose”?

CHAPTER XV.

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.

The Horse-leech. — Over Sixty Thousand Victims of Intemperance. — Laodicean Indifference. — A Roll of Distinguished Names. — Personal Effort. — Where are the Boasted Champions of Infidelity? — Christian Slavery (?) — “Survival of the Fittest.” — Resolution of a Barefoot Boy. — Single-hearted Devotedness. — The Orphan Homes of Scotland. — Rescue of Two Thousand Children. — Opposed to Endowments. — Children at Play. — The Home Idea Fully Carried Out. — A Ship upon the Meadow. — Canadian Farmers and Scotch Children. — Getting Equipped for the Journey. — Personal Attention Required. — Only One Hour for Personal Business. — Three Hundred Thousand Dollars in Answer to Prayer. — The City Home and Bridge-of-Weir. — A Physician’s Letter. — “What Hath God Wrought?” — Ninety-five per cent. Doing Well.

THIS is an age of activity in every department. The forces of good and evil have become intense. The agencies for the demoralization of the young are fearfully on the increase; their name is legion. Like the horse-leech, they cry give, give, give! and into their maw are flung the helpless victims, too weak themselves to cope with the powers of darkness. In one of our Western cities there are over *four thousand* saloons, more than *one thousand* houses of evil repute, besides *hundreds* of gambling-dens and other vile places of resort. Their patrons are chiefly young men, *fifty thousand* of whom flock to these dark dens every night. Not less than *twenty thousand* poor girls are morally and physically degraded in the same city. Within the boundary of this one town *seventy thousand* young people lost! lost! lost! In addition, *twenty thousand* children shiver in rags in the wretched homes of their drunken fathers, or seek the streets to escape the cruel treatment inflicted upon them. What untold suffering, what appalling misery, do these facts represent! In these United States over *sixty thousand* victims of intemperance are annually hurried to their untimely graves! How many “Arabs” come from this

national sin none can compute. Thus the Devil energizes his agents, instigating them to fulfil their cruel mission, allowing them no rest from their hellish deeds, for Beelzebub sleepeth never. The Bible is true; its predictions come to pass before our eyes. Evil men and seducers wax worse and worse as the end approaches. The love of many waxes cold. Laodicean indifference characterizes the professing church, and false teachers cry, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. The blood of the innocents cries out for vengeance, and the hour draweth near when "the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman," shall seek to hide themselves from the wrath of the Lamb. "For the great day of his wrath is come: and who shall be able to stand?" Now, it is somewhat remarkable that the men and women devoted to the work of saving the lost, and in sheltering the young, are generally found among those who believe that the second coming of the Lord is nigh. Inspired with the hope of Christ's imminent return, they have become intense in their Christian philanthropy. The following names are among the friends of childhood: George Müller, who maintains *two thousand orphans*; C. H. Spurgeon, caring for *five hundred*; Dr. T. J. Barnardo, sheltering over *one thousand*; William Quarrier, stretching his fatherly arms around *many hundreds*; D. L. Moody, who, in the midst of his herculean labors as an Evangelist for a quarter of a century, has never forgotten the little ones; E. P. Hammond, whose voice has reached thousands of children, bringing to them "the old, old story"; Miss Macpherson, the practical advocate of emigration; Mrs. Birt, whose children are found throughout Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Province of Quebec; Miss Rye, one of the pioneer workers in this good cause; Miss Bilbrough, by whose able management the Province of Ontario is replete with happy, healthy juve-

niles, — these, all known to the writer, are among the many who, in seeking to save the children from the Devil's wiles, illustrate in thousands the power of *personal effort*. Asylums, reformatories, and State institutions cannot compass all that



is needed to be done in alleviating the sufferings of destitute children, or in elevating them to a better life. Without State aid, disconnected from national organizations, unsupported by government, these unsalaried men and women are doing this great work of their own free choice — volunteer agents impelled by the spirit of Christ. And it is worthy of record, that not alone are they enrolled as Christians,

their life and labors show that they are devoted Bible Christians. Not the modern molluscuous sentimentalists, half infidel and half believer, who incline to

“Sit and sing their souls away to everlasting bliss.”

Their philanthropic consecration is the outcome of their personal faith. Take from these heroic souls, of whom I write, the Word of God, and you rob them of the motive, the guidance, and the power for their work. Deprive them of their faith and hope; degrade them to the level of an unbeliever, and the orphans' tears will continue to fall: helpless, hopeless, suffering, hungry, naked children will remain forsaken and neglected.

For fifty years good George Müller has supported and directed an Orphanage, giving shelter to *two thousand* orphans. His capital has been faith in God; his investments the promises of God; and in answer to believing prayer day by day the means have been supplied.

Where are the boasted champions of infidelity? Where the free-thinkers and free-lovers? They hold their annual conventions, where they deny the Christian religion and advocate freedom from its morality. They boast of their *philosophy*, but where is their *philanthropy*? They gabble about “the survival of the fittest,” and according to that inhuman theory the weak must go to the wall. What is the logical result of their unholy creeds? Down with your invalids, crush out your cripples, strangle your foundlings, and starve to death the feeble and the sick and the dependent! Let the “fittest” survive, for the race *is* to the swift, and the battle to the strong. O, you George Müllers, and Charles Spurgeons, and Dwight Moodys, and Braces, and Toleses, who have spent your years for the uplifting of the fallen and the restoration of the erring, impelled with Bible faith and Bible precept, have you not learned yet that you

spend your strength for nought? The humanity you have practised in your obedience to Scripture commands cannot be good, for the Book which enjoins it, and the Christ who exemplified it, are both false and fanatical. Beastly Bradlaughism, impious Ingersollism, frothy Freethoughtism, and cultured (?) Concord philosophy unite in their cry against the divine Christ: "Away with him! away with him!" And his disciples are treated as the Master. He who went about everywhere doing good, who fed the hungry, healed the sick, and comforted the widow, is, according to their dictum, unworthy of your worship and your allegiance. For he who alleviated human sorrow, and died for human guilt, was a cheat. In doing his will and in following his footsteps, you publish your own slavery. Arise then from your Christian drudgery, from your humanizing efforts, from your Bible benevolence, and preach the non-Christian doctrines of unbridled lust, until you help to bring about the millenium of radical communism, when the red hand of murder nerved by hellish greed shall determine "the survival of the fittest"! Then shall you win back your lost *manhood*, when purged from the influence of your mothers' prayers, freed from the bigotry of your fathers' faith, and loosened from every holy tie; no longer in bondage to virtue, to morality, to self-denying charity; practising the slavery of self-restraint no more, but, laying the reins loosely on the neck of self-love, spur on your steed unchecked along the highway of natural impulse and blind desire, until your brilliant, ungodly course is ended in the joyous hope of non-existence! But so deeply rooted is your prejudice, O Christian believer! that I know such advice coming even from the developed brain of modern thinkers (?) will be treated by you with undisguised contempt!

What a man will attempt for his fellow-creatures, under the teaching and inspiration of personal faith in the Lord Jesus

Christ, is seen in the lofty aim and successful work of Mr. William Quarrier. The graphic story of his remarkable career is thus sketched, by James Hendry, in *Good Words*:—

William Quarrier has put it beyond the power of any one to say that he cannot find a home for any poor outcast child. He is ready to receive the little ones by night or by day: to feed and clothe them, to teach and train them; and further, to find them a home and an honest career in one country or another. He has made this his life-work. And this is how the thing was begun: One day, when he was but eight years of age, William Quarrier stood in the High Street of Glasgow, barefooted, bareheaded, cold, and very hungry. The passers-by looked at him, but there was no pity or befriending in any face. "Is there no help for a poor lad among all these busy, smiling, comfortable people?" This was the question the starving boy had to ask himself. He had not tasted food for a day and a half; and the bitterness of poverty was upon him. Yet there in the open, compassionless street he made resolve that, if God would prosper him, he would not so pass by the children. This early purpose he never forgot. Working at his trade as a shoemaker, he still remembered it; for many years he labored and saved, that this his life-desire might be fulfilled. Grown to manhood he began to seek out and befriend the poor, homeless waifs who flit about in the darkness and busy desolations of a city like Glasgow. To this he gave nearly all his time and energy. Had he put his rare aptness for affairs and skill of organization into his own business, he would probably have been one of our most successful merchants. As it is, he puts his own success in the background and devotes himself ceaselessly to the cause of the poor, neglected children.

His first endeavor, made years ago, was to give them night

shelter and a kindly word. He rented a house in a poor district, that could boast of no more than four bare walls and a roof. Thus the beginning was very small. His first great difficulty was to find work for the boys, so few people were inclined to trust or take them in. Pushed on by his desire to teach them self-help, he organized a shoeblack brigade. He determined to make it self-supporting, and he succeeded. Thus begun, the work slowly grew to his hand, so that he was compelled to take a new departure.

Ten years ago he established the Orphan Homes of Scotland. It was a quiet, modest beginning: only a large room in a back lane, with a kitchen partitioned off, and the bare brick walls brightened with a few Scripture texts. That was a cold, wet November night when the first boy peeped in at the door. He was jacketless and shoeless, and all dripping with the rain. With a suspicious look round, he asked if there were any more boys going to sleep there that night, for, if not, he was n't coming in. Still, the genial warmth of the fire was very enticing, and he slowly slid inside the door. Then the kindly word was spoken; and when he felt somewhat at home the sodden rags were removed from him, and he was cleansed and clothed and fed. This was the beginning of the Orphan Homes of Scotland, ten years ago, by William Quarrier.

In that period he has rescued and set in the way of well-doing upward of two thousand children; while as many more have been casually helped. In the City Home, a building which cost forty thousand dollars, he shelters one hundred and twenty children; at Bridge-of-Weir, in Renfrewshire, he has ten Cottage Homes, where three hundred and fifty boys and girls are taught and cared for; and in the Govan Road Homes there are one hundred and thirty children training for emigration to Canada. Thus with the Invalid and other Homes he is able to accommodate upward

of six hundred little ones. During ten years the money placed at Mr. Quarrier's disposal by voluntary givers has been over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and the Homes he has erected have cost about two hundred thousand dollars.

This is a good work, and the spirit in which it was begun is characteristic of the man who has accomplished it. He resolved that no one should be called on for subscriptions; that no donors, while alive, should have their names published; that the accounts, examined by a qualified accountant, would be laid annually before the public; that no gift as an endowment of the work would be accepted; and that he would give his whole time and energy to the extension and maintenance of this his proper work. That these resolutions have been kept with unswerving faithfulness may be seen in the success attained, and also by the fact that he refused forty thousand dollars last year because it was offered in endowment of the work. Although we do not sympathize with him for this view of endowments, yet we can see that it required faith and courage to refuse this offer; especially when one considers that the increasing expenditure will soon demand a yearly income of fifty thousand dollars.

These, then, are some of the solid, outstanding facts and figures regarding the Orphan Homes of Scotland; worthy enough to be set down, but giving us more than a hint of the daily difficulty and loving kindness which underlie the bare statement of them. At the City Home, the little ones are brought in day by day. Here is the raw material out of which good citizens are to be made. Very unpromising to look at — unkempt, ragged, and dirty, with a quick, suspicious look in the wild eyes, and the raw, red marks of cold and cruelty set deeply on them. Theirs is the same old tale — father and mother drunkards or dead, and nothing but a life

of misery and crime before and behind them. Children picked up in the streets are the most difficult to deal with. They regard the Homes as a kind of private prison; they resent cleaning or curbing; and not infrequently break away into the old roving, unrestrained life. This only happens in the first few weeks of admittance. Very quickly they learn to know and appreciate the kindly individual interest taken in them. The City Home serves as a preliminary training and testing place. When they have taken on a little civilization, they are drafted into the Cottage Home in the country.

We did not see the children gathered together; for the day was Saturday and they were all in the playrooms of their separate Homes, or busy on the swings outside. The great storm of wind that had prevailed throughout the week was lulled to-day. It had strewn our shores with wreck, and made many a hearthside desolate: but here were these children — children of social wreck and desolate homes — making merry in the bracing November air. The sound of their laughter came very pleasant to us; more pleasant as we thought of whence they had come, each one of them with a tale of hunger and hardship. Then there was no foolish uniformity of dress nor any dull servility of demeanor to lessen the pleasure of meeting them. The boys touched their caps with a frank air; and when, on looking on through the "Washington Home," we took a peep into the playroom, we were greeted with, "Good-morning, sir, good-morning!" by a score of happy voices. The loud romp was hushed for a little as we looked around on the bright faces, but resumed as we went our way. There in the shining kitchen were busy housewife hands preparing dinner; and it was no small pudding that we saw tossed out steaming and spreading a rich savor; and no little toil has this mother with her thirty children to care for. Upstairs are three dormitories

with their thirty small beds, each with its tiny wardrobe for Sunday clothes and all little sacred possessions of book or doll. It is a delight to peep into these small wardrobes, for you can see a child's character in every one of them. Here also is the bathroom, with an abundance of pure water and an array of thirty little bags, each with its comb and brush. Looking at all these things we felt that this was indeed a true home; where all the individual needs and possessions were cared for and conserved.

Most of these fine buildings are the large gift of individuals. Here as an instance are the offices, built, as this carven stone tells us, by "T. C.": no gift, small or great, being acknowledged here by fuller designation than that. These offices contain engine-house, printing-office, joiner's shop, laundry, stables, etc. For it is in the purpose of Mr. Quarrier to give his boys an opportunity of learning a trade under skilled direction. It is also his intention to have a ship set upon the meadow by the riverside, where boys who have a strong desire for the sailor life may be enabled to learn a little of their profession before going to sea. In all things here there is a spirit of forethought and enterprise; so that when we drove homeward over the old bridge, it was with a feeling of pleased surprise at the greatness of the work and the silent, dreamlike way in which it had all arisen.

But there is another side of this noble work which we must note. It was very soon found out by Mr. Quarrier, that to give these children a few years' training, and then turn them back into the temptations of the city, was simply to undo all the good that had been done. So he bethought him that a scheme of emigration would be the best, as it seemed the only way to solve this difficulty. The wisdom of this scheme has been proved by its splendid success. Of the eight hundred and fifty-six children who have found a home in Canada, ninety-five per cent. have turned out well. So

well trained and such good children have they proved to be in Ontario, that there is no difficulty in finding comfortable homes for them. The farmers are very anxious to adopt them into the family circle; so that the one hundred and fifty-six children sent to Ontario in one spring were immediately provided for. Thus they have started in life far

away from the old evil associations and temptations, and amid healthy and encouraging circumstances.

The children to be thus dealt with are set apart and specially trained. This is done in the Cessnock and Elmpark Homes, situated in the suburbs of Glasgow. These two roomy country-houses, with open ground round about them, make good training-homes for the little emigrants.

Here we found one



A CHINESE "ARAB."

hundred and thirty boys and girls, in separate houses, gleeful with the prospect of going "out West" next year. The boys in their workshop, and the girls in laundry and kitchen, were busy as they well could be. In the school-room the smaller girls — and some of them were very wee — bent over slate or seam, but when we entered there was a greeting of blithe voice and happy face on every side. Then

they sang us a hymn, entitled "The Children's Jubilee." Every smallest voice was eager to join in when the elder girls took up the melody; every face was radiant with joy. The level morning sunlight came in through the wide window in a great flood and dazzled the room, and every little child there was touched by it. Still they sang of "Jubilee, jubilee!" and with such a stir of gladness in the chorus, and such a pathos of appropriateness in the words, that we had to stay our own singing, for our eyes were wet with tears when we thought of these little ones as they once were, and as now they were here to-day singing "Jubilee." They take great pleasure in the prospect of a home in that far country, for many are the cheery letters sent here by those who have already gone forth.

Yet the work of getting them equipped for the journey is very arduous. For many months beforehand, busy needles all over the country are preparing their outfit. Every child has its own store of dresses. Then there comes a day in the springtime when all the small boxes are packed, and the band of little emigrants is ready to go. There is a parting service, when hymns are sung, and God's blessing asked to be with the children. The carriages stand ready at the door, and there is laughter and scrambling as to whom shall be up first. So with flag-flying and with shouting they drive to the quay. A crowd lines the way, and there is a kind of triumphal procession, with much cheering. When the children are gathered on the ship's deck, — the boys in dapper jackets, the girls in red hoods, — they make a pretty and pleasant sight. The many friends and onlookers who crowd the wharves toss fruit and sweetmeats on board, to the great delight of the little ones. Then the big ship swings slowly out into the river, and the people cheer and the children send it back in earnest, led by Mr. Quarrier, who usually goes with them; and thus these rescued ones go forth to a

new life with many a "Good speed!" and "God bless you!" sent after them.

This, then, is the noble answer William Quarrier has given to the question: "What can we do with the city waif?" It is a reply of hard work and solid good accomplished. He has placed it in the power of Scotch people to find a home for any orphan child, and given undoubted evidence that it will be well trained and cared for. We have seen the children as he takes them in — wild, hungry, miserable; we have seen them as they are sent to Canada — clean, bright, joyous; and the contrast is so great, the change so good, that we cannot find words strong enough to express our appreciation of it. He has done much in self-sacrifice and devotedness during the last eighteen years. Yet his ambition is to do more.

In his statement of last year's work, Mr. Quarrier said: "That eight hundred and eighteen children and young people have passed through the Homes, five hundred and seventy of whom have been permanently helped, and two hundred and forty-eight casually, and that, too, at so small a cost, is a matter of great thankfulness to God. Eighteen years ago, when I began to labor among poor children, I devoted eight hours a day to that work, and found it increased on my hands. Six years afterward, while considering whether I could give more time to it, the Lord, in answer to prayer, sent \$10,000, to commence the Homes, and so decided the question for me. At that time I resolved that no family or personal interests should interfere with carrying forward the work of the Homes. I soon found that they required more personal attention than my former efforts, and that meant less time to my business, which had been carried on by me for twenty years, and was one of the largest and most successful of its kind in the city. In 1875, I gave up one third of it, at a considerable



THE STREET BOY ON A FARM.

loss of means and lessening of income, hoping to be able to do the work of the Homes and manage the other two branches. After four years, the pressure of the work necessitated giving up my second place of business, at a still further loss of means and income.

“From the beginning of the Homes, I may say that my whole time, seventeen hours a day, has been taken up in the work connected therewith, with the exception of one hour devoted to my own business. The increasing demands of the work will not even permit of that now, and I have resolved to give up the remaining branch of business — my only source of income. For the last four years it has been carried on at a loss by the necessity of having to pay others to do my share, so as to leave me free for the Homes. I believe now it was the Lord’s will years ago that I should do what I have now done. Work of such magnitude as he has called us to, needs constant supervision, and that I have given, so that my whole time, as well as that of my wife and family, has been occupied in it. This explanation is necessary, as some are under the impression that I have money invested, and that I live partly off the Homes. Such is not the case. I have no invested capital, *nor have I ever at any time lived off the Homes.* The opposite is the fact, as a considerable portion of my own means has been given and spent in the interests of the work. For the future I have resolved to continue in the same course: that is, not to touch anything belonging to the Homes, but to depend entirely on the Lord to send what I require for myself and family. I do not say that all should do as I have done, but if they are led by the Lord in the same way as I have been, there is no other course left open to them.”

During this year the Lord has sent, in answer to prayer, over fifty thousand dollars, and throughout the nine years the Homes have been in operation almost three hundred

thousand dollars; besides many articles of clothing, provisions, etc. Upward of fourteen hundred children and young people have been rescued and placed in the way of helping themselves. Two thousand children, and others, have been casually helped. Hundreds of thousands of tracts have been circulated among the poor and in low lodging-houses. Tens of thousands have had the gospel preached to them, and the Lord has blessed his own word to the conversion of many. The City Home, which is one of the finest buildings for the purpose anywhere, has been built at a cost of forty thousand dollars. Forty acres of land at Bridge-of-Weir have been purchased, and eight houses erected thereon, at a cost of over one hundred thousand dollars, and the Orphan Homes are in every way worthy of the land whose name they bear.

A Christian physician, who has many opportunities of judging the results of emigration in Canada, writes the following friendly note to Mr. Quarrier, fully endorsing his humane work in placing his children beyond the possibility of starvation, where also they can earn their own livelihood. This letter speaks for other workers engaged also in this important and benevolent enterprise:—

I have only recently received your last Report, or "Narrative of Facts," and find that the perusal of it has been so refreshing and strengthening to one's faith that I must write you a few lines. "What hath God wrought?" we are often led to say in view of something vast or wonderful which at once challenges our admiration; but how little heed do we give to the mighty works which are wrought through the Spirit by faith! "All things are possible to him that believeth"; but how weak is the faith! Oh, my dear brother, I do thank our Heavenly Father for your *work of faith and labor of love!* May your faith and love

grow exceedingly unto the praise of our God and the honor of the Saviour's name.

Your children in this section of Canada, of whom there are now a goodly number, are all, without exception, doing well. They are happy and contented, in comfortable homes, with good prospects in life. No doubt many of them, if not all, will be required to work hard; that, however, is not an evil, but a good thing, in this country. I have abundant opportunities, as I travel through the country, of seeing and hearing about the children, and, as I take a deep interest in their welfare, I always inquire about them, and seldom do I hear complaints. Of course, I do not mean to imply that everything is perfect; far from that. But it is wonderful, when we consider the antecedents and former history of the children, to find them turning out so well: *ninety-five per cent.* is, as far as my observation goes, warranted by the results. We remember your former visit to this place with much pleasure, although to you there must be a reminiscence of pain — *physical* pain. We look forward, if the Lord will, to greet you yet again. I enclose a small amount in aid of the Lord's work, as you may think best. I will be happy in being able to put a "brick" or a "stone" into the building.

CHAPTER XVI.

LOCAL CHARITIES.

Emigration Not Always Practicable. — Cripples' Homes. — Family Life the True Principle. — Dr. Howe's Plea. — Children Should be *Mothered*. — The First Reformatory Institution on the Family Plan. — People at first Sceptical. — Nineteen Years of Experience. — Wonderful Success. — Penal Systems Modified. — Objections Answered. — A Good Farm Needed. — A Good Location Near Markets Essential. — Everything Should be Made Educative and Pleasant. — Distinguishments in Dress Should be Avoided. — Make the Boy Self-sustaining. — The Home Must be Well Officered. — The Fountains of Influence. — Christian Gentlemen and Ladies. — Children's Charities in Towns and Villages. — What Neglected "Arabs" Become. — Village Charities. — Girls Harder to Manage than Boys. — City Charities. — Half-time Schools. — New York Experience. — Day Industrial Schools. — Cleanliness and Industry. — *Creches* for Babies. — Lodging-Houses. — How Prepared. — "Placing Out." — Must be Conducted with Great Caution. — Summer Homes. — Summary of Work Done by Children's Aid Society. — Financial Status. — Effects on Crime. — Sanitary Results. — Report from Kansas. — The Work of one Extensive Charity.

EMIGRATION is not always practicable. It cannot possibly embrace all who are worthy, and must leave untouched the countless incapacitated children of our towns and cities. But these must not be left to perish. There are in some quarters Cripples' Homes, for instance, whose doors are open to a certain class of unfortunate children. Here they are educated, taught trades, and prepared for the battle of life, for which before they were so illy fitted. Sometimes a fee is charged which covers the board and clothing of each boy. This gives opportunity to any well-disposed person to make selection of a disabled child and pay the amount required. One such Home is thus advertised:—

"The institution is not a hospital for the sick, nor a union for the destitute, nor a criminal reformatory for outlaws, but a home for the tender care and wise training in industry, morals, and religion of those who, from no fault of their own, are afflicted and helpless, and so to educate

them that they may hereafter be able to earn an honorable living for themselves."

The educational and moral instruction forms a chief part of the training, and hundreds of poor crippled lads having been graduated from this college are now living truly



TICKETS FOR CHARITY SOUP.

Christian lives, manly, independent, and instead of being a burden are proving a blessing in their respective circles.

Of late years the *home* and *family* system has become popular. For children, no doubt, this is the true principle, and if the home system had not a large place in the emigration department it would be robbed of much of its value.

Not only *homes*, but *villages*, are now established for the reception of neglected or orphaned juveniles, to be under

matronly care and training until fitted for their life-calling, whether service, a trade, or a profession. No child can look upon an asylum, reformatory, or poorhouse, as a *home*, and when cut adrift from these institutions, which gave them friendly shelter, are disposed to think of them only to be classed with prisons and penitentiaries.

In the Report of the seventh annual conference of Associated Charities, I have met with an able paper on this subject by Dr. Howe. It is altogether so excellent and apropos that I cannot forbear a lengthened quotation.

The doctor pleads in behalf of reformatory homes for wayward juveniles. His theory is sound, and its practical workings have been abundantly successful. If the home plan is the wisest for this class of children, how much stronger the plea that the same principle should govern institutions which are more educational and charitable than reformatory. The extract from Dr. Howe's paper claims special attention:—

The universal heart of men will acknowledge the strange potency of the mother upon the growing character of a child, and especially in lasting influence upon a boy. Here, then, in this system we give the boy to be *mothered* by giving him a *home*, such as the necessities of the penal plan know nothing about: and especially does this consideration rise into momentous importance as we know that many of the commitments are of children of tender age. Then if we can have a reformatory system that will give us woman's ear to listen to little ailments, woman's hand to soften the rigors of the young orphaned life, and the sceptre of woman's soft and winning love to rule in that strange kingdom,—the heart of a child,—then it is immeasurable gain! . . .

The first reformatory institution organized upon the open or family plan, in this country, was at Lancaster, Ohio, in the

year 1858, founded essentially on the principle, and adopting the methods, of the Rough House, at Horn, in Germany, founded by Dr. Wichern, and the military school at Mettray, France, organized by De Metz. The first ten boys were received from the Cincinnati House of Refuge, June 30 of the first year. Two of the four original buildings for family purposes were of brick, and two of logs, and very plain. These soon made way for better ones, until the school became one of surprising and splendid proportions. In the establishment of this school, of course, there were no precedents that were at all well defined and practicable, by which its economy could be guided. All was new, and to so great extent novel, that the people at large were utterly sceptical and scoffing toward the pretences of a system that proposed to govern bad and criminal boys without the usual apparatus of the prison: and appropriations came sparingly and grudgingly, so that the whole pioneer history of this institution is largely the unwritten one of arduous and painful toil. And the tide of disbelief and opposition only began to flow back when there went out from the institution into different parts of the State, by twos and threes, the first company of reformed boys. These gave such universal and marked credit to the place and work that had saved them, that immediately we began to receive the grateful interest and support which the fuller success of the institution so imperatively demanded, and thanks to an all-wise helping Providence, it was demonstrated, to us convincingly, overwhelmingly, in our nineteen years of superintendence of that institution, that this was a better way to bring into a true captivity the wayward body and spirit, than by their incarceration between frowning walls, and its all-hateful and abortive array of brutal power. We have seen, again and again, most signally vindicated, that heavenly reminder to men, that there is still left in the nature of their most fallen

fellows a craving for mercy and kindness, and the instinct to respond to any such benign exhibition. Such far-penetrating and marvelous transformations of character we have seen, as the harvest of this policy, that we have said: "Indeed it does run current with the charities of God," "It is the plan of God himself," "It is the true one, and there is no other."

Of the large number that passed out of the institution to care for themselves, a mass of wonderful and most gratifying statistics could be gathered. Among the number may be found eminent lawyers, doctors, and members of other honorable professions; some passed through college with high honors; some have become editors and proprietors of influential journals; others, skilled mechanics and tradesmen, while scores have become industrious farmers and horticulturists, acquiring their taste and knowledge of these noble industries at the school. Most affecting reminiscences of soldierly fidelity could be given of those who enlisted in the war of the Rebellion. We do not believe that the same number of youths taken from the ordinary walks of life would furnish a better average record, and yet the majority of these boys, who have made these good records, were from the lower walks of society. But it may be possible that it will occur to some minds that such successes were isolated and phenomenal; then let us add to this testimony the wide and significant fact that the Ohio School has become the pioneer and pattern of similar institutions in several of the States, and that no State since the successes of that school has erected a reformatory on the prison plan; while on the other hand, some, while not seeing their way clear to make radical changes, have modified their penal systems.

The following States have adopted the open, or family institution, either fully, or with slight modifications: New Jersey, Wisconsin, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan,

Western Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia. The States of Ohio, Massachusetts, and Connecticut have each a school on the open plan for girls and for boys; Massachusetts has her institution at Westborough as a "mixed" one. In addition to the "big house," or prison portion, there are "trust" houses outside the walls. Connecticut is adopting essentially this modification, beginning to build outside of the walls this year, it being the best she can do for the present. We are confident that other States would wholly or partially adopt the family system, if it were not that large expenditures having been made, new outlays would come only by great effort and with natural reluctance.

Objections having been advanced against the open, or family system, that it is natural to suppose will, from time to time, be revived, it will be our attempt to reply to these; and first, in a more general way, by discussing the requisites favorable to the success of a reformatory on the family system, which it is hoped will meet, at least, the more trivial misgivings; and second, by a particular consideration of the more special objections.

The primary requisite is a farm of *thoroughly* good land, and large enough to furnish all the necessaries and some of the luxuries, that the needs of the institution may be met, and to spare. Large and fertile, that it may never lack support for a sufficient herd of cows, and for the necessary equipment of the farm. All the fruit trees which will flourish in the region should be lavishly planted and assiduously cultivated. The greatest number of acres possible should be reserved for tillage, because these acres are to be such real factors to the boys' reformation. We have remarked, as a prime consideration, that the land should be *thoroughly* good. We wish to emphasize this so essential necessity, not only that the institution may have the highest opportunities to pay its way, but also in the moral effect

upon the minds of the officers who superintend, and the boys who work it. That they shall not have to toil and sweat, and reap not, but to expect bloom and wealth, and get them. Indeed, all agricultural and horticultural matters are to have such generous attention paid them, that it will be felt throughout the institution that the noble farming industry is the chief and central one. Another prime prerequisite is the location of the school near an abundance of sweet, pure water; and we hardly need add that the site of the reformatory should be, first and foremost, a healthful one. It should also be situated in an intelligent and moral community. The surroundings of such an institution are of great importance. There are many such institutions that are suffering through the inimical feeling of its neighbors; springing largely from ignorance, and the narrowness bred of it. We are reminded by these considerations of the hindrances with which the Ohio School had to contend, and which still, in great measure, hamper it. Its farm land is wretchedly poor, necessitating a vast amount of labor and discouraging hope,—and at its inception, at least, the standard of intelligence in the surrounding inhabitants, and their prejudices, were anything but desirable.

The location of a reformatory should be made with wise reference to markets and transportation, and yet, to be too near a city or large village is detrimental,—yet, on the other hand, extreme isolation is to be avoided. All life and animation which indicate the honorable progress of the age are profitable as incitements to body and mind.

The building should be plain, but substantial and comfortable; the executive buildings to be the central ones, and the family cottages conveniently and pleasantly surrounding. The cottages to be appropriately named, and surrounded with the beauty of lawn, shrub, and flower. Each to have its own family garden for the common interest of the house-

hold, and, if possible, each child to have a part in it, as his own. This latter feature was at one time pursued with most gratifying results in the Ohio School.

The homes should be homes to which every boy can aspire, by industry and prudence, and he should be so taught. Everything in and outside the homes should be made educative and pleasant. They should be provided with an abundance of wholesome food. If it is true that the "way to man's heart is through his stomach," how much more is this the road of promise in the growing, vigorous child. No specified dietary should be allowed—children should never know beforehand such times as "bean day," "fish day," etc.

All distinguishments in dress should be avoided. Let the boys dress as other boys do. Let all such arbitrary distinctions be put as far away as possible, that the child may live a simple, natural life, and going back into general society, the transition shall be an easy and natural one.

And now if, in the ideas thus set forth, it is thought there is created too much of the mere pleasure-home, with danger of engendered idle disposition, and character lacking thrift and sturdiness, we say, no! While it should be the sacred aim that the comforts and pleasures of a true home are to accompany all efforts, yet the aim equally sacred and sought is, to make the reform institution a nursery of honorable industry, and the formation of energetic sturdy habits of thrift, to train in manly and Christian purpose and action. In trades and occupations, to teach the boys *perfectly* what they essay to learn, whatever it is; that for their own sake, when they go forth, and for the sake of the State, they shall be found skilled and expert laborers. The great aim of this education should be to make the boy self-sustaining, himself to become a wise and worthy head of a family.

As a second consideration in the prerequisites for a thorough and efficient reformatory on the family plan, we

remark upon the required character of its officers and teachers.

It will be readily acknowledged that this matter is of first moment in endeavors to get what little good is possible from the prison plan of reform; but regarded in its relation to our family system, it is the core, the marrow, of our system. It is to it life, paralysis, or death. The genius of our system is the home—the family. In the heads of it, the father and mother; in the subordinate, officer and teacher—the elder brother. In methods its fundamental aim is kindness, gentleness, forbearance, self-sacrifice, humanizing and Christian influences. Now, to have a weak king or magistrate is damaging; but to have fathers and mothers and brethren of the family inadequate and weak is destruction.

The superintendent to be sought for is to be one who has had actual practical experience in reformatory, or at least in some philanthropic labor—of course, the more the better; a man who believes his work to be the noblest on earth, who has enthusiasm for his profession; a man believing with all his soul in the fundamental idea of the family system, and expecting results from it with an assurance like that which looks for the sun's light and shining on to-morrow; a man of intelligence, good common sense, tact, and a conciliatory spirit.

These same general requisites of character are to be sought for in all the subordinate officers and teachers; love and enthusiasm for the work are ever the great requirements to be insisted on in the choice of those to be in authority and parentage over these children and youth, and anything like the hireling spirit in the candidate for these places is to be abhorred, and the mere seekers of place and salary to be rejected as unworthy.

In the government of the reformatory we hardly dare say

that any one person may be less fitted for his place than another; but if any such thing can be allowed, then again we wish to emphasize the prerequisites of character in the heads of the cottage homes — the husbands and wives, the fathers and mothers. Yes, we will even say that there may be some lack permitted in the chief and head of the institution, provided such want is offset by thorough and sterling worth in the heads of the different homes. For here are the fountains of influence, here are the hearts, the throbbing life-centres, of the institution. These homes are the suns from which are to irradiate the real light of the reformatory, and if they suffer any eclipse, the shadows are deeper than from any other cause. These are as rudders to the ship, while all else is but the crew, and even if the captain fails somewhat as a navigator, still great safety may be hoped for if those at the helm are good and true.

Then the men and women to be sought as the heads of these homes are to be of first worth, Christian gentlemen and ladies — persons of first-rate common sense and intelligence — of natural refinement as well as some acquired culture, and if they have had or have children of their own, it is a matter of gain. If not, then those are to be sought for who have strong natural love for children, and sympathy with child-life. They are to be Christian, that in ample way they may be in God's stead to the untrained and neglected child, — qualified to lay the foundation for moral character, and the efficient architects of its further developments, — persons whose interest in the child relate not alone to time, but to eternity.

As the subject of which this book treats is important to every town and village, I gladly avail myself of a valuable essay, written by Mr. C. L. Brace, on "The best method of forming children's charities in towns and villages":—

It is to be assumed that almost every town and village has its groups or families of poor, vicious, and neglected children. They become the terror and danger of their communities, and grow up gradually to endanger prosperity, threaten life, and disturb the whole order and morality of the localities where they live. If entirely neglected, they become the petty thieves, robbers, burglars, vagrants, and tramps of their counties, and they help to swell that great tide of pauperism and crime which fills our almshouses and jails. What a single neglected pauper child can return in evils and curses to the community for its neglect is wonderfully shown in the statistics collected a few years since, by the New York Prison Association, in regard to the child in Ulster County, called "Margaret, the Mother of Criminals." From those statistics it appears that this child and her vagrant sisters left 709 descendants, of whom 128 were known to be prostitutes, 18 kept houses of bad repute, 68 were diseased and cared for by the public, 142 received outdoor relief during an aggregate number of 734 years, 64 were in the almshouse, and 76 were publicly recorded as criminals, having committed 115 offences and been 116 years in jails and prisons. The whole cost of this vagrant child and her sisters to Ulster County and the State of New York, in the property stolen and destroyed, and the public expense of maintenance and trial, is carefully estimated by Mr. Dugdale at \$1,023,600.

Each village and town contains, no doubt, little children who are laying up a like harvest of evils and curses to their own communities during future years. The practical question then arises: What is the best method of reaching these children with moral influences, and of making them industrious producers, good citizens, and, if possible, Christian men and women?

Village Charities. — In a village the methods of influence are somewhat different from those in a town or city.

There is not so much opportunity for a combined effort to improve this class of children, and they must be left more to the individual influence of benevolent men and women. Each well-to-do and Christian family will naturally know in its town some semi-vagrant and half-criminal family living on the outskirts of the village. They have been, perhaps, in the habit of giving their charities to such a family, but if they would raise them above the condition of pauperism, they must make every gift dependent on the children doing some little job of work, attending the village school, or receiving some instruction. By a steady practice of this kind, continued through years, they will gradually make the children self-supporting, break up their habits of begging and vagrancy, and create new habits of order, cleanliness, and love of education. It may be that they will, at length, implant in these young minds that germ which is the source of the highest moral life, even the love of Christ and God. All this can only be effected by constant individual effort and personal sympathy. It may be, however, that this family have inherited such strong tendencies to vagrancy and crime, and live in such vile surroundings, that no moral influence, which can be applied in the village, can really reach it. In that case, the object of the benevolent helper should be to endeavor to break up the vicious family. The boys, if possible, should be sent off to distant farms or conveyed to places of work far away, where all their associations are changed. If they have begun to be vagrants and petty criminals, they should be placed for a year or two in some "family reformatory" at a distance, in order to break up their habits, and then, after a short residence there, should be transferred to individual homes far away. It will often be found that such lads, when once all their associations and surroundings are changed, are no worse than the ordinary boys of the community; and if their vagrant propensities

be gratified naturally in a free life on the borders, they may turn out very good trappers, hunters, or pioneers, and never fall again under the penalty of the law.

With the girls, the case is more difficult. But if they be taken young enough, and be transplanted to far-away homes where they are respected and have a great deal of work to do, and where there is much happy social life, they will often turn out very well, marrying decently, and become respected wives and mothers. If, however, they have passed the line of virtue, the only course seems to be to place them in "family reformatory" schools, and gradually do away with the evil effects of their former vicious lives. The chances, however, for such cases, as our reformatories are usually constituted, are not very favorable. The ordinary crowded "Magdalen Asylum" seems often only to give new suggestions of vice to these unfortunate young girls.

City Charities.—The founding of a children's charity in a town or city is an easier thing than in a village, on account of the greater combination of workers which can be obtained, and the more abundant means accessible.

The first steps should be to ascertain the quarter of the town in which there is the most childish poverty or vice. Here the best plan seems to be to begin by hiring a plain room which shall be used as a reading-room or night-school. A warm-hearted and judicious person, if possible a woman, should be put in charge. The room should be made warm and light for the winter evenings, and a cool and pleasant place of resort in summer. It should be furnished with picture papers and instructive books and journals. The street-boys and vagrant girls should be made to understand that this is a sort of clubroom for their benefit. The matron will soon discover the peculiar wants and troubles of the poor children who drift into the room: some she will find eager to learn in books; others wanting work and situations;

others with sick parents or friends needing medicine and advice; others requiring a little loan to start them in ways of self-support; others requiring but slight assistance to enable them to breast the waves of poverty; others falling into difficulties and misfortunes with the officers of the law, where a kind word may save them from prison; others anxious to learn sewing or some trade which will keep them above pauperism, and still others with souls brutalized and ignorant, but yet sensitive to words of religious truth and to the inspiration of Christian teaching.

Half-Time Schools.—The next step in the work of improvement in these destitute children will naturally be to open a night-school in the room for those who are busy during the day, and therefore cannot attend the ordinary public schools. Such a school should be what is called in England a "half-time" school. It should open at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, when the most important part of the street-child's work is over; should go on till six, open again at seven, and close at nine. There should be much music in these schools. The exercises should be spirited, and, as far as possible, oral, and a great deal of work must be done on the blackboard, as the children are, of course, tired by the labors of the day. Great tact should be shown by the teacher in not exposing too much the ignorance of the pupils, as many a boy of fifteen or twenty may come in to learn his letters. From the experience in New York, it is found that a woman in a night-school can control the roughest of these lads. She will naturally set a great deal of value on writing and number lessons, as these are very important, practically, to the boys. It will not be necessary to provide food for these night-schools, as the members are generally earning their own bread; but little festivals should be celebrated, and occasional entertainments be given to the children. Much instruction and amusement may be con-

veyed by means of the magic-lantern and solar microscope. Such schools in our city will probably be open during the six winter and autumn months, as it is difficult, in many cases, to gather street-children into the night-schools during the summer.

Day Industrial Schools. — The next important measure is the foundation of a “day industrial school.” This school is designed to reach such children as are necessarily irregular in their attendance at the public schools, owing to their being employed a part of the day on the streets or at home. It includes, also, all such as are too filthy, ragged, verminous, or vagrant to attend school with the children of the decent laboring class. Many of them will only be induced to enter a school by the personal efforts of a visitor, or by the hope of securing food and clothing. Some will, perhaps, be driven in by the operation of the “compulsory law,” and all will belong to an irregular, destitute, and semi-vagrant class. They will be required to be managed with great tact and discretion by a skilful teacher; they will need various conveniences for bathing, cleaning, and the getting rid of vermin: they must be supplied with a simple meal at noon, and shoes and clothing will be given as a reward for industry and good conduct. The children are to be taught, first of all, hand-sewing, to make and mend their own clothes, to darn stockings, to work on the sewing-machine, and to carry on various simple trades. Part of the day must be given to common-school branches, and a part to industrial work. Much use should be made of music and singing as a means of education. A little “savings bank” should be attached to every school, paying a high rate of interest in order to lead the children into habits of saving. A “kindergarten” in the primary department is extremely useful for awakening the faculties of the youngest children, and remarkable progress may be made with these little ones in the science of

numbers, both in addition, multiplication, and fractions as applied to concrete objects, such as cubical blocks and their divisions. A "kitchen-garden" will often train the elder children in household branches, which will be very useful afterward to them as domestics. A "crèche," or "nursery," is an admirable adjunct, as enabling the elder children to be schooled, while the babies are cared for in a common room.

It is indispensable for the success of the industrial school that volunteers should do a considerable portion of the work. They bring to the enterprise a freshness and enthusiasm which nothing else can give. The brunt and burden of the labor, however, will always fall upon the salaried teachers. The expense of such schools, for salaries, rents, fuel, clothing, and food, will average from fifteen to twenty dollars per head annually for each scholar of the average number attending daily. These schools may contain both sexes, but they should not seek to retain the pupils after the ages of thirteen or fourteen, but rather push them forth into places where they can support themselves.

Lodging-Houses.—The next great step in improving this class of children should be to make provision for the homeless. Nothing is better in this respect than the boys' and girls' "lodging-houses." A plain room or loft is to be hired, furnished with iron bunks, or double bedsteads, and plain, comfortable bedding, with little lockers for the children's clothes, and plenty of bathing room, footbaths, and water appliances. Great care should be taken as to ventilation and cleanliness; and in the boys' lodging-house no boys, except very young lads, should be allowed to stay about the building during the day. Each one will pay a small sum for his lodgings and meals, and will go forth in the morning to earn his own living. Every effort must be made to preserve the best characteristic of the class—their power of self-help. If they are absolutely destitute, money should be loaned

them to start in street trades. A "savings bank" must be attached to the house, to cultivate habits of economy. A "gymnasium" is useful as a competitor for places of low amusement; and a drying-room, to dry the wet clothes of the lads after a stormy day, should, if possible, be added. In the girls' lodging-house, the inmates will naturally be more in the house, and the labor in the building will be largely carried on by them. With dress-making and laundry departments, a girls' lodging-house can mainly pay its own way. The average net annual expense per head in these lodging-houses will be only from forty to fifty dollars, including rent, salaries, food, clothing, and all items.

"Placing Out."—All the various branches should be made the feeders for the highest work of a children's charity, which is the transference of homeless and abandoned children, who are exposed to every temptation, to good homes in families and on farms in the country. By care and judgment, with a thorough organization, great numbers of the unfortunate children in our towns and cities, who have not yet begun criminal courses, can be placed at small expense where they will soon earn their own living, become industrious producers, and honest, perhaps Christian, men and women. There is an almost endless demand in the country for children's labor in families and on farms, and experience shows that a young child, transplanted from the city to such homes as abound in our rural districts, will often drop his evil habits and do better than the average children of our communities. This "placing-out" movement must, however, be conducted with great caution. The poor are naturally very suspicious and sensitive in regard to such a disposal of their children, and reasons of bigotry or superstition often come in to obstruct the benevolent effort. On the other hand, the rural districts are naturally fearful lest the juvenile poverty and crime of the cities should be drained into their

localities. One or two cases which may have turned out failures will often cause hundreds of successes to be forgotten, and thus make the whole movement unpopular. Still, care and wisdom on one side, and patience and fair-mindedness on the other, will justify the "placing-out" system as one of the best methods ever discovered of elevating the children of the poorer classes.

Summer Homes.—To these various reformatory branches of children's charities should be added, in large cities, sanitary movements and efforts for affording fresh air to the children of the crowded tenement-houses. Excursions may be made to give the children a picnic or a day in the country; others may be placed out for a few weeks with farmers who are found willing to receive them for charity's sake. For others, "summer homes" should be opened near the seaside, or on the mountains, where the children of the poor could have a week of fresh air, with sea-bathing or good country fare. For the sick, a "sanitaria" should be opened during the summer months at the seaside, and mothers with infants afflicted by summer diseases should be conveyed there for a week's stay. The same sanitarium, warmed by open fires, could be used as a "children's hospital" in the winter. It is found that in these large summer homes, or sanitaria, the average expense for each child, including railroad fares, rent, salaries, food, etc., need not be more than two dollars or two dollars and a quarter per head for a week.

This, then, is a sketch of what children's charities in towns and villages should be. So far as cities are concerned, the Children's Aid Society of New York has been built up on this plan during the past twenty-six years.

The Children's Aid Society.—The Society opened in 1853, with the secretary and an office-boy for agents; in 1880, it employed 112 teachers, superintendents, and matrons,

Western and other agents, and visitors; during the first year, it expended \$4,194.55; last year, its expenditures were \$205,583.25; it provided with homes during that year, 197 children; in 1880 it placed out 3,773 persons, of whom 3,360 were children. Two industrial schools were founded during the first year, the Fourth Ward and the German, with 230 children in attendance. The Society has now twenty-one industrial schools and twelve night-schools, with an aggregate attendance of 9,098 children. No lodging-houses were founded during the first year (the newsboys' originating in 1854); in 1878, the Society carried on six lodging-houses (the buildings of five being its own property, valued at \$300,000), sheltering and instructing some 13,652 different boys and girls, of whom 7,554 were orphans, with an average attendance of some six hundred every night. In addition, it sustains a "summer home," where some two thousand children enjoy each season the pleasures of the seaside and country air.

Since the first year, it has placed out, largely in Western homes, 55,717 homeless persons, of whom some fifty-one thousand were children. During these twenty-five years, over three million dollars have been contributed by the public to this charity, and it stands now without any debt.

This remarkable growth and extent of charitable labor during a quarter of a century have been due to the fact that this Society met a deeply-felt want of the city, that its plans were wisely laid and efficiently carried out, and its trustees and agents men of integrity and character. So far as is known, not a dollar of these three millions was ever wasted or stolen, but it was all intelligently and economically applied to the purposes of this charity, and has all been repaid many times to the public, in the scores of thousands of vagrant, outcast, or destitute children, who have been turned by means of it into honest and industrious and self-supporting men and women.

Some three hundred thousand dollars of this sum are invested in buildings, which will be a permanent benefaction to the poor children of New York for generations to come.

Effects on Crime.—In the lodging-houses, during twenty-six years, some two hundred thousand different boys and girls have been sheltered and partly fed and instructed. In the industrial schools, probably over five hundred thousand poor little girls have been taught; and of these girls, it is not known that even a score have entered on criminal courses of life, or have become drunkards or beggars, though four fifths were children of drunkards.

Vagrancy and crime among young girls have been greatly diminished during the past fifteen or twenty years; while among boys criminal offences have not grown with the population, but have been held decidedly in check.

Sanitary Results.—In the sanitary field, the results are equally remarkable. Among 162,148 boys who have been, during the twenty-five years, in the Newsboys' Lodging-House, there has been no case of any contagious or "foul air" disease, not even ophthalmia: only one death (from pneumonia, in 1858) has occurred, though there have been several cases of accidents. The other boys' lodging-houses have been almost equally fortunate; a distinct sanitary result of scrupulous cleanliness, ventilation, and proper food. The only exception has been in malarial diseases, during the past year, at the Rivington Street Lodging-House, owing especially to the erection of a new, overcrowded tenement-house on the adjoining lots, and the bad drainage of these lots.

Since our summer enterprises have been begun in the Sick Children's Mission and the Summer Home, there has been a steady fall of the death-rate of children from diarrheal diseases in the summer. In producing this result, the Board of Health and other associations have had a share, though the twenty-five hundred children refreshed each summer in

the Summer Home, and the hundreds relieved by the Sick Mission, must have materially affected the death-rate of the city.

“*Placing-Out.*” — With reference to the “placing-out” system, the failures have been a very small proportion to the successes, and thousands of these poor boys and girls have grown up to be useful and respectable men and women.

A striking instance was given recently of the effect of this plan, in the disposition of some trust funds put in the hands of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of New York. They were applied, to the amount of several thousand dollars, to placing out homeless children in New York, on farms and in families, mainly in Kansas, by the long-experienced agents of the Children’s Aid Society. Several hundreds were thus placed, and the greatest possible publicity given to the disposition of them, and the behavior of the children. A Kansas paper stated recently, that out of seven hundred New York children thus placed in Kansas (part having been previously sent there by the Society), only *four* children had turned out unfavorably.

Conclusion. — This, then, is the work of one extensive children’s charity in the city of New York. There seems no reason why similar charities, even if not so extensive, should not be founded in all the large cities of the country. There are poor, homeless, and vagrant children everywhere, and every motive of self-interest, of political security, and Christian duty, prompts to efforts to aid and reform them. We trust to hear throughout the land, wherever there is childish crime and misery, of the formation of boys’ Sunday meetings, children’s reading-rooms, day industrial schools for the poor, kindergartens, kitchen-gardens, and *crèches* for destitute little ones, children’s lodging-houses for the homeless, summer homes and sanitarium for the sick and unfortunate, and a judicious placing out for the homeless and neglected.

CHAPTER XVII.

CAPTURING ARABS.

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THIS is by no means an easy task. The writer remembers spending a night on the streets with two friends, looking into nooks and corners, visiting low lodging-houses and thieves’ dens in pursuit of this game. We met with many homeless boys, wretched, shivering atoms of humanity, but could induce only five to accept our proposal of lodgings, food, clothing, and education *free* : they on their part promising to remain in the Home for one year, when, if they preferred to leave, they could do so. It was safe to make this proposition, as one year generally in a well-regulated Home will cure the most restless of vagrant habits. It is difficult, however, to persuade a street boy that any privileges can compensate for *liberty*. They abhor restraint. They will endure great privations rather than yield their freedom. Of course I refer to such as are homeless wanderers, whether through misfortune or maliciousness. The story of the fifth boy (whom we discovered at five o’clock in the morning), which we had no reason to doubt, was very affecting. His father was dead, his mother had gone with another man, and

they turned him off to shift for himself. He was a country lad, and, with rustic simplicity, detailed his wanderings. When we explained our mission, the poor boy's eyes opened wide with astonishment. He had had no sleep all night—the policemen driving him from the doorsteps; and now to have a comfortable bed offered him with all the advantages of a home, by unknown strangers, fairly puzzled him. It was painful to watch the expression of fear and hope alternating within him. Nor did he fully believe in our good intentions till we landed him safely within the doors of the blessed Refuge.

Mr. J. W. C. Fegan, not the diabolic *Fagin* of Dickens, but one of those princely advocates of "Arab" reclamation, whose whole time is voluntarily devoted to the rescue and elevation of street children, relates an experience which illustrates the characteristics of caution, so highly developed in that class as to earn for themselves the title of "Artful Dodgers." This is the story:—

Some time ago a big lad used to render me great assistance by telling me of others. Out of pure good-nature he would search the thronged streets, or inquire in one lodging-house after another, for a particular boy, whom he had been persuading to go with me the next time I visited the locality. One night he told me of a respectable looking boy, evidently not used to a street life, who had lately begun to pick up a living outside theatres, by fetching cabs, opening carriage-doors, etc., and forthwith we set off to find this lad. Soon we came upon a knot of these Bedouins of our social desert discussing the fortunes of the night, and an expressive glance from my informant indicated which of them was the boy in question. A casual inquiry from one of them as to whether I wanted any boys for my Home, was quite enough to send this new comer shuffling off to get out of my way

as quickly as possible. The following night I was in the same neighborhood again, and shortly recognized him standing at the corner of a street. Waiting till I got within a pace or two of him unobserved, I called out, sharply: "Hi! boy, carry this bag," handing him a little bag that I could well have carried myself, but I knew as long as he had it he was to a certain extent tied to me. After a little conversation, I made myself known to him, and as soon as he had well recovered from the shock of finding out whose company he was in, I proposed (a wonderful key to unlock a cold, hungry boy's heart) a cup of coffee and some bread and butter. Before we reached the Home he had resolved to enter; and the following day he related to me the sad story of his having been left at an early age without a father or mother, and having been brought up in an orphanage till he was sent into the service of a tradesman, whom he had robbed of a small amount, and then absconded, fearing detection. Such was his dread of being arrested and sent to prison, that he could not bring himself even to pass a policeman in the street. It was a great relief to his mind to be safely sheltered in the Home, and the miseries he endured seemed, at any rate, to have taught him that "the way of the transgressor is hard." From how many years of suffering and disgrace his sojourn with us saved him, none can tell: suffice it to say that he is now earning an honest living in a most useful occupation.

Many poor boys and girls who fear the arm of the law, and, however innocent of crime, having an innate fear of policemen and detectives, may be easily won through night-schools, reading and coffee-rooms, and similar places opened specially to benefit the *lapsed* masses. Christian ladies are well qualified to attempt this work. The Earl of Shaftesbury not long since remarked in an address: —

This is a generation of women's work. More has been done by ladies in this generation than in any other. The children who are rescued and taught by means of Sunday-schools, ragged-schools, etc., become little missionaries in their own homes, and I believe we shall find hundreds of parents who have been brought to the Lord through some words from the children. His Lordship illustrated this fact by a touching story of a poor degraded woman whom none could reach. Her language was terribly bad, and her little girl would plead, "Oh, don't say so, mother!" and would begin to sing one of her little hymns. The woman became quite changed, and when asked how it had been brought about, told the story, and said: "I tell you, sir, I couldn't stand it any longer!"

The Earl continued: *Individual inspection* is the secret of your success. This constant personal supervision, this contact with, and intimate knowledge of, each child, is *absolutely essential*. My friends, should you fail in this, your work will be a failure. What these children have not, and what they need, is the *parental system*. They have no mothers, and they need, as far as possible, to have that want supplied.

But many children can be reached only by personal visitation in their homes and lodgings. There is a proverb which has some truth in it—"It takes a thief to catch a thief." But an expert policeman may also be up to a trick or two in that line. Likewise there are trained men who can catch an "Arab." Still it requires considerable patience, acquaintance with their habits, and much ready tact, to succeed. The true missionary, estimating the value of the human soul, and knowing the power of Christ to save, is best qualified to deal with this interesting class of our fellow-citizens.



CATCHING AN "ARAB."



Dr. Barnardo, of London, is an accomplished "Arab"-hunter. His long and varied experience, his personal interest in street juveniles amounting to a passion, and his many admirable qualities for the special work, give him a foremost position in the race. An illustration from his own pen of an "Arab" capture is replete with interest and furnishes proof that "wisdom is profitable to direct":—

For fourteen or fifteen years I had adopted, for the better extension of my work among street boys, the plan of spending several nights, during the most inclement season of the year, in the streets searching for homeless and destitute children among what may be well termed the purlieus of the metropolis. By this means I have been enabled to draw from the most squalid and poverty-stricken districts, numbers of boys and girls to the shelter of the institutions under my care. There they remained for periods varying from a few months to as many years, going out again, in a large proportion of cases, thoroughly equipped for the hard battle of life.

In these midnight wanderings no resorts of the destitute have proved more fruitful hunting-grounds than the common lodging-houses. These "hotels of the poor," where a bed may be obtained for a trifle, continually shelter thousands of the homeless and destitute class.

Some of these lodging-houses are, I gladly admit, decently conducted, and are frequented by the industrious section of the homeless poor, casual dock-laborers, street musicians of various orders, etc.; but the greater number are occupied only by tramps, and by persons of immoral character, and are, in fact, merely resorts of *quasi* criminals.

For example, the prisons regularly discharge each month, on the expiration of their sentences, many criminals who at once find their way to the lodging-house districts to frater-

nize with companions perhaps equally guilty, but more successful than they have been in evading for a while the clutches of the law. It is not, therefore, difficult to understand that what makes these lodging-houses such utterly undesirable places of refuge for *children* is that so many degraded and brutalized persons find in them a convenient shelter, thereby surely spreading the contagion of their own awful example, to the ruin of any innocent young life brought within the circle of their baleful influence.

I know of few sights more calculated to quicken the zeal of the philanthropist than that which may be witnessed in so many of these lodging-houses any night of the week between eleven P. M. and two A. M., when standing grouped around the fire, or lying about upon the benches in the common kitchen, talking, smoking, and idling away the time, may be seen boys and girls scarcely beyond the age of childhood, yet learning rapidly from the conversation and conduct of those who are older than themselves, to become hardened in the vices of their seniors. The vilest seed is here, alas! all too quickly sown, and rapidly bears fruit of the saddest kind.

During previous midnight rambles, I had frequently attempted to gain a footing in the court where stood the thieves' kitchen: but for a long time without success. Once or twice when I ventured into the house, the "deputy," Michael, met me with a sharp inquiry as to the nature of my business, intimating, with much plainness of speech, that he "did n't want no loafers here," and "you 'd better make yourself scarce," advice which, at the time, I conceived it to be wise to accept with as little delay as possible. Yet I none the less earnestly desired to become better acquainted with the boys who frequented that particular house, and to save some of them, if possible. No immediate prospect presented itself of realizing my wish, until one night in the winter,

when passing down the court to visit an adjoining lodging-house, I observed the deputy standing at the door with an anxious look, which seemed to give place to an expression of satisfaction as I approached.

The explanation was soon found. Somewhat entreatingly he accosted me with, "I've a sick feller 'ere; I wish you'd see him, sir. I'm 'fraid he's got the fever." A very serious contingency for even such a lodging-house keeper as he, for a bad case of fever has been known to scare away the lodgers for a week or ten days, besides which the sanitary officer has a very awkward manner of insisting upon complete disinfection.

Delighted with the long-sought opportunity thus opened to me, I readily acquiesced, and proceeded upstairs to one of the large sleeping-rooms, in which there were beds for fifty or sixty lads. In a distant corner I found a poor boy, fifteen years of age, lying ill with all the symptoms of a sharp attack of rheumatic fever. When I assured Michael that there was no danger of contagion from the lad's state, and added that I would willingly attend him, and supply medicine without charge, the deputy seemed pleased, and my offer was very gratefully accepted.

From this incident began a series of regular visits—my usual plan being to call about half past eight in the evening and remain chatting with my patient until ten o'clock, when a few of the other lads generally arrived. Then I went down to the kitchen and sat by the fire talking to the deputy. Thus I soon became well acquainted with the lads frequenting the house; so much so, that after a while they came in and out without taking much notice of me, and I was quickly initiated into the peculiar methods of their life. I found that they were all young thieves, and prosecuted their nefarious pursuits under the leadership of one lad, said to be very much the superior of the others. This lad I did not at

first see, but I heard extraordinary stories of his adroitness, and the boys all seemed proud of their leader.

These lads were for the most part robbers of stalls or cheap shops outside of which goods were exposed for sale. Others were pickpockets, and these were more frequently in danger of being caught. The goods obtained in these ways were disposed of without much difficulty, but the boys generally held a kind of Dutch auction for the disposal of *edible* spoil in an adjacent lodging-house, the occupants of which were only too glad to buy food at a greatly reduced price. I have seen chops, steaks, fowl, oranges, vegetables, and other eatables put up for auction, and sold for perhaps one tenth of their real value.

It may be imagined how, during my visits to this house, I took many occasions of remonstrating privately and quietly, as opportunity offered, with the lads upon their evil life, and I know that permanent impressions were made in some minds. Most of the boys began also to look with eagerness, when I came, for the usual reading aloud of some pleasant book. This became a regular feature of my visit, and especially after my young patient was convalescent, and able to receive me seated at the fire in the kitchen. My visits were gradually delayed until eleven or twelve o'clock, when I was always sure of having a larger audience. It was a curious sight to behold the lads on such occasions grouped in various attitudes around the fire, some lying on the floor, but all with their faces turned to me with marked interest as I read aloud from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and afterwards Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

One night, having arrived somewhat later than usual, I observed in front of the fire, toasting a herring on a wire fork, a lad very unlike the other denizens of the place. Singularly good-looking, with a bright, full eye, the boy had a countenance on which candor and honesty seemed

impressed. A fearless, or perhaps I ought to have written audacious, expression swept at times over his face, and gave him a spirited appearance, the attraction of which few could resist.

That which seemed to me the most noticeable thing about the lad was the entire absence of a peculiar expression which was so manifest in the faces of all the other boys. I refer to the furtive glance of the eye and nervous twitching of the corners of the mouth, which is symptomatic of the young professional thief. I have called this "*the thief-look*," as I have seldom found any case in which young persons give way to habits of deliberate and long-continued dishonesty without acquiring this expression. In older persons the nervous twitching of the mouth disappears, and gives place to another and firmer cast of countenance which is equally expressive in its way, but the furtive glances of the eye remain.*

I was therefore much surprised to observe that this particular lad, so perfectly at home in this thieves' kitchen, and on such manifestly intimate terms with its occupants, was not only destitute of anything approaching "*the thief-look*," but was really a very fine open-faced young fellow. My surprise was increased when I noticed that his conversation was rather worse than that of the others, and plainly revealed him to be, like them, an experienced thief.

"Who is he?" I asked my young convalescent, in an undertone.

* In illustration of this I may state that on one occasion being in Glasgow, I was invited to visit a reformatory by a magistrate at whose house I was stopping. Picking out some twenty-four boys from a much larger number, he asked me privately to give him my opinion of them. After a little talk on general subjects with each, during which I closely scrutinized their attitude and appearance, I selected six from the others, and told my host that under no circumstances ought these lads in my judgment to be trusted. Of the others I expressed a difficulty in saying anything without knowing the facts concerning them. He reported what I had said to the superintendent, and I was not surprised when the latter replied that *I had isolated half a dozen of the most hopeless young thieves* he had in a large institution, containing then nearly two hundred. So much for the index of character which "*the thief-look*" conveys. — *Dr. Barnardo.*

“Don’t you know?” was the amused rejoinder, “why, that’s Punch,”

“What! *that* boy Punch? *He* the leader of you all? . He the lad who plans most of the robberies here? Impossible!”

“Yes,” he answered, with a pronounced nod of the head, while a look of something like pride in his leader passed over the boy’s face, “that’s PUNCH, sure enough, and there ain’t a cleverer than ’im anywheres in London.”

I confessed myself utterly baffled. Here was a boy having as frank a countenance as one could wish to meet among young lads of any class in life, and his whole manner indeed being, until he began to talk, that of the most virtuous person imaginable! I need hardly add that this information, while it surprised me, made me intensely anxious to learn all I could about this ringleader boy, but my patient could or would tell me nothing, except that “Punch had always been there, long before I came,” that “he’d never been caught,” and that he “didn’t think there was a ‘Bobby’ clever enough to catch *’im*.” It was evident that if I wanted further information I must apply to headquarters; so, joining in the conversation, I gradually learned from his own lips a good deal of the recent doings of the invincible “Punch.”

From the moment I first saw him, the project was formed in my mind to do what lay in my power to save him from the evil life he had entered on, but how to begin I knew not. I could only feel that I must be very wary, and wait patiently until a fitting opportunity arose to make the attempt; but I was singularly assisted that very first evening by Punch himself. I was reading for the second or third time the story of Uncle Tom, and had come to that part where Eliza’s escape with her child over the semi-frozen River Ohio is described. None listened with deeper interest than Punch, and when I closed the book he looked at it with a sigh, and made a remark to the effect that, “Who’d

think there was such splendid stuff in a little bit of a book like that?"

This led to my telling my audience something about books, their wonderful smallness, and the stores of information and interest that they opened to all who could read them. To my delight I found that Punch, who could not read, had a very strong desire to learn. He had picked up a letter or two in the streets from posters, or from the names over the doors of shops, and could spell a few simple words, but failed to advance beyond this. Looking at the lad's intelligent and expressive countenance, I suggested that it would be easy enough for him to learn to read, if he but applied his mind to it. To this he replied that he could not afford it, being unable to spare the time.

"Why not?" I asked.

"'Ow am I to live, I wants to know? What 'll become of my work? Eh!"

"Oh!" I said: "that need be no difficulty. I can easily get you admission to a Home where you will be given food and lodging free of charge while you are learning — that is, if you care to go."

But this proposition was not relished, so the subject for a time dropped, as I was far too experienced in such cases to appear eager to press it. As, however, I found that Punch always returned at night later than any one else, I contrived that my visits were in future made at a later hour. By this means we became better acquainted, and I ever found him anxious that I should begin reading as soon as I arrived. Punch generally wound up by renewing his former expressions of desire to learn to read, and by lamenting the difficulties in his way. I think he wanted me to propose that I would give him a few lessons during my visits, but I had no intention of doing this. My object was to get Punch away from that house, and from his present evil ways, if I

could, and to elucidate some of the mystery that seemed to be hanging about the lad. At length one night he said:—

“I say, mister, how long d’ye think it’d take a chap to learn to read *fust-rate*?”

“If you were to throw your whole mind into it, as you do now into other things,” I answered, “I have no doubt, Punch, you could learn to read in ten months or a year.”

His countenance fell.

“That’s a long time to wait,” he rejoined.

“But you know, my lad, we cannot learn anything, or attain success in any direction, without an effort, and most things require prolonged effort before we are successful.”

Punch mused for a bit, and then looking round the kitchen hastily, he said to me, in a lower tone:—

“I s’pose if I went to that ’ere ’ome o’ yours, it’d be most as bad as a reg’lar prison.”

“Whatever put such an idea into your head?” I asked.

“Oh,” he replied, “I know in them kind o’ places yer can’t do as yer like, or go in and out; they locks the doors on yer, and there y’ are stuck fast.”

“Even that would be no very great hardship,” I answered, “if they are kind to you while you remain, and only keep you sufficiently long to teach you to read, and perhaps also a good trade. You cannot be in two places at once; and it cannot matter much, if you are well employed, whether you have your liberty to roam the streets or not.”

Yet Punch seemed unconvinced.

“What I want to know is,” he suddenly exclaimed, while his clear eyes revealed the suspicion he felt, “can a feller go when he likes? I mean at the end o’ the time that he says he’ll stop for? I don’t want none of yer ’formatory dodges.”

“Certainly,” I rejoined; “if you say you will come to my Home for a year, at the end of the year I will let you go; or

if you say you will come until you have learned to read well, I will let you go as soon as ever you can read; but," I added, in a firm voice, "I could not take you at all unless you promised on your honor to remain faithfully during the whole time agreed upon."

"Oh, that 's all right," he said. "I 'd stop if I once promised it. I am a bad one, I knows; but no feller about 'ere can say as I don't stick to my word."

Punch said no more then, but a few nights after, being alone with him, he announced somewhat suddenly, during a short pause, his intention.

"Look 'ere, guv'nor, I don't mind what they says about a ehap; I 'll go if yer 'll promise me fair that I may leave in a year's time, whether I 've learned to read or not. I 've made up my mind to go with yer straight off, if yer promises."

It may be imagined with what pleasure I closed with this offer. Punch and I shook hands over the bargain. I stipulated further that during the year he was to be with me, *he would not visit the lodging-house or communicate with any of his old companions.* To this Punch assented after a little hesitation. Accordingly he promised to "look me up" the next morning.

With not a little fear and trembling, I awaited his visit in my room. Realizing on one hand my own utter inability to effect any permanent change in this poor lad, who had been a thief so long, I felt on the other hand deeply persuaded that unless by God's grace the result of his stay in our house was to *change his heart*, Punch would perhaps be really *the worse* for the education which I had now pledged myself to give him,—for I had long since found by experience that, all other things being equal, an *educated* thief is more dangerous than an ignorant one. However, having first earnestly besought the Lord's help, I laid myself out to

arrange plans for Punch's welfare. No one in the Home had, or would have, the least knowledge of his past history. If *he* knew that others were acquainted with his career, it would probably become a subject of common conversation between him and them. His own mind would thus be directed to things which it was desirable he should forget. By constantly talking and bragging about his sinful life he might even become hardened in evil. On the other hand, if his *conscience* became aroused, there would be a risk, if others knew his story, of his being reproached with his past misdoings, and in a moment of despair he might give up attempts after amendment. The sequel of this lad's story will show what grounds I had for such fears.

I made Punch himself promise positively that, from the moment he entered our Home, he would never speak to any one except to me of his past life. In a surprised kind of way he acquiesced in this.

It may be imagined that I contrived to have Punch as much about me as possible. At first he went to school for half the day, spending the other half day at work in one of the tradesmen's shops. He chose the bootshop. There he found a lad with whom he quickly struck up an acquaintance. They became inseparable companions, and were continually to be seen together. Sometimes, when I was alone, and had work to do in my private room, I summoned Punch to help me in little jobs of lifting or putting things away, generally contriving to turn the conversation upon himself and his future prospects. It was in this way that his sad story, to be presently told, was elicited, and thus I found how a poor homeless boy in London, without any previous vicious training, may be made a thief by the influence and example of others, to which are added the stern teachings of cold and hunger.

As to his conduct in the Home, I was informed that at

first Punch was very restless at morning and evening prayer, but soon began to show interest in the Bible stories which were read. One day, while he was in my room, he was boasting of his skill in robbery, how he had never once been caught, and how cleverly he had evaded several attempts which had been made to capture him. Much of what he said seemed to me incredible. Wishing to discourage his tendency to exaggeration, I expressed in a strong way my disbelief of a particular statement he made. Punch looked at me with a curious expression in his face, and the subject dropped for a time. In about twenty minutes afterward he asked me if I would tell him what o'clock it was. As a clock was in the room, I thought the request odd.

"Can't you see the clock?" I said.

"Yes, sir," was his reply; "but I want yer to tell me by yer own watch."

Putting my hand in my pocket, I found, to my astonishment, my watch was not there. I looked at Punch, over whose face a laugh crept.

"Try yer other pockets, sir," he said.

I found that my keys, my purse, my handkerchief, pencil, and knife had disappeared—everything was gone—my pockets were literally turned inside out. Yet I had never felt the young scamp near me, nor do I to this day know how he contrived to clear me out. I looked at him somewhat sternly, fearing that all this showed a tendency to return to his old ways.

"All right, sir," he replied, in a conciliatory tone. "I ain't done you no 'arm, there they are," and he pointed to the writing-table where I had been sitting, on the corner of which, covered by a large sheet of blotting-paper, were all my possessions, which he had quietly eased me of without my being conscious of the operation, merely to show me that his statements, which I had thought were exaggerations, were not beyond the truth.

“Well, Punch,” I said, “although you have now succeeded in taking all these things from me, yet I hope that if you left here to-morrow you would not return to your old life as a thief.”

“Why not?” the lad asked, as I thought somewhat impudently.

“Why not, Punch? because I should think you would be ashamed of living such a life.”

“Well, I *ain't*, — there,” he rejoined, in audacious tones.

“But do you really mean, Punch, that you never feel now what a bad and shameful thing it is to be a thief?”

“No, sir, I don't — leastways,” he added slowly, “*I do sometimes.*”

Now, thought I, here is a chance — the lad is surely beginning to realize the evil of his career; and I added: “Well, Punch, I am glad that even sometimes you feel it to be wrong; but I should have imagined that after you had been in this house, and seen the kind of life we all lead, and the pleasure of working hard for your bread, and the comfort of it too, you would have soon become ashamed of being only a thief. But tell me, *when*, in your opinion, is it a bad thing to be a thief?”

“Well, sir,” said the boy, with a roguish twinkle in his eye at having fairly trapped me, “I think it's werry bad *when you get caught!*”

Almost in despair I asked myself: Is it possible that this is the only idea the lad has of the wrong of dishonesty — when he is found out? or can this be mere bravado? I felt, however, that the occasion must not be passed by, and I continued to point out, as strongly as I could, how wicked such a life was, how that it must surely bring God's anger and judgment upon those who pursued it. I urged upon him, by every consideration, to at once abandon all thought of resuming his dishonest life, and to take advantage of his

stay in the Home to acquire a means of earning his bread, so that when he left, after having learnt to read, he might not have to resort to his former ways. The lad listened with indifference.

“Moreover,” I added, as he was about to leave the room, “remember this, Punch: if James,” referring to the lad with whom he had formed a close and affectionate companionship since he had entered the Home, “knew that you were a *thief*, he would never speak to you again; and if the foreman of the bootshop supposed you were a *thief* and a *companion of thieves*, he would ask me not to allow you to sit in his workshop any longer; and so it would be throughout your life, *honest men and boys would ever shun your company.*”

To my surprise I saw that what I had said about his companion’s probable feelings touched him in some unaccountable manner, which I did not then understand. The lad appeared confused, turned first red and then got very pale; his eyes fell before my glance, and, without making any reply, he took the first opportunity of shuffling out of the room. I could but lift my heart to God, earnestly asking him to save this poor misguided young fellow from his evil ways.

A few days passed, during which I scarcely saw Punch, when suddenly one evening, whilst writing in my room, I was interrupted by a knock at the door.

“Come in,” I said. The door opened and Punch stood before me, his eyes red with weeping, and his face bearing traces of his having recently endured a conflict of passion. His first words were:—

“I want to go out of this home, — there’s an end of it.”

“But surely, Punch, you remember your promise: you told me you would remain a year, you have now only been here five or six weeks: something must be wrong; come here and tell me what it is.”

"I don't want to tell you nothink," replied the lad, angrily. "I'm determined to go, that's an end of it; and if yer won't let me go, I'll run away," and then he broke down and gave way to a storm of weeping.

I felt there was some great trouble on the boy's mind, so, getting up, I placed my hand kindly on his shoulder and said: "Come, Punch, you know I am your friend; tell me all about it."

Shaking my hand off rudely, he replied: "I tell yer I mean to go. You've been a-blowin' on me."

"What do you mean, Punch?"

"Yes, yer have, and yer know yer have, and it's mean, that's what it is; and yer asked me to say nothink about it, and yer've been tellin' everybody yerself, and I mean to cut the whole thing."

"Punch, I insist upon your telling me what is the matter. I don't understand one word you say. If you think I have mentioned anything of your story to anybody in the house, you are quite wrong. What do you mean by what you have said?"

Then the lad explained that he and his companion, James, had had a quarrel about some trivial matter in the yard. James became angry with him, and in the heat of words had called him "a thief." There had been a time when this epithet would have only evoked a laugh, but my recent conversation with him had produced fruit. *Punch's conscience had been awakened for the first time.* Now, having been called a thief by one whose favor and goodwill he coveted, he felt, as he had never done before, the shame of it, and with that came the thought that I had wronged him by divulging his story. So he had hurried from the scene of his passionate encounter with James, to demand his dismissal.

I need hardly say that I did my best to quiet his mind by

assuring him solemnly that I had never mentioned the matter, nor indeed spoken of him to any one in the house; that probably James had said this quite thoughtlessly, and without any knowledge of his past life. As the lad became quieter under my words, I added:—

“You see, Punch, this shows you how wrong your former ways have been. If it is so disagreeable to you to be *called* a thief, how much worse is it to *be one*? and you know, my dear fellow, you have been this now for some years, and unless you at once resolve to leave that shameful life, and to give yourself to honest pursuits, you will be branded while you live with the horrible name which, I am glad to see, you now dislike, and honest men and boys will always avoid you.”

The boy was inexpressibly touched. Now I felt was my opportunity. Conscience, hitherto dormant, was a powerful advocate within his heart of the truth of all I said; and when, with my arm around the weeping lad's neck, I gently whispered: “Punch, shall we ask God to give you a new heart, and to take away the wicked desires you have, and to forgive you for the past?” he assented, with a subdued sob. Having fastened the door, we both knelt down in that little room, and I believe never was a more sincere and penitent prayer offered than that which came from that poor boy's heart as he knelt by my side. He rose comforted, and I arranged that every afternoon he should come up to my room for a little reading and prayer, and I then dismissed him, rejoicing in my heart at the goodness of God in having so soon blessed the seed which had been sown. I now could look forward with some degree of hope to the time when Punch would be a decided follower of our Lord and Saviour, and when he would know by experience the power of those words: “If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away.”

This, however, was not to be quite yet or all at once, although there was a gradual and decided change from that very hour noticed in the lad's life. Nothing could be more marked than his persistent attempts to conquer his temper, which was always passionate and fiery. Moreover, Punch made great progress at school, rapidly acquiring the elements of education, and soon became able to read with great facility. I promised him a Bible with a clasp for his very own when he could read, and also a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." With great delight I handed Punch these at the end of his seventh month of residence in the house.

Very quiet and unobtrusive in his manner, Punch soon became a steady help to the masters in the Home, exercising great influence over the other boys. That influence was always on the side of good. Perhaps this would have been explained, if you had gone to the little shelf near his bed, and looked at the Bible which I had given him, which bore evident marks of being diligently read. There were other evidences, too, which assured me long before his time expired that Punch had sought and found that forgiveness which a loving Saviour extends to all who trust him.

By the way, here I may explain what I have already referred to as so puzzling an exception in his case, — I mean the absence of "the thief-look" in this lad, and the retention of such an open, candid expression of countenance, although he had been long living a dishonest life. In all probability "the thief-look" is brought about somewhat in this way: *conscience*, when outraged, as it almost always is by persistent wrong-doing, revenges itself, so to speak, by stamping upon the countenance traces of those guilty fears realized by persons living in constant danger of detection. In Punch's case conscience had, I firmly believe, never before been aroused at all. He had had no previous teaching or instruction of any kind as to the right or wrong of his course.

This, with the adventuresome character of his life, its freedom from restraint, the wild rule he exercised over his young companions, together with the remarkable success and impunity from arrest which he had enjoyed, all served to invest his deeds with a halo of false glory very captivating to a lad of such a temperament; and it was only when under the influences and quietly continued teachings of the Home, and the affectionate companionship he had formed with the lad James, that conscience began to assert itself.

Punch remained in the Home for a considerable time, steadily continuing to do well, and advancing in favor with all the masters and his companions. He became a really excellent bootmaker, devoting himself with unwearied diligence to his work, for it need hardly be said that when the year had expired, Punch had no wish to leave, but entreated that he might be allowed to remain.

Thus about three years passed rapidly, until he had grown into a fine, handsome, well-made youth, fulfilling all the promise of his boyhood. When he had been with me about three years and four or five months, I was asked by the superintendent of a small kindred institution, if I could recommend a young fellow as a bootmaker to teach about fifteen lads in their Home how to mend their own boots. The managers of the institution in question were not able to afford a large wage, as they did not at present aspire to make their boots, but only to doing the repairs and keeping their lads usefully employed. "Perhaps, by-and-by," the superintendent added, "we may attempt to manufacture our own."

I replied that I thought I could let him have a lad who had done exceedingly well in our Home, and who would, I felt sure, be quite competent to make, as well as to mend, the boots and shoes for the inmates of his Home. This led to further correspondence, and eventually he offered to take the lad at once. I went immediately with this letter to the shoe-

maker's shop, and called out Punch. I read its contents to him, and suggested that he should take advantage of the opportunity of beginning for himself. To my pleased surprise the lad's eyes filled with tears, and he said: "I am sorry, sir, you want to get rid of me."

"No, my lad, I do not; but it is for your advantage that you should go;" and then I explained to him that as he had received the benefit of the Home for three years, and was now able to earn his bread, it was only right that he should give place to some other lad. I pointed out that his going would enable me to put some other boy who had been as unfortunate as himself in a similar position. Moreover, I showed him that by his going to this situation, and doing well, he would bring credit, and perhaps assistance, to our Home, and in that way reward me for the trouble and expense he had at first cost.

With a grateful smile, Punch replied: "I am ready to go, sir, whenever you like, and I will do my best."

Arrangements were speedily made, and Punch left me, clad in a suit of quiet working-clothes. I heard from him occasionally; he fulfilled all my expectations; his prayerful, quiet, unassuming conduct elicited admiration and respect; and soon he wrote to me to say that his employer was so pleased with the progress he had made, that he had advanced his wages.

Perhaps another year or two passed away, during which Punch paid me occasional visits. At length I received an announcement for which I was devoutly thankful. The lad had found out that it was not good for man to be alone, and resolved upon making the experiment of matrimony, enclosing for my acceptance his own photograph and the photograph of her whom I must here call "Mrs. Punch." No one could possibly have recognized in the fine-looking, well-dressed, respectable young man, whose *carte-de-visite*

lay on my table, the young fellow whom I had taken out of the thieves' lodging-house a few years before.

But how had he become a thief? Punch has answered this question in somewhat the following manner: He never remembered his father or mother. He had been brought up in the workhouse, from which he ran away at an early age, living upon the streets, begging, running errands, selling matches or other oddments, doing what he could, as he said, to pick up a living. But he found it very hard to keep body and soul together. At length, when about twelve years of age, he had, during a miserably cold season, fared particularly bad, days often passing without his breaking fast, and without having the means to obtain a shelter. Thus, cold and hungry, he trod the merciless streets at night, lying down where he could, to snatch such rest as he might, disturbed by fears of the police. Day after day passed in this manner, until one evening, being near a railway-station, he had a job which brought him a few pennies. Some of these he spent in food, the remainder he treasured for a lodging. Reaching the place where he occasionally slept, he paid his money and went to bed. He found the room already pretty well filled with boys like himself, who were talking of their life upon the streets, and amusing each other with stories of adventure. Next to him in the large dormitory lay a lad who kept all the boys in his immediate neighborhood alive with laughter and merriment. He was fat and well fed, and had not apparently a care on his mind. Poor Punch listened to his merry stories with amazement. When the morning came, foggy and dismal, the latter rose at the usual hour, and, putting on his wretched rags in a spiritless kind of way, went down the stairs, reaching the door in company with his merry neighbor of the previous night, who, whistling a tune and rattling some money in his pocket, seemed careless of weather or fate.

Said this companion: "What 's your 'lay' to-day?"

"Dunno," said Punch; "ain't got nothink. I'm goin' down to the market to see what luck I'll have; but there ain't much doin' there in this weather," he added, with a look of despair at the rain, which began to pour steadily.

"Tain't bad weather at all," said his companion; "why not try my little game? I've got plenty; see here!" and he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out some coins, offering Punch a few, who gratefully accepted them.

"What is it yer do?" said the latter, eagerly.

"Oh," answered his companion, "I do the *liftin'*."

"What 's that?" said Punch.

"Don't yer know?" and then he explained that he prowled about "*picking up what I can*," — in other words, stealing from the unwatchful and unwary. What was there in the proposition that made Punch draw back with a kind of foreboding of harm, as he told me he did? He could not say, but he replied, doubtfully: —

"Well, I'm not sure how I'd like it."

"Yer ain't got nothink better," responded the other. "If I were you, I would n't be a fool."

Punch was impressed.

"I'll think of it," he said. "Perhaps I may be in luck to-day."

"Well," replied the other, "if yer falls on yer feet, all right, no 'arm done; but if yer want a pal as 'll 'elp, I'll be down near the pump at Aldgate this arternoon, and if ye've made up yer mind by that time to pardner with me, I'll put yer in the way of earnin' yer livin' jolly quick."

"All right," said Punch, and he left him.

The money his companion had given him was quickly spent in some warm food, encouraged by which he went down to the market-place, and did his best to get work. In vain; nobody wanted him, nobody would try him. "My

luck," as he said, "was down agin me." As the afternoon came on, he became again very hungry, and was soaking with wet and half famished with cold. So he made up his mind to seek his new friend, and reaching the place of appointment, it was not long before he espied him sauntering about. Making up to him, he announced his determination, and the two boys quickly disappeared down a narrow street hard by. There Punch received his first lesson. He told me that his first attempt at stealing succeeded, and to show something of the feelings such boys experience at such times, I may recount what he told me.

"One moment, sir, I was starvin'. I had nothin' in the world, nobody to help me, no 'ome, no lodgin', no food, nor nothink, and then in 'arf a 'our I 'ad money in my hand, to do as I liked with, to spend how I liked, and when it wur gone I had only to get more in the same way. It seemed to me as if I had come in for a fortin' right away; and so," he continued, "from that hour until when you met me I've been priggin', and priggin', and priggin'."

How many poor boys like Punch, left alone to perish, find themselves impelled by hunger to take a desperate course which launches them in numbers of instances upon a life of crime! Let the vast army of criminals hopelessly condemned to a lifelong career of shame; let our huge judicial and penal system, with its police, prisons, judges, and heavily-felt taxation, combine to give some answer to the question. The sad comment upon which, is, that so far as the criminal population is concerned, many were *capable of being made into industrious men and women*, had they been taken in hand in time. We should ever bear in mind that the inducements to persevere in crime increase a thousand-fold once such a life has been begun; and so at length the lad who has been simply *left alone*, merely neglected, until he is compelled to wander as an "Arab" on our streets, becomes that evil

thing to deal with for which the vast organizations of our judicial system, penitentiaries, and penal establishments are provided. Moreover, it should never be forgotten that, even viewed from the merely financial standpoint, *neglect costs more* than a wholesome Christian training, for every convicted thief costs the country a high taxation, without considering the value of the property destroyed by his depredations.

Place this expenditure side by side with the cost of the maintenance and instruction of such a lad *rescued in time* from the corruption and temptations of the streets, and trained in such an institution as has been described, and what is the comparative result? Of the first process of neglect and its consequences, I have already written; the more excellent way, that which *saves* the boy and makes him an industrious, virtuous man, costs but a small sum per year during three or four years of necessary training, which fits him for honest labor.

Surely with such an alternative before us, it is not difficult to see what is *our duty* towards these poor waifs and strays, whether we view our obligations as citizens or as Christians.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPECIMEN ARABS.

Best Appearances Placed in Front.—Boston Culture.—Wendell Phillips and Dennis Kearney.—“Prim Talkey.”—“Arab” Cheek.—Loquaciousness.—Astounding Answers.—The Perplexed Traveler.—“Bully for the Buck-eye.”—Talkey in a New Role.—A Clergyman’s Sensible Address.—Talkey a Perfect Humbug.—“Apple-Dumpling.”—Why that Name.—Baby Talk.—An Affecting Tale.—Different from Most Street Juveniles.—The Dumpling Pitying Himself.—How He was Introduced to a Home.—“I Never, Never steal’d Nothing.”—His Two Homes.—Ragged Dick.—The Box Hotel.—“What’ll Johnny Nolan Say?”—A Jolly Good Fellow.—Dick Fully Awake.—Pickety.—“Hain’t Got No Name, Sir.”—Sleeping in the “Holler.”—A Smile Overcoming the Wolf-feeling.—The Superintendent’s Friendly Talk.—The Sleeping-Room.—“The Upper Ten.”—A Charitable Hotel-Waiter.—Pickety’s Earnings.—Seeking to Please God.—Was it a Ghost?—Mino Whistles “Captain Jinks.”—Getting Manners.—Farming a Splendid Business.—Pickety’s Fears of Indians.—Interesting Letter.—Accumulating Property.—A Thriving Farmer.

IF the shopkeeper arranges his choicest wares in the window; if the apple-woman places her best fruit on top; if the candidate for a pulpit selects his brightest essay for his first appearance, — may I not be excused in presenting a few rare specimens of street Arabs? All the goods in the shop are not equal to those on exhibition, all the apples are not like those at the top, nor do my specimen “Arabs,” whether good or bad, fully represent their own class. Like modern Manchester houses, they are unlike all others, their very oddity attracting attention, or their brightness standing out prominently in contrast to their duller companions.

For the intellectual “Arab” we must turn to Boston. No other city could produce such a precocious youth as “Prim Talkey.” The rector of a parish in Ohio was catechizing the children of his Sunday-school, and asked: “Where did the wise men come from?” “*From Boston!*” shouted a little wretch, at the top of his voice. Upon further inquiry it was discovered this urchin himself hailed from the “Hub.”

Much has been said and written of Boston culture. The whole country, of course, has long since yielded the palm to the "Hub," whose spokes of intellect radiate far and wide. Nay, is it not the Hub of the Universe? How shocked were we, therefore, who live on its edge, to have the inquiry put to us elsewhere: "Is n't Boston famous for its baked beans?" This was the city's greatest fame to that vulgar soul! So devoted to literary accomplishments are her citizens, that we have heard of one schoolgirl who could chew gum in seven different languages: the very "Arabs" therefore must be creatures of refinement. Their conversational powers are by no means limited; they have great strength of *jaw*. Speeches are in order under the shadow of the Gilded Dome; hence the street *habitués* are endowed with the universal gift. Faneuil Hall has not existed in vain; the torrents of eloquence poured out of so many lips, from those of Wendell Phillips down (or up, which shall I say?) to San Francisco's sand-lot orator, the refined Dennis Kearney, could not be confined within its classic walls. Flowing over like a Holland river through a broken dike, the city has been inundated with freshets of orations. What wonder then if precocious boys pick up the floating fragments? Some of these hopefuls have a regular cabinet of curiosities — odd bits from many a speech, but when strung together with an "Arab's" own vocabulary, we have such racy phraseology as would charm a Savannah negro, and afford him a rich lesson for his powers of mimicry.

"Prim Talkey" is a proud naturalized citizen of Boston — a rare character, a "born genius," loquacious, witty, and possessing a considerable amount of what "Arabs" are seldom deficient in — *check*. Gifted with a tenacious memory, he had also picked up a good education during the few years he attended the public school. Glib and oily of tongue, though given to mixing his sentences, to the amuse-

ment of some and the amazement of others, he was always displaying himself. With a serio-comic expression of countenance, he would often pour forth stereotyped orations, like an embryo politician, till the wondering small boys who formed his audience broke out into genuine applause. Then would he reply to a supposed opponent with torrents of ridicule, of satire, and of homely wit, like the great statesmen of his proud city, to their profound admiration.

Watching his chances at the depot, on one occasion a gentleman hailed him:—

“Hullo, boy! carry this bag.”

“Thankee, sir;” (then in an undertone) “rather *apropos* just now to a fellow of my financial status.”

The gentleman glanced at him, having partly heard the remark, and noticing his serious face and tidy appearance, became interested in the lad.

“How old are you, my boy?”

“The Fourth of July, sir, is immediately contiguous to my fourteenth birthday. If I develop according to the law of the survival of the fittest, I will then cross another Rubicon, right side up with care.”

The gentleman watched the face serene and serious, then suggested:—

“You have been to school?”

“Only promiscuously.”

“Why are you absent to-day?”

“The exacting demands of life necessitate a personal devotion to business. Do you twig? *E pluribus unum.*”

“Are you a native of Boston?”

“No, sir; I am an Irish patriot, emitted from its fertile soil through English misgovernment, to become a free and independent citizen of this antediluvian Republic.”

“How do you live?”

“My occupation is general,—literature, being a news-

vender; trade, dealing in notions; and baggage. I'm general—General Prim Talkey. I am a titled sovereign in my own right, you bet."

The gentleman opened his eyes and looked on the grave face of the lad, then inquired:—

"Are your parents living?"

"No, sir; my progenitors are deceased. *O tempora, O mores!*"

Supposing now, that the boy was really demented, and in an abnormal mental condition, he asked in a pathetic tone of voice:—

"Are you alone in the world, my poor lad?"

To this question Talkey replied:—

"Instigated by your personalities, I decline to be interviewed. I seek to earn my bread with the sweat of honor on my untarnished brow. Permit me, therefore, to say that there need be no further *sine qua non* between us. I mean no offence, sir."

And this rejoinder fairly silenced the kind questioner, who soon reached his destination and paid the boy handsomely. Talkey thanked him with a low bow, for he was polite, and added:—

"Believe me, sir, your generosity surpasses my equinox." Then sauntering again towards the depot, he jingled the coins in his hand, and half shouted, "Bully for the Buckeye." As he drew near the station he saw a ragged chum of the most ignorant type and hailed him thus:—

"Tim, you will oblige me by forking over that twenty-five cents recently borrowed, else I shall obliterate your optics, and make you feel mean as boarding-house hash. Yes, siree, bob. Do you see this?" and he held up his fist, "remember, goods delivered free to all parts, *veni, vidi, vici*, and now I am ready for custom, as the oyster remarked," added Mr. Talkey, as he waited an incoming train.

I had missed Talkey for a few years, until I heard his voice at a prayer-meeting in another city, held under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The lad had grown to manhood, was well dressed, and evidently well kept. So soon as the leader announced the meeting open, Talkey (for I still call him by his old name) jumped to his feet, and soon a tornado of words swept over the assembly. Dear me, when I think of it! How pained many seemed, while others enjoyed the "fun." The tried leader whispered to me: "A great bore!" but Talkey spurred on, delivering himself with rapid utterance, until the veins in his neck were swollen, and his face glowed with excitement. He talked for ten minutes and said nothing. It was, "Brothers and sisters, I—I—I—I." He gave us soup without meat, and no vegetables thrown in; sawdust-bread, and apple-pie minus crust and apples. After he sat down with the smile of self-complacency on his brazen face, a clergyman arose and speaking with gravity remarked:—

"Brethren, I must speak my mind at this meeting. The clergymen and prominent laymen of our churches have been blamed for absenting themselves from this noon-day meeting. I wish to exonerate them. Until you change your methods very radically, you will keep them away. Let there be greater reverence for God's word, more humble dependence on the Spirit, and an improvement of manners generally, if you would gain their confidence. Above all, there must be *less talk*. There is a class of spiritual loafers in every city, too lazy to work, who flit from one meeting to another, and from city to city, eating the bread of idleness. Their boasted consecration is a strong appeal to the pockets of unsuspecting brothers and sentimental sisters, on whom they fatten.

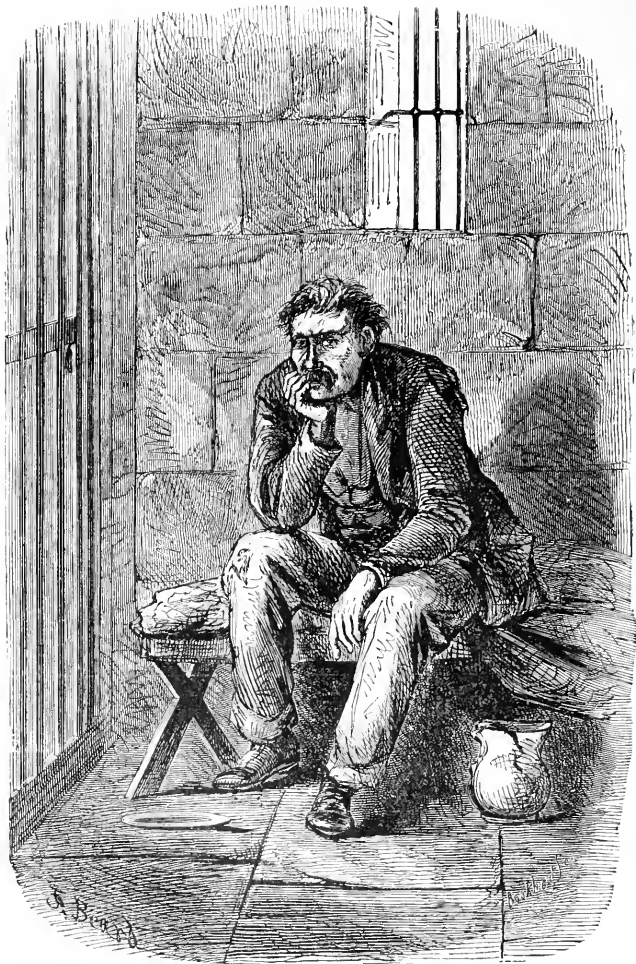
"If the officers of the Young Men's Christian Association will deal firmly with this class of tramps, finding them

employment if they are at all worthy, and discouraging their irreverent and blasphemous narration of experiences, the sober, godly Christians of our city will find their way again to the place of prayer. This young man who has just spoken has done no work since his professed conversion six months ago. He claims to be *perfect*, but I think him a *perfect humbug*; he has caught hold of certain technicalities which may, or may not, be misleading under certain circumstances. This young man is a type of a large class of idlers who roam around the city seeking out free meetings where they can prate and gabble. With the five dollars swindled from Mrs. Givecall—for I call it mean swindling to whine like a hungry dog in the presence of the lady—with that money he has purchased a box of cigars, of which I have indubitable proof, and smokes them in his own room. I lay the responsibility on you, brethren, that you do not encourage this light, flippant, boasting of self-perfection, and narration of experiences by suspicious characters, within these walls.”

Before the good pastor had completed the last sentence, Talkey had hurriedly left the room, and the last I heard of him he had set up as a temperance lecturer, hiring himself to various societies at five dollars a lecture and expenses.

Permit me now to introduce to my reader Boy No. 2. I well remember being deeply affected in hearing from the lips of this lad the hardships endured by him previous to finding shelter in Miss Macpherson's Home of Industry. His Christian name I withhold, but will call him “Apple-Dumpling.” I can scarcely tell why, but when I first saw him I thought of that special pudding. Perhaps it was his roundness, or maybe his freshness, or his hair looking like steam rising above and beyond his smiling face which suggested it: perhaps it was his dimples, the name having a phonetic sound akin to dumplings, from which one easily





AN UNFESCUED "ARAB."

glides into dumpling. Besides, he was so sweet, and so spicy, and so wholesome-looking, he would surely make the mouth of a cannibal water with desire to eat him. Well, Master Apple-Dumpling stood before me with the babyest face I ever saw on a boy of fourteen. Innocent, fresh, pink, with its varying expressions like sunshine and shadow chasing each other over the glassy waters. He laughed and he cried by turns, and was interesting in every mood.

Calling him to me, and looking into his guileless face, I said: "Now, I want to hear all about you: Who you are, and where you come from, and all the rest of it."

He seemed a greater baby than before, as he answered my questions in "baby talk." He had no "fader." He "know'd he had a fader once, not t'oder one, but my fader wot's dead an' in his grave." After a while I learned that "t'oder one" had reference to the man with whom his "moder" lived. They were both "bad uns," and compelled the Dumpling to beg for them. But evidently he was not a profitable speculation, so they turned him adrift. And in the great city he floated about, now whirled into some dangerous eddy, anon shot forth with violence into the roaring current. For a time he supported himself by the sale of matches. He earned *two cents* on every four boxes sold. His earnings averaged *eight cents* per day. This gave him two meals, which included a cup of coffee, at two cents, and a piece of bread, which cost two cents more. Occasionally, he made extra money, and then indulged in a change of "wittles;" oftener he made less, and accordingly fared worse. He slept in empty wagons, and, when permitted, in a stable. His clothes were the "cast-offs" of sturdier "Arabs," who bought "togs" from Isaac, and considerably blanketed Apple-Dumpling in the rags which otherwise would have been cast in the river. The waif took them thankfully. This poor child was different from most street

juveniles. Infantile in looks, in speech, and in manners, yet wise in his thoughts—wise, because taught by the Spirit of wisdom. Dumpling said he was always unhappy in thinking he would grow big some time, and would have no home. The thought of a home occupied his mind during his street-wanderings, and he was rendered more miserable by the fear of future homelessness than by his daily hardships. While speaking of this fear his baby face became clouded, and sobbing loudly, he broke out into the piteous wail of a child-cry. As I tried to comfort him, he apologized, still sobbing, in his innocent way:—

“I ca-ca-can’t help it, sir; every time I thinks of myself in dem wa-wa-wagons, I pities, pities myself, widout a home.”

“Yes, but you have a home now: a large, nice home; and here is dear Miss Macpherson, and lots of little boys and girls for brothers and sisters, and you ought to be very happy.”

“I is, sir,” said the Dumpling; “Miss Ma-Mac-Macfason,” still sobbing, “is werry kind, sir, an’ I ’m werry glad she ha-las giv me a home.”

“How did you come here, then?” was my inquiry, desirous to learn more of my pudding-boy.

“I heard a pweacheh, sir, in de street, an’ he was a-tellin’ of a fellow as runs away from home, which I would n’t ’ave done nohow, an’ ’ow ’is fader tooken ’im home agin, an’ dey kilt a calf fur ’is dinner, which were a better dinner ’n Ole Greasy’s coffee ’n bread, an’ I went to de pweacheh ’n’ said: ‘Could you take me to a home, sir?’ ’n’ he said: ‘Ave you no home, my laddie?’ an’ he tak’d my ’and an’ brought me to Miss Macfason. De Lord Jesus was good to me, sir, an’ he put it into de heart of de pweacheh to bring me ’ere.”

On further inquiry, it developed that the boy’s father was

a Christian man, who took his child to the church where he attended, and there he heard of the Lord Jesus, whom he had never forgotten. Miss Macpherson's Bible-teaching revived the Saviour's name in the heart of the lad, who had now grown in the fuller knowledge of his loving kindness.

"Did you ever steal, my boy?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, sir!" replied he, promptly, and with an expression of pain at the possibility of my suspecting him in the light of a thief; "I never, never steal'd nothing. Plenty of boys steal'd w'en I looks on, an' I allus called 'Perlice!' Some of dem 'ave been 'rested, but dey knocks me down for it, and says: 'Chunky,' — dat's me, sir, — dey says, 'Chunky, if you tells, we'll kill you.' An' den dey kicks me, and t'umps me; an' I says, I tell every time, 'cause de Lord Jesus is lookin' down, an' he says, 'Chunky, tell me everyt'ing,' an' anyhow, I'll tell him. Dem boys allus run'd away w'en I told um of de Lord Jesus."

"Do you now love Jesus, my child?"

"Yes, sir; I *liked* de Lord Jesus allus, but since he brought me 'ere, and gave me a 'ome, an' put it into de heart of the pweacheh to bring me to Miss Macfason, *I love him lots more*. De Lord Jesus, sir, died for my sins, an' washed 'em away in his pweacious blood, an' he gives me dis 'ome, and t'oder 'ome in 'eaven."

Herein is the wisdom of this dear boy: he knows the Lord and is known of him. Chunky (or, as I prefer to call him, Apple-Dumpling) has now another home in Canada, and is growing out of his babyhood into a sturdy, obedient, and industrious lad.

"Ragged Dick" was another hero of the streets worthy of our acquaintance. His history is romantic all through. Mr. Alger, whose fascinating pen has given us the story, has introduced to us many interesting characters: Ben the

Baggage-Smasher, Mark the Match-boy, Fosdick, Micky Macguire, and a host of others. Ragged Dick was quaint, philosophic, good-natured, and energetic. We are glad of his promotion from the streets to "spectability," wealth, and social position. His quiet good-humor and ready wit are among the qualities which make him so great a favorite:—

"I am afraid you have n't washed your face this morning," said Mr. Whitney.

"They did n't have no washbowls at the hotel where I stopped," said Dick.

"What hotel did you stop at?"

"The Box Hotel."

"The Box Hotel?"

"Yes, sir; I slept in a box in Spruce Street."

"How did you like it?"

"I slept bully."

"Suppose it had rained?"

"Then I'd have wet my best clothes," said Dick.

Later on, Dick was presented with a new suit of clothes by his friend Frank Whitney. In taking a survey of himself before the mirror, he first started back in astonishment.

"My gracious, that isn't me, is it?"

"Don't you know yourself?" asked Frank, smiling.

"It reminds me of Cindreller," said Dick, "when she was changed into a fairy princess. I see it one night at Barnums'. What'll Johnny Nolan say when he sees me? He won't dare to speak to such a young swell as I be now. Ain't it rich?" And Dick burst into a loud laugh. His fancy was tickled by the anticipation of his friend's surprise. Then the thought of the valuable gifts he had received occurred to him, and he looked gratefully at Frank.

"You're a brick," he said.

"A what?"

"A brick! You're a jolly good fellow to give me such a present."

"You're quite welcome, Dick," said Frank, kindly, "I am better off than you are, and I can spare the clothes just as well as not. The old clothes you can make into a bundle."

"Wait a minute till I get my handkercher," and Dick pulled from the pocket of the trousers a dirty rag which might have been white once, though it did not look like it, and had apparently once formed a part of a sheet or shirt.

"You mustn't carry that," said Frank.

"But I've got a cold," said Dick.

"O, I don't mean you to go without a handkerchief. I'll give you one."

Frank opened his trunk and pulled out two, which he gave to Dick.

"I wonder if I ain't dreamin'," said Dick, once more surveying himself doubtfully in the glass. "I'm afraid I'm dreamin', and shall wake up in a barrel, as I did night afore last."

"Shall I pinch you, so you can wake here?" asked Frank, playfully.

"Yes," said Dick seriously, "I wish you would."

He pulled up the sleeve of his jacket, and Frank pinched him pretty hard, so that Dick winced, and said: "Yes, I guess I am awake."

In a very interesting article published in *St. Nicholas*, from the pen of Mr. Brace, entitled "Wolf-Reared Children," I select the story of "Pickety."

He has no cap, but his tangled hair serves as a covering for his head; bright and cunning eyes look out from under the twisted locks; his face is so dirty and brown that you

hardly know what the true color is; he has no shirt, but wears a ragged coat, and trousers out at the knees and much too large for him; he is barefooted, of course. He is not at all a timid boy, small as he is, but acts as if nothing would ever upset his self-possession, whatever might happen. The benevolent Mr. Macy, who has been dealing with poor children for the last quarter of a century, meets him, and asks:—

“ Well, my boy, what do you want ! ”

“ A home, please, sir. ”

“ What is your name ? ”

“ Hain’t got no name, sir; the boys calls me Pickety. ”

“ Well, Pickety, where do you live ? ”

“ Don’t live nowhere, sir. ”

“ But where do you stay ? ”

“ I don’t stay nowheres in the daytime, but I sleeps in hay-barges, sir, and sometimes in dry-goods boxes, and down on the steam-gratings in winter, till the M. P.’s [policemen] came along, and jist now a cove has taken me in at the iron bridge at Harlem. ”

“ Iron bridge ! What do you mean ? ”

“ Why, them holler iron things what holds the bridge up. He got it first, and he lets me in. ”

“ Pickety, who is your father ? ”

“ Hain’t got no father, sir; he died afore I knew, and me mither, she drinked and bate me, and we was put out by the landlord, and she died, and the City Hall buried her ! ”
And something like a shadow came over the cunning blue eyes.

“ Pickety, did you ever hear of God ? ”

“ Yes, sir; I have heared the fellers swear about him, and I know it’s lucky to say something to him when you sleep out in bad nights. ”

“ Did you ever go to school, Pickety, or to church ? ”

“No, sir ; I never went to no church nor school. I *should* kind o’ like to learn somethin’ !”

“Well, Pickety, we ’ll make a man of you, if you will only try. You will, I see !”

So Pickety is sent by Mr. Macy down to a clean, beautiful “Lodging-House,” put up by a generous lady for just such homeless children. It stands at No. 287 East Broadway. A kind, experienced Superintendent, Mr. Calder, meets him, and a matron — Mrs. Calder — takes him in hand. Her smile alone would take the wolf-feeling out of him and make him more of a human child. In his secret heart, little Pickety thinks they must be a very soft set, or else that they want to make money out of him by-and-by, but he takes their kindness very quietly. Perhaps, too, he is watching for a chance to pocket a handy little article or so, or to slip out-of-doors with something.

And now, first, he is put into a bath and made clean, and his hair is cut short by a cutter, such as those used for clipping horses. He feels much better after all this, and quite enjoys a clean check-shirt given him ; but he finds that he must wear his old trousers again, so his hastily formed plan of slipping away with a whole suit of new clothes is nipped in the bud.

He then enjoys a plain, wholesome supper in company with a number of other boys, who have been in the house longer ; and when he sees the sweet face of the matron who is serving them, he finds his feelings change a little, and he almost thinks she is too good for him to try to cheat her.

Presently he goes up willingly to a large, cheerful school-room. It is the prettiest place he ever saw ; there are many lights, and large windows, and beautiful flowers in a conservatory at the end, and pot-flowers at the sides, and a nice library, and long rows of neat boxes, where the boys keep their books and things.

Every part of this room is as clean as wax-work, and Pickety is very glad he has had that thorough washing; it begins to dawn upon him, too, that the people must be good who have made such a nice room for poor boys. But he still keeps a lookout, lest he should be entrapped in some disagreeable way.

By-and-by, the Superintendent, a handsome, benevolent-looking man, talks to the boys about things our little waif never heard of before — of doing right, and making true change in selling newspapers, and not stealing other people's property, and of a God above who is pleased if a street-boy is honest and good. Little Pickety thinks this is meant for him, for only yesterday a customer gave him a ten-cent piece by mistake for a penny and he never told him, but pocketed the money; and he remembers a poor old woman, whose apples he used to steal, till she had to break up her stand and go to the Island Almshouse; so he feels very uneasy at the Superintendent's words.

After this came the lessons, and for the first time he was introduced to all the letters, though he had known enough before to tell one newspaper from another; and he was very glad to find that he learned them quickly, and that in counting and sums he was quicker than the others; of course, this was because he sold papers and so had to make change often.

Little Pickety's greatest surprise, however, was when he was taken up to the sleeping-room — a large, handsome, airy dormitory, clean as a ship's deck, with nice, springy wire-beds, arranged on iron frames, one over another like ships' bunks. He saw some boys kneeling down before climbing into bed, and he thought he, too, might say something to the Great Being above, of whom he had heard, and who seemed to care even for such poor creatures as he — and he made his prayer. He had had some intention of ranging

around at night and playing some trick, or stealing something, but his new feelings drove the idea out of his head; and, besides, he saw presently that strict watch was kept.

After his breakfast next morning, he heard that some boys had put their money into the "savings-bank" in the audience-room; and others had borrowed from the fund for starting boys in business, and others had paid for their lodgings and meals (five cents each), and he began to feel he, too, must do something. He did not wish to be a "pauper," nor to have anybody think of him as one, and he saw lads as small as he who said that they had earned from fifty cents to a dollar a day, and that they bought their own clothes.

One bright little fellow especially excited his envy by declaring that *he* "belonged to the upper ten," as it appeared he slept in the ten-cent dormitory, and had his own special "ten-cent locker" for his clothes, with a private key.

Hearing all this, Pickety at length ventured to speak to the Superintendent, who kindly explained to him that each boy was expected to do all he could to pay his own way, that idle and pauper boys were not wanted there, and that some kind gentleman had supplied money with which to help boys who might wish to start in business.

Pickety knew all about the boot-blackening business, but, as he explained, "a big boy had punched him and stolen all his kit." He could sell newspapers, too, but he had been "stuck" with his last lot, and had lost all his money; and after that piece of bad luck he had lived on bits of bread that a hotel-waiter had given him, and once or twice he had been fed by one of the other boys.

Mr. Calder was ready to supply him with a boot-blackening outfit, or to give him checks which would entitle him to so many copies of the *Telegram* or *Daily News*, the boy to

return the value of the checks, after a few days, when he should have made some money.

Pickety chose the newspaper checks, and cleared twenty-five cents, and then invested again, and came back at night with fifty cents made, feeling very proud and independent, since he was now able to pay for his lodging and meals.

The next day and the next, he appeared at the Lodging-House, for he rather liked the place and the people, and, wide-awake as he was, he saw that he got a great deal for his money, and could not hope to do better anywhere else. In a few days he had repaid the loan, had a little capital ahead, and actually found himself rich enough to afford a pair of new trousers.

Then, later, having some money, he was sorely tempted to pitch pennies and make more, or to buy "policy-tickets," and thus take a short path to fortune. Other boys were after him to "go on the lay," as they called it—that is, to break open stores, and so gain fifty or a hundred dollars at once, instead of working hard every day and all day, for the sake of getting a few pennies. But in the Sunday-evening meetings of the Lodging-House, Pickety heard a great deal about the sin of stealing and the folly of such "short cuts to fortune," and he began to see how wrong and foolish all these things were; and that he ought to try in his humble way to lead a straightforward and manly life, and to please the wonderful Being of whom the teacher read in the Testament, and who had lived and died on the earth for men.

So Pickety broke away from bad companions, and, finding that liberal interest was offered in the savings-bank of the Lodging-House, he put his money there; and when, after some months, they would no longer keep it there, because, they said, it was too much to risk, he felt very proud to place it in a big savings-bank in the city.

Little Pickety happened to be sent one day to the Superin-



SHELTERED.



tendent's sitting-room; he knocked at the door, and heard a harsh voice cry:—

“Come in!”

So he opened the door and entered.

To his surprise, he found no one in the cozy, tasteful little room. But a deep, sepulchral voice from a dark corner of the room asked: “Who are you?”

The little street-rover was not afraid of human enemies, but of ghosts he had heard many a fearful story; and he now began to quake in his shoes. Suddenly, however, he discovered, in a cage in the corner, a strange, weird-looking bird, about as large as a crow, dark as night, with a most beautiful metallic lustre on its feathers. The bird held its great head sidewise, and, after peering at the boy in a most searching fashion for a minute, it unexpectedly exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest misery:—

“*P-o-o-r M-i-n-o!*” and again: “*M-i-n-o w-a-n-t-s a drink of w-a-ter!*” with various other plaintive speeches, which seemed to come from the throat of some stout, heavy alderman. The creature ended by whistling, in not at all a melancholy manner, that lively air called “Captain Jinks.”

Pickety ran back in great haste to describe his wonderful discovery to his comrades, when Mr. Calder brought down the cage among them, and it was a source of endless amusement, as it often had been before to other sets of lads. The mischievous boys took special delight in having Mino in the schoolroom; for whenever the Superintendent had begun a prayer, or was making some serious remarks, the bird was sure to give vent to an unearthly scream, or to call out in its harsh voice: “Who are you?” or otherwise break in upon the sobriety of the occasion.

Pickety was especially touched, one day, by seeing poor sick women and children come up to Mr. Calder's desk for the little bouquets of flowers furnished to the Flower-

Mission by kind people in the country. The lad knew that these beautiful gifts were carried home to the dark cellars and miserable attics of that neighborhood, and that these bunches of bright, sweet-smelling flowers came like gifts from God, gladdening the bedside of many a sick and dying creature in the poor quarter around the Lodging-House. Pickety had now lost much of his former wolfish, savage nature: he did not wish to go back to his jungle and den; he had learned to eat with his knife and fork, and to sleep in a bed, like a civilized human being; he was less cunning but more bright, and was kind to other boys; he had begun to have a desire to earn and own something, and to get on in the world. Besides, he had some idea of religion, and a great longing to be considered a manly fellow; and he was beginning to read in books.

At length, one day, the Superintendent called him and told him he could not be always in the Lodging-House, for they did not keep boys long, and he must soon strike out by himself and endeavor to make his own way in the world.

The Superintendent also explained to the bright young lad that the best possible employment for a young working-boy in this country was farming, and that there were kind-hearted farmers in the West who would be glad to take him, and teach him their business, giving him at first only clothing and food, but paying him fair wages later on. In this way he would have (for the first time in his life) a home, and might grow up with the farmer's family, and share in all the good things they had.

Pickety at first thought he might be sent where bears would hunt him, or Indians catch him, and that he would earn very little and would lose all the sights and fun of New York, so he was almost afraid to go; but, on hearing all about it, and seeing that he would never come to much in the city, and especially hoping to get more education in the

West, and by-and-by to own a bit of land for himself, he resolved to join a party under one of the Western agents of the Children's Aid Society and go to Kansas — which to the New York boy seems the best State in the West.

We have not time and space to follow his fortunes there; everything was strange to him, and he made queer work of his duties in a farmer's house; but the strangest thing of all to him was to be in a kind, Christian family. He wondered what made them all so good, and he began to think he would like to be as they were, and most of all like the One he had heard of in the Lodging-House meeting.

He was careful to write to his New York friends about his new home, and here is one of the letters received from him, after he had been in the West a few months: —

—, —, KANSAS.

MR. MACY: *Dear Sir*, — I write you these few lines, hoping you are in good health at present, and not forgetting the rest of the gentlemen that I remember in the Children's Aid Society. I am getting on splendid with my studies at school, and I send you my monthly report, but please return it, as I want to keep all my reports. I have a good place and like my home, and am glad I came.

The first time I rode a horse bare-back, he slung me off over his head and made me sick for a week. I also had diphtheria but I am all right again and in good health, and can ride or gallop a horse as fast as any man in town. When summer comes I will learn to plow and sow, and do farmer's work. I will get good wages out here. It is a nice country, for there is no Indians, or bears, or other wild animals — except prairie-wolves, and you can scare *them* with anything.

If a boy wants a good home, he can come here and have plenty of fun. I have fun with the mules, horses, pigs, and dogs. No pegging stones at ragpickers or tripping up men or tramps in the Bowery or City Hall Park.

Tell "Bauty" I send him my best respects. Tell him it is from "Pickety," and he will know me. Yours truly, ———.

He learned his farm-work fast and soon made himself very useful; the next winter he went to school again, and became a very good scholar. He knew how to make money, too:

when the farmer gave him a calf, or a lamb, or a sheep, he took good care of it, and by-and-by sold it, and bought other stock with the proceeds, and in this way, after a few years, he had saved a considerable sum. With this he bought some "Government land," on which he built a shanty; and so he began to be a "landed proprietor."

He was no longer "Pickety," but had a Christian name, and for his last name he took that of the kind people to whom he felt like a son. He had acquired a fair education, too; and the neighbors liked and respected the "New York orphan," as they called him. He had quite lost his wolfish nature by this time, and now had a new one, which had come to him from the good Being he had heard of in the Lodging-House, through the civilizing, Christian influences that had been thrown around him. And here we will leave him—a thriving farmer on his own land.

CHAPTER XIX.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

A Lost "Ittle Dirl." — Canon Farrar's Earnest Plea. — Who Fills the Gaps? — Shameful Neglect. — Accident. — Terrible Cruelty. — Absolute Death. — Besides there is Sin. — Save the Children. — Dr. Newton's Harrowing Story. — The Foaming Torrent. — "I Saw them all Perish." — The Real Trouble. — The Old Man's Tragie Tale. — Mourning a Mother and Wife. — "I Demanded Food." — The Shocking Blow. — A Wild Laugh and Pleading Moans. — Frozen to Death. — The Raving Maniac. — "Sign it, Young Man, Sign it." — The Discovery. — A Word About Tramps. — Incurably Lazy. — A Field for the Home Missionary. — The Brave Hussar. — An Honored Soldier. — Charlie Ross. — The Countess of Belville. — Charlie's Prayer. — The Missing Child. — A Sorrowing Mother. — Seeking Comfort from God. — The Young Sweep. — Anxious Questioning. — The Marvelous Discovery. — "My Child! My Child!" — Lady Belville's Charities. — Dr. Pentecost's "Arab." — Wishing to be *Gooder*. — Changing Masters. — "You Bet I Would!" — Johnny's Prayer. — Are You Seeking to Save?

A LITTLE child was once picked up on the streets of Chicago by a kind-hearted policeman, who said to her: "I'm afraid you're lost, my dear." "Oh, no," cried the little one, confidently, "I'm here." "Yes; but where is your mother?" Then came the tears thick and fast, as she cried: "Oh! mamma, mamma, your 'ittle dirl is lost!" Alas, what a sad word is this, — lost, *lost*, LOST!

I am strongly convinced that if a proportionate amount of means and effort now given to the reclamation of adults were directed toward the salvation of children, there would be more encouraging and more enduring results. Not that any effort for the former class should be relaxed, but that additional and more energetic work be done to elevate the material out of which arise the dangerous classes.

Intemperance as a tidal wave has desolated many a home, and swept out into the seething waters many a child. At a meeting in Exeter Hall, London, Canon Farrar made an earnest plea on behalf of the children, in which he said:—

In working for the children you are working for the future; you are working in a region which is a region of hope. We have in England, it is said, six hundred thousand drunkards. Well, now, as those unhappy drunkards go too often prematurely to a drunkard's grave, who is it that fills up the gaps?

The gaps are filled up by those who are now sweet and innocent children — merry and honest boys and girls. God grant that no sweet and innocent children of ours shall ever go to add to the number of that fearfully recruited army.

I will tell you for a few moments what it is to which children are exposed, and what it is from which we are trying to save them. In the first instance, they are exposed to the most *shameful neglect*. Go into the low quarters of Glasgow, the filthy back streets of Liverpool, the foul fever-slums of almost any of our great cities, and there you will see bright-eyed, tattered, ill-fed children growing up amid the reek of gin and amid scenes of blasphemy, in low, infamous rooms, and in low, infamous streets, dirty, dissolute, and depraved — the very seed-plot of our future criminals — growing up without any parental control whatever.

It is not only shameful neglect to which they are exposed — they are also exposed daily and weekly to *accident*. Not long ago a driver was driving through Southwark in the heavy, brutal way in which drunkards do drive sometimes through the streets of London, and there was crossing the road at the moment a poor woman with a little babe of eleven months in her arms, and she was also leading by the hand a little girl of four years old. The drunken brute drove over them, terribly injuring the woman, killing the babe, and breaking the leg of the girl of four years.

And they are not only exposed to accident, but also to *terrible cruelty*. In this very city a week ago, in this civilized Christian society, a horrified spectator saw a

woman holding up by the legs a little child of five months old, and when remonstrated with she dropped the child upon the pavement and ran away. And they are not only exposed to accident and cruelty, but also to *absolute death*. I believe that every single year in England dozens — more than dozens — scores, ay, and even hundreds, of children are killed, by being overlaid by their drunken parents. And the accident-wards, as they are called, of hospitals will tell you how frequently little boys and girls are brought in terribly burned over neck and face and hands because they have been intrusted to drunken women or neglected by drunken mothers. I do most deliberately declare that, in my distinct conviction, more children are sacrificed every year in England to the awful Moloch of drink than were ever burned alive in the worst days of Judean apostasy to Moloch in the Valley of the Children of Hinnom.

Now, let us ask whether there can be anything worse than all this neglect and accident and cruelty and disease and death? Yes: there is something worse than all this: there is *sin*. Disease and accident and cruelty and death may maim and torture the body, murder and suicide may end the life, but sin *blasts and corrupts the soul*, and many and many a drunkard's child in England is being trained up deliberately in the habits of sin. How unspeakably distressing was the case which occurred only the other day at Lambeth. A woman of twenty-six, with her child, was brought up before the court for stealing glasses from a tavern. In the court the father was present. The little child ran to its father's arms. The father burst into tears, and said: "I have always been an honest man, and I have worked for my bread. It has all been of no use. My wife has drunk away all my earnings. She has trained my child, as you see, and has left me overwhelmed with debt on every side."

Save the children! Go home, and remember that these little children are of the same flesh and blood, and the same hearts and nature, and as full of eternity and immortality as those little children on whose rosy and innocent faces you look when you go to your abodes.

We do not wonder that there are sad-eyed men, and pale-faced women, whose hearts would lighten and into whose life would come some ray of comfort, had their children died a natural death in infancy. Some are heart-broken over the waywardness of sons and daughters living in disgrace; while, alas! others carry terrible secrets locked up within their breasts of the unnatural ending of the lives of children once happy and innocent under the shelter of the old homestead. Dr. Newton tells this harrowing story:—

A company of Southern ladies, assembled in a parlor, were one day talking about their different troubles. Each one had something to say about her own trials. But there was one in the company, pale and sad looking, who for a while said nothing. Suddenly rousing herself, at last she said:—

“My friends, you don't any of you know what trouble is.”

“Will you please, Mrs. Gray,” said the kind voice of one who knew her story, “tell the ladies what you call trouble?”

“I will, if you desire it; for in the words of the prophet, ‘I am the one who hath seen affliction.’

“My parents were very well off, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. Every wish of my heart was gratified, and I was cheerful and happy.

“At the age of nineteen I married one whom I loved more than all the world beside. Our home was retired; but the sun never shone upon a lovelier spot, or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five lovely children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my

bosom. One night, about sundown, one of those fierce black storms came on which are so common to our climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The country around us was overflowed. The little stream near our dwelling became a foaming torrent. Before we were aware of it, our house was surrounded by water. I managed, with my babe, to reach a little, elevated spot, where the thick foliage of a few wide-spreading trees afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one ever loved a husband more; but *that* was not trouble.

“Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became their only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother’s heart; and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off that I could not speak to them; but I could see them closing nearer and nearer to each other, as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

“The swollen river raged fearfully around the huge trees. Dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, and masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, and then pointed upwards. I knew it was their farewell signal; and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them perish — *all* perish. Yet *that* was not trouble.

“I hugged my baby close to my heart; and when the water rose to my feet, I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it, till the hand of God stayed the waters that they should rise no further. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away — all my earthly hopes blighted. Yet *that* was not trouble.

“My baby was all I had left on earth. I labored day and

night to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but, as he grew older, evil companions won him away from me. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her kind entreaties and agonizing prayers. He became fond of drinking. He left my humble roof, that he might be unrestrained in his evil ways. And at last, one night, when heated by wine, he took the life of a fellow-creature. He ended his days upon the gallows! God had filled my cup of sorrow before; now it ran over. THAT was trouble, my friends, such as I hope the Lord in mercy may spare you from ever knowing!"

Many years ago, a temperance meeting was held in a certain village. A little boy, who lived in the village, was very anxious to go, and persuaded his father to take him. The boy never forgot that meeting, and he wrote the account of it years afterwards. One of the speakers at the meeting was an old man. His hair was white, and his brow furrowed with age and sorrow. When he arose to speak, he said:—

"My friends, I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. Tears are in my eyes, and deep sorrow is in my heart. I am without friends, or home, or kindred on earth. It was not always so. Once I had a mother. With her heart crushed with sorrow, she went down to her grave. I once had a wife; a fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her blue eye grew dim, as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness; and her tender heart I wrung till every fibre was broken. I once had a noble boy; but he was driven from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, lovely babe; but these hands destroyed it, and now it lives with Him who loveth the little ones. Do not spurn me, my friends," continued the old man. "There is light in my evening sky. The spirit of my mother

rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The injured wife smiles upon him who turns back again to virtue and honor. The child-angel visits me at nightfall, and I seem to feel his tiny hands upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for treatment that drove him out into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon all that were about me.

“I was a drunkard. From wealth and respectability, I plunged into poverty and shame. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw the cheek of my wife grow pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone to struggle for the children, while I was drinking and rioting at the tavern. She never complained, though she and the children often went hungry to bed.

“One New Year night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us shelter. My wife was still up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food. She told me there was none, and then burst into tears. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek. At this moment the child in its cradle awoke, and uttered a cry of hunger, startling the despairing mother, and making new sorrow in her breaking heart.

“‘We have no food, James; we have had none for several days. I have nothing for the babe. Oh! my once kind husband, must we starve?’

“That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me; and I—yes, I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. It seemed as if the furies of hell were raging in my bosom; and the feeling of the wrong I had committed added fuel to the flames. I had never struck my wife before, but now some terrible impulse drove me on, and I stooped

down, as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched both my hands in her hair.

“‘For mercy’s sake, James!’ exclaimed my wife, as she looked up into my fiendish countenance; ‘you will not kill us! you will not harm Willie?’ and she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her arms. I caught her again by the hair and dragged her to the door, and, as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With a fiendish yell, I still dragged her on, and hurled her out amid the darkness and storm. Then, with a wild laugh, I closed the door and fastened it. Her pleading moans and the sharp cry of her babe, mingled with the wail of the blast. But my horrible work was not yet complete.

“I turned to the bed where my oldest son was lying, snatched him from his slumbers, and, against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out. In the agony of fear he uttered that sacred name I was no longer worthy to bear. He called me — FATHER! and locked his fingers in my side-pocket. I could not wrench that grasp away; but, with the cruelty of a fiend, I shut the door upon his arm, and, seizing my knife, severed it at the wrist.

“It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased. I looked around to the accustomed place for my wife. As I missed her, a dim, dark scene, as of some horrible nightmare, came over me. I thought it must be a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened, the snow burst in, and something fell across the threshold with a dull, heavy sound. My blood shot like melted lava through my veins, and I covered my eyes to shut out the sight. It was — O God! how horrible! — it was my own loving wife and her babe, frozen to death! With true mother’s love, she had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and wrapped all her

clothing around it, leaving her own person exposed to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the pale cheek. The frost was white on the lids of its half-opened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers.

“I never knew what became of my brave boy.”

Here the old man bowed his head and wept; and all in the house wept with him. Then, in the low tones of heart-broken sorrow, he concluded:—

“I was arrested, and for long months I was a raving maniac. When I recovered, I was sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years; but this was nothing to the tortures I have endured in my own bosom. And now I desire to spend the little remnant of my life in striving to warn others not to enter a path which had been so dark and fearful to me.”

When the old man had finished, the temperance pledge was produced, and he asked the people to come forward and sign it. A young man started from his seat and pressed forward to sign the pledge. As he took the pen in hand, he hesitated a moment.

“Sign it, young man, sign it,” said the venerable speaker. “Angels would sign it. I would write my name in blood ten thousand times, if it would undo the ruin I have wrought and bring back my loved and lost ones.”

The young man wrote — “Mortimer Hudson.” The old man looked. He wiped his eyes, and looked again. His face flushed a fiery red, and then a deathlike paleness came over it.

“It is — no, it cannot be: yet how strange!” he muttered. “Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy.”

The young man trembled and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed.

They looked for a moment in each other’s eyes: then the old man exclaimed:—

“My own injured boy!”

The young man cried out:—

“My poor, dear father!”

Then they fell upon each other's neck and wept, till it seemed as if their souls would mingle into one.

There are other foes of little children; there are human hands stretched toward them, not to defend, but to destroy; not to shield them from harm, but to steal them from home. Gypsies, tramps, and thieves, who prowl around our houses, are more dangerous than the Red Indians, and are not less compassionate. These hordes of roaming adventurers, beggars, and chronic idlers are to be feared. They will pounce on a helpless child as a hawk swoops on a chicken, or an eagle bears away a lamb. Whether the motive is a prospective reward, or servitude, these abducting villains have blasted the hopes, and withered the joy, of many a home, and through their coarse guardianship have gradually changed the tender sapling into a gnarled and stunted tree.

I suppose there are honest tramps, who take the road seeking employment, but generally they go about seeking what they may devour. The rascalities of tramps have been so abundant, so inhuman, and so daring, that, *as a class*, I can say nothing good for them. From their uncombed matted locks, to their dirty calloused feet, from central heart (or rather stomach) to extremest member, they are incurably lazy. When I have known these illconditioned vagrants toss the well-buttered bread behind the hedge, after leaving the door at which they begged, and recite their lying stories at the next neighbor's with the hope of receiving money; when reading of their infamous deeds and their brutal outrages, I have wished for the power to frame and execute such laws as would deal very summarily with them. The tramp is conscienceless and cowardly — a vicious animal,



SOMEBODY'S BABY.

always dangerous, seldom, if ever, to be trusted. I know what grace can do for the vilest, but where grace reigns, the tramp-life dies. Dickens must have met with some of these shiftless vagabonds; his vivid description shows he had observed them to some purpose. "The pitiless rascal blights the summer road as he maunders on between the luxuriant hedges, where even the wild convolvulus and rose and sweetbriar are the worse of his going by, and need time to recover from the taint of him in the air."

To watch such a spectre of a man swaggering along the highway, stirs our indignation; but when we see them accompanied by children (their own or others', who can tell?) with innocence written across their guileless faces, indignation changes to pity and sadness, that such opposite elements should be in alliance. What can be the fate of such children? In only a few brief years the petrifying process will have done its work, and the innocent child becomes an incarnate fiend.

Here, then, is a field for the home missionary. It will need a wise tactician to decoy, or win, from the tramp that boy or girl whom he regards as essential to himself. Sometimes it is accomplished by a bold dash and a daring effort. When a child is exposed to physical danger our instincts are quickened to save it; why not also attempt a rescue from a far worse fate?

"The following incident occurred during a general review of the Austrian cavalry, not long ago. Not far off some thousands of cavalry were in line. A little child, a girl of not more than four years, standing in the front row of the spectators, from some cause rushed out into the open field just as the squadron of hussars came sweeping around from the main body. They made a detour for the purpose of saluting the Empress, whose carriage was drawn up on that part of the parade-ground. Down came the squadron at

a mad gallop. Directly under the feet of the horse was the little one, — another instant must seal its doom! — when a stalwart hussar, who was in the front line, without slackening his speed or losing his hold, threw himself over by the side of his horse's neck, seized and lifted the child, and placed it in safety upon his saddle-bow; and this he did without changing his pace or breaking the correct alignment of the squadron. Ten thousand voices hailed with rapturous applause the gallant deed, and other thousands applauded when they knew. *Two women* there were who could only sob forth their gratitude in broken accents — the mother and the Empress; and a proud and happy moment it must have been for the hussar when his Emperor, taking from his own breast the richly enameled Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, hung it upon the breast of his brave and gallant trooper."

That was indeed a reward princely bestowed, but highly deserved. It was an noble act, done in an instant, yet not forgotten in an age. So, likewise, to save a child from sin and sinful surroundings will not only secure the approval of heaven, but from the Master's lips will fall the gratifying sentence: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Such an act will live forever.

The numbers of children who have been stolen from their homes, in this and other countries, are overwhelming. The pathetic story of Charlie Ross, abducted in broad daylight from under the shadow of his home, is still fresh in our memories. I have occasionally in public address referred to a case of abduction, the particulars of which I had not fully known. It had been told me by a friend, and was such a graphic illustration of answered prayer, that I was more than pleased in coming across the incident in all its details since beginning this book.

The Countess of Belville, and her son aged eleven years, were sitting, on the first of May, in a magnificent saloon in her London residence, at the head of a long table. Around this table, filled with cakes, sugar-plums, etc., fifty little chimney-sweeps were seated, with clean hands and faces, and with joyous hearts, singing, —

“Sweep ho! sweep ho!
From the bottom to the top.”

Some years before this anniversary day, Lady Belville had a son about five years old. She was a widow, and this little boy was her only child. Upon her little Charles she had placed all her affection, and this child had become the sole object of her thoughts and her cares. The great desire of the heart of the Countess was that her son should become pious — truly converted to the Lord. She prayed without ceasing that God would touch the heart of her child, and turn it toward him. The more she prayed, and the more pains she took, the farther he seemed removed from the good end to which she wished to conduct him. He was idle, disobedient, and wilful, and but little disposed to attend to the subject of religion. Whenever the Bible was read to him, he became weary, thinking of other things, turning upon his seat, and gazing at the furniture of the room. When she required him to repeat his morning prayers, he said he wanted his breakfast first; and in the evening, that he was too sleepy, and wished to go to bed. He had no desire to be wiser, and he had no wish to ask God to teach him, and his mother could never be satisfied that he even ever prayed from the abundance of the heart. She prayed often herself, and she greatly desired that her son should pray also. In the hope of encouraging him, she composed some prayers for him to recite each night; but Charles would never learn but one of them, after saying which, he would

quickly say "Amen," and go to bed. "Lord, convert me—change my heart; teach me to love thee, and love my brethren as Jesus Christ loved us. Amen." The poor mother wept much, and prayed more; but we must say that she failed to correct him.

Her weakness emboldened Charles to disobedience, and he every day became more wicked. Lady Belville, seeing that her son changed not, began to doubt of the promises of God, and to her eyes he seemed to fail in his word; for he had said in many passages of the Bible: "Call upon Me, and I will answer."

One day, as usual, she was plunged in tears. A servant came to tell her that for an hour they had sought for Charles all about the house without finding him, that the outer gate had been kept fastened, and that the child had been all the morning amusing himself alone in the garden.

You can imagine the anxiety of his mother; she ran through the house, the garden, the neighborhood: but no person could give her any news of her son. She sent her servants to seek him through all the streets of the city; she sent notices to the authorities; she published in all the papers the disappearance of her child, and offered a large reward to those who would give her tidings of him.

Twenty different persons came within a few days to bring her intelligence of several children they had seen; but no one brought her any satisfactory information. One had seen a child resembling the description of him, who departed in a post-chaise; another had seen a person weeping in the streets, and asking for his mother; a third pretended to have seen a little boy of the same age, clothed exactly in the same manner, amusing himself alone, casting stones into the water, upon the bank of a river; and he affirmed, that having passed a few moments afterwards, he was not to be seen.

This last recital, either that it was more frightful or the

portrait given of the child had more resemblance to Charles, made a deep impression on the mind of the mother, who no longer doubted that it was her son, and that he had been drowned. She had, moreover, reason to believe it, as she learned, not long after, that the body of a child had been found upon the river, and buried in a little hamlet three leagues from the city. This time, well persuaded of the death of her son, the poor mother thought of nothing but to raise a tombstone to his memory, and to go there and weep, and pray to God to console her. She would have wished to persuade herself that her child was not very wicked, and that he had at least some good qualities to redeem his defects. She tried to remember one time in his life when the little Charles had uttered one prayer from the heart; she repeated to herself that which she had taught him; but alas! what came to the remembrance of the poor mother was always the recollection of his disobedience to the orders of his mother, his impatience during her serious reading, and his weariness during prayer. Oh, if the little Charles could have known how much grief he afterward caused his mother, how he would have wept! Perhaps he would not have been so wicked and disobedient. But to console herself, Lady Belville wished to have before her eyes the sweetest recollection that remained to her of her Charles. She caused to be sculptured upon a tomb a young child kneeling, and had inscribed upon the black marble this prayer: "Lord, convert me — change my heart; teach me to love thee, and to love my brethren as Jesus Christ loved us. Amen."

Now one year, two years, three years passed away, without bringing any solace to the grief of the Countess: her only happiness upon this earth (next to her religious duties) was, whenever she met a child of the age that Charles would have been had he lived, to say to herself, that perhaps it might be her son, and that she was falsely persuaded of his

death. She approached every such child and examined him with care, questioned him with eager curiosity, and always ended by discovering, with sorrow, that the child was not her son.

One day, on returning from the country (where she had been passing some weeks), unexpected by her domestics, who were occupied in cleaning the apartments, she saw with surprise, on entering the saloon, a little chimney-sweep leaning against the mantle-shelf. He was very sorrowful; and in spite of the soot which covered his face might be seen his white skin and his extreme thinness. His head rested upon his breast; the poor child was weeping, and large tears rolled down his cheeks, leaving white traces upon his dark face.

“What is the matter, child?” said the Countess.

“Nothing, madam—it is nothing. We are come to sweep your chimney. My master is upon the roof—he is coming down.”

“But why do you weep?”

“It is because,” trying to restrain his tears, “it is because” —

“Take courage, my boy,” said the good lady; “tell me thy troubles.”

“It is because my master will beat me again.”

“*Again*, you say; does he beat you often?”

“Almost every day, madam.”

“And for what?”

“Because I don't earn money enough. When I return at night, after having cried out all the day without having obtained any work, he says I have been idle; but I assure you, madam, it is not my fault. I cry out as loud as I can, and nobody calls me. I can't force people to let me sweep their chimneys.”

“But, then, every day does not pass without work, and then thy master does not whip thee?” said the Countess.

“Well, madam, then he says to me that I don’t climb fast enough — that I do not scrape hard enough; and when I come down he strikes me again, and all the time I do all that I can. More than once I have run the risk of falling; yesterday I hurt my leg; you see, madam, my pantaloons are worn through at the knees;” and the poor boy wept bitterly.

“But, then, when you work better?” said the good lady.

“Oh, when I work better he is content to scold me.”

“And how much do you gain each day?”

“Nothing — only he gives me my food; but so little that I very often go to bed hungry.”

“Ah! well, I will speak to thy master.”

“Ah! no, madam; he will beat me more yet. I complain to nobody, but in the evening to” —

“To whom?”

“To God.”

“And what do you say to him?”

“I ask him to take me back to my mother.”

“Thou hast, then, a mother?”

“O, yes! and a very good mother; if I could go to her, I should not be so unhappy.”

“Do you know where she lives?”

“No; I recollect only one house — one garden. See! see! madam, it was like this. The trees of the garden were seen through the windows of the saloon, as you see these poplars in front. The chimney was on the right hand like this, the door in front; and my mother was like you — only she was handsome, and was not dressed in black as you are.”

These words overcame Lady Belville. A shivering ran through her frame; her hands trembled: she could scarcely stand upon her feet. She sank upon the sofa, and taking the boy by one hand, she drew him near to her, and continued the conversation.

“And has the Lord never answered you, my child?”

“Not yet, madam; but he will hear me one day, I am sure.”

“Sure! and why?”

“Because he has said so in his Word.”

“You have confidence, then, in prayer?”

“Yes, madam; because I have already been heard.”

“In what?”

“I have asked God to make me better, and it seems to me that I am not so bad as formerly. Now, I do almost all that my master tells me. When I can, I read a little in the New Testament, which a good gentleman gave me; and I pray every day with pleasure.”

“With *pleasure*, do you say?”

“Yes, with pleasure; above all, when I repeat the prayer that my mother taught me by heart.”

“And what is that prayer? tell it me, I beseech you.”

The child knelt down, joined his hands, and shedding some tears, he said, with a trembling voice:—

“Lord, convert me—change my heart; teach me to love thee, and to love my brethren as Jesus Christ loved us. Amen.”

“My child! my child!” cried the Countess, pressing the boy in her arms; “thou art my son Charles!”

“My mother!” said the child, “where is she? It was thus that she used to call me—Charles! Charles!”

“I am thy mother, I tell thee!” and sobs stopped the voices of the mother and the child. They both wept, but they were tears of joy. The mother knelt by the side of the child, and exclaimed, in the fulness of her heart: “My God! my God! forgive me for having offended thee by my unbelief—pardon me for having doubted thy promises—forgive my impatience! I have prayed for his conversion, but I was unwilling to wait; and yet thou hast heard me and answered

my prayer. Teach me, O Lord, to confide in thee; teach me to remember that thou hearest always, but if thou deferrest to answer, it is in order to bless thee better; but if thou dost not as we would wish, it is because thy ways are not as our ways, and thou knowest better than we what is for our good. Henceforth I will say: 'Let thy will, not mine, be done.'"

Here the master-sweep entered the saloon, and was much surprised to find his apprentice and this great lady both upon their knees. She asked him how he had become possessor of the child. He answered, that a man, calling himself his father, placed him in his hands for a sum of money; that this man for some time past had been ill at the hospital, and perhaps was now dead.

Lady Belville now hastened to the hospital, and found a dying man, who confessed to her that, about three years since, he had stolen a child who was jumping over a garden wall, and that he committed this crime in the hope of gaining some money by letting him out as a chimney-sweep to one of his vocation. Lady Belville, too happy at this moment to reproach him, and thinking that God had permitted this event in order that Charles might be placed in circumstances more favorable for the good of his soul, freely pardoned the unhappy man, and she saw him die in the hope that God had pardoned him also.

From this time Charles was the joy of his mother; and she, to perpetuate this event in his history, assembled, on the first of May (the day on which she found her son), for many years, a large number of the sweeps of his age, to give them an entertainment, and to relate the history of Charles, to teach them that God always hears our prayers, and answers them, but oftentimes in a manner that we do not expect.

If any reader shall sigh over a wasted life, or think no

opportunities for a great work is his, I wish to remind him that an honest effort to save even one child is not in vain. If we cannot clothe, shelter, or feed a boy or girl, we can surely tell them of the sinner's Friend. And is not this the greatest work committed to us? O, my reader, if you know the power of the Gospel in your own life, hasten with the glad tidings to those who know it not. To save a soul from death may be your rich reward. Dr. George F. Pentecost, of Brooklyn, whose vigorous ministry has been so eminently successful, records the story of an "Arab's" conversion worthy of being widely known. It may lead some reader to win another lad from the error of his ways:—

It was at the close of a preaching service in connection with a series of gospel meetings in a manufacturing town in New England. As I walked toward the platform, where my wrappings were, I noticed seated alone on one of the benches what seemed to be a little boy. As I passed him, I thought to myself, Why is that boy sitting there alone and at this late hour? So I went back to him, and sat down by his side. On this closer inspection I found him a lad of perhaps fifteen years. He was very dirty; face and hands grimed with factory-grease; hair uncombed; mouth defiled with tobacco. Meantimes, he was chewing his "quid" vigorously. I put my arms kindly about his shoulders and said:—

"Well, my boy, what are you waiting here for?"

The reply was the laconic "I dunno."

"What did you come in for at all?"

"I just wanted to see what was going on and to hear the singing."

"Well, why do you stay longer, now that nearly everybody has gone?"

"I dunno. 'Cause I don't feel good."

“Do you want to be a Christian?”

“I dunno. I dunno what that is.”

“Why, it is to be saved from your sin and become God’s child. Would you not like to be God’s child? That is, to be a Christian.”

“*I’d like to be gooder.* That’s what I’d like to be.”

“Well, my boy, that is what Jesus will do for you, if you will take him for your Saviour. He will not only make you ‘gooder,’ but he will forgive all your sins and give you a new heart.”

“I dunno what you mean by that.”

And therein he was like Nicodemus. Indeed, he was a young Nicodemus come to Jesus by night. He knew that he wanted to be “gooder,” but he did not know how he was to be made so. I talked with him a little while about Jesus, but he did not seem to understand how Jesus could be “*away up* in heaven,” and yet know anything about him; and particularly he did not know how he was to give himself to Christ. Nevertheless, I went on preaching or talking Jesus to him, trusting *the present holy Spirit*, who had awakened him and detained him in the inquiry-room, to enable him to understand these things. At length he said:—

“I don’t know what you mean by believing on Jesus Christ.”

Apparently dropping the subject, I turned to him abruptly and said:—

“Where do you work?”

He looked up, evidently surprised, and told me that he worked in a certain factory.

“What do you do in it?” I asked.

“I works in the picking-room.”

“Is it a good job?”

“No, sir; ‘tain’t! It’s long hours and poor pay.”

"How long do you work?"

"Oh! different. Sometimes ten hours and sometimes fourteen, according to the way the mill runs."

"And what pay do you get?"

"Only but fifty cents a day."

"Well," said I, "now, Johnny, suppose Mr. So-and-so," naming the manager of a large mill in another part of the town, "should come to you, and say: 'Johnny, I want a boy to work for me in my mill, and I will tell you what I want him to do. I want him to work four hours a day in the mill with two of my own boys, that I am bringing up to know the business. Then I want him to go to school a half a day. I will give him a dollar a day, and he shall eat at my table and live in my house with my boys; and, indeed, I will be a kind father to him and take good care of him.'"

The little fellow listened with amused incredulity; but when I had finished, and asked him: "Johnny, if such an offer was made to you, would you accept it?" with a smile that spread all over his face, and even up out of the grime and dirt, and far quicker than I can record it, he said: —

"*You bet I would!* And mighty quick!"

"But, Johnny, what would you do with the old job?"

"I'd throw it up, higher 'n a kite."

"And then what would you do?"

"Why, of course, I go to work for the new boss. But, say, Mister, you are chaffin' me now."

"No, Johnny. I am not chaffing you. You are working for a hard master now, and are having long hours and poor pay. Every one who is living in sin is serving the Devil, and the only pay you will get by-and-by is death. But, my boy, God loves you and he has sent Jesus into the world to tell you so and to offer to make you his child, put you to work for him, and finally take you to heaven. Now, Johnny, will you accept this new situation and become God's child?"

That is what I mean by believing on Jesus Christ and accepting him. Will you take him for your Saviour and new Master?"

Once more the smile came back into his face, and with straightforward, honest love in his eye, he said:—

"Is that it? Then I'll take Christ Jesus for my Saviour."

"But Johnny," I said, "what will you do with *the old job of sin?*"

Still another ray of light came into his face, and, with compressed lips and firm and determined voice, he said, evidently remembering his other answer: "I'll throw it up."

"That's it, my dear boy. That is what it is to become a Christian. It is to take Jesus for your Saviour, who forgives all your sin, and for your new Master, and God for your Father in heaven, and throw up the old job of sin. Will you kneel down here with me, and tell Jesus you have taken him in your heart, to be your Saviour and Master?"

"Yes, sir." And, with that, he fell upon his knees beside me, and, after I had offered a prayer, I asked him to pray, which he did, substantially in these words: "Lord Jesus, I take you for my Saviour, and I throw up sin. Help me to be *goder* than I am and to serve you right." I said the "Amen."

I was in that city months afterward, and asked the pastor after "Johnny," who, he told me, was walking uprightly. Among other things, he had "thrown up his tobacco."

When the Son of Man shall appear at the throne of his glory, will any of the little ones, shining then in the perfect light, in the land where there shall be no more pain, or sorrow, or hunger, or sin, or crying, for God shall have himself "wiped away the tears from off all faces" (Rev. xxi, 4). — in that day, will there be any of these children waiting and

watching to welcome *you* as the one who led their wandering feet to the cross of Jesus? What, if then, the King of glory should inquire:—

“Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild, waste places,
Where the lost and the wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming,
The print of My wounded feet.

“Have ye folded home to your bosom,
The trembling, neglected lamb?
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them,
He had no where to lay His head.”

CHAPTER XX.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A String Wanted. — Pickings and Stealings. — Self-denial. — The Little Black Girl. — “Cheer Boys, Cheer!” — London Ragged-Schools. — Volunteer Teachers. — Powerlessness of Science. — “Science has no Morality.” — Broussa Orphans. — Only Sample Cases. — Poem on Christian Liberality. — What a Schoolboy Saw. — The Sister’s Love Letters. — The Parson a-Swellin’ Up. — Inviting Jesus to Tea. — Female Orphanages. — Alone in London. — Mrs. Arden’s Forgetfulness. — “Precious Promise.” — The Mysterious Caller. — The Zulu “Arab.” — Ahn High. — Mr. Gough’s Cigars. — “Feel o’ that air Muscle!” — Mr. Gough and Mr. Spurgeon. — The Sick Boy. — Mr. Spurgeon at his Greatest. — The Burned “Arab.” — A Hard Case. — Only a Boy. — Bobby and the Breakfast. — Afraid of Being Born Again. — Be Brave, Boys. — The Christian Martyr Picture. — Japan “Arabs.” — Wonderful Kites. — “Feast of Flags.” — “Feast of Dolls.” — The Story-teller. — The Floating Duck. — The “Arab” is Sharp and Sly. — Paddy’s Speech. — Another “Arab” Speech. — The Speaker’s Departure for the West.

WHEN a small boy, I puzzled a great deal about the string always found in rock-candy. It could not be accidental, that a white thread ran through the middle of each pennyworth. When the explanation was given, that on this same thread the sugar was crystalized, my curiosity ended. In opening this chapter I feel the need of a string, having at hand many interesting facts, illustrations, sayings, and doings of “Arabs,” coming under no particular head, yet not willing to deny them a place in this book.

I have called them “Odds and Ends,” being chiefly such; mostly broken fragments from other writers. Politician-like, I have indulged in *pickings* and *stealings*; not, however, for selfish hoarding, but rather for widespread distribution. The origin of such fragments as are not properly “credited,” like the sources of the Nile, are hidden in obscurity, while others are borrowed from literary pirates, whom we do not wish to expose.

Mrs. Birt, of Liverpool, to whom reference has been made

already, has a beautiful motto on self-denial, printed on her note-paper. With each letter going out from her "Home for Little Ones," she preaches this sermonette:—

"We need not bid for cloistered cell
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
The trivial round, the common task,
May furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves—the road
To bring us daily nearer God."

A little black girl, eight years old, was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her:—

"Mollie, do you pray?" The suddenness of the question confused her a little; but she answered:—

"Yes, sir; every night."

"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked. And she answered promptly:—

"I know he does."

"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that he hears your prayer as those of white children?"

For full three minutes the child kept on with her work without speaking; then she slowly said:—

"Master George, I pray into God's ear, and not his eyes. My voice is just like any other little girl's; and if I say what I ought to say, God does not stop to look at my skin."

George did not question her any further. The answer he felt to be a wiser one than he could have given.

Miss Geldard, whose poetic pen has so often espoused the cause of the orphan, puts the following *cheery* song into the mouths of the little ones sheltered by Mr. Quarrier. I would suggest that any group of children might be taught to sing it— one singing one verse, another the second, etc., but *all* joining in the chorus. I have changed a local word to make the stirring song more universal.

Tune — "Cheer, boys, cheer!"

Tell me the sound that wakened *you* this morning?

Tell us the first sound that fell upon your ear?

As I lay and listened as the day was dawning,

I heard the lark sing his carol sweet and clear.

Cheer, boys cheer! for heaven's vault above us;

Cheer, boys cheer! for the pleasant fields around;

Cheer, boys cheer! for the kindly hearts that love us;

Cheer, boys cheer! for each country sight and sound.

'T was not the lark that wakened *me* this morning;

I need a louder call to waken me than you;

I slept, though rosy clouds were all the sky adorning,

Till I heard the cock cry "cock-a-doodle do!" — *Cho*

As I lay and listened in the quiet dawning,

I heard the patter of the falling rain;

Then, on a sudden, the whistle gave *me* warning,

Then came the huh! huh! of the passing train. — *Cho*.

I heard the black crows slowly flying over,

"Caw-caw-caw-caw," as they passed us by;

Down by the burn side I heard the graceful plover —

"Pee wit, pee wit, wit," was her constant cry. — *Cho*.

Breakfast came to *my* mind as I lay this morning,

Then I heard the lowing of the farmer's cow;

Now there's some one coming for to give us warning,

I hear the black dog crying "bow-wow-wow-wow-wow!" — *Cho*.

London Ragged-Schools are a great institution. Their patron, Lord Shaftesbury, said recently: —

We have heard something about the "justification of ragged-schools." Justification! Look what is before you now; remember that most of these children have been dragged from the depths of human misery; see what they are now, and ask, Does that require any justification? It is not justification of ragged-schools we require, but an enormous extension of their operations. I remember the high and palmy days of ragged-schools; I remember we

have trained and sent out *three hundred thousand children* whom I would back against any equal number of children in the country. Three hundred thousand boys and girls, all of whom would have gone to join the dangerous classes! We picked them up, we trained them, we taught them to fear God and man, and we sent them into domestic services, into trades, into the colonies. Have any of them broken the hearts of their teachers, or proved a disgrace to the tuition they received? None, I tell you.

Think how many volunteer teachers we have had; remember the arduous and oppressive and perilous work of the teachers of former days, — how they braved contagion, all that could be offensive to the senses, dangers of all sorts; think of the present army of about *three thousand teachers* devoting time, energy, strength, enthusiasm, and prayer to the work, ready to brave all dangers and difficulties, and tell me is there not hope for England when she can produce such citizens, who, without hope of fee or reward, and in simple love to the Master and for the welfare of the children, carry on this grand work. The great secret of the work is the parental principle. These children know nothing of parental care and love at home, and love begets love. Hence the hold these teachers have over the wayward, neglected, and migratory children.

I pray God most earnestly that so long as there is a ragged child in existence, so long, by his grace and mercy, there may be a ragged-school to receive, protect, love, and elevate these children, and teach them the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Hear the words of a preacher on the powerlessness of *Science* to elevate degraded childhood: —

The work, remember, is essentially a Christian work. This work means Christianity or it means nothing. Now, the question is continually raised in the press, "Is life worth



WANTING TO LEARN.

living?" but you never heard a Christian ask that question, though many a Christian has answered it nobly. These children, before you picked them up, might ask such a question, and if they are to answer it aright, we must give them the Christian revelation, else will they have nothing really worth living for.

Now, it seems to me in these days of criticism we are being brought to face this question, and I want to face it to-night for two or three minutes. The question is this: Are we going to abide by the old revelation, or are we going to be content to depend on science? Now, if we are not content with science we must be shut up to revelation, and if we are not content with revelation we must be shut up to science. Which will it be? Now, I want you to understand what this means. What has science to offer you? Go through the length and breadth of the kingdom of science and you find one law. What is that law? The law of force, the law of might. Science has no morality; no right and wrong. Shut me up to science, and I am shut up to the law of force. Might is right, and there is no right beside. Shut me up to science, then I must study the law of dynamics. Shut me up thus, and you leave me nothing to fall back upon in my weakness but craft. If I have not muscle, craft must avail me; if I have not muscle, I must fall back upon craft and guile. Science in the long run has for the weak nothing but dynamite to fall back upon. Science then will not avail us, and we turn to the Christian revelation.

The Christian work which Mrs. Baghdasarian is conducting among the destitute children of Broussa is one of considerable interest. Broussa is the capital of Bithynia, the country in Asia Minor of which the Apostle Peter speaks (1 Peter, i, 1). The city is situated on the slope of Mount Olympus. It was for a long period the metropolis of the kings of

Bithynia, and derives its name from Prussias, the protector of Hannibal, one of the early monarchs, who reigned two hundred years before Christ.

Here are specimens of what some of the girls once were, and portraits of what they now are : —

Little Anna, seven years old, was found by a man on a heap of rubbish, eating whatever she could find. The poor little thing looked scarcely human; she was sewn up in rags. When the rags were cut from her it was discovered that her attenuated body was eaten into holes by vermin, and her head was covered with sores, which caused her hair to fall off. By patient nursing, after eight months' residence in the Home she had become a pretty, clear-complexioned, lovable girl, and her head is now covered with brown, curling hair.

Marian, another orphan, was found in the streets of Broussa begging. She had run away from one to whom she had been sold, and who had been in the habit of binding her to a pillar and whipping her most cruelly. She is a most clever girl, sews beautifully, and is gentle and obedient.

Another child, Yevpymia, came with a bad disease of the ears and fingers, and it was feared that the former would drop off. She has now grown a most fair and pretty child. Synhie, another destitute little girl, was at first rather obstinate. She went repeatedly to the matron and told her that if she did not open the door and let her out she would dig up the pavement and throw the stones at her head. These vicious habits have been overcome, and Synhie is now a warm-hearted, energetic child, and is very clever in her studies and in her work.

These are but samples of many cases which could be adduced; but enough has been said to commend the "Asia Minor Home for Orphan and Destitute Girls" to the sympathy and prayers of our readers.

“Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? rise and share it with another.
And through all the years of famine, it shall serve thee and thy brother:
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

“For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother’s burden; God will bear both it and thee.

“Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amongst the
snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life’s battle?—many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

“Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longing still.
Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.”

We borrow this paragraph from *The Little Wanderer’s Friend*:—

A teacher once said: When I first began to teach school in the country, I said to a bright boy, one pleasant spring morning, who had a mile to come to school every day:—

“Well, my young man, what did you see this morning on your way to school?”

“Nothing much, sir.”

I said: “To-morrow morning I shall ask you the same question.”

The morning came, and, when I called him to my desk, you would have been surprised to hear how much he had seen along the road—cattle of all sizes and colors; fowls of almost every variety; sheep and lambs, horses and oxen; new barns and houses, and old ones; here a tree blown down, and yonder a fine orchard just coming out into full bloom; there a field covered over with corn or wheat; here a broken rail in

the fence, there a wash-out in the road ; over yonder a pond, alive with garrulous geese and ducks ; here he met a carriage and there a farm-wagon. And not only had he seen all these and many more things in the fields and by the wayside, but, looking up, he had noticed flocks of blackbirds going north to their summer home. He saw the barn and chimney swallows flying about in every direction ; there he had noticed a kingbird making war on the crow, and here a hawk pursuing a little bird ; yonder he had seen robins flying from tree to tree, and over there the bobolink mingling his morning song with that of the meadow lark. In a word, he had so much to tell me, that I had not time before school to hear it all. A new world had sprung up all round him — earth, water, and air were now full of interesting objects to him. Up to this time, he had never learned to look and think. Things around him had not changed in number or character, but he began to take note of them.

A youngster in Peoria, Illinois, while ransacking his sister's portfolio, came across a package of love-letters carefully tied up with a blue ribbon, and stowed snugly away ; being her correspondence with a charming fellow, not, perhaps, to the liking of papa and mamma. These he took to the corner of a crowded thoroughfare, and, as he had seen the postman do, distributed them to the passers-by. His poor sister heard of the achievement after they were in general circulation ; and *then!*

A clergyman of astonishing pertinacity, having tired out a large congregation long before he had reached his tenthly, stopped to take breath and wipe the sweat from his forehead, and was just beginning afresh, when a little miss, right near the pulpit, exclaimed : " O mother ! he ain't a-goin' to stop at all ! he is a-swellin' up again."

There is a beautiful story told of two children who were left at home alone one wintry day. They were talking of Jesus, and one said to the other: "I wonder if Jesus would come to tea with us if we set a cup and saucer for him and asked him. Mother says he hears us, and loves to come and bless us, when we ask him." "Let us try," said the other. So they put a third cup and saucer on the table, and when they gave thanks they folded their hands and asked Jesus to come to tea with them. Then they sat and listened.

There came a gentle knock at the door. They were a little frightened, but they hastened to lift the latch. They peeped out, expecting to see Jesus, but there was only a poor ragged shivering boy, with a broom in his hand. At first they were disappointed, but one said: "Perhaps Jesus could not come himself, and so he sent this little boy instead." They brought him some warm tea and a piece of cake, and as they watched him eating they thought: "Jesus knows all about it, and he is taking it just as if we had done it to him."

So let us try to make some hearts glad to-day, and Jesus will take it as if we had done it to him, when he was a little child, and lay in the manger. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Female orphanages are a great desideratum, since young helpless girls are surrounded with peculiar dangers. Some penitentiary statistics show too plainly the difficulties and dangers of their position, bereft of a mother's tender care and a father's loving counsel. Out of 551 inmates of a penitentiary, 423 of whom had been domestic servants, there were 387 orphans. Of these 303 had found refuge from their wretched life *before the age of sixteen!*

What a heartrending state of matters is here revealed! What a crying need for a more generous and sustained

support of female orphanages! Is it not of the very essence of true religion that Christians in more fortunate circumstances should "visit the widow and *the fatherless* in their affliction"?

"Rain, rain, rain! What a long, lonely day this has been!" sighed a weary-looking girl, as she glanced from her window into the dreariness without.

In smoky London, up five flights of stairs, in a small attic room, sat Madeline Stuart. Yearningly, almost tearfully, she gazed into the distance —

Above the fog, above the smoke,
Above the cross on St. Paul's Church.

All alone in the world was she — a poor sewing-girl, alone in London; and yet she did not feel alone. Those threatening clouds in yonder sky were but a veil between her and her mother, and heaven was very near to Madeline Stuart. Slowly she folded her work, drew down the little white curtain, and put on her bonnet and faded shawl.

"I am glad I've finished this work to-night," she said softly to herself, as she tied the bundle, "for Mrs. Arden will surely pay me."

Swiftly she walked through the muddy streets until she reached a handsome mansion in Burlington Street. A trim-looking woman opened the door in response to her ring, and ushered her into the comfortable drawing-room. A few moments followed, and then the rustle of silk on the stairs, the door was pushed ajar, and in swept the stately Mrs. Arden.

"You are very prompt to-night, my dear," she observed, with one of her most patronizing smiles; "I hope you have not slighted your work in your haste to finish it."

"Not at all, ma'am," answered Madeline Stuart, advancing towards the lady, and laying the work in her hands.



WARNED OFF BY "LIVERY."

“Very well; I will not stop to examine it now, as I have a pressing engagement to meet at seven, and it lacks but five minutes to that hour. Call to-morrow night for your pay, please, and perhaps I may have more work for you.” Mrs. Arden touched the bell and a servant showed Madeline to the door.

“What a disappointment!” murmured the girl, as she retraced her steps. “She does not know how much I need the money.”

Mrs. Arden did not mean to be unkind; she was simply thoughtless. She had everything herself; how could she realize Madeline’s wants? Such people seldom do. The little chapel in Vine Street was lighted as Madeline repassed it, and sweet music floated out from the open door. Beautiful words they were, and they sounded very beautiful in that London street to that poor sewing-girl: —

“Precious promise God hath given
To the weary passer-by;
On the way from earth to Heaven.
I will guide thee with Mine eye.”

Madeline walked in and took a seat. Presently a tall, handsome man, past middle age, entered and passed up the aisle to the chair behind the desk. As the music ceased, he rose, opened the Bible on the table, and read: “In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.” Three times he read it in clear, earnest tones, and then closed the Book. Laying his hand upon its cover, and looking searchingly into the faces before him, he said: —

“My friends, God has never yet broken one of his promises: what is more, he never will break one of his promises. Is there a soul in this room to-night who is worried and perplexed because he cannot see the way before him — any one who is in trouble because the future looks so

dark to him, and he cannot see even one bright spot ahead? If so, let me say, this promise was meant for you. Think over your past life, and if at any time God has been good to you, has led you, has kept you, rise, and before this company acknowledge him. Do this and the promise shall be verified unto you; he shall direct your paths. Who will acknowledge him now?"

Thought after thought rushed swiftly through Madeline Stuart's mind. She had been left an orphan at twelve years of age. God had placed her in a good family; through kind friends she had obtained an education and a business by which she might gain an honest livelihood. To be sure, she must work hard, very hard for her daily bread, and true it was that her only friends were far away on the other side of the great Atlantic; yet God had been good to her, so good, for her life might have been much more bitter. As these truths were pressed home to Madeline's heart, she arose, and in short, simple words, "acknowledged him." Would the promise be verified? Would he direct her paths?

"If you please, Miss, there's a caller for you below."

"For me, and so early?" and Madeline hastened down stairs. To her surprise, the clergyman of the previous evening stood before her.

"I will explain my business at once," he added, after his self-introduction was over. "I am Mrs. Arden's brother. I stood in the back hall last night, putting on my overcoat, and, the door being ajar, heard my sister defer paying you. I imagined your disappointment, but feared my offer of assistance might be deemed obtrusive. I walked behind you, and saw you enter the church, and it was for your especial benefit that I chose the lesson of the evening. I was much gratified to hear your prompt testimony, and moved to come here this morning. For many weeks I have been in search

of some competent person to act as governess for my children and companion to my wife. I feel that it was a providence I chanced to be at my sister's last evening, and have no hesitation in offering you the situation : it is for you to accept or reject."

And Madeline bowed her head, and answered, "I accept the position and will strive to fulfil its trusts."

She has a happy home of her own now ; but she will never forget that rainy evening in London, when the singing of a hymn led her into the chapel. And there hangs upon her wall, in bright letters, the motto to which she attributes all the sunshine of her life: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

From the *Moravian Missionary Reporter* comes this grain of spice about a Zulu "Arab":—

There was a Zulu lad in Natal, who had become "leader" to a farmer on his journey to Verulam, when they were overtaken by the heavy mists so common on those hills. The mists very shortly became pouring rain, and darkness fell upon them. The Zulu lad, overcome by the cold, dropping the thong with which he led the oxen, stood still. Speedily the eyes closed and he could not move, and he became silent. The farmer, stripping himself of his great-coat, and taking everything that he had available for covering, laid him down on the wagon and covered him up, hoping by that means to revive him ; but it was all in vain, life seemed slowly ebbing out. Then laying himself down beside the little lad, and opening his coat, he stretched out his broad arms and drew the boy to his warm, strong heart, and kept him there. Very soon the eyes opened, and the heart began to beat ; the life returned, and the boy spoke. Years afterwards that Zulu lad said to the farmer: "Sir, tell me what it was that made your heart so warm towards me, and brought me back

from death." And then, with his heart as warm as ever, the colonist told the "old, old story of Jesus and his love," and it warmed another heart, and speedily the boy from penitence was led to rapture, and now he is, on those same hills, a native preacher, proclaiming the gospel of Jesus Christ.

"AIM HIGH!"

"Every one that is perfect shall be as his Master."—Luke, vi. 40.

'Tis scarcely worth your while, boys,
 To toil for meaner things;
 But serve, as subjects leal and true,
 The glorious King of kings!
 Whate'er He bids you practise,
 Upon His power rely;
 That power will never fail you:
 Aim high, my boys, aim high!

The highest aim of any
 Is just to do His will;
 The post His love assigns you,
 For His own glory fill;
 If by a cross He leads you
 Pause not to query, Why?
 But steadfast follow after:
 Aim high, my boys, aim high!

A perfect pattern shown us
 Of God the Father's will,
 Press forward, in your measure,
 Its promptings to fulfil.
 Though now we see not perfectly
 Our souls to satisfy,
 Higher we aim, the higher reach:
 Aim high, my boys, aim high!

The humblest calling, followed
 With loving thought of Him,
 Shall fill your cup with blessing
 Up to the very brim:
 What though proud self should murmur?
 Its joys can never vie

With the "Well done!" of the Master:
Aim high, my boys, aim high!

A trifling act of kindness,
A kindly word of cheer,
A sunny smile of greeting,
May calm a brother's fear;
And, e'en if men revile you,
Give blessing in reply;
Following thus the Master:
Aim high, my boys, aim high!

Remember, He who loveth you,
Who gave his life for you,
Pledges his own most royal word
To bear you safely through.
"Lo! I am with you always,
Your every need supply,
And lead you on to victory."
Aim high, my boys, aim high!

In Mr. Gough's interesting and humorous address on his platform and personal experiences, he recounted the following incident:—

I was never so thoroughly nonplussed as once at a children's meeting by some cigars.

I was engaged to address a large number of children in the afternoon, the meeting to be held on the lawn back of the Baptist church. In the forenoon a friend met me, and after a few words said: "I have some first-rate cigars; will you have a few?" "No, I thank you." "Do take half a dozen." "I have nowhere to put them." "You can put half a dozen in your pocket." I wore a cap in those days, and to please him I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors I kept my cap on for fear of taking cold, and in the excitement of my remarks against forming bad habits I forgot all about the cigars.

Toward the close of my speech I became more earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, tobacco, drink, bad habits, and the bar-room saloons, I said: "Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance in all things. Now, then, three cheers, hurrah!" And taking off my cap I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, saying, in the hearing of every one there: "Here's one of your cigars, Mr. Gough."

Near Gorham's Corner, two little boys had set themselves in battle array against a third, somewhat larger. They were all in petticoats, by the way. At last one of the two stepped a little in advance of his companion, and bending his arm like a prize-fighter, sung out: "D'ye see that! jess feel o' that air muscle!" The arm appeared about the size of a turkey's leg, while he was manipulating the biceps; and the countenance that of a trained pugilist. As the bigger boy stepped up to *feel that muscle*, the little fellow let fly, and sent him head over heels into the gutter, petticoats and all.

"Do you say your prayers every day, my little man — every night and morning?" said a mother in Israel to a little reprobate of a shoeblick, to whom she had just given a trifle. "Yes 'm; I allus says 'em at night, mum; but any smart boy can take care o' hisself in the daytime," was the reply.

Mr. Gough relates some experiences he had had in connection with clergymen here and across the Atlantic. Among these he describes an interview to which he had listened in

a child's sick-room at the Stockwell Orphanage. Standing by the bed of a child hopelessly ill was Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Holding the boy's hand, the great preacher said: "You have some precious promises in sight all round the room. Now, my dear boy, you are going to die, and you are very tired of lying here, but soon you will be free from all pain, and will enjoy rest. Nurse, did he rest last night?" "Yes; but he coughed very much." "Ah, my dear boy, it seems very hard for you to lie here all day in pain, and cough all night, but remember Jesus loves you. He bought you with his precious blood, and he knows what is best for you. It seems hard for you to lie here and listen to the shouts of the healthy boys outside at play; but soon Jesus will take you home, and then he will tell you the reason, and you will be so glad."

Then, laying his hand on the boy, he said: "O Jesus, Master, this dear child is reaching out his thin hand to find thine. Touch him, dear Saviour, with thy loving, warm clasp. Lift him as he passes the cold river that his feet be not chilled by the water of death; take him home in thine own good time. Comfort and cherish him till that good time comes, show him thyself as he lies here, and let him see thee and know thee more and more as his loving Saviour."

After a moment's pause, Mr. Spurgeon added: "Now, dear boy, is there anything you would like? If you would like a little canary in a cage to hear him sing in the morning, you shall have one. Good-by, my dear boy; you will see the Saviour perhaps before I shall." In relating this, Mr. Gough added: "I had seen Mr. Spurgeon holding by his power five thousand persons in a breathless interest; I knew him as a great man universally esteemed and beloved; but as he sat by the bedside of this dying child, whom his beneficence had rescued, he was to me a greater and grander man than when swaying the multitude at his will."

The most tragic feature of the fire at the exposition stables, in Pittsburgh, was the burning of the "Arab" Thomas Rogers, who was locked in the stall with Polka Dot. He arrived there in the morning, and in the evening borrowed a bundle of straw from one of the stablemen to make his bed. The noise and the fire awoke him, and his screams could be heard above the frantic neighing of the frightened horses. The jockeys in the stalls about him rushed to the rescue, but they were beaten back by the flames. Twice the boy managed to get to his feet and strove to get away from his doom, but, terrified by his peril, dazed by the sudden transition from his dreams to what must have seemed to him a foretaste of the bottomless pit, blinded by the smoke, and struck back by the mad plunges of the horse, he went down, and, after a futile struggle to rise again, gave up the fight. His cries grew weaker, and finally ceased, and when, after the water from the engines had cooled the embers, his blackened trunk was taken out, it was scarcely recognizable as human. All traces of the brave fight he had made for life, and the horrible agony of its surrender, had been charred away. Little is known of him. He was a bootblack in Kalamazoo, with a passion to figure in a racing-stable. Whether he had friends who would sorrow for his death, or whether he was alone in the world, no one knows. All attempts to hear from the "Arab's" relatives and friends, if he had any, failed, and the Exposition Society instructed an undertaker to have the body properly buried.

Here is the brief history of an "Arab," received into a Christian Home:—

C. W., aged thirteen, suffering with hip disease caused by being entangled in some railings when thieving, and with one arm lacerated through being caught by some iron spikes in committing another robbery, was convicted before magis-

trates four times. His first offence was stealing green peas, fined; second offence, breaking into a day-school and stealing a sum of money, three days' imprisonment; third offence, picking pockets, seven days' imprisonment and flogged; fourth offence, stealing half a sovereign from a shop, one month's imprisonment and flogged.

ONLY A BOY.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
 The veriest mystery under the sun;
 As brimful of mischief and wit and glee
 As ever a human frame can be,
 And as hard to manage — ah! ah me!
 'Tis hard to tell, —
 Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
 Who cannot be driven but be led;
 Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
 And tears more clothes and spoils more hats,
 Loses more tops and kites and bats
 That would stock a store
 For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways,
 With his idle hours on busy days;
 With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
 Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise;
 Often brilliant for one of his size,
 As a meteor hurled
 From the pleasant world.

Only a boy, who will be a man
 If Nature goes on with her first great plan —
 If water or fire, or some fatal snare
 Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,
 Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
 Our torment our joy.
 .. Only a boy..

"I say, Bobby," said one youngster to another, "lend me two cents, will yer? I got up so early, that I spent all my money 'fore breakfast."

"More fool you."

"Wal!—how should I know the day was goin' to be so long?"

There is a story told of a little "Arab," in Scotland, whom his minister was catechizing, and asked if he would not like to be born again. He did not know the meaning of that blessed change which the Bible calls being born again, and which gives us new and holy hearts and brings us into the family of God; and so he told the minister he did not want to be born again. He was pressed to tell the reason, and at last he said: "Because I'm afraid I might be born *a girl*." Well, that would be no calamity in America or Scotland. But it is a sad thing to be born a girl in China. Often the little thing is thrown away upon the streets or river. Some families tell the missionaries of as many as ten infant girls who have been drowned at their birth, because of the expense and trouble of bringing them up. But boys are welcomed, for they can support their parents when they are old, and worship them when they die, which girls are not permitted to do, and therefore are regarded as useless and expensive burdens. O, what a cry comes to us from ten thousand little innocents who have not even a mother's pity left—Come and help us! A recent writer has put their pitiful cry into these sad lines:—

"To the all-engulfing tomb
Quick I hastened from the womb,
Scarce the dawn of life began
Ere I measured out my span,
Joyless sojourner was I
Only born to weep and die."

“I say, my fine fellow, where’s this road go to?” “It hain’t been nowhere sence we’ve lived in these parts.” A legal question put to a witness on the stand, legally answered.

“Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
 The liar’s a coward and slave, boys:
 Though clever at ruses,
 And sharp at excuses,
 He’s a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

“Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
 ’Tis better than money and rank, boys;
 Still cleave to the right,
 Be lovers of light,
 Be open, above-board, and frank, boys.

“Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
 Be gentle in manners and mind, boys
 The man gentle in mien,
 Words, and temper, I ween,
 Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

“But whatever you are, be true, boys:
 Be visible through and through, boys:
 Leave to others the shamming,
 The ‘greening’ and ‘crumming’:
 In fun and in earnest, be true, boys.”

A little girl was one day passing down a street in company with her aunt. Her attention was arrested by a picture hanging in front of a bookseller’s window. It was the picture of a woman cast into the sea, and drowning there, because she would not give up loving the Saviour and reading his word. It was called “The Christian Martyr.” Little Alice, for that was the girl’s name, stood looking on with wonder, that anybody should be so cruel as to cast any one into the sea to be drowned. At first, however, she made no

remark, and both she and her aunt passed on. But not long after, looking wistfully up, she said: "Aunt, what is a Christian?" "A Christian is one that loves Jesus, and wants to do his bidding," the aunt, in substance, replied. Well, night came, and Little Alice whispered: "I've a secret to tell you. I've made up my mind to be a Christian." Pleased at this, her aunt kindly said: "Now, you must tell Jesus; give him your heart as you lie there, and tell him all about it." This, by the grace of God, she was enabled to do. There is a good cause to hope that that night she became a Christian. Next day she awoke resolved to live like Christ, and going along the road skipping, she said: "Oh, I am so happy to think that Jesus has my heart. I have asked him to keep my heart!"

And that this was a real conversion was clear from her brief but blessed life. At once she began to pray, not only for herself, but for her sister, that she too might decide to be a Christian; and she was delighted to hear about the Lord and his work, and to sing those sweet hymns with which many are now familiar, while her thoughts instinctively turned toward heaven, singing sometimes, —

" Beautiful Zion built above,
Beautiful city that I love;
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple, God its light."

Then, as a further evidence of the reality of her change, she tried hard not to be "naughty," as she put it, but to do everything pleasing in God's sight; while with a generous hand she gave away, for the benefit of others, whatever gifts she had to bestow. Thus lived Little Alice; but she was spared only a few weeks, when a serious illness overtook her, and feeling assured that she was "safe in the arms of Jesus," she fell asleep.

Rev. E. Warren Clarke has described "Arab" life in Japan with an enthusiasm that is catching:—

The most interesting sights are the games and sports of the children. The Japanese believe in enjoying themselves, and the young folks are as bright and merry as the children of other climes. The girls play battledore and shuttlecock, and the boys fly kites and spin tops. The girls enjoy their game very much, and are usually dressed in their prettiest robes and bright-colored girdles; their faces are powdered with a little rice-flour, their lips are tinted crimson, and their hair is done up in a most extraordinary fashion.

They play in the open streets, sometimes forming a circle of half a dozen or more, and sending the flying shuttlecock from one to the other. They are very skilful and rarely miss a stroke. The boys like a strong wind that their kites may soar high; but the girls sing a song that it may be calm, so that their shuttlecocks may go right.

The boys have wonderful kites, made of tough paper pasted on light bamboo frames, and decorated with dragons, warriors, and storm hobgoblins. Across the top of the kites is stretched a thin ribbon of whalebone, which vibrates in the wind, making a peculiar humming sound. When I first walked the streets of Tokio I could not imagine what the strange noises meant that seemed to proceed from the sky above me; the sound at times was shrill and sharp, and then low and musical. At last I discovered several kites in the air, and when the breeze freshened the sounds were greatly increased.

Sometimes the boys put glue on their kite-strings, near the top, and dip the strings into pounded glass. Then they fight with their kites, which they place in proper positions, and attempt to saw each other's strings with the pounded glass. When a string is severed a kite falls, and is claimed by the victor. The boys also have play-fights with their tops.

Sometimes I met boys running a race on long stilts; at other times they would have wrestling matches, in which little six-year-old youngsters would toss and tumble one another to the ground. Their bodies were stout and chubby, and their rosy cheeks showed signs of health and happiness. They were always good-natured, and never allowed themselves to get angry.

On the fifth day of the fifth month the boys have their Fourth of July, which they call the "Feast of Flags." They celebrate the day very peaceably, with games and toys. They have sets of figures, representing soldiers, heroes, and celebrated warriors; with flags, daimio processions, and tournaments. Outside the house a bamboo pole is erected by the gate, from the top of which a large paper fish is suspended. This fish is sometimes six feet long, and is hollow. When there is a breeze it fills with wind, and its tail and fins flap in the air as though it were trying to swim away. The fish is intended to show that there are boys in the family. It is the carp, which is found in Japanese waters, and swims against the stream, and leaps over water-falls. The boys must therefore learn from the fish to persevere against all difficulties, and surmount every obstacle in life. When hundreds of these huge fishes are seen swimming in the breeze, it presents a very curious appearance.

The girls have their "Feast of Dolls" on the third day of the third month. During the week preceding this holiday, the shops of Tokio are filled with dolls and richly dressed figures. This Feast of Dolls is a great gala-day for the girls. They bring out all their dolls and gorgeously dressed images, which are quite numerous in respectable families, having been kept from one generation to another; the images range from a few inches to a foot in height, and represent court nobles and ladies, with the Mikado and his household in full costume. They are all arranged on shelves, together

with many other beautiful toys, and the girls present offerings of rice, fruit, and "saké" wine, and mimic all the routine of court life. The shops display large numbers of these images at this special season; after the holidays they suddenly disappear.

I once bought a large doll baby at one of the shops, to send home to my little sister; the doll was dressed in the ordinary way, having its head shaved in the style of most Japanese babies. It was so lifelike that when propped up on a chair a person would easily suppose it to be a live baby.

In going along the *Tori* I would often see a group of children gathered around a street story-teller listening with widening eyes and breathless attention to the ghost story or startling romance which he was narrating. Many old folks also gathered around, and the story-teller shouted and stamped on his elevated platform, attracting great attention, until, just as the most thrilling part of his story was reached, he suddenly stopped and took up a collection! He refused to go on unless the number of pennies received was sufficient to encourage the continuation of the story.

Street theatricals can also be seen, and traveling-shows with monkeys, bears, and tumbling gymnasts, who greatly amuse the children. Sugar-candy and various kinds of sweetmeats are sold by venders, who are eagerly sought after by the little folks. Sometimes a man carries small kitchen utensils on the ends of a pole, and serves out tiny griddle-cakes to the children, who watch him cook the cakes, and smack their lips in anticipation of the feast.

A showman will put a piece of camphor on the tiny model of a duck which he floats on a shallow dish of water, and as the children look on in wonder the dissolving camphor gum sends the duck from side to side, as though it were alive.

The boys delight in fishing, and will sit for hours holding

the line by the moats and canals, waiting for a bite. I have seen a dozen people watch a single person fish, when there would not be a bite once in a half hour.

There are few vehicles in Tokio, excepting the jinrikishas; and most of the people walk in the middle of the street. When riding on horseback it is impossible to go at a rapid rate without endangering the youngsters who sprawl around in the street. Chickens, dogs, and cats are also in the way; the latter animal has no tail in Japan.

Four thousand "Arabs" have come under the influence and training of one Home for the homeless. Some of them were born in Ireland, some in Wales, some in England, in Scotland, Italy, France, India, Belgium, United States, and Canada.

They needed only their destitute condition to prove their best letter of recommendation to the authorities. Unwashed, uncombed, shoeless, or in rags, they have been brought to the door, or have discovered it for themselves. Then, for the first time perhaps, in their desolate lives they have been made aware that somebody cares for them, and a faint feeling of hope flickers within their hearts.

The "Arab" in every country is sharp and sly; with a soberly sad face he will detail his grievances, while his hand is abstracting your purse. An old Cockney coster remarked: "These young ones are as sharp as terriers, and learns the business in half no time. I know one, eight years old, that'll chaff a peeler [policeman] monstrous sewere."

A cowardly scamp, though fashionably dressed, having kicked a poor little newsboy, for trying to sell him a paper, the lad hove to, till another boy accosted the "gentleman," and then shouted, in the hearing of all the bystanders: "It's no use to try him, Joe — he can't read."

The following speech, copied from Mr. Brace's book, "The Dangerous Classes of New York," is characteristic and entertaining. It is taken from the journal of a visitor to the newsboys:—

It requires a peculiar person to manage and talk to these boys. Bullet-headed, short-haired, bright-eyed, shirt-sleeved, go-ahead boys. Boys who sell papers, black boots, run on errands, hold horses, pitch pennies, sleep in barrels, and steal their bread. Boys who know at the age of twelve more than the children of ordinary men would have learned at twenty; boys who can cheat you out of your eye-teeth, and are as smart as a steel-trap. They will stand no fooling; they are accustomed to gammon, they live by it. No audience that ever we saw could compare in attitudinizing with this. Heads generally up; eyes full on the speaker; mouths, almost without an exception, closed tightly; hands in pockets; legs stretched out; no sleepers, all wide-awake, keenly alive for a pun, a point, or a slangism. Winding up, Mr. Brace said: "Well, boys, I want my friends here to see that you have the material for talkers amongst yourselves; whom do you choose for your orator?"

"Paddy, Paddy!" shouted one and all. "Come out, Paddy! Why don't you show yourself?" and so on.

Presently Paddy came forward, and stood upon a stool. He is a youngster, not more than twelve, with a little round eye, a short nose, a lithe form, and full of fun.

"Bummers," said he, "snoozers, and citizens, I've come down here among ye to talk to yer a little! Me and my friend Brace have come to see how ye 'r' gittin' along, and to advise yer. You fellers what stands at the shops with yer noses over the railin', smellin' of the roast-beef and the hash—you fellers who 's got no home—think of it, how we are to encourage ye! [Derisive laughter, "Ha-has!" and various ironical kinds of applause.] I say, bummers—for

you 're *all* bummers (in a tone of kind patronage) — I *was* a *bummer once* [great laughter] — I hate to see you spendin' your money on peuny ice-creams and bad cigars. Why don't you save your money? You feller without no boots, how would you like a new pair, eh? [Laughter from all the boys but the one addressed.] Well, I hope you may get 'em, but I rayther think you won't. I have hopes for you all. I want you to grow up to be rich men — citizens, Government men, lawyers, generals, and influence men. Well, boys, I'll tell you a story. My dad was a hard one. One beautiful day he went on a sprec, and he came home and told me where 's yer mother, and I axed him I did n't know, and he elipt me over the head with an iron pot, and knocked me down, and me nither drapped in on him, and at it they went. [“Hi-his!” and demonstrative applause.] Ah! at it they went, and at it they kept — ye should have seen 'em — and whilst they were fightin', I slipped meself out the back door, and away I went like a scart dog. [“Oh, dry up!” “Bag your head!” “Simmer down!”] Well, boys, I went on till I kim to the Home [great laughter among the boys], and they took me in [renewed laughter], and did for me, without a cap to me head or shoes to my feet, and thin I ran away, and here I am. Now boys (with mock solemnity), be good, mind yer manners, copy me, and see what you'll become.”

At this point the boys raised such a storm of hifalutin applause, and indulged in such characteristic demonstrations of delight, that it was deemed best to stop the youthful Demosthenes, who jumped from his stool with a bound that would have done credit to a monkey.

At this juncture huge pans of apples were brought in, and the boys were soon engaged in munching the delightful fruit, after which the matrou gave out a hymn, and all joined in singing it, during which we took our leave.

This, from Mr. Brace's journal, is a remarkable impromptu speech considering the speaker, his youth, his antecedents, and the occasion.

Some of these boys, in all their misfortunes, have a humorous eye for their situation — as witness the following speech, delivered by one of them at the Newsboys' Lodging-House, before the departure of a company to the West. The report is a faithful one, made on the spot. The little fellow mounted a chair, and thus held forth:—

“Boys, gentlemen, chummies: P'raps you 'd like to hear summit about the West, the great West, you know, where so many of our old friends are settled down and growin' up to be great men, maybe the greatest men in the great republic. Boys, that's the place for growing congressmen, and governors, and presidents. Do you want to be newsboys always, and shoeblacks, and timber-merchants in a small way by sellin' matches? If ye do you 'll stay in New York, but if you don't you 'll go out West, and begin to be farmers, for the beginning of a farmer, my boys, is the making of a congressman and a president. Do you want to be rowdies, and loafers, and shoulder-hitters? If ye do, why, ye can keep around these diggin's. Do you want to be gentlemen and independent citizens? You do—then make tracks for the West, from the Children's Aid Society. If you want to be snoozers, and rummies, and policy-players, and Peter Funk's men, why you 'll hang up your caps and stay round the groceries and jine fire-engine and target companies, and go firin' at hay-stacks for bad quarters: but if ye want to be the man who will make his mark in the country, ye will get up steam, and go ahead, and there 's lots on the prairies a-waitin' for yez.

“You have n't any idear of what ye may be yet, if you will only take a bit of my advice. How do you know but, if you are honest, and good, and industerous, you may get

so much up in the ranks that you won't call a general or a judge your boss. And you'll have servants of all kinds to tend you, to put you to bed when you are sleepy, and to spoon down your vittles when you are gettin' your grub. Oh, boys! won't that be great! Only think — to have a feller to open your mouth, and put great slices of punkin-pie and apple-dumplin's into it. You will be lifted on hossback when you go for to take a ride on the prairies, and if you choose to go in a wagon, or on a 'scursion, you will find that the hard times don't touch you there; and the best of it will be that if 't is good* to-day, 't will be better to-morrow.

“But how will it be if you don't go, boys? Why, I'm afeard when you grow too big to live in the Lodging-House any longer, you'll be like lost sheep in the wilderness, as we heard of last Sunday night here, and you'll maybe not find your way out any more. But you'll be found somewhere else. The best of you will be something short of judges and governors, and the feller as has the worst luck — and the worst behavior in the groceries — will be very sure to go from them to the prisons.

“I will now come from the stump. I am booked for the West in the next company from the Lodging-House. I hear they have big schoolhouses and colleges there, and that they have a place for me in the winter-time; I want to be somebody, and somebody don't live here, no how. You'll find him on a farm in the West, and I hope you'll come to see him soon and stop with him when you go, and let every one of yous be somebody, and be loved and respected. I thank yous, boys, for your patient attention. I can't say more at present, — I hope I have n't said too much.”

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