

JOHN BULL, 1800
BY JOHN BULL

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TWELVE MARVELLOUS MEN

THE ROMANCE OF THEIR
LIFE AND WORK

BY

E. E. ENOCK

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PICKERING & INGLIS

LONDON GLASGOW MANCHESTER EDINBURG :

LONDON - - 16 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4.
GLASGOW - - 225 BATHWELL STREET, C.2
MANCHESTER - 153 DEANSGATE, 3
EDINBURGH - 29 GEORGE IV BRIDGE, 1
NEW YORK - LORRAUX BROS., 19 WEST 21ST ST.

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TWELVE WONDERFUL WOMEN
TWELVE MIGHTY MISSIONARIES

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TWELVE MARVELLOUS MEN

CHAPTER I

Frederick Stanley Arnot

IN the year of 1864, in the town of Hamilton, there was a prize distribution at a school. The gentleman who was giving the prizes away was the intrepid Pioneer-missionary-explorer, Dr. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, then on what proved to be his last visit to his own country. He related many of his adventures in Africa to the boys, telling them, too, something about the terrible cruelty of the slave trade, and in burning words describing some of Africa's needs.

Among his hearers was a little boy, FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT by name, whose mother had brought him to hear the great traveller and preacher of the Gospel. Fred was born in Glasgow, on Sep. 12th, 1858, but the family soon removed to Hamilton. He was only six years old at the time, but he listened to the address, and from thenceforward Africa drew him like a magnet. Friendship with the Livingstones, who also lived in Hamilton, deepened his interest. Boy-like, he determined that he must go out to help his hero, a resolution which coloured all his

studies and thoughts, and set his feet in a direction from which they never diverged.

Arnot's parents were Christians; he himself was converted when 10 years old. It came about in this way. One day he and a companion, Jimmie, were appropriating and eating plums from a neighbour's garden, and Jimmie's older brother, from a window, called them thieves. Fred Arnot felt as though a pistol had gone off at his very head. "Thief! Thief!" rang in his ears all the time. Next day he had to pass Hamilton prison, and did so in a state of terror, fearing he might be taken off to prison. To his horror he saw a policeman leading a little boy to the very place, and in his other hand the policeman held a pair of new boots which the bare-footed little boy had stolen. Fred felt that he was much more wicked than that little needy boy. He rushed off home and hid himself till bed time. He said: "I dreaded to pass another night; I could not tell anyone what a wicked boy I was. I knew I ought to tell God about it, but I trembled to do so at my usual evening prayer, so I waited until all were in bed and the house quiet, then up I got. Now, I thought, I will ask God to forgive me, but words would not come, and, at last, I burst into a flood of tears. I felt I was too wicked even for God to forgive; yet a glimmer of light and hope came to me with this thought: 'That is why Jesus died on the Cross for me, because I am so wicked.'" Among many texts of Scripture

that my parents had taught me was John 3. 16. I repeated it to myself on my knees about two o'clock one morning, and that 'whosoever' took me in. I awoke next day with a light heart, the burden was gone."

His desire to help Africa increased tenfold. He realised, as never before, what her need was, and now he really had something which he could offer her—God's great salvation (the only foundation of real good to this perishing world). As years went by his purpose deepened. At 15 he felt that God had called him to a missionary life, and therefore, with God-given wisdom he set to work from that time to learn and practise anything which would be of service in far Africa—joinery, blacksmith's work, watch repairs, all came in for his attention; he also accustomed himself to find his way in lonely and unfamiliar districts with the aid of the compass only; and preached frequently in the open air with his father.

In 1881, on July 19th, at the age of 23, his cherished hope was realised. He sailed for Africa on the "Dublin Castle," accompanied by Donald M'Lean, who intended to go into the interior with him. At Durban, where they arrived on Aug. 20th, this friend was taken ill, and being told by the doctor that he was not fit for such a journey, he remained in Natal, and Arnot, when his preparations were completed, proceeded alone.

At that time the railways reached only as far as Pietermaritzburg; the rest of the journey

had to be made by ox-wagon. The difficulties, dangers, sickness, and privations which Arnot endured, served only to strengthen his faith in God. He realised, as he tells us in his diary, that God's promises were not mere words, written for the instruction of our minds, or for repetition with our lips, but certainities to go by; and the assurance of one of these is better than an army.

On the 19th November he left Maritzburg for the interior. Progress was slow at first, on account of the long continued drought, but when rain fell they were able to cross the desert country beyond the Limpopo River, arriving at Shoshong, the Bamangwato capital, on March 11th, where King Kama, the Christian ruler, received him very kindly. He remained there three months. Then, as he wished to visit the Barotse, King Kama offered his Christian headman, Tinka, as escort as far as the Mababi River, a charge which the good black guide performed most thoroughly. On December 19th, 1882, after tedious negotiations with various headmen and King Liwanika, conducted by a kind trader, he reached Lealui, the principal Barotse town. Arnot spent about eighteen months in that part, making occasional brief voyages up the Zambesi, and teaching some of the children. In July, 1883, he went down to Panda-ma-tenka to hear if someone was going to join him in his work, and also to procure supplies, and during this interval he made visits to several outlying

places, returning to Lealui by Oct. 22nd, when he received a very hearty welcome, and a present of a nice, snug hut in the town, from Liwanika himself.

Liwanika, who had many talks with Arnot, had been very urgent at first that he should not teach his people the Word of God, and especially such a thing as that a poor slave might be seated in the palace of God, and a king or chief shut out. Arnot begged the king not to be angry with him for the words were God's words, not man's. As time went on, and especially after Arnot's return from Pandma-tenka, Liwanika became quieter and gave permission to the missionary to preach more freely—and indeed, what else could such a missionary do than proclaim the whole counsel of God?

Often he used to hear the natives talking among themselves about the things he had told them. "Monare's words pierce the heart," one man said, and the poor slaves found it hard to believe that the Heavenly portion could be theirs too. Many times some of the people would come to him after several days to discuss questions weighing on their minds in respect of his solemn words.

In 1884, as a civil war was threatening, Arnot was advised to leave Lealui, and so, on May 1st, in company with a friendly Portuguese trader, Senhor Porto, he started for Benguella, on the West Coast. After various hindrances and adventures, he arrived there

in November, 1884, having thus travelled clear across Africa, from Durban on the East coast, to Benguella on the West.

In June of 1885, after collecting stores and carriers, he started for Garanganze (now called Katanga), a journey of 1200 miles, the country ruled by Msidi, who was anxious to have white traders there. Arnot, on the strength of that wish, and having something better to offer than trading goods, accepted the invitation for himself, and reached Msidi's country on Feb. 14th, 1886.

He frankly showed the king, when breakfasting with him, that he had to speak some very terrible and unpalatable truths, as well as proclaiming God's love in sending His Son to die for fallen man. He feared if he did not fairly warn the king of his intentions that Msidi would think that Arnot had intentionally deceived him.

After a residence of more than two years in Garanganze, during which time he had much encouragement, Arnot returned to England—his first visit in seven years. Whilst there, he married Miss Harriet Jane Fisher, who returned to Africa with him in March, 1889.

Between 1889 and 1908 he made several voyages to England, partly on account of ill health, which often compelled him to remain some years in his native land. He also established the long line of mission stations between Benguella and Garanganze, during this period.

In 1908 he settled in Johannesburg with his

family, using that town as a base for his many operations in the interior. He and Mrs. Arnot paid a visit to Liwanika. Here, too, Arnot saw Dick, his native servant, who had been baptised on confessing his faith in the Lord Jesus, Feb. 13th, 1887, nearly 30 years earlier.

For six years Arnot continued his work, though often suffering severe bouts of illness, but in May, 1914, his busy life on earth came to an end, at the age of 55. Not a long life, but how full of labour for the Saviour whom he so early learnt to love.

CHAPTER II

Dr. Baedeker

FRIEDRICH WILHELM BAEDEKER, born at Wilten, Westphalia, on August 3, 1823, was destined by God to carry the news of salvation for many thousands of miles to tens of thousands of the lowest, most miserable, and degraded of mankind, as well as to many of the noblest born in palace and hall.

A delicate, retiring boy, his early years seem to have been uneventful. At 21 he entered the German Army for the regulation two years' military service. In 1848, 4 years later, he was called from business to the Army again, but his health broke down, and, eventually, to his great joy, he received his discharge. ~~He married in 1851, but his young wife died three months later. For eight years he wandered the globe in restless fashion, and in 1859 came to England for the second time, where he became part owner of a high-class school in Weston-super-Mare, and settled down as a British citizen.~~

~~The mother of one of his pupils became his wife in 1862—a helpmeet to the end of his earthly life. Four years after his marriage (1866) Lord Radstock was conducting meetings—~~

which had been arranged by the Earl of Cavan, in Weston-super-Mare. Friedrich Baedeker, then 43 years of age, was persuaded to attend, though he took good care to leave at the very earliest moment at the close of the service. But one evening, in the mercy of God, he was not able to escape through the throng. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and Lord Radstock's voice sounded in his ears: "God has a message through me for you to-night. Come into the ante-room and let me give it." Baedeker acquiesced. He went into that room, so he said, "a proud German infidel, and came out a humble believer in the Lord Jesus Christ."

And so, from the time of his conversion to the day of his death—a period of forty years—he ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ, beginning in the villages round about his home, and later this delicate, sensitive man became the apostle to the Russians, especially to Russian prisoners. But Germany, Bohemia, Poland, Moravia, Galicia, Switzerland, Finland and other parts have also been the scene of his labours.

It is marvellous that a man so frail, and with a weak heart, could undertake the arduous and terrible journeys which he did. But it seemed with his new birth a new bodily strength was given; he gloried in infirmities that the power of Christ might rest upon him; and he was fully able to perform the wonderful work to which God had called him. His beloved

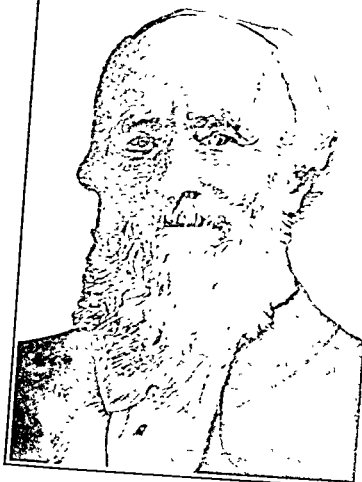
wife, converted shortly after her husband, cheerfully gave him up to that work, helping him in every way, and, as he said to her, "she will surely share the spoils!"

So he sets forth, and in his burning love for the Saviour and for sinners, traverses more than once the vast territory from Helsingfors to Saghalien, practically right across the continents of Europe and Asia, preaching and giving copies of the Word everywhere, no matter what opposition he encountered, nor what perils and discomforts he suffered.

Among his friends he numbered princes and princesses, nobles, peasants, convicts. To all alike he preached a full Gospel, whether in palace or prison, his message was the same—all are sinners, for all there is one Saviour. Fear of men had no place in Dr. Baedeker's heart, so greatly did he yearn for their souls.

Her Highness Princess Lievin was a most true and thoughtful friend to the doctor. Her home was always his headquarters when in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), and Mrs. Baedeker stayed there several times. On one occasion the Princess insisted on Dr. Baedeker's acceptance of a fur coat for his journey across the snows, despite his assurance that one given him by Colonel Paschkoff was still sufficient, or could be made so.

Dr. Baedeker's heart was stirred to its greatest depths by the prisoners. He invariably visited the prisons as soon as possible, and as the men stood before him in their heavy



JOHN HOWARD.
SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE
GEORGE WHITEFIELD



THE ARRIVAL OF THE HIGHLANDERS AT THE RELIEF OF FORT MIFFLIN.
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chains, many of them about to start on their awful march into Siberia, he would tell them tenderly of the Saviour who loved them and died to save them. He could not release them from their chains but many a sin-laden soul was set free for a glorious eternity by accepting the Saviour of Whom he spoke so movingly.

In the early years of his work he often had great difficulties with the prison officials, but when about 1888, through the kindness of a countess who was the friend of the Empress, he obtained a permit to visit all prisons, most of these difficulties disappeared.

Once he lost his permit. It happened at Torr, where he had been speaking to 800 prisoners and missed the train to Moscow. In the crowd which thronged to the later trains his pocket was picked. He lost £100 in English money, and one thousand roubles in Russian money; but, worse than all, his precious permit had gone! Directly he arrived in Moscow he wrote to the Countess of its loss, but she shrewdly guessed that he must have lost money, too, and the good doctor was not allowed to suffer that loss. A new permit, conferring fuller privileges, and the money, arrived in a very short time.

Every two years for eighteen years the precious document was renewed, and, in the goodness of God, still greater liberties were given, and prison doors were opened more easily, whilst prison officials became more

helpful everywhere. It was no infrequent thing for Prison Director, officers, and guards to be affected by the words he spoke to the prisoners. A Russian prison officer accosted him one day, saying that the doctor had *hit him* two years before, when speaking to the prisoners. So God honours the Word spoken by His faithful servant.

Often he had to speak through an interpreter, sometimes two. On one occasion, when speaking to the prisoners in Finland, a professor was interpreting for him. The prisoners stood listening respectfully, but faces set in sullen, stony expressions, evidently quite unmoved by his words. On his next visit the sweet young Baroness von Wrede acted as his interpreter. The change in his audience was marvellous. By the twitching features and tear-filled eyes he could see that his words were having immediate effect. Astonished, he inquired of the officer in charge afterwards, and the reply was: "When you said 'my beloved friends,' or 'my brothers,' the professor translated the expression as 'men'—'prisoners.' But the young lady translated it as you expressed it in German, 'my beloved friends'—'my brothers.'" Those hard hearts had been touched by the doctor's genuine love and compassion, and so were opened to receive his message of that greater love. The young Baroness accompanied him on more than one occasion. At Abo she was with him where he preached to 1000 prisoners. The Director

of the prison himself was quite overcome, and thanked Dr. Baedeker, with tears in his eyes, before prisoners and officers there assembled.

To Saghalien, that dreadful island surrounded by an icy sea, whence escape was impossible, to which the most desperate criminals were transported, there to finish their days, toiling in chains, hopeless, despairing—to this place of living death Dr. Baedeker carried his glorious message. Small wonder that his sullen, evil-hearted, condemned audience listened spell-bound, as, with tears coursing unheeded down his face, he spoke of pardon, freedom, joy, and peace in the Lord Jesus Christ, Who alone is able to save, and told them of the everlasting glorious Home He is preparing for His own. Did not the fact that the preacher had come so many thousands mile across bleak and desolate lands to tell them and plead with them, convince them of the reality of the message? No doubt it did, and no doubt that many of those hopeless captives who looked upon that tall figure and reverent face, as they listened to his burning words, have met him again in the presence of the Lord. This wonderful man fulfilled his earthly course on Oct. 9th, 1906, at the age of 83. Lord Radstock, his father in the faith, who had also played an important part in Dr. Baedeker's ministry by his influence in Russia and elsewhere, was present at the funeral at

Weston, and spoke of the strenuous life so swiftly ended.

At a conference at Clifton, Bristol, Dr. Baedeker caught a chill, pneumonia followed, and in a few days the Home-call came. To the last he was anxious for souls, speaking to his nurses, and saying continually to those who visited him: "I am going in to see the King in His beauty." What a meeting that would be!

CHAPTER III

Sir Henry Havelock

HENRY HAVELOCK was born at Bishop Wearmouth, on the 5th of April, 1795. There is more than one tradition attached to the family name; that of Havelock the Dane, ruling in the Eastern Counties before A.D. 449; and of Haflok, a lost child of some Viking, who grew up into a great soldier; and also that the family is descended from Guthrum, the Dane, who, after swearing fealty to Alfred, settled down as king of East Anglia, and embraced Christianity.

The boy with this reputed warlike ancestry was not lacking in moral or physical courage. This was early shown. His schoolmaster noticed one day that Henry had a black eye, and because the boy refused to tell him how he came by it, administered a good caning. The black eye had been given to Henry when defending a younger boy from the school bully, and he preferred to be punished rather than get the bully into trouble.

When the family moved from Bishop Wearmouth to Ingress Park, Henry, now about five years old, went, with his elder brother, every day to a school kept by the curate of

Swancombe, Rev. J. Bradley, and to the little boy the ride to and fro on his pony was a source of great pleasure. Before he was quite ten years of age he was transferred to the Charter House, where he bore the severe discipline with his usual equanimity, and throughout his seven years there displayed such keenness and application, and devotion to duty, and developed such a serious disposition that he was nicknamed "Philosopher," soon abbreviated into "Phlos," a soubriquet which was still used 38 years later by an old school-fellow, Archdeacon Hare, who had not seen him since they parted at the Charter House.

During the years at that school, Havelock and four of his friends used to meet in secret for prayer and Scripture reading. Scripture was no new thing to him, for his mother had made it a custom to gather her children for it every day. That good mother exercised a great influence upon this son, and the love between them was uncommonly deep and tender. In 1809 her health began to fail; two years later, Jan., 1811, whilst he was at home for the holidays, she had a stroke, but rallied for a little while. In February, when he had to return to the Charter House, the parting was very sad, and she was convinced that he would not see her in life again. On the 26th of that month she died. Henry was called home at once, but without being told the sorrowful truth, and we can judge of the fearful

and cruel shock it must have been when he bent over the still form on the bed to kiss her gently, thinking she was asleep, and discovering that she was dead.

In August, that year, Dr. Raine, Henry's beloved master at Charter House, died, and Henry returned shortly after to his home, Clifton, where he remained till 1812, studying the classics, and acquiring general knowledge. By this time his father had been compelled to sell Ingress Park, on account of rash speculations, and Henry, now eighteen, endeavoured to follow out his mother's oft expressed wishes by studying for the bar. His legal studies, however, were cut short after a year, by an unhappy misunderstanding with his father, and a miserable twelve months ensued. Then, through the influence of his elder brother, William, Henry became a soldier, at the age of twenty. Eight years of military life in England followed, and he threw himself into his work with his usual ardour. But all was not well with his soul. Though he was strictly moral and pure in conduct and principle, and would never join with those who made a mock of Christianity, he yet began to entertain doubts of the Deity of Christ. It seemed as if the hallowed influence of his beloved mother would go for nothing.

Then came the first voyage to India, in 1823, on the "General Kyd." On board was Lieutenant Gardner, and to him Henry Havelock confided his wretched condition of soul; told

how full his heart was of speculation and doubt; how near he was to the verge of Unitarianism; and yet how, on the other hand, he yearned inexpressibly for a safe and solid foundation of peace, whereon his soul might rest. Lieutenant-Gardner persuaded him to study prayerfully that Wonderful Book which alone declares the true way of salvation, and as the boat ploughed the waters of the Atlantic, Havelock sought and found the Saviour; he was called out of darkness into God's marvellous light. From that time forth he endeavoured to follow and obey the Captain of his Salvation, enduring hardness through all his days, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

In May, 1823, he arrived in India, where he was to remain for nearly the next twenty-seven years, and where he spent the greater part of his life. At Serampore he made the acquaintance of Miss Hannah Marshman, whose father was a devoted missionary, and married her on Feb. 8th, 1829. His first son, Harry, was born 1830; Joseph, 1831; his youngest, George, 1847. The third son, Ettrick, died in infancy, and a little daughter who, with her mother, was in a burning bungalow, was so severely injured that she died. Mrs. Havelock was not expected to live, but she made a marvellous recovery. There was another daughter, on whose account Mrs. Havelock left India, 1849.

His regiment was the 13th Light Infantry, commanded by Colonel Sale, Havelock's good

friend, and Havelock exercised a wonderful influence over the men during the long time in which he was associated with them; they were individually objects of his special care—their souls as well as their bodies. As early as 1823, when they were quartered in the Temple of Gaudama, Rangoon, he assembled all who cared to join with him for worship and prayer in one of the side chapels, and those Christian soldiers sang.

As the years went by Havelock accomplished more and more for the 13th. He applied for permission for dissenting soldiers to meet in a chapel of their own, and always, as they moved from place to place, secured this privilege to them. He himself had been led to see that Baptism by immersion was according to the will of God, as revealed in His Word, and had acted accordingly. And even during his greatest financial straits he always gave a tenth of his means to the Lord. Temperance he advocated strongly, and through his exertions the men had attractive coffee rooms, and there he often addressed them. Colonel Sale, Havelock's chief, and his friend Captain Chadwick, were members of the Regiment's Temperance Society.

Some of his fellow officers were highly incensed by Havelock's spiritual care of his men. They even wrote letters against his religious exertions, which letters reached Lord William Bentinck at the time when Havelock was recommended for the Adjutancy of the

13th. Lord William Bentinck, however, being aware of Havelock's excellent character and influence, and fitness for the post, bestowed the Adjutancy upon him in spite of the objections. He had made inquiries as to the men, and received the report that they were the best and most orderly in the forces, and when he interviewed Mrs. Havelock (Havelock himself was on the way to Agra at the time), he said that he hoped that Havelock would continue his good work, and convert, if possible, the whole regiment, but, with a smile, "The Adjutant must not preach."

The Adjutant did preach, however. He held the position for $3\frac{1}{2}$ years. The 13th became still more well known for sobriety, piety, and steadiness, and proved more worthy than ever before of their nickname of "Havelock's Saints."

As early as 1826 they were thus called. On the occasion of a surprise attack on an outpost the corps which was ordered to support it was found unfit, having had a recent carouse. "Then call out Havelock's saints," exclaimed Sir Archibald Campbell. "They are always sober, and can be depended upon; and Havelock himself is always ready." The "saints" were under arms in a very short time, and gained a victory over the enemy in more ways than one.

A clever accomplished student of military tactics and warfare, very outspoken as to mistakes, no matter who made them, and using

his pen, too, very freely in the same manner, the blunt and truthful Havelock found promotion slow in coming. Many times he was superseded, many times commissions were bought over his head, and the years passed away, leaving him with increasing ill-health and in great financial straits; suffering in mind, too, at the studied neglect, the stubborn withholding of that advancement which certainly was due to the possessor of so good and brave a record. But, in spite of all, his trust in his God, his love for his Saviour, and his zeal in that Saviour's cause never wavered, though he knew full well that his religious activities militated against his earthly promotion.

Then, in the last year of his life, 1857, during his campaign in India, at the time of the Mutiny, honours came thick and fast. After his last gallant action, the Relief of Lucknow, he heard that he had been given the distinction of K.C.B. But before the further news could reach him that the dignity of a Baronet had been conferred upon him, and that £1000 per annum had been voted to him on the recommendation of the Queen, and while the papers were ringing with his praises, he sank rapidly, dying in a soldier's tent, in the arms of his son Harry, Lieutenant Havelock, just outside Lucknow.

The news that "General Havelock died on the 24th Nov., of dysentery, brought on by exposure and anxiety," did not reach England

till Jan. 7th, 1858, and the nation, instead of being able to shower applause upon him, was plunged into mourning for its hero. And for him—well—the greatest promotion of all had come his way. He had been summoned into the Presence of his Lord, to receive His “Well done!” As he wrote to his little son, George, in 1856, “Do you, my little George, though you should be the lowest man in India in rank and worldly endowments, take care that you have Jesus for your Friend, and He will exalt you to share His glory and His Kingdom.”

CHAPTER IV

F. N. Charrington

FREDERICK NICHOLAS CHARRINGTON was born on February 4, 1850, in Bow Road, East End. At 9 years old he did a most astonishing thing. He took a bundle of banknotes from his father's table in the counting house and flung them on the fire, and when his father—remarkably patient—asked why he did so, replied that he wanted to see a blaze. Fourteen years later he flung away thousands of banknotes and created a blaze which still mounts heavenwards.

Mr. Charrington, senior, was a great brewer, and was able to give his son the best of everything from a worldly standpoint. The boy was educated at Marlborough and Brighton College, and on finishing his school career at the latter place, a choice of Oxford or Cambridge was given him, but, as he did not care for a university life, he was sent for a tour of the continent in company with Mr. J. H. Buxton, a wealthy young brewer, both in charge of Rev. Thomas Scott.

Then followed 12 months' training in the details of the Brewery business, after which he entered Charrington's world-famed Brewery

in Mile End Road, London. Later on he went on another continental tour with his parents, and met Mr. William Rainsford of New York, son of Rev. Marcus Rainsford of Belgrave Chapel, London. The two young men went back to England together, and Fred Charrington took Mr. Rainsford to his own home for a visit. Then it was that William Rainsford asked Fred Charrington if he knew whether he was saved.

The question was resented, but young Rainsford, blaming himself for not speaking before, persisted. "When I have gone will you promise me to read the 3rd chapter of John's Gospel?" he begged. The promise was given, and when, in fulfilment of it, Fred Charrington was turning the leaves of the Bible, he remembered another friend who had asked him to read that chapter. "This is a very curious thing," he thought, "Two men, my new friend, Rainsford, and my old friend, Lord Garvagh both say the same thing—that they are saved."

He read the chapter through, and in the great mercy and love of God, when he reached the end he could say that he, too, was saved.

Immediately he set to work for Christ. He was then twenty years of age. Between two and three years later came the second great flinging away of bank-notes. Here in his own words is the story. "I was engaged in some little way in trying to work in the East End of London, chiefly among girls and boys. My

conscience was beginning to trouble me about the Brewery. One day I came to the 'Rising Sun' at the corner of a little street, and I saw a poor woman with her little children dragging at her skirts, go to that public house. She looked in and called to her husband inside, 'Oh, Tom, Tom, do give us some money. The children are crying for bread.' The man looked at her, and his only reply was to rush out and knock her and her children down into the gutter. Of course you will ask, 'What did you do?' Well, I was just a coward, for sin makes cowards of us all. I looked up at the public house and there emblazoned in gold, I saw the name 'CHARRINGTON'—my name. I said to myself, 'How can I say anything to that man, seeing that I am responsible for their misery,' but when he knocked down his wife, he knocked me out of the Liquor Traffic. I thought to myself at that moment, this is *one case*, in one public house. There are hundreds of other cases of misery in this same house. This is only *one house*, and we have got hundreds of public houses, and what amount of misery, and what amount of wretchedness I thought I must be responsible for? I said, 'I cannot bear it, I will give it up.' and he has carried out his word. One million and a quarter—£140 a day he put aside, and has spent his life fighting the drink and preaching salvation.

But this complete renunciation of the Brewery and all its profits came as a great

shock to his father, and he did all he could to persuade the young man to relinquish the (to him) mad idea. But Frederick Charrington quietly replied that his conviction remained the same. He could not bear to be a contributor to the sin and misery resulting from drink. At length his father yielded.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Charrington, senior, was thrown from his horse and sustained such severe injuries that he died. But before he passed away Fred had the joy of a sweet and sacred interview with him, comforting and sustaining the dying man as only such a son could do.

The "little way" in which young Charrington was "trying to work" in the East End of London, began in a hayloft, rented from a man who did his best when drunk to disturb the meetings. On one occasion he bawled out that his horse could not sleep on account of the noise made by the boys singing hymns!

The loft proving too small for the increasing number of boys, the rector of Stepney placed his schoolroom at the service of Mr. Charrington and his two colleagues, Hugh Campbell and E. H. Kerwin, the latter from the beginning and till his death, was secretary to the Tower Hamlets Mission (the name by which, if you do not know it, Mr. Charrington's great work is called) but the rector's kindly arrangement was objected to, perhaps not unreasonably by the parents of the day scholars, for the Mission boys were rather a rough lot. A



MR. CHARRINGTON WAS BRUTALLY STRUCK DOWN BY A PUGILIST
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A HAPPY GROUP OF BOYS WAVE THEIR HANDS OFF THE SHIP'S DECK.

big workshop at Hertford Place was taken which Mr. Charrington, senior, fitted up at a cost of £300, and a room in Heath Street, Stepney was rented for girls. Next, the parents wanted to come to the meetings, and so the work grew and grew. In Carlton Square the East End Conference Hall was built accommodating 600. It was opened on November 1st, 1872. Later on a huge tent was erected on Mile End Waste and used for two whole summers, the rent paid by the Hon. Elizabeth Waldegrave, sister of Lord Radstock.

On February 4th, 1886 (Mr. Charrington's 36th birthday) the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End Road was opened. It is close to the old Brewery, and is the largest Mission Hall in the world. At the laying of the foundation, and the opening of the building, Mr. Charrington was surrounded by his friends and helpers, some of them belonging to the oldest and noblest families in the country, for Lord Shaftesbury, Sir George Williams, Lord Radstock, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster and many more such stood by him in his efforts to help the poor and degraded. His very beloved friend, the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, who had appealed so successfully for funds for the erection of the Hall had sailed as missionary to Aden before the opening, and died out there in 1887.

In this Hall—of which an American millionaire said, "We have no place anywhere in our country for the benefit of humanity like

this," there is accommodation for 5000 people. Mr. Charrington has been Hon. Superintendent since its opening, 45 years ago, and the wonderful record of his 60 years work in the East End would fill several volumes. His courage and steadfastness in combating the sin and evil around him has nearly cost him his life on more than one occasion. Even at the advanced age of 73 in 1922, when offering leaflets protesting against Sunday opening of Cinemas, and inviting people to come to hear the Gospel, he was brutally struck down by a pugilist, evidently hired, and was very nearly killed.

Mr. Charrington has ventured alone into streets and alleys so infamous that the police do not think it wise to visit, except in couples, and there he has carried the glad tidings of salvation to the poor, degraded people who would not walk a step to hear it in a building. The Day shall declare the harvest. He saved the life of a young man in the inquiry room at the Hall by wrestling on the floor with him to take a bottle of poison from him with which he had intended to kill himself. He has been beaten on the head with umbrellas and scratched and kicked by women, when helping a hardly-bestead policeman to make an arrest in a public house of evil reputation. He has chased a policeman whom he saw in the act of getting a can of drink while on duty—chased him through many dark streets and caught him—yes, caught him, to sign the pledge, and

to be saved eventually at the Hall, where afterwards he attended regularly. But Mr. Charrington in his campaign against beer-drinking by the police when on duty never reported a policeman. He complained, in a general way at head-quarters, but gave no names, and tackled any delinquent he discovered in his own way.

Of his campaign against the Music Halls when he knew what dens of iniquity some of them were, there is no space to tell, nor of the splendid work done in some of those very places when Gospel services were held there on Sundays, but the glorious record of saved souls is laid up in Heaven. So, also, is the wonderful story of the closing of the 200 brothels in the East End, and the rescue of boys, girls, and young women from a life of infamy. His very name was a terror in some of those parts of London. One woman when she heard he was coming went into her house of ill-fame and fell dead on the floor—solemn fact. His photographs were to be found in the vilest houses that the inveterate foe might be recognised.

But, ah, he always bore with him the message of salvation, and the forgiveness of sins through the Lord Jesus Christ, and mightily did that prevail.

The story of the happenings at the Great Assembly Hall would be a long, delightful task, for it has been open, every night all the year round, more than 20,500 consecutive nights.

Every Sunday about 700 hungry men and women have a good meal there in the great Hall and remain to hear the Gospel preached. Our gracious King George provided the first of these teas when Prince of Wales, in 1909, and continued his help while on the throne.

The Editor of the *Christian Graphic*, with a friend recently visited the Mission on a Sunday evening. A clear Gospel message was given to the hungry who had been fed, sitting on the ground floor, and to the hundreds who filled the gallery.

In an interview Mr. Charrington stated his case tersely, as he liked it to go out to the public. He said:

"I was born to a great inheritance, worth nearly a million of money, but it was defiled. I was born again to a greater inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for me."

When we think of the souls saved, the homes made better, and the evils expelled by these instruments in God's hands—the Great Assembly Hall, with its Superintendent and his noble band of helpers—we can but praise our God for the great work, and the great man whom he raised up to perform it. And should not the joy of it urge us to seek a share in this work, too? "He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack" (Prov. 28. 27). "He that winneth souls is wise" (Prov. 11. 30).

CHAPTER V

Dr. Barnado, the Children's Friend

THOMAS J. BARNARDO was born on July 4th, 1845, in Dublin. He was a very delicate child, suffering more than one severe illness before he reached the age of ten, at which age he was sent to school. A quick, intelligent boy, his lessons, gave him little trouble, but evidently he was something of a talker, for his form had the name of "Prater's Row." Also, like most healthy-minded boys, he got into scrapes now and again.

When he was nearing his 17th birthday his two brothers were converted. It was the time of the Great Revival, 1859-1862. RICHARD WEAVER was preaching in the Metropolitan Hall, Dublin, and young Tom Barnardo was prevailed upon to go. He was not interested at first, but the earnestness of his two brothers was not to be resisted, and after a meeting in the home of Christian friends, when JOHN HAMBLETON gave a specially solemn address, the three boys met in the bedroom of one of them, and Tom, now in deep distress of soul, was "born again," May 26th, 1862.

Seven members of the family were converted within five months.

At this time he was a great deal with the "Open Brethren," and did much work at Merrion Hall, he also distributed tracts and small booklets among the poor in their homes. William Stokes, William Fry, Francis Castle, and Henry Grattan Guinness, all of Merrion Hall, were much interested in him. Being led to see the Scriptural view of Baptism, he was immersed on Sunday, Oct. 19, 1862, at the Baptist Chapel (but in reply to a question of his sister, he said he had not become a Baptist). At the end of that day, a day of sweet and solemn joy, he writes in his diary that he "retired to rest to think and dream of Jesus."

Very earnest, very desirous of keeping near his Lord was this lad. His greatest wish was to live for Him, to serve Him fully. Therefore it is not surprising that when he met, and heard, HUDSON TAYLOR at Mr. Guinness's house he determined to go as a missionary to China. April, 1866, found him in lodgings in the house of a Christian lady, Mrs. Mary Parsons, a most helpful teacher of the Scriptures. Mr. Hudson Taylor advised this enthusiastic young man to take longer time for Bible study, training in various ways, and particularly to go in for medicine. He therefore went into lodgings near the London Hospital. While studying at this Hospital he filled all his spare time with street preaching and Ragged School work, a mode of life which did not commend him to his fellow-students. He was

not at all popular with them. During the cholera outbreak in 1866, he spent himself tirelessly for the little ones. There were 5548 deaths from cholera that year—3909 of them in the East London district. He says had it not been for this he would never have known Stepney.

And thus it was, step by step, during the student years at the Hospital he found his way to the great work which started in a donkey shed under the name of "The East End Juvenile Mission," now known world wide as "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," incorporated by Act of Parliament, 1899. The first report was issued July 15th, 1867-1868, the forerunner of 39 Annual Reports written by this wonderful man.

In 1868 his idea of going to China was gradually becoming changed. He was anxious and perplexed as to whether God's will for him lay in that direction, and earnestly prayed to be clearly shown his life-work. Guidance was given in various ways. One was the meeting with his first Arab, Jim Jarvis. This little lad, who begged hard to spend the night in the Mission Room where Barnardo had his first meetings, was taken by the young man to his own lodgings and regaled with good hot coffee and food, after which he (to prove the truth of his statement that there were many homeless lads like himself sleeping out) conducted Barnardo to a "lay" on the roof of a shed where eleven boys were lying fast asleep

in the moonlight, with no covering but their miserable rags. After this the young medico made a practice of prowling about at night among the lanes and alleys and wharves in search of destitute boys, and he discovered many. Following this, at a missionary meeting, he was unexpectedly called upon to speak—some expected speaker not having turned up—and the only story the embarrassed young man could tell was of his Ragged School work, and especially about the homeless lads. At the close of the meeting a poor servant girl gave him a little packet of coins, 27 farthings wrapped in paper. She had saved them up for missionaries, but she said she would rather they were used for the destitute lads.

Barnardo's story caused great comment in the Press, and Lord SHAFTESBURY asked him to dine, intending to make strict inquiry into the "incredible" story. Barnardo, who had not seen the papers, saw at once that Lord Shaftesbury and his guests thought that he had exaggerated. He suggested that they should see for themselves. Accordingly, after their coffee, they sallied forth in topcoats and made their way to Billingsgate and Queen's Shades. There, from under tarpaulins, from empty sugar boxes, from barrels, they gathered no less than 73 shivering, frightened lads—a complete vindication of the young medical student's representations. At a nearby coffee house Lord Shaftesbury gave each boy a cup

of coffee and bread and butter, and a copper coin, promising to help them further. Thus did Barnardo at last clearly see what his life work was to be. And during that life work of 40 years spent in the service of the children he rescued 60,000 boys and girls and babies, and cared for them and trained them and placed them out in the world as useful citizens. On learning, in the early days of his work, of the death of little "Carrots," to whom he had offered the next vacancy, he laid down the bold charter, "No destitute child ever refused admission." "Carrots" died in the streets of exposure and starvation. Young Barnardo there and then decided that such a thing should never happen again if he could help it. And under his bold charter 110,000 children have been rescued and given a chance in life. 30,000 boys and girls have been sent out to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and S. Africa.

The Homes now comprise 182 Cottage Households and Branches. The family is the largest in the world, always over 8000 children. On an average 5 are added daily from the ranks of child destitution and misery all over the country.

In Nov., 1891, Dr. Barnardo started the "Young Helpers' League," banding together the children of the well-to-do to help the children of the poor. I remember him telling the story of the dream which gave him the idea—how he was trying to rescue a boy who was drowning in a river. He could not reach

him from the bank, nor could he swim out to him. Some children playing near by came running to him saying: "We'll help you, sir. Don't be afraid!" They hung on to him and the boy was saved. As he told this story in the Bath Saloons, Torquay (1894, I believe) he leaned so far over the edge of the platform in illustration of his effort to reach the boys that it seemed inevitable he would topple over among the audience.

The story of Dr. Barnardo's evangelistic work at The Edinburgh Castle—the Big Public House and its Concert Hall, which became the People's Mission Church and the bar of which was turned into the Coffee Palace, the first of its kind, is a wonderful record. He was sole pastor at the church for 13 years, after which he had a co-pastor like-minded with himself. The place was undenominational, and "The Old, Old Story of Jesus and His love" was the everlasting theme of the preachers. At the Coffee Palace working men were able to get good meals reasonably, and there were games and newspapers for recreation.

But his great labours began to tell upon the doctor. Holidays on the Continents, and visits to Nauheim for heart treatment became enforced. He had to go no less than five times to Nauheim, the fifth, and last time was in August, 1905. At Cologne he was so ill with angina pectoris that his wife, his son Cyril, and his brother, Dr. F. A. E. Barnardo, went over to bring him back.

Through their loving care he reached his home, St. Leonard's Lodge, Surbiton, on Sept. 14th. Hope revived for a few days. On Sept. 19th he had been signing letters and cheques, and had dictated two letters. At six he was having a light meal, and during its progress he spoke of the heaviness of his head, leaning it on his wife's shoulder—and then he sank back in his chair and quietly passed away.

So his busy life closed suddenly and peacefully. The body was taken to the Edinburgh Castle, on Sept. 22nd. On Sunday, Sept. 24th, a memorial service was held. Those amongst whom he had ministered so long were thus able to say farewell to their beloved friend. A florist near by was surprised by three ragged boys wanting to purchase a wreath. They had raised a shilling amongst them. "What do you want it for?" he inquired. "To put on Dr. Barnardo's coffin," was the reply. "He was a friend to chaps like us." The newsboys, when the carts drove up full of newspapers outside Fenchurch Street Station, took their bundles without any of their usual jostling and chaffing—for on the sides of the carts was the single announcement: "Death of Dr. Barnardo."

There were touching scenes as the body was taken to Liverpool Street Station on Sept. 27, for the streets were lined with tens of thousands of people. At the Village Home, Barkingside, there was another service, the little girls of

the Homes standing by. On Oct. 4th his remains were interred in a spot he had chosen in the centre of his Village Home.

But the work goes on, and the good it has done will last for ever, for are not tens of thousands of rescued children "saved" for an endless Eternity?

CHAPTER VI

George Whitefield, Evangelist

GEORGE WHITEFIELD was born on Dec. 16th, 1714, at the Bell Inn, Gloucester. His great-grandfather was a clergyman, his grand-father a private gentleman. Thomas, George's father, started business as a wine merchant, in Bristol, in which town he married, but shortly afterwards went to Gloucester to keep the Bell Inn. He died when George was too young to recollect him.

As the boy grew up, according to his own account, he was vicious and degraded—lying, stealing money even from his mother, irreverent in church, disturbing Dissenting Meetings by shouting the names of ministers in at the door. "The story of the sins and offences of my younger days would be endless," he says.

His mother married again, a Mr. Longden, ironmonger, Gloucester. George was sent to school when 12, at St. Mary-le-Crypt, where at least he learnt to write and speak correctly. At 15 he left, partly on account of financial difficulties, and bravely bore his part in the work of the Inn. When the Inn was taken over by his married brother, George left, for he could not agree with his sister-in-law,

and went to reside with another brother in Bristol. Whilst there his soul was dimly groping after God, and he was often worked up into a state of spiritual fervour. At the close of his visit he went to live with his mother—the fervour died away, and he resumed his old mode of living.

But help was at hand. An old school-fellow of his visited them, and described his career as a Servitor at Pembroke College.

George's mother suggested that he, too, should be a servitor at College, and young George thankfully agreed. A short course of study under his old schoolmaster followed, also, alternations of religious fervour and evil practices. The former prevailed, and he went to Pembroke College in 1732 at about 18 years of age, fully resolved to do well. He avoided all evil companionship, and set himself quietly to perform his humble duties as a servitor; and pursued his studies in such a diligent manner that the friends who had sent him to College and stood security for him, speedily saw that they had nothing to fear.

At Pembroke his soul conflict, the severe austerity of his life, and the fasting with which he was endeavouring to gain salvation, brought him to a very low state of health, but in the time of his sickness he found that glorious truth that he must be saved by Grace, not by works. He put aside all devotional books, and he says: "I began to read the Holy Scriptures upon my knees. I daily received

fresh life, light and power from above. I got more true knowledge from reading the Book of God in one month than I could ever have acquired from all the writings of men. About the end of the seventh week, after having undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan, and many months of inexpressible trials by night and day, under the spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to *lay hold of His dear Son by a living faith*, and by giving me the Spirit of adoption to seal me, as I humbly hope, even unto the day of everlasting redemption."

From this simple truth he never departed, and, on account of his great freedom and determination in preaching it to all, he was later shut out from the Established Church. Meantime, he aspired to become a full-fledged clergyman of that Church, and at the beginning tried to get a hundred sermons in readiness. This was not easily done, and he was at length led to see that "He who increased the little lad's loaves and fishes for the feeding of a great multitude would, from time to time, supply him with spiritual food for whatever congregation he was called to." And his faith was not in vain.

His first sermon was preached in the old familiar church of St. Mary-le-Crypt, and it was reported to the Bishop that Whitefield had driven 15 people mad with the sermon. The Bishop, who had the sermon from White-

field, said he hoped the madness would not be forgotten another Sunday, paid a guinea for the loan of the sermon, divided it into two parts, and preached it morning and evening to his own people.

It was, no doubt, a great day to Whitefield when he wore his servitor's habit for the last time, and donned that of Bachelor of Arts, but not so great as the day on which he knew he had done with the "filthy rags" of his own righteousness and been clothed in the righteousness of Christ. It was the joy of this which urged him on "through good report and ill" to preach the Saviour anywhere and everywhere.

In 1737, at the urgent request of John Wesley (who, with Charles, had been his friend at College) he sailed for Georgia, a new English Colony in America, partly to care for an Orphan House there. He remained over a year in that place, then returned to England to plead its cause. On January 14th, 1739, he was ordained priest by Dr. Benson, Bishop of Gloucester. He very soon found that his fellow-clergy were not pleased with him. His doctrine of the new birth, his use of extempore prayer in private gatherings, and, above all, his preaching in the open air made them furious.

One church after another was closed against him. But mightily grew the Word of God, and prevailed; for whilst the clergy were busy closing church doors against Whitefield,

he was engrossed in showing the way of Salvation to thousands upon thousands of people who never attended a place of worship. Every open space in London was a church for him, and in those days there were many large tracts of land available.

In the provinces, too, he had vast gatherings. Picture him on Hanham Hill, Kingswood, near Bristol, speaking to the begrimed colliers. "God highly favoured us in sending us a fine day, and near 2000 men assembled on that occasion. I preached and enlarged on John 3. 3. for near an hour, and, I hope, to the edification and comfort of those that heard me." Shortly afterwards he preached to 4000 or 5000 in the same place. At times he had audiences of 20,000. And thus it was everywhere, under the open sky many hundreds were saved.

How strange was the opposition of the professed servants of God to this way of preaching, seeing that our Lord Himself had preached mostly in the open air, and was not the doctrine of the New Birth from His own lips?

On April 29th, 1739, Whitefield went to preach in Moorfields, outside London, where, as the table on which he was to stand had been playfully broken up, he took up his position on a wall, and the huge concourse listened to his solemn exhortations in profound silence, deeply moved. The same evening he preached on Kennington Common to 20,000. He had at different times, many letters which

told of blessing received, and many gifts for the Orphan House in Georgia. He had intended to plead that cause in the churches, but as they were closed to him, he turned to his open-air audiences, amongst which were many of the highest in the land and the wealthy.

He married at the age of 29 or 30, in 1743, a widow of the name of James. There is no doubt that he would have been wiser not to marry, for he was always travelling. Mrs. Whitefield was not very strong, and not always able to share his journeys and his labours. There were three children, but not one lived, which fact alone must have saddened their union, especially as they were so seldom together to enjoy a spell of quiet home life. Mrs. Whitefield died on Aug. 9, 1768, of an inflammatory fever. They had been married 26 years. Her husband outlived her only two years.

Many times he was in danger of his life, more than one attempt being made to murder him, but he continued his work undeterred. He had many good friends, some of whom he had known from his youth—the Wesleys, notably—and many people of wealth and position. That wonderful woman, Lady Huntingdon was always helpful, and brought many to hear Whitefield at the Tabernacle; she even succeeded in persuading the Duchess of Marlborough to attend, and to bring some of her friends with her. The Duchess of Buckingham heard him too, though she had

said it was "monstrous to be told you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl upon earth." This Duchess took with her the Duchess of Queensbury as an addition to Lady Huntingdon's party for Whitefields'.

The Prince of Wales, in 1742, more than once visited the wooden Tabernacle which had been erected in 1741. The first stone of the permanent building was laid by Whitefield on March 1st, 1753. The Tottenham Court Road Chapel was opened on Nov. 7th, 1756. It was called "Whitefield's Soul Trap."

He left England in Sept., 1769, never to land again on her shores. In Sept., 1770, Newbury Port, New England, he was struck down by a severe attack of asthma, and his busy, strenuous life came to an end on Sunday, Sept. 30th, at six o'clock in the morning, at the age of 56. He had preached practically till the last, for on the Saturday night, as he was going to bed, he stood on the stairs to speak to people who had gathered, and his candle burnt out whilst he spoke. Still his light shines; the longing that he had expressed is realised, for he is of the wise who "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."

CHAPTER VII

John Howard, Philanthropist

JOHN HOWARD was born on the 2nd of Sept., 1726, either at Enfield or Hackney. The last named place appears to be correct as it is vouched for by his friend, William Whitbread. His father, a godly, pious man, was partner in an upholstery and carpet business in Long Lane, on the north side of St. Bartholomew's Priory, running from Smithfield to Aldersgate Street.

John (like a good many great men) was a sickly child. He lost his mother soon after his birth, and on account of his poor health his father took him to Cardington, where he had a house. It was two miles from Bedford, and near John Bunyan's country, Elston. There he was carefully nursed by the good woman who later married Howard's faithful servant, John Prole. As soon as he was old enough he was sent to a school in the town of Hertford, and later to London. Having finished his school life, he was apprenticed to Alderman Newnham, a grocer in Watling Street. When he was 17 his father died. The Executors of the Will were all relations of John Howard, and so great was their confidence

in the lad of 17 that he found himself at that early age endowed with great power over his possessions. They were not inconsiderable, for the elder Howard had amassed a modest sum in an honourable way, so that young Howard became the owner of property and money which constituted in those days a fair fortune, even after payment of £8000 to his only sister.

He was a quiet, steady and studious young man, with a love of books and travel. Before he reached the age of 21 he had started on his first continental tour.

There does not appear to be any definite record of the time of John Howard's conversion, but at an early age he made public profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and never feared to own Him.

On his return from the Continent he settled in lodgings in Stoke Newington. These lodgings he shortly had to leave, and took apartments in the house of a widow in Church Street, Mrs. Sarah Loidore, a good Christian woman, who cared for her rather delicate lodger with the most thoughtful attention, nursing him through a severe illness. John Howard, despite the fact that he was but 25, and she nearly twice that age, was sincerely attached to her, and offered her marriage—an offer which, on account of the great difference in their years, he had much difficulty in persuading her to accept. She did, at last, and they lived very happily until she died, on

Nov. 10th, 1755, aged 54, about four years after their marriage.

Howard, now alone and restless, set out for Portugal, hoping to relieve some of the distress caused by the earthquake which had occurred a short time before his beloved wife's death. But the vessel in which he sailed was captured by a French Privateer, and Howard, after suffering and seeing much cruelty as a prisoner, returned to England on parole, to be exchanged for a French Naval Officer. When his friends congratulated him on his "escape," he reminded them that he was not free until the exchange was made. He felt bound in honour to return to France if it were not. Evidently it was effected, for he remained in England, doing his best by information and appeals to better the condition of those prisoners of war whom he had seen in France.

On April 25, 1758, at the age of 32, he married again, Henrietta Leeds, daughter of Edward Leeds, of Croxton, Cambridgeshire. From her portrait she seems to have been a sweet-faced woman, and of a character which was gentle and loving, ready to yield in all things to her masterful husband. They settled at Cardington, and spent some blissful years together, improving the village and housing conditions: After a time Mrs. Howard's health necessitated a change, and they moved to Watcombe, Hampshire, which move, however, proving of no effect on her condition, they returned to Cardington.

There, on March 27th, 1765, less than seven years from the day of their wedding, the beloved wife suddenly and unexpectedly died in Howard's arms, four days after giving birth to their only child, a son.

The grief-stricken father devoted himself to the little boy, keeping him with him until 1769, when he placed him in the care of a good lady who kept a school in Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, and went on a continental tour. He saw the Pretender in Rome, 1770; he also saw the Pope's galleys and galley-slaves, and visited a prison at Civita Vecchia containing 1364 prisoners, of which sight he made many notes for his Book on Foreign Prisons.

In 1772, after having re-opened his house in Cardington, he became engaged in Church affairs. It was his custom to worship in John Bunyan's Chapel, Bedford, but when Joshua Symonds, minister at this time, declared that he could no longer baptise infants (1772), Howard, with many others, seceded, and a new meeting-house was built to which he contributed generously. His friendship with Joshua Symonds, however, continued.

In 1773, being elected High Sheriff for the county of Bedford (despite the Test Act), he had ample opportunity for observing prisoners and prison conditions, and for studying the terrible ravages made by Jail Fever. He travelled up and down the country visiting the prisons everywhere, and on 4th March,

1774, was requested to appear before the House of Commons with his report.

From 1774, till his death in 1790, with the exception of quite short intervals at Cardington—one lasting two years, 1784 and 1785—he visited and re-visited prisons, hospitals, and lazarettos (hospitals for those with contagious diseases), reporting and writing down the terrible conditions and sights he saw most fearlessly. His visits were hated by the authorities in many places, and were fraught with danger; in France he narrowly escaped capture.

There were other dangers, too, for there was a sharp fight between the vessel in which he was sailing and a Tunisian Privateer. Fortunately the enemy was beaten off, and the captain of Howard's vessel informed the intrepid traveller that he would have sunk the ship rather than surrender, as that would have meant perpetual slavery in Tunis.

In two lazarettos, Howard suffered the quarantine laws; but the rigours, the miserable state to which he was reduced were, he felt, amply repaid by the first-hand knowledge he had gained.

The power and horrors of the Inquisition came under his notice very frequently and made a deep impression. He went to Malta, and visited the Hospital of the Order of the Knights of St. John, where he was much surprised to find the attendants were anything but the gentle nurses he expected. He said

he once found 8 or 9 of them much entertained with a delirious, dying patient. When the Grand Master of the Order asked Howard his opinion of the place, that opinion was plainly given, and not received with much pleasure. But he thought there was, later, an improvement in the treatment of the patients, whom he visited frequently. Officialdom often received him coldly, hostilely; but prisoners, slaves, and patients were always glad to see him, and to see him often.

In 1786, Christmas Day, in Vienna, he had an interview of two hours with the Emperor Joseph II, who asked him many questions about prisons and punishments in a way which showed his genuine interest and desire to improve things.

Howard wrote many books, for he was constantly taking notes, and these were classified and revised whilst he was in England. What dreadful scenes were depicted in those pages! Slaves with logs chained to their feet, prisoners chained to the ground, debtors chained outside their prisons selling laces and other things. The fearful scenes inside the common prisons where fighting, drunkenness, and immorality were prevalent—where decent men, eligible for freedom, could still be detained because they could not pay the fees demanded by the jailer and various other officials. This is but the tiniest glimpse of what he saw. When he could, he helped. John Prole, who kept some record whilst he

travelled with Howard states that more than once his master set a debtor free by paying his jail fees.

His last journey was begun in 1779. Before he left England, he settled his affairs, providing for his son first. The son had, unhappily taken to profligate ways, in spite of the care his father and his aunt, John Howard's sister, bestowed upon him. This aunt's home was his home during the holidays, and when his father was in England they were together. But the evil influence of a servant led the son astray. He outlived his father nine years, but had been insane some time before his death. He seems to have loved his father.

It was at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, that John Howard died, through having contracted fever from a young lady whom he attended. The last news he had as he lay dying was of some improvement in his son. "Is not this comfort for a dying father," he said.

He died on January 30th, 1790, at the age of 64, and was buried, at his own request, in a spot near the village of Dauphine. Thousands of people were present.

A statue, the first, Dean Milman says, "to be admitted to St. Paul's was erected under the dome, and the inscription on the south side of the pedestal was written by Mr. Whitbread, a long and interesting eulogy. But his life work is summed up in these words: "I was sick, and ye visited Me. I was in prison, and ye came unto Me."

CHAPTER VIII

Lord Shaftesbury

THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, Anthony Ashley-Cooper, was born on the 28th of April, 1801, at 24 Grosvenor Square, London. His father was Cropley Ashley, only brother of the 5th Earl. His mother was the daughter of George, the fourth son of the Duke of Marlborough.

The care of young Anthony Ashley-Cooper, the namesake of the 5th Earl, devolved upon the servants. His early recollections are of the saddest, and his after years seemed to be permeated with that melancholy which overshadowed his childhood. But those sorrows had a great part in urging him to the work with which his name is ever associated—the care and succour of the oppressed. The influence of a maid. The sweetest memory of his early days lingered round Maria Millis, the housekeeper. This incomparable woman had been maid to his mother when his mother was a girl, and had been promoted to the position of housekeeper. She was devoted to the little boy, and being a true and faithful follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, she often took the child on her lap and told him stories

from the Bible, especially the story of *Him: who came to save the lost*, to comfort the sorrowing, and who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me" (Matt. 19. 14). She taught him a simple prayer which he always used; even in his old age and sickness those simple words would come to his lips. It is disappointing that there is no record of the words. It was to this good woman, he says, that he was indebted for that saving knowledge of the Son of God which came to him at the age of seven, and which was such a joy and strength to him through all the difficulties and trials of his long life. Who would not be a Maria Millis!

Young Ashley was sent to school soon after he was seven years of age—a school at the thought of which he always shuddered. "The place was bad, wicked, filthy; and the treatment was starvation and cruelty." At home, too, he was unhappy, for in those days parents ruled by fear, not love, and it is evident from his diary when he reached manhood's estate, that his parents (the mother in particular) were almost cruel. He remembered weary nights of bitter cold, and days of insufficient food under the paternal roof.

The crowning trouble at this time was the death of his beloved friend, Maria Millis. He mourned deeply for she was—and no wonder—more to him than anyone else. In her will she left him her handsome gold watch, and he never wore any other. "This watch

was given to me by the best friend I have ever had," he would say.

When he was 12 he was removed to Harrow, where he was with quite a different set of boys, and very happy. At home, too, things were better, for his father, who became Earl Shaftesbury in 1811, moved to St. Giles' House, Wimborne, the ancestral home of the Ashleys. The beautiful old place and surrounding country did much to make life pleasanter to the boy. His favourite name for his loved home to his life's end was "The Saint."

He left Harrow at 15, having reached the 6th form. He had learnt very little, "which was my own fault," he says. He considered he was idle and fond of amusements, and neglected opportunities of learning. His strenuous after life, at anyrate from 1822, made up for this seeming neglect. In that year, at 19, he surprised himself by taking a first class in classics at Oxford. At 25 he entered Parliament. Here he became acquainted with the Duke of Wellington, whom he and the boys at Harrow had worshipped, and whose military exploits they had followed enthusiastically.

His real life work began when he took up the cause of the friendless and oppressed, not of adults alone, his work was chiefly among children. The spirit in which he entered upon his career is given in his journal of April 28th, 1829, his 28th birthday: "Now, let me consider

my future career. The first principle, God's honour; the second, man's happiness; the means, prayer and unremitting diligence; all petty love of excellence must be put aside, the matter must be studied, the motives refined, and one's best done for the remainder." To this he steadfastly adhered all his life.

His first important speech in the House was on the treatment of the inmates of asylums. A Bill was passed for their regulation, July 15th, 1828. He also visited madhouses occasionally to see for himself what their state was; how best to remedy the gross abuses, and put an end to the cruelties practised.

He continually studied his Bible. In 1829 he remarks: "I see that geology has become a favourite weapon to wield against Revelation, by attacking the Mosaic history of the Deluge. At best it savours of presumption."

He enjoyed the lively hospitable company of William the Fourth, but hopes his own mirth had been harmless when in his society.

On the 10th of June, 1830, at the age of 29, he married Emily, daughter of the 5th Earl Cowper, his ideal woman, of whom he says: "A wife as good, as true, and as deeply beloved as God ever gave to man." In 1831, again, his diary says: "No man, I am sure, ever enjoyed more happiness in his married life. God be everlastingly praised." For forty-one years she shared his life work, helped him and inspired him in all his trials. "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her

husband also, and he praiseth her" (Prov. 31. 28).

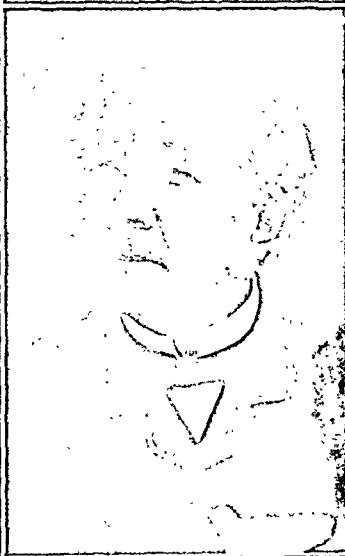
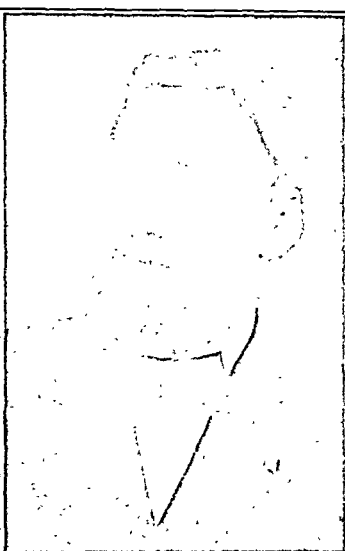
His own happiness did not make him callous as regards those less fortunately placed. The memory of his sad and neglected childhood urged him to help forward any work which could alleviate the sufferings of others. He was early known as the Working Man's Friend, but especially was he the friend of the children.

In 1883 he began his Factory Legislation, that work at which he laboured for 20 years. The shameful story of the treatment of little children in factories, and the evasion of the laws made for their benefit was again and again brought before the House by him. He told how the ages of the children were often wrongly stated on their surgeon's certificates—meal times were curtailed, clocks were tampered with in some places; and terrible and pathetic details were given which brought tears to many unaccustomed eyes. The House, alas, was slow, it could decide that 45 hours a week was long enough for an adult negro, but did not hurry to consider whether 69 hours a week were not too many for children.

Then the legislation for the poor little chimney sweep boys, and sometimes girls, as young as eight years, forced up chimneys by many cruel means, and often nearly suffocated; several cases of death were reported. Lord Ashley (for he was not Earl Shaftesbury yet) knew of a child of 4½ years employed in sweeping chimneys. He made personal in-

quiries into all the cruel circumstances and cruel treatment reported to him, and in more than one case made arrangements which meant lifelong provision for some of the crippled and incapacitated little ones. On August 3, 1840, he gained some alleviation of the horrors endured by the factory children and the climbing boys. At the same time he moved that there be a Commission of Inquiry into the Employment of Children in Mines and Collieries, whose lives, after long persistent labours he succeeded in bettering. Children in Calico Print Works, too, were benefited eventually. Their ages, 3 years and 4 years, rarely, more generally 7 years to 9 years, working 16 to 18 hours a day. The agricultural gangs—children who were sent in droves to the fields, working till literally worn out, no matter what the weather. All these terrible abuses Lord Ashley continually brought before the House, against fierce opposition of enemies, and coolness and vacillation of those from whom he expected support.

Not only unfortunate adults and children received his attention, but the ill-fed, badly treated costers' donkeys came under his notice. He bought a fine coster's barrow, called himself "K. G. and Coster," and let the barrow out, till the coster could procure one for himself. He so won their esteem that at an annual meeting of costers, his lordship was surprised to see a sleek donkey, which the costers had unitedly purchased, led to the



DR. BARNARDO
F. N. CHARRINGTON

WILLIAM QUARRIER
SAMUEL MORLEY



LADIES GIVING AIDS TO DEBTORS IN PRISON DURING THE DAYS OF JOHN HOWARD

front and presented to him. It would be difficult to say which were most delighted, the K.G Coster or the Pearly Costers.

His tenacity was such that he was several times offered positions which would "keep him quiet," but though the income accompanying the position was sorely needed, he refused, for he would not desert the cause of the poor and oppressed.

Queen Victoria was very dear to him. "One cannot but love the Queen," he says in his diary, shortly after her accession. He named one of his daughters Victoria. The Prince Consort, too, was his friend, and, in spite of some opposition from Lord John Russell, accompanied Lord Ashley to the poor district of St. Giles, and took the chair at "The Labourers' Friend Society," on May 18th, 1848.

Lord Ashley's father died in 1851. He was unconscious for 36 hours, and his son "hoped that it might be God's chosen time for the infusion of His grace." Lord Ashley, now Lord Shaftesbury, went to live at St. Giles' House, Wimborne, where he greatly impoverished himself by setting the homes of his tenantry in good order. Not a penny was spent on his own home till that was done. To his sorrow he had to leave again, Jan. 27, 1852, to ease the burden of debts, and reside in the old house, 24 Grosvenor Square. This year, too, on October 15th, he lost his beloved wife. She was buried in the little village church

of Wimborne St. Giles. On the family pew is a tablet: "To the memory of a wife as good as true, and as deeply beloved as God in His undeserved mercy ever gave to man." Two months later his daughter Constance died. He had previously lost two sons, Francis and Maurice, and a daughter, Mary, but had the joy of knowing that they were with Christ.

In this brief account of a long and well-filled life it is impossible to speak of all he did. His Ragged School work, his Coffee Shop work, and much more, as told in volumes of his life and work. I should think that the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ has never before or since, been so fearlessly and frequently spoken in Parliament as it was by this godly man.

He was called into the presence of that Lord on Oct. 1st, 1885, and after a service in Westminster Abbey, was buried beside his wife in Wimborne St. Giles. There his sons and daughters personal friends, and loving tenantry gathered, and as they sang:

"Now the labourer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past,
Now upon a farther shore,
Lands the voyager at last,"

we knew he had received "an abundant entrance" there.

CHAPTER IX

Sir George Williams

GEORGE WILLIAMS was the youngest son of Amos and Elizabeth Williams. He was born at Ashway Farm, four miles from Dulverton, in Somerset, on Oct. 11th, 1821.

The homestead, nestling among the trees, in a setting of green fields and distant hills, was the last habitation; it lay at the beginning of the great moor. In this pure bracing air, and the glorious freedom of these surroundings, George Williams lived for 14 years, and grew sturdy, and strong, and clear headed.

His first lessons were from Mrs. Timlett, who had a small school in Dulverton High Street, and thither young George was duly conveyed on horseback, sitting behind one of the farm hands and holding on tightly by the friendly leather belt. When Dame Timlett had taught him all she could, he was sent to Gloyn Grammar School, Tiverton, where, as seemed usual in those days, he suffered some privation.

Then he came home to take his share of farm work. But he did not care for it, a fact which his brothers were not slow to notice. They held several councils with their father as to

what this favourite youngest boy was suitable for. He was the life and fun of the home, and, round the big log fire, gave much entertainment to the family circle.

But as a farmer, he proved his inefficiency very effectively, when, through carelessness and inattention to his horses he drove his loaded haycart into a ditch and fell in himself. That put a stop to his farming. Father and brothers, in solemn council, decided that he must go into town and earn a livelihood—a terrible punishment in their opinion.

One brother had already settled in Dulverton, and when he was consulted, suggested that George should be apprenticed to a draper in Bridgewater whom he knew. The matter was arranged, and thus it was that George and his father set out early one morning on a leisurely, careful drive of 25 miles to the old historic town, and alighted in the High Street at the door of Mr. Holmes the draper. Here began the long and successful commercial career of the good and great Sir George Williams and here, too, more important than all, he was "born again," about 18 months after his arrival.

Mr. Holmes was a member of Zion Congregational Chapel, and young George, a Churchman, had been a little indignant at a clause in the indentures which stated that all assistants were expected to attend the chapel on Sunday mornings. His mother calmed him by saying that he could go to the Parish Church in the afternoons.

He settled down to his work wonderfully well, and put his whole heart into it, young as he was. He was a favourite with the apprentices, and a great success behind the counter with the customers. One of the assistants, a Miss Thomas, afterwards the wife of George's friend Beaumont of Oxford, recalled the new apprentice as being ruddy faced, persevering, clever, and diligent, even making notes in his spare time for use in his working hours.

A little while after his entry into this business George Williams began to compare himself with two other apprentices. They, he told himself, were going to Heaven, and he was on the road to Hell. He began to pray, but so ingrained was his habit of swearing that oaths rose to his lips even then. Nevertheless he was sincerely seeking Christ. When he was invited to dine on Sundays with the Unitarian gentleman who had introduced him to Mr. Holmes, and who took George to his chapel, the lad became certain that the doctrine which made light of Christ's sacrifice for sins was wrong and wicked, and at last refused to go again. The gentleman was annoyed, and said he'd have nothing more to do with George, and also spoke to the lad's parents, saying George had turned "Methody" and would be no use. George's brother Robert advised him to leave George alone, adding that it was possible that the boy was right.

There were four assistants who influenced George Williams at this time—Miss Gerard,

Miss Harris, Miss Thomas, and William Hurman. The great attraction of each, in his eyes, was the quiet consistent life. In William Hurman he had a helpful friend, for that young man was quite a power in Bridgwater. And so by almost imperceptible steps this earnest boy was drawing nearer to the moment when he would be saved for eternity.

It was on Sunday evening, in the winter of 1837, when he was just 16, alone in the back seat of the Congregational Chapel, that the arrow of conviction struck him. There was nothing remarkable in service, or sermon, or preacher. The Rev. Evan James does not seem well known, but through his simple, quiet words that night *one* was brought face to face with eternal issues, who was to exert far-reaching world-wide influence on behalf of the Saviour. When George Williams reached home after the service he knelt down at the back of the shop and the great transaction was completed there. "I cannot describe to you," he says, "the joy and peace which flowed into my soul when I first saw that *the Lord Jesus had died for my sins*, and that they were all forgiven."

When George Williams reached the age of nineteen his apprenticeship ceased, and he consulted his brother Frederick, who had been in the employ of Messrs. Hitchcock & Rodger, Ludgate Hill, London, but had now set up for himself in North Petherton, a village about four miles from Bridgwater. George

went to him for six months and helped him in the shop, and during that time was instrumental in the conversion of Fred's wife, who was a Unitarian.

In Oct. of 1841, Frederick took George to Hitchcock & Rodgers, when he went to buy a fresh consignment of goods, and presented him to Mr. Hitchcock, asking if he could find a place for him in his establishment. Mr. Hitchcock declared he was too small. "He is small," replied the brother, "but what there is of him is good!" Upon which Mr. Hitchcock said he'd think it over. George could come to see him next day. George did, and to his great joy, Mr. Hitchcock gave him a place behind the counter, which he kept for several years, afterwards being promoted to the post of buyer. In those days the hours were from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m., and Mr. Hitchcock requested each assistant to sign an agreement to take his dismissal at a moment's notice if required. This young man came into the business to remain in it till his long and busy life on earth closed.

As soon as he was settled in he began his work of soul winning among his 140 new companions. They slept 5 and 6 in a bedroom. One was a Christian, and he and George were permitted by the rest to meet for prayer in a small room off theirs, unmolested. From that meeting sprang the Y.M.C.A., for by and by conversions began among the assistants, and the number of those who met

for prayer meetings in one and another of the bedrooms increased every week, until, having won Mr. Hitchcock himself by prayer, they issued a circular to be sent to other business houses. The first gathering of Christian young men was in George Williams' room on Thursday, 6th June, 1844—the real date of the institution of the Association. From that time it progressed steadily, becoming world-wide before its founder passed away. The first rent was 216—a room in St. Martin's Coffee House—now the Association owns property worth millions.

In 1853, at the age of 32, when he had been 12 years in the business, he was taken into partnership, and shortly after married Mr. Hitchcock's daughter, Helen. She was his true helpmeet for 50 years.

In 1894, the Jubilee of the Y.M.C.A., George Williams, just before the date fixed for its celebration, received a letter from the Earl of Rosebery, which informed him that it was the Queen's pleasure to confer upon him the Honour of Knighthood.

To the end of his life he spoke to all with whom he came into contact of their salvation. High and low, rich and poor, shop assistants, friends, business men; it was always the same. And the City young men knew where they could find help and friendship and spiritual advice. Ever fond of children, our picture depicts him in old age addressing young folks at a sea-side service.

He was very frail and bent when he walked for the last time through his warehouse, and down Paternoster Row to Amen Corner. A few weeks later, in Torquay, he passed away at the age of 84.

He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral with great honours—but nothing will equal his Master's "Well done" in the ears of that faithful servant.

CHAPTER X

Samuel Morley

SAMUEL MORLEY was born in Homerton, October 15th, 1809. He was the son of John and Sarah Morley, and was the youngest of six—three boys and three girls. Whilst he was still a child his father moved to a larger house in Well Street, Hackney, not much more than a village of four streets then—Church Street, Mare Street, Grove Street, Well Street—a place of mansions and gardens, and trees and shade. The garden of Mr. Morley's house was nearly three acres.

Brought up in the happiest surroundings and the atmosphere of wealth, young Samuel yet remained unspoilt. He was a lovable, kind, bright, and lively boy, not averse to boyish pranks, but always on the side of the good and true even whilst he was at school—a far more difficult thing.

His first school was at Melbourn, Cambridgeshire. He was seven years old when he and his brother William were sent up together. John, the eldest, was already there. The Principal, Mr. Carver, was a congregational minister, and Samuel Morley was a Congregationalist to the end of his life. After

Melbourne he was sent to Mr. Buller's School, Southampton, where he soon became a favourite with all, but in spite of that he made good progress.

At the age of sixteen he left school and went into the business of I. & R. Morley, Wood St. He had early shown much capability in this direction, and he spent seven years in the counting house. He used to walk from rural Hackney to quaint Wood Street every morning with his father. At that time there were rooks in the great plane tree, now the lone tree, at the Cheapside end of Wood Street. The father and the two sons who were with him dined at the office, where often they had to remain till seven o'clock, then came the quick walk back to their happy home—a place which, for these boys, never seems to have lost its charm or influence.

Samuel Morley had the greatest love and admiration for his parents.

Their piety and godliness bore a great part in forming his character. And, moreover, the home was open to all Nonconformist ministers, and with them Samuel greatly enjoyed intercourse. The most definite intimation concerning the conversion of Samuel is of a Sunday morning in the Old Weigh House Chapel, when Mr. James Parsons was preaching young Morley listening, and from that time forth openly professed his faith as a Christian man, and witnessed a good confession to his life's end.

Of the Bible he said: "The Bible is the light and life of any dwelling. The home life of the country owes everything that is pure and virtuous to the Word of God." To one, struggling with difficulties, he writes: "There is within your reach, and easy of comprehension without the aids of any human teacher, a safe and precious guide—GOD'S WORD. And there is, too, a Saviour waiting to guide and bless you. With such help you may bravely fight the battle of life; you may endure manfully, and you will in the end overcome."

In 1840, Oct. 29th, in her 71st year, Mr. Morley's beloved mother died. She was buried in the family vault in Bunhill Fields Cemetery. A few months later he found his wife, Miss Rebekah Marion Hope, daughter of a Liverpool banker. They were married in 1841. Their first home was in upper Bedford Place, where their first child, a daughter, was born. In 1842 they moved to Five Houses, Lower Clapton. They had 8 children. In May of 1848 his father, Mr. John Morley, died at 80, and was laid to rest in Bunhill Fields beside his wife, and the great business descended to the sons. Mr. Samuel Morley was a strict disciplinarian in business—himself setting the example of working hard and working well. Paying the highest wages to his employees, he never allowed slackness or badly done work.

In the matter of giving he was as generous

as any man could be, taking pleasure and joy in seeking out and assisting to the utmost any cases of real need. On one occasion he was the benefactor of a poor widow and her children who had hope of help if she could go abroad to relatives. Mr. Morley sought her out, and provided not only for the passage, but also sufficient to maintain her in independence for some time after her arrival. He was instrumental in helping GEORGE CRUIKSHANK out of his embarrassments. He gave £5000 to the purchase of Exeter Hall for the Y.M.C.A. He gave £6000 towards the Memorial Hall, built on the site of Fleet Prison, in Farringdon Street, for he loved historic Nonconformity, and cherished the memory of those who had suffered. His portrait hangs in the library of the Hall. He helped many a poor minister to furnish his house. He built a baptistery for a small meeting of brethren at Leigh, and himself often partook of the Lord's Supper there, replying, when questioned for doing so, that he liked the quiet and simplicity of the gathering.

Of Samuel Morley Lord SHAFTESBURY said: "He was content to be anything or nothing, so that good was being done." These two men were great friends; they thought very highly of one another, despite the fact that one was an ardent Evangelical Churchman, and the other fully as ardent a Nonconformist, and they strengthened each other to advance the doctrine of salvation by Christ alone, for

both were more Christian than sectarian.

Mr. Morley was a life long friend of F. N. CHARRINGTON. On the occasion of the setting up of Charrington's great tent, May 21st, 1876, in Mile End, he was in the chair, and his address was illustrative of his simple faith in the Saviour and the Word of God.

Speaking of the Bible, a favourite theme, he said then: "It not merely helps us amidst the joys and sorrows of this life, but it tells us what awaits us in the next. It tells—and this is the foundation stone of this movement—it tells us that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life' (John 3. 16). This will be the basis of the utterances which will be delivered from this platform. Believing this, I desire to offer my Christian friends . . . my most earnest and heartfelt sympathy in their enterprise."

He became a total abstainer. It happened very suddenly when, at a Temperance meeting which he was addressing, a workman asked him if he went without himself. There was just a moment's pause, then Samuel Morley said: "No. But I will go without from this hour."

This step gave him much joy, and far greater power in the cause of abstinence, and his interest and energy in that cause increased rapidly from that time. He drew up a leaflet and signed it, and had it distributed from house

to house. This silent messenger begged the parents not to send their children to fetch the beer from the public houses, urging that such a thing made the little ones familiar with sights which they should never be allowed to see, and they heard language such as never should reach their ears.

As a father, he was ever solicitous for his children's welfare, especially their spiritual welfare. In a letter, he expresses the yearning that his sons may have their minds opened to the truth as it is in Jesus, and that they may all be spared to enjoy together the thought that though busy in many ways, in this world, they were all citizens of a better Country, and could look forward to a sweet family reunion in Heaven.

As an employer he was very careful about the characters of the young men whom he took into his house of business. The (Rev.) ARTHUR MURSELL, in 1886, said of "Morley's"; "I have heard hard-ground strivers in other great houses declare that a berth in Morley's meant self-respect, honour, and emolument, such as no other place in England gave to faithful service. As a Member of Parliament he had an excellent testimony given him by JOHN BRIGHT, who said "that a more upright, genial, and in every way admirable man never entered the House of Commons."

This busy, eventful, godly life was brought to a close on September 5th, 1886, at the age of 77. For a long time he had been over-

working, and continued to do so, though fully aware that the end was drawing near—perhaps that knowledge spurred him to greater efforts. When he was laid aside, which was several months before his death, one of his last visitors was the (Rev.) Joshua Clarkson Harrison, who had spent some years in the counting-house when they were both young men, and who had found the Saviour at almost the same time. But now, in the chamber of sickness they could not say much, so weak was Samuel Morley then. But later his friend wrote to him, reminding him of those days when they listened to James Parsons, and of their yielding their hearts fully and joyfully to the all-sufficient Saviour. How happily the dying man's mind would dwell on these memories.

He passed away just after midnight, at the dawn of Sunday, September 5th, without any struggle—it seemed at first like ordinary sleep, but as they watched beside the bed he had already awakened in the presence of his Lord.

He was buried in the family vault of John Morley, Abney Park Cemetery. Under his name on the plain stone is fitly inscribed the brief sentence: "A SERVANT OF JESUS CHRIST."



LORD SHAFTESBURY BEING PRESENTED WITH A DONKEY BY THE
COSTERS OF LONDON WHOM HE SO BEFRIENDED (Page 64)



11000

SLAVES IN A JOYOUS PROCESSION ON EMANCIPATION DAY, THE
RESULT OF WILLIAM WILBERFORCE'S EFFORTS

CHAPTER XI

William Quarrier

WILLIAM QUARRIER was born on Sept. 29th, 1829. The house in Cross Shore Street, Greenock, in which he was born is pulled down, but the stone archway was removed and set up in the grounds of the Orphan Homes. Little thought any who saw the small boy pass in and out of that archway to his poor dwelling that he was the chosen instrument of God for providing thousands of boys and girls with a happy, healthy home.

When he was 3 years old, his father, a ships' carpenter, died of cholera in the Port of Quebec. Mrs. Quarrier now had to support herself and her three children, and when William was about 5 she moved to Glasgow, and made a poor living out of fine sewing for the large warehouses. Even William did his share of sewing. Presently the work was not sufficient for him to help with, so he was employed at a pin factory putting heads on pins. Remember William Quarrier when you use a pin.

From such small beginnings so great a man! He received one shilling a week for 60 or 70 hours' work.

At the age of eight he says: "I stood in the High Street of Glasgow, barefooted, bare-headed, cold and hungry, having tasted no food for a day and a half, and as I gazed at each passer by, wondering why they did not help such as I, a thought passed through my mind that I would not do as they, when I would get the means to help others." He carried out his resolve to the very letter. He *did* get means to help others, and he helped them.

19,466 children have passed through the Orphan Homes which William Quarrier founded, and more yet will have cause to thank God for that hungry little lad who stood in Glasgow High Street and wondered that no one helped him.

His wise mother apprenticed him to a shoemaker just about this time. He was the youngest apprentice there, and had to carry a twisted paper-light from which the men lighted their pipes; but he never learnt to smoke, nor did he ever learn to drink. Drink was the ruin of his first employer, consequently the boy was sent to Paisley to another shoe maker. Paisley is 7 miles from Glasgow, and when the New Year Holiday came round, William set off gaily for the walk home. The stage coach passed him, and suddenly he was taken with the notion to relieve the monotony of the journey by keeping alongside that coach. A strenuous task, but, true to himself, he kept at it. The passengers became quite excited. They threw him coins from time

to time, and when he arrived simultaneously with the coach, at Half Way Inn, he had 11½d. He was taken into the Inn and treated to cake and cheese, and finished the journey as the passengers' guest.

Later in life we see how, with God-given determination and wisdom, he ran another race, looking unto Jesus, and has won an incalculable reward. At his trade he was so diligent and earnest that he was a journeyman shoemaker at the age of twelve.

For four years he worked in different shops, a valued craftsman in spite of his youth.

One day, at the age of about 16, he walked into a shop belonging to people who were to play a very important part in his life. Quite unconscious of this he accepted employment from Mrs. Hunter as he would have done from any other person; but he had not been there long when he found that she was taking a great interest in him. She was a good and earnest Christian, who was ever seeking to bring others to her Saviour, so she asked this quiet, capable young workman of hers if he went to church. William Quarrier was not in the habit of going to church. He had been to Sunday school somewhere when a little lad, and there when he sang "There is a happy land far, far away," he always wished the happy land were here and now, and he wondered the good and kind God did not come down to help the poor people like his mother and sisters and himself. Later on he was one

of God's ministers to the poor, and this is the way, he found, in which God does come down. Mrs. Hunter asked him and his mother to attend her church, offering them a seat in her pew, and William went. "For the first time I heard the great truth of the Gospel, and under the influence of the Holy Spirit and teaching of the Word of God I was led to accept of Christ as all my salvation."

His life now became full of joy. There was an added beauty in everything around, "which Christless eyes had never seen." He spoke to his mother of this Saviour, but she, though life was made easier for her by this good son, received his overtures with severe displeasure, and he thought it best to lay siege to that stubborn heart by prayer alone. After six years she yielded. Seven years later, having shown forth the praise of Him Who had called her out of darkness, she passed away into His presence. William Quarrier says: "In my mother's saving change I was greatly strengthened in the faith that God is the hearer and answerer of prayer."

Soon after his conversion another joy entered his life in the person of Isabella Hunter, his employer's daughter, a girl only a few months his junior. As he plied his tools, a great hope came to him, and a determination to work with even more diligence, that he might one day ask her to be his wife.

He remained with Mrs. Hunter seven years. At 23 years of age he started a little shop of

his own, at the top of Piccadilly Street. Business prospered, for God honoured his faith and integrity, and four years later, at 27, he married Isabella Hunter. Still business prospered. He opened several other shops as the years went by, and now it is that he set himself to accumulate £20,000, not for himself, but for the performance of that vow he made in Glasgow High Street as a hungry child of 8. But he was supporting his younger sister's three children, as well as his own, who numbered four, and endeavouring faithfully to give God His share of all the profits, so his savings never reached the desired sum. He prayed earnestly that they might, but God was fitting His servant. The training Mr. Quarrier got through the oversight of his own business equipped him well for the management of the Homes. Moreover, there was a higher goal still. It was shown him through the tears of another little boy, robbed of his matches by a bigger lad. Mr. Quarrier at once renewed the stock, but that incident led to the formation of the Shoebblack, Newspaper, and Parcel Brigades, and later brought Mr. Quarrier to the point of trusting his God for funds wherewith to start a Home for Orphans, instead of waiting to accumulate them himself. It was a great and solemn thing thus to step out in faith, and he asked that God would give him a sign, definite and unmistakable, and this sign—£1000 to £2000, sent by one donor in response to a letter which Mr. Quarrier

sent to the papers about the need of such a Home. The letter appeared Sept. 1st, 1871. Several days passed; small sums were received; then came a letter from a friend, Mr. Thomas Corbett (once of Glasgow, then in London), saying that he would give £2,000. He knew nothing of Mr. Quarrier's sign. And for Mr. Quarrier this gift was enough. "By this call," he says, "I rose out of 'the fear of man which bringeth a snare' to the confidence and blessedness of the man who putteth his trust in the Lord." And well his confidence has been rewarded.

No. 10 Renfrew Lane was the first Home. The first inmate was Andrew, coming in dripping, coatless, out of the winter rain to warmth and food and the story of the Saviour, the Good Shepherd. Next came Willie, then Jimmy. Then the news began to spread among the city waifs that there was bread and lodging for nothing at 10 Renfrew Lane. They came thick and fast from then onwards.

The first party of little emigrants sailed on July 2nd, 1872, for Canada, arriving there on the 18th at the Port of Quebec, where Mr. Quarrier's father died so many years before. In 1874 Mr. D. L. Moody pleaded for the children of Glasgow, and £3000 was promptly given by two Glasgow ladies. In 1875 the City Orphan Home, James Morrison Street, Glasgow, was built, its cost, including furnishings, £12,000 all given by the same kind ladies. That Home is still the scene of blessing.

Working boys and girls lodge in its safe and happy quarters. Its mission hall on the ground floor is often filled with men and women who come to hear the Gospel. It is not possible in this space to give a full idea of the blessing it has been and still is. The work started by Mr. Quarrier has steadily increased, in spite of trials and opposition, all of which he met with unwavering faith in God. And now the Orphan Homes of Scotland comprise a little town in themselves at Bridge-of-Weir, beside Seaside Homes and a Canadian Home.

In the 59th Report, October, 1930, it is stated that approximately £2,129,583 have been received. It also states: "The work of the Orphan Homes is carried on in dependence upon God for daily supplies. No one is called on personally, nor do we send out collectors. The needs are committed to God in prayer, and we look to Him to move the hearts of His people to send all that is required. Truly God is, and is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.

Mr. Quarrier was called Home on October 16th, 1903, at the age of 74 years. His beloved wife, than whom no man ever had a truer helpmeet, followed him eight months later.

The great work for the children founded by Mr. Quarrier still goes on in faith in God, and has now added to it Sanatoria for consumptives and Colonies for epileptics. God bless and prosper all the activities of the Orphan Homes of Scotland.

CHAPTER XII

William Wilberforce

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE was born on August 24, 1759, at Hull. There were four children in all, three girls and William. He was a small and feeble child, with weak eyes, but the frail body was tenanted by a strong and great spirit. Thoughtful far beyond his years for others, affectionate, gentle, clever, quick and active, possessing a melodious voice, his was a very attractive personality. He went to school at seven years of age. His elocution was so remarkably good, that, as Isaac Milner, his life-long friend tells us, he was frequently set on a table and made to read aloud as an example to the other boys.

When he was nine years old he lost his father, and was sent to his uncle, William Wilberforce, at Wimbledon, and St. James' Place, and from there he went to school in Putney, for two years. At this time George Whitefield was preaching in London, and his aunt's admiration of the teaching soon had its effect on the nephew. At the age of twelve, William was so greatly influenced that his mother, in much alarm lest he should become Methodist, fetched him home to Hull—a sore

trial to the lad, for he was deeply attached to Mr. and Mrs. William Wilberforce.

Everything was done to clear his mind of the piety and seriousness which possessed it. Idleness and love of pleasure were encouraged, and eventually he gave way before them. At seventeen he went to St. John's College, Cambridge. He had plenty of money at his disposal, for his grandfather and uncle had both left him a fortune, and so he entered upon his University career under very favourable conditions, from a worldly point of view. Here he was flattered, and here, too, idleness was encouraged. "Why should a man of your fortune trouble himself with fagging?" So he did not work, as he should have done. Mathematics, he was told, he did not require—too clever to need them. But he did need them; and in after years he put down to this neglect a certain want of mental regularity, and strove hard to obtain it by study and discipline, and even during his political career, a very difficult task.

He made up his mind to a public life before he left St. John's. He was elected M.P. for Hull at the age of twenty, and shortly afterwards went to London, where he was warmly welcomed, and, as he says, "at once immersed in politics and fashion." He was a member of five clubs, and very soon he was gambling; his first winnings, 25 guineas, and later on £600. On this occasion a part of his gains was won from some who could not afford it;

and so greatly did this fact pain him, that he was absolutely cured of gambling from that time. He was immensely popular. His uncommonly good singing called forth the admiration of the Prince of Wales, who, at one of the Devonshire House Soirees, declared he would come at anytime to hear him.

About this time Wilberforce was a great admirer of old Lord Camden, and Lord Camden on his side displayed a great solicitude for the brilliant young man. Wilberforce's friends once asked Lord Camden to witness his mimicry of Lord North, but they met with a decided rebuff, the old nobleman remarking scathingly, for Wilberforce to hear, that it was but a vulgar accomplishment. So deep was the the young man's affection, so great his respect, that he never again used his dangerous gift.

In 1784 he was elected member for Yorkshire, and was the joy of the races when he went there, after prorogation of Parliament, and his 25th birthday was spent on the "top wave" of amusement and pleasure. In October, he and his mother and sister went to the Continent, his old school-fellow, Isaac Milner, accompanying him as his special comrade. It was in converse on the sands at Nice with this friend, who, though not at the time allowing his religious ideas to pervade his life or actions, never countenanced raillery at sacred things, that Wilberforce began to regain the early love and reverence for them which he had felt when a boy. The friends read and discussed

Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion" on their return journey, and Wilberforce determined, Berean-like, to examine the Scriptures for himself. Parliament, with his beloved friend Pitt, as Prime Minister, fully claimed his attention on his return, also a great round of amusements, singing and levees, with ever an undercurrent of serious thought.

In July, 1785, he and Milner again went off together, joining his mother and a large circle of friends at Spa, and plunging into gaiety. Often his conscience reproached him. "I laughed, I sang, I was apparently gay and happy; but the thought would steal across me: What madness is this; to continue easy in a state in which a sudden call out of this world would consign me to everlasting misery, and that when Eternal Life is within my grasp!"

"The deep guilt and black ingratitude" of his past life rose before him, and he blamed himself for waste of time, and talents, and opportunities. Again in England, December of this year (1875), he called upon the venerable John Newton, to tell him of his anxiety of soul, and from that interview he came away finding his mind "in a calm and tranquil state, more humble, and looking more devoutly up to God."

From this time he steadfastly endeavoured to follow and serve his Saviour, making no secret of the joy he had in his salvation, but speaking to his friends quite freely. His

mother had been alarmed by rumours, but when he paid a visit to her and his sister, at Scarborough, she could not but acknowledge how good was the change, which she had feared might be "eccentricity." A friend who was with her, remarked: "If this is madness, I hope that he will bite us all" He certainly did bite whenever he had opportunity.

At the age of 35 he married Barbara Ann, eldest daughter of Isaac Spooner. He had six children, whom he earnestly sought to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, devoting to his family every possible moment he could spare.

The great work of his life was the Abolition of the Slave Trade. As a boy of 14 he wrote a paper on the traffic, and at the age of 21 he took up the cause in earnest, a cause which, in its various phases, engaged him practically for the rest of his earthly life. He had interviews with Mr. Ramsay, who was writing a book on the subject, and in 1786 he was making inquiries amongst African merchants, who, at that time, were willing to give information. Later on this was not to be so easily had. In 1788 a committee was formed and funds raised for obtaining the necessary evidence—the inspection of a slave ship lying in the Thames being no small item for this—and a battle royal began, the Abolitionists against the slave merchants and planters.

Again and again the decision was deferred, partly through the craft and greed of the

opponents of Abolition, and partly through the overwhelming amount of business before the Houses during these critical years. Event followed event rapidly. The French Revolution—and revolutionary ideas flew across the channel—the disaffected and the discontented in England were easily influenced.

Tom Paine, the notorious Free-thinker and republican writer, found a ready sale for his dangerous and pernicious works. After the execution of the King and Queen of France, William Pitt withdrew the English Ambassador from Paris. War with France followed. Napoleon Bonaparte appeared, for years the scourge of Europe—six English fleets at sea for three years—the illness of George III—the trouble about the Regency—The Prince of Wales displeased with Wilberforce, of whom, in earlier days he would inquire: "How goes it with your black clients, Mr. Wilberforce?" All these things, and many others, combined to delay the Abolition of the Slave Trade. But in 1807 the Bill passed both Houses and received the Royal assent.

"Oh, what thanks do I owe the God of all good, for bringing me in His gracious providence to this great cause, which at length, after almost 19 years of labour is successful." Thus his journal, March 22, 1807.

But there was much more to accomplish. During the remainder of his life he continued his efforts to suppress the Foreign Slave Trade, and so greatly did his influence prevail that

on the eve of his death the last public news he heard was that England would give twenty millions sterling to compensate slave-holders and all slaves would be emancipated in 1834.

He was called Home at three o'clock on Monday morning, July 29th, 1833, about 74 years old, in London. On July 31st came a request from the Lord Chancellor, signed by nearly all the members of both Houses, that they might attend his funeral, and that he should be buried with public honours in Westminster Abbey.

There lie his mortal remains, till the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven, and the dead in Christ shall rise. Then WM. WILBERFORCE and all who have loved the Lord and laboured for the good of their fellows shall receive their due Reward.

BRIGHT BIOGRAPHIES

OF CHRISTIAN MEN AND WOMEN

ROBERT MORRISON OF CHINA

THE PIONEER OF CHINESE MISSIONS

JAMES HANNINGTON OF UGANDA

THE NOBLE MARTYR OF CENTRAL AFRICA

WOMEN WHO HAVE WORKED AND WON

MRS. SPURGEON; E. BOOTH-TUCKER;
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL; PANDITA RAMABAI

JUDSON OF BURMA

THE HEROIC PIONEER MISSIONARY

GRIFFITH JOHN OF HANKOW

PIONEER MISSIONARY OF CENTRAL CHINA

CAPTAIN GARDINER OF PATAGONIA

THE DAUNTLESS SAILOR MISSIONARY

LADY MISSIONARIES IN MANY LANDS

BURMA : ZULULAND : ABYSSINIA : ETC.

HENRY MARTYN OF PERSIA

THE LONELY APOSTLE TO MOHAMMEDANS

GILMOUR OF THE MONGOLS

THE APOSTLE TO THE NOMADS OF THE PLAINS

MISSIONARY HEROINES IN EASTERN LANDS

INDIA : SYRIA : EGYPT

SAMUEL CROWTHER OF THE NIGER

THE BLACK SLAVE BOY WHO BECAME A BISHOP

WILLIAM CAREY OF INDIA

THE PIONEER OF MISSIONS TO INDIA

ROBERT MOFFAT OF KURUMAN

THE NOBLE MISSIONARY TO SOUTH AFRICA

FOUR NOBLE WOMEN

WESTON : GLADSTONE : WILLARD : BOOTH

CROWN OCTAVO SIZE
ILLUSTRATED 2/ NET

*PICKERING
& INGLES*

BOOKS OF INTEREST ON
MISSIONARY WORK

THEM ALSO

TRIUMPHS OF SAVING GRACE
AMONG INDIA'S WOMANHOOD

BY MARY WARBURTON BOOTH 3/6 NET

THE TIGER TAMED

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES OF
NOTABLE INDIAN CONVERTS

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