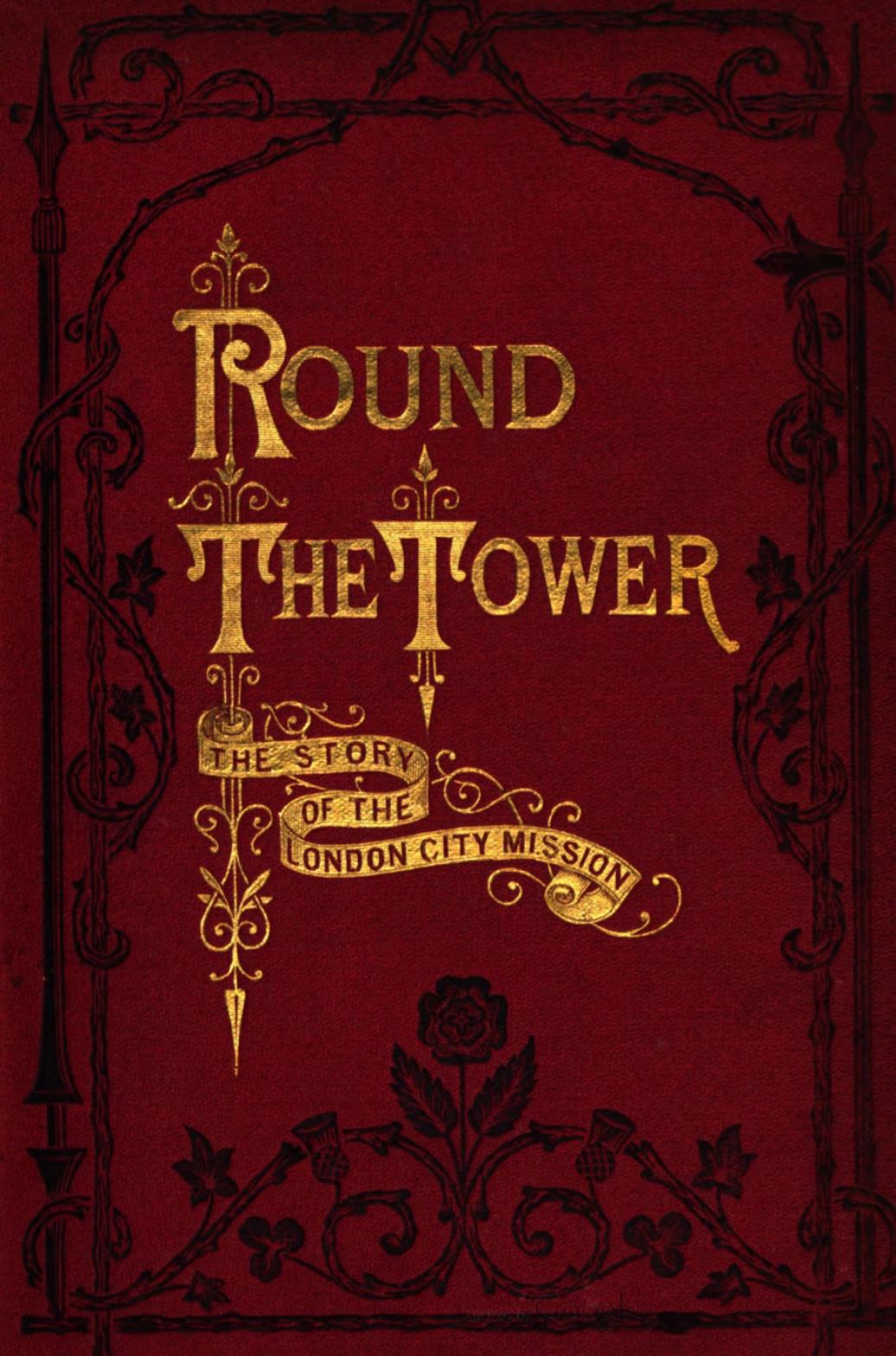

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ROUND
THE TOWER

THE STORY
OF THE
LONDON CITY MISSION





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"WE THERE FORMED THE LONDON CITY MISSION." Page II.
(The central figure is a likeness of DAVID NASMITH.)

Round the Tower ;

OR,

THE STORY OF THE LONDON CITY MISSION.

BY

JOHN MATTHIAS WEYLLAND,

Author of "The Man with the Book," etc., etc.

"Time is flying,
Souls are dying,
Speak to all of
Jesus' love."

INTRODUCTION BY THE
RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

NINTH THOUSAND.



LONDON :

S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

EDINBURGH & GLASGOW : J. MENZIES & CO.

DUBLIN : GEORGE HERBERT.

133.

g.

131.

**BUTLER & TANNER,
THE SELWOOD PRINTING WORKS,
FROME, AND LONDON.**

TO
JOSEPH HOARE, ESQ.,
TREASURER OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY,
AND
THE LONDON CITY MISSION,

This Book

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY
THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.



IN the reports on the Metropolitan Police Force for last year by the Chief Commissioner, that admirable public servant Colonel Henderson, we find the following passage :

“ There appears to be a greater regard to personal neatness, and an unwillingness to outrage public decorum by coarse language, indecent behaviour, or other unseemly conduct in the streets. This is openly testified to by respectable tradesmen.”

It may be openly testified to by many others. I will continue to testify to it myself ; and express a belief that had the reporter been at liberty to adopt any but the formal and stilted phraseology of an official document, he would have said more as to the moral reform of a considerable part of the population, and the sources from which that reform has arisen.

Nevertheless, simultaneously with this improvement in the general mass, the fact must be stated (though no explanation can be given), that there has been, and there is still, a fearful outbreak of violent and sanguinary crime. The perpetrators, however, of such acts

are few in number and cowardly in disposition. An unsparing severity in the infliction of adequate punishment must precede any other effort to restrain or amend their brutal pleasures.

In speaking of the services of any one of our institutions in London, we must be careful not to pass without grateful recognition the existence and fruitful labours of many kindred associations. But it is natural, and indeed legitimate, that in writing of such an agency as this immediately before us, we should dwell in detail, and with affection, on its various claims to the approbation and support of the public.

I trace a very large part of the happy results stated by Colonel Henderson to the presence and activity of the London City Mission.

It has grown up by slow degrees to its actual dimensions. Yet every year, in succession, has had its own fruits, and produced many unseen, though not unfelt, benefits. A single missionary, if he be a true man, improves many more than those who acknowledge his direct influence. A certain moral atmosphere is created, which the people inhale; and they become somewhat more civilized, without exactly knowing what it is, how, or wherefore.

But since the increase of numbers, and the wider circle of operations, the issue has been manifest and unmistakable. The greatest care has been observed in the selection of the missionaries, and in the superintend-

ence of them when appointed to their several posts ; and no one will deny that the constant labours of some four hundred and fifty men, zealous, pious, and indefatigable, earnest to advance the kingdom of Christ, and conversant with the "natural" and social history of the classes to whom they are sent, must imprint a deep and almost lasting mark on the characters of thousands.

When I spoke at the opening of the new Mission House in May last, and also when I spoke at the meeting in Wemyss Bay, I stated on both occasions that the tranquillity of London, and of England generally, in the year 1848, when half the thrones of Europe were in the dust, has not been unnoticed by foreign and domestic statesmen. M. Guizot remarked to me, "The religion alone of your country has saved you from revolution." This opinion was, to a great extent, endorsed by Sir George Grey, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, who, in talking to me on the event, ascribed the good order, the peace, and high bearing of the people of the metropolis to the moral and ennobling agencies that had been so long and so vigorously at work among them.

The Society was a great conception for the good of mankind ; and, like most conceptions of this sort, was originated by humble men, and begun in a corner. But as in many cases God has "chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise," so in this. A few men, of little or no account, founded, under

Divine guidance, a religious Society, which has brought the light of the gospel into many dark dwellings, comforted many hearts, assuaged many sorrows, and by bringing the law of the gospel to aid the law of the land has contributed, in appreciable measure, to render the peace of the metropolis possible with no greater a force than the Queen's guard of honour, and ten thousand constables.

Their system of operations in its various details shows much discernment and sense of adaptation to the peculiar necessities of the times. It is almost an address to "every man in his humour." The missionaries in the right sense are "all things to all men." We have provided for us select and experienced agents, told off to each class and diversity of labouring life. We find special missionaries to cabmen, beer shops, the Asiatics, Jews, German sugar bakers, the police, the costermongers, public houses, low lodging houses, and many more,—to every form, in short, of society that can be circumscribed and brought within the lines and compass of a definition. This arrangement has been found to be one of real practical utility. The limitations and precision of the duty both facilitate the operations of the missionary and intensify his zeal to produce a visible result on a given area. Nor is it without effect on the parties addressed. They are approached as a community among themselves; and thereby, no doubt, is infused into them a certain *esprit de corps*, a desire

that they should be at least as respectable as anybody else. This is a feeling which, however remotely derived, and oftentimes fearfully perverted, is akin to the first principle of family, the strongest, and of necessity the most enduring, sentiment of the human race.

The spirit of the Society is very catholic. It seeks the benefit of all within its reach, of whatever country or whatever religion they be. Its missions are addressed to the denizens of every nation under heaven, to as many of these, at least, as are found in our streets. The missions to the Asiatics are peculiarly worthy of note; as, but for these special efforts, Lascars, coolies, natives of India, China, and Japan, coming and going in our merchant vessels, would return to their native countries, and report, with much approximation to truth, that for religion, decency, and civilized life, Calcutta and Canton were by no means inferior to Shadwell and Wapping.

Whether such movements as these should be instituted and carried on exclusively under the order and discipline, the traditions and concentrations, of the Established Church, may be a subject to amuse the leisurely, and furnish curious inquiry to those whose minds incline to speculation rather than to practice. But the London City Mission, taking a different view, were disposed far more to practice than to speculation. They looked on the many myriads of neglected souls, lying far beyond the power of existing ecclesiastical

authorities ; they felt it their right and their duty to promote the Word of God ; and they dashed into the midst of the masses before them, not in hostility to the clergy, but in an earnest zeal for the temporal and eternal welfare of those unheeded and unknown populations.

The records of these transactions are now brought under our notice by the volume in our hands. The public will give a verdict on the past career of the Mission, and declare, I hope, its resolution of enlarged support for the time to come. Some, in their contempt, call it an "excrecence"; and an excrecence it is, as when the life-giving sap is diffused through the tree, and makes it burst out with blossoms and fruits. They call it "abnormal"; and abnormal it is, but only as when the sun, after months of darkness and tempest, appears for a while in a blaze of light, just to remind the world, as it were, that genial influences are yet in store, to bless, by God's mercy, a benighted creation.

But whether it be an excrecence, or whether it be abnormal, is a decision we leave to the candid judgment of evangelicals and protestants ; who will much rejoice that the task has been taken up and accomplished by so earnest, experienced, and accurate an historian as my friend Mr. Weyland.

SHAFTESBURY.

CASTLE WEMYSS,

August 18th, 1874.

PREFACE.



THE circle of London is described from various centres, and it is therefore understood that its ecclesiastical radius is taken from St. Paul's Cathedral, its police from Charing Cross, and its postal from the Post Office. In this story of the London City Mission and record of its operations we have, for weighty reasons, made the grand old Tower, that *germ* of the mighty city, our centre. From its antiquity it is pleasant to commence there, as its name is associated with the history of the city and country. Situated upon the banks of the Thames, it unites land and water, and is a fitting point from which to contemplate the marvellous rise and extension of a Christian enterprise which, commencing near it, upon a district of East London, rapidly spread through the metropolis, extended to the other side of the river, and in its flow of blessing embraced people from many nations, with sailors from our own and every seaport of the world. We may also add that there were in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tower people sunk to the lowest condition of poverty,

wretchedness, and crime ; while in all parts of its fuller radius were districts, less in extent, but with inhabitants in equal need of the reviving and restoring influence of simple gospel teaching. In a companion volume, "The Man with the Book," the operations of the Mission in West London are described, and we have therefore in this drawn our chief illustrations from scenes near Her Majesty's Tower.

As regards the statements and narratives, every care has been taken to ensure substantive and even verbal accuracy. The early minutes and records of the Society have been examined, while many of the incidents are from the writer's own experience. He is also indebted to "The Life of David Nasmith," the Magazine of the Society, and "The Million Peopled City," for valuable matter. The richness of narrative in these and other records is so great as to make the author conscious of many imperfections. Twenty writers might have made other selections, and have dwelt upon developments of the work to which we have scarcely referred, but we have compressed as much precious material into a readable volume as possible. This has involved considerable labour, and it is hoped will excuse many defects.

Through the whole effort the desire of the psalmist has been ours: "Let the high praises of God be in the mouth of His saints, and a two-edged sword in their hand."* By this lowly mission it has pleased Him,

* Psalm cxlix. 6.

the Almighty God, to exalt the name of His Son Jesus in the salvation of an untold number of souls. Through sovereign grace our fathers and familiar friends who have entered into rest were by this mission workers together with Him and us in the gospel. They in glory and we on earth praise Him ; but for a little while we enter into their labours. The writer is charged with the responsibility of eliciting a united Christian sympathy, and of bringing it to bear upon the perishing masses east of the City. For this great object he has compiled the narrative, and will gladly welcome the friendship and aid of those who desire that the people should learn righteousness, that the mighty influence of a Christianized London should be felt through Britain, and from these islands to the ends of the earth, that the number of the elect may be speedily accomplished, and His coming and kingdom hastened who maketh all things new.

LONDON CITY MISSION,

BRIDEWELL, E.C., *November, 1875.*



ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRONTISPIECE—Formation of Mission, with likeness of David Nasmith.

HEADINGS OF CHAPTERS—Ten Views of the Tower.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Entrance to a District in East London | 6 |
| An Urchin | 40 |
| “Three who were Mudlarks” | 43 |
| Familiar with the Prison Van | 65 |
| The Annihilated Parish | 88 |
| The Mission Boat | 97 |
| Down the Court | 108 |
| Coal Whippers | 119 |
| Gin Bar | 124 |
| Sunday Fair... .. | 132 |
| Tramps' Kitchen | 160 |
| Street Scene in Low London | 200 |
| Hansom Cab | 206 |
| Post Office | 220 |
| Dark Sorceress of Ind | 224 |
| The Cobbler Painter | 247 |
| Her Pauper Charge | 262 |
| The Mission House | 270 |

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

CITY, RIVER, AND SUBURB.

Telleth the story of a good man's life, and how he gained influence in the empire city. Scotland, Ireland, and England united in Mission bonds. Conflict, victory, glory PAGE 1

CHAPTER II.

THE PEOPLE: INDUSTRIOUS AND CRIMINAL.

Giveth facts and narratives concerning London ancient, passing, and present. The deeper depths explored. Thieves and old thieves' houses. Lodging dens and outcast children. Gathering of a noble army. Leader, work and workers 27

CHAPTER III.

EAST END MOBS, GAFFS, AND LONGROOMS.

Is the description of a scene on Tower Hill, and record of a noble act and wise speech. In the thieves' parlour. Behind the scenes. A new comic. Strange hairdressing. A beggar and a darkie. Traitors' Gate and its lesson 57

CHAPTER IV.

SHIPS AND SAILORS OF EVERY PORT AND CLIME.

Takes a survey of the Thames as it was and as it is. A journey to Tiger Bay. Opium room. The annihilated parish. A row in the Mission boat. The Bethel flag. Incidents with men of many nations 79

CHAPTER V.

BEGGARDOM AND PUBLIC HOUSES.

Describes a walk in past times through the Tower Hamlets, and a modern ramble among the dens. Cherubim Court and the Devil's Garden. Nobody's child. A little slaver. Bible club in gin bar. 105

CHAPTER VI.

SUNDAY FAIRS, SCENES, AND LABOURS. PAGE

Introduceth the reader to rag and bird fairs, to a flatcatcher and a "savage." The church in the Tower. "I give, I give." An hero. The right and the law 127

CHAPTER VII.

ROMANISTS, ALIENS, AND JEWS.

Takes notice of a Tower inscription, and recordeth an expression of Erin's goodwill for Britain. Rookeries, Grecians, and Cockneys. Wonderful relics. Funeral receipt. Last song of the opera. Vinedresser of Mount Lebanon. Little Germany. Jewish convents. Foreign exhibitions 149

CHAPTER VIII.

STREET, BARRACK, AND TENT.

Deposeth concerning "lazy losels" of past times and vagabondism of the present. Teaching at the Royal Exchange, and on public works. Day and night cabmen. Our guardians and postmen. St. Paul's strikes twelve. Gipsies: their language, fortune telling, and speeches. Our army. The city of canvas. The perfect weapon 195

CHAPTER IX.

THE SICK POOR AT HOME, IN HOSPITALS AND INFIRMARIES.

Discovereth a link between certain Tower prisoners and present sufferers. The *Dreadnought* and its visitor. The cobbler painter right at last. Worthy of the Victoria Cross. A sabbath in hospital. Queen of the swearers. Undressing for glory 239

CHAPTER X.

HELPERS, FRIENDS, AND FOES.

Is a true and particular account of the castle palace, called Bridewell: its former and present interest. Bishop Ridley's request. Raising the stone of help. The five B's. Lady Power. Inner life of the Mission. The infidel and marble. An old foe newly armed. Requests from a vicar, a minister, and a working man. Key note for the celestial anthem 265

City, River, and Suburb.

O thou, resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequered with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crime,—in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor: thou freckled fair,
That pleasest, and yet shock'st me, I can laugh,
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity when I think on thee.
Ten righteous would have saved a city once,
And thou hast many righteous; well for thee
That salt preserves thee: more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,
For whom God heard His Abraham plead in vain.

CHAPTER I.

TELLETH THE STORY OF A GOOD MAN'S LIFE,
AND HOW HE GAINED INFLUENCE IN THE
EMPIRE CITY.—SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND
ENGLAND UNITED IN MISSION BONDS.—CON-
FLICT, VICTORY, GLORY.

ROUND THE TOWER.

CITY, RIVER, AND SUBURB.

“Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city.”— ACTS xviii. 9.



MANY persons wished our traveller God-speed on his journey, as a lively interest was taken in its success both in Scotland and Ireland.

Glasgow was his birthplace and starting point, but Christians in Dublin had helped him to plan and carry out the enterprise; and thus it was that people in both cities strengthened, encouraged, and bade him go forward.

He was no ordinary man, was this David Nasmith. About thirty-five years of age, of good stature and firm gait, his countenance was expressive of earnest thoughtfulness, his dark bright eye beamed with intelligence, while the finely formed mouth with compressed lips indicated decision of mind and power of action. From his youth up he had shown strong individuality of character, and he was known to possess a catholic spirit, unparalleled disinterestedness, and quenchless zeal for the glory of God. His parents were communicants, and they gave him a plain but sound education, and at the early age of six years sent him to a Sabbath evening school. When quite a lad he had deep religious impressions, and at sixteen became engaged in a work of Christian usefulness. Two of his school companions proposed to form a society for the distribution of Bibles among the poor of Glasgow, and when they met to accomplish this object they made Nasmith secretary. This early service in the gospel was the commencement of a career distinguished by the activities of the Christian life. He became a member of the church in Nile Street, of which the Rev. Grevill Ewing was minister, a Sunday school teacher, a lay missionary, and gradually developed into the great founder of city missions. As the terrible fact came to his knowledge that masses of the poor in our large cities were not only uninfluenced by the gospel, but were fast losing the knowledge of God, he conceived the idea of uniting Christians of all names and denominations in powerful bodies for the evangelizing of their own cities; and the matter, once comprehended, became his life object. He commenced by penetrating the lowest parts of Glasgow, reading the Scriptures and teaching with great simplicity, forming adult schools and visiting

prisoners in the Bridewell, even to the condemned cells. This led to his forming the Glasgow City Mission, after which he visited Edinburgh with like results; and upon accepting the invitation of a minister in Dublin, he in that city united a body of Christians in mission bonds. He then proceeded to the south of Ireland and formed societies in Cork, Limerick, and fourteen other towns, and the following year passed through the north, founding missions in Belfast, Londonderry, and other cities.

The warmth of Christian affection and hospitality which Nasmith experienced in these places increased his devotion to the self imposed labours, and settled his resolve to visit America. He arrived in New York with several introductions, and in the course of a few weeks formed its now important city mission. For three years and four months he passed from town to town, forming societies in Boston, New Orleans, and many other towns. He then returned to Dublin, and after some months was encouraged to revisit America, to strengthen his young societies and plant others in Canada. This he accomplished, and after founding thirteen city missions, including that in Montreal, he returned to Europe, resolved there to pursue the object of his life.

France was his next field of labour, and he there established the Paris and Havre Missions and Young Men's Societies. Upon passing and repassing through London he halted for days together, and closely observed the condition of its poor and the tone of feeling which then existed among its Christian inhabitants, and on his return acquainted his friends with the information he had gathered, and with his increased desire to rally the powerful but latent forces of its believing people to the great conflict by which the church under its mighty Head

brings nations into subjection to the obedience of Christ. His one difficulty was means of support, as to apostolic zeal he added the apostolic condition of poverty. This was voluntary ; as, to secure freedom in pursuing his life work, he resigned an income of £300 a year for a stipend of £40. He was not however anxious, as his personal and family wants were few. Hardy and self reliant he required no luxuries, and to the honour of Ireland be it recorded that the needs of this ambassador of the cross were so generously supplied that the churches of America were unacquainted with his means of support. From the first these friends sanctioned his project of visiting London ; and when the decision was taken, Mr. J. Patton, of the Royal Dublin Society, convened a meeting at his house, where several sums of money were guaranteed to meet expenses. These were supplemented by Miss Oswald, of Glasgow, and thus one hundred pounds was raised for the benefit of the metropolis. Upon receiving information concerning this fund, Nasmith wrote to say that he would at once prepare for the journey and future labours.

As he had long purposed in his heart so he acted, and on the 24th of March, 1835, he with his wife and child arrived in London, and took up his abode in a small house at Hoxton. And now that he is in our midst we pause in the personal narrative to glance at the spiritual and moral condition of the city he has entered.

London at that time had sunk to the lowest condition known in its long history. Upwards of one million and three quarters of souls were massed within a circle of six miles round the Tower ; and a large emigration of political refugees from the continent, and of the most ignorant and superstitious from Ireland, were with its



ENTRANCE TO A DISTRICT IN EAST LONDON.

own neglected children adding tens of thousands yearly to its poor population. Large districts like St. Giles's (now nearly swept away by modern improvements) were covered with old dilapidated houses, the dank cellars and dark tenements of which were crowded with the squalid and dangerous classes. Many of these however were proud of their dwellings as the known haunts of highwaymen and murderers of the last generation. The prize ring was then the favourite pastime of multitudes in every rank of life, while the debasing amusements of the rat pit and dog fighting were common in low neighbourhoods, the drink shops and dens being open both day and night. The then "new police" system had been introduced to act upon the increasing criminal classes and to keep the festering mass of ignorant, infidel, and violent men from breaking loose upon society.

The Christians of the city looked on with sorrow and forebodings of judgment, but felt utterly unable to stem the mighty torrent of iniquity. It was rightly said by the Archbishop of Canterbury that "the people had outgrown the Church;" whole sections of the "Christian metropolis" were filled with the *un*christian and unbaptized of all ages, blasphemy and abominable wickedness being rife among them. It was then not uncommon to meet men and women who had no intelligent knowledge of their Creator, and who were in total ignorance of the name and atonement of the Lord Jesus. Individual and local efforts were made by an earnest few, but they could scarcely touch the mighty evil.

Those "watchmen in Zion" who were most zealous in labour uttered the deepest cries of lamentation, and gave the loudest call to the large but slumbering church, "to

wake and put on her strength!" Among these was the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, Incumbent of St. John's Bedford Row. He addressed a letter to the Bishop of London, which drew universal attention to the condition of the diocese. Its lowest depths had not been fathomed, and yet he wrote: "There is something, my lord, unspeakably painful in the contemplation of this mass of immortal beings, in close juxtaposition with ourselves, living, as we have reason to fear, without God and without hope; 500,000 sabbath-breakers, at the very least, in total neglect of the restraints of religion, communicate the plague of ungodliness to all around them; 20,000 are addicted to beggary, 30,000 are living by theft and fraud, 23,000 are annually picked up drunk in the streets, above 100,000 are habitual gin drinkers, and probably 100,000 have yielded themselves to systematic and abandoned profligacy."

By a providential coincidence Nasmith arrived in London during the very week this letter was published, and its extensive circulation prepared for the remedy its author's holy zeal desired, though not in the way he anticipated. A strong and general sensation was produced in the religious circles of the city, both among churchmen and dissenters; and just when the tide of that excitement was at its height David launched his little bark. But it was on troubled waters, as the passing of the Reform Bill, and other political changes in which opposing sides were taken, had generated a spirit of dislike among disciples who held the same blessed truths but not in love. He paid an early and hopeful visit to the author of the Letter, with carefully prepared papers showing that a union of Christians of every name in an attack of might upon the strongholds of ignorance and

wickedness in the city was the one hope for the salvation of its poor. He left after a pleasant interview, but in the course of a few days met his first severe disappointment in the form of a letter from the reverend gentleman in which he said: "I have not found time to read the statement which you were kind enough to forward me, and cannot therefore judge of the intrinsic value of your proposed plans. I very much fear that in the present circumstances of the Church you will find yourself repelled at every step in *any* plan which contemplates the co-operation of different denominations. In the first place, you must secure the consent of the bishop, or you will not get the clergy to act, and without the clergy you will find it hard to move the lay members of the establishment; perhaps neither party being free from blame would hinder different individual members of the different bodies acting together. Under these circumstances I know not what course you can take, except to choose between the dissenters and the establishment."

"Repelled at every step" was the right word. David next applied to Dr. Campbell, the leading nonconformist minister, who afterwards became his true friend and biographer. He considered the matter, and then preached a sermon to prove that such a society could not exist. "The proposed city mission," he observed, "would be throughout an artificial institution, as to constitution, agency, and support, recognising neither congregations, sects, nor denominations, nor any particular school of theology. Its rallying point is the 'common salvation,' the generally received system of evangelical doctrine. Hence its board of managers must be a promiscuous body, bound by no other tie than that arising from the pursuit in which they have embarked. With respect to

its agents, supporters, and patrons, all is general and conventional; nothing congregational. It is therefore obvious to all who know anything of the working of human nature, as it displays itself in organized societies, that an institution so framed must labour under a multitude of disadvantages, affecting at once its unity, stability, and efficiency."

A long and otherwise pleasant interview with the Bishop of London ended in like discouragements. But David listened to all with patience and without the slightest misgiving; writing to his friends he said: "I had hoped before now to have had the pleasure of informing you of the existence of the London City Mission, but the Lord's set time has not yet arrived. He has directed me to a few gentlemen who fully appreciate my object and plan, some of whom have agreed to act, others to give. Hasty steps I find at present might be ruinous, therefore I am still groping for fit office-bearers—two churchmen and two dissenters. Some are prophesying that I shall never, can never, succeed *in London at the present time, under existing circumstances*, in forming a committee of churchmen and dissenters; or, if I do, that they will not be long together."

After seven weeks of diligent labour David was led utterly to despair of accomplishing his object in the way he had planned, as he found disapprobation of the scheme strong and increasing. There were grounds for despair, and clouds and darkness were round about him; but the faith and iron will of the devout Scotchman did not yield; the frowns of man merely caused him to bow before his God with deeper humility and simpler trust. He there pleaded for the salvation of myriads of perishing souls in London, and made men-

tion of his own helplessness. He also gave thanks for mercies received in fifty other cities, and besought of the Lord to direct and to be his helper.

Ah! David Nasmith, thou art weak indeed. But as a supplicant at that throne thou shalt experience the almighty power of weakness. The strength of Jehovah through thy helplessness shall prevail; for He giveth grace to the lowly and covers them with the mantle of His power.

The arm of flesh had failed, and yet Nasmith decided upon prompt action. He therefore invited three friends of kindred spirit to meet him upon the 16th of May, 1835, in his little house, 3, Canning Terrace, beside the canal in Hoxton. Mr. Hamilton, the publisher, lost his way in the labyrinth of poor streets; but Richard Edward Dear and William Bullock arrived. A spirit of wisdom and of holy desire was given to these representatives of the churches. "After prayer," wrote David, "we there formed the London City Mission, adopted our constitution, assigned offices to each other, and after laying the infant mission before the Lord, desiring that He would nurse and bless it, and make it a blessing to tens of thousands, we adjourned."

A great event had occurred in that lowly dwelling. We question if in relation to the glory of God and the salvation of men anything of such importance had that day taken place in England or the world. A power of Christian sympathy had been established, which as by magnetic force was to draw disciples of discordant views and temper together, and unite them by "bonds of love in the spirit." Might and vigour was thus given to the church, by power of which the "water of life" was to

well forth from that little room, and flow with all the majesty of its wave and soul-restoring power into the sin polluted districts and habitations of England's mighty city.

The management of the young society, which involved the raising of funds, arrangements of districts, and engagement of missionaries, remained for some time with the Christian trio. That they conducted its affairs with great energy is proved by the following extract from their journal. "For months we have met, on an average, three times a week, at six o'clock in the morning, for prayer and business." The spirit in which they acted is thus expressed in a letter which Nasmith wrote to his brother: "We thought it not good to join ourselves either to those who sought to build up or to pull down the churches of these lands; but sought out a few who earnestly desired the prosperity of souls, and the adding of spiritual stones to the building of our God. We asked the Lord to be our Patron, and wrought silently, finding fault with no society and no brother, but doing our own work."

These early risers were terribly in earnest. They were in the midst of "a great people and a strong," over whom was "a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains" (Joel ii. 2); therefore did they arise to make prayer before the God of heaven, that the Dayspring from on high might visit the city, that beams from the Sun of Righteousness might radiate and shed the pure light of salvation into its darkest scenes of ignorance and depravity.

These men of prayer were also men of business, diligent in it, serving the Lord. At their second

meeting they resolved upon the class of agents to be employed, took steps to draw such to them, and to obtain money for their support. The third meeting was occupied in making byelaws, the chief of which was and is: "that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and love to the souls of men be the bond of union among the managers, and that the Word of God be the basis of all their operations." Questions and regulations for candidates, the constitution of a ladies' committee and branch societies, occupied their next sitting. When they met again no less than eighteen candidates for the honour of service in the new mission presented themselves, all of whom were seen and their qualifications tested. Their sixth meeting was of great importance, from the circumstance of a letter being read from the Rev. John Garwood, of St. Mary's, Spitalfields, offering to become superintendent of a missionary to be appointed to the Artillery Ground district. That offer was accepted, and a man of faith and zeal, with discernment of character and great administrative ability, was gained to the good cause. During the struggles, anxieties, and successes of forty years he has been found faithful. For some months he directed the work of a missionary and gave public support to the mission, and was then appointed clerical secretary to the society. In these responsibilities he was not permitted to stand alone, as that good minister of Christ Jesus, the Rev. John Robinson, was several years after appointed his colleague. In him was found an excellent spirit of love, of wisdom, and of a sound mind, and being equally yoked they have cheerfully borne the heat and burden of our mission day.

The labours of the early morning gave Nasmith, who acted as honorary secretary, and the managers, much

time for necessary work before the shades of evening closed in ; and it was needful for them to be active. As the immensity of the work they had undertaken forced itself upon them, they determined to take every step with caution, and to act upon the fullest information. They therefore caused a map of the city to be made, and as their general and statistical knowledge increased they marked out districts upon it. And then they visited the parts they hoped to "occupy," penetrating those "deeper depths" where gangs of thieves and reprobates made their abode. They even like Nehemiah of old (Neh. xi. 12) contemplated by night the sad ruin of poor humanity in this our Jerusalem. These investigations strengthened their conviction that the new system and the new class of agency they were creating could alone meet the evil, and enabled them to perfect their machinery of mercy. They were convinced that desultory visitation among such a people was loss of effort, and decided that a district should consist of five hundred families, and that their agent upon it should devote his whole time to making the acquaintance of each man, woman, and child, with the object of leading them to a knowledge of salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ ; that they should avoid all matters in dispute between Christians, leaving those who should believe to the saving of their souls to follow the promptings of the Holy Spirit as to the congregations they should join ; and that they should not preach in places of worship, or distribute temporal relief ; their office being that of the evangelist, they being neither ministers nor relieving officers. Men indeed were to be chosen for this work, whose force of character, holy zeal, class sympathy, and right handling of the Book they carried would enable them

to bear down opposition, and from among the ruined and the lost to gather out jewels for the Redeemer's crown.

The earliest records of the society give evidence of the care and anxiety with which the managers selected their first missionaries. They saw the candidates, entered fully into their antecedents, and read testimonials from their ministers and others. Not content with their own judgment they formed a staff of examiners composed of clergymen and ministers, two at least of whom privately examined the applicant as to his knowledge of the Scriptures and competency for the work. Reasons were often entered on their minutes for receiving or rejecting candidates, and in proof of the severe sifting only two out of thirty who applied were at first received. Ignorance of Scripture, or deficiency of qualities deemed necessary for the work, were chief causes of non-success. Other reasons were also given, such as: "J. B., declined, being in the judgment of the managers unfit for the work, from the high opinion he expresses of his own capability." "Inquire why A. C. wishes to leave his present employment, when the Lord appears to be blessing his labours where he is."

There were however those who came up to the severe standard required; and the man first chosen, W. Lindsay Barfoot, was a model lay agent. Manly in his bearing, but unassuming in his demeanour, it was evident that his strength lay in his knowledge of the Bible, the pages of which he turned with confidence, ease, and evident pleasure. He was received as a probationer for three months and acquitted himself as a good soldier of the cross. His district was in Spitalfields; a neighbourhood so over-crowded

that the required number of families for mission care were grouped in a court and one side of a street. Repelled at first from many doors as an intruder, and hated by some as a faithful witness, he by dogged perseverance and the friendship of Christian sympathy won his way to each home and heart. As the power of grace became manifest in several families he gave invitations to attend "cottage meetings" in a neighbour's room; and as knee after knee was bent, and soul after soul restored, he drafted them into the neighbouring churches. We knew him well in after years, and benefited by the wisdom that was in him. Within five months thirteen men of like mind were added to the mission, and stationed among the godless in obscure parts of the city. They were brave men, and as advance guards acted upon the King's enemies, and held their own until the forces were rallied and the new regiment of the Lord's elect were prepared to storm the strongholds of sin and Satan.

Upon each of these districts a demand more or less pressing was soon made for Bibles, and the managers applied to the British and Foreign Bible Society for grants of Testaments for gifts and Bibles for loan. The request was cheerfully complied with by that noble society, as they discovered that an agency was being raised up for their use. Their granary was well filled with the heavenly grain, while myriads of souls around them were perishing for want of the bread of life. The famine was sore in the neighbouring courts and streets, but they were without means by which to convey the saving food to these home heathen, while they were exporting it with lavish generosity to the heathen abroad. And it was so with the Religious Tract

Society. They mourned the plague of corrupt and infidel literature which polluted the minds of the people, but they were unable for want of agency to scatter their rich store of printed truth where most needed. They therefore gave hearty welcome to the new mission by generous grants of tracts; and thus by mutual aid friendships were formed; and ever since the Bible, the Tract Society, and the London City Mission have as commissioned angels of mercy hovered over the city, scattering the rich and purifying influences of gospel truth among all classes of the people.

The infant mission was received with unexpected kindness by all denominations of Christians, and as the result gifts were poured into its treasury. It therefore became necessary to increase the board of management to seven, and to obtain a treasurer whose name would secure public confidence. For this purpose Nasmith and Mr. Fred. Clarke (who is still an active though the oldest member of committee) called upon many gentlemen, all of whom for various reasons declined the responsibility. As they left such David used to look at his companion with a smile, and say: "Well, it is evident that the Lord has not called him to the office, but we must find the man He has chosen."

At that time Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton was in the midst of his splendid career, pleading in the Commons of England for the oppressed in her colonies and dependencies, while engaged in many movements calculated to bless his country and the world. He received the visitors kindly, and his large heart was gladdened at the prospect of an united church acting upon the masses. After considering the matter he

the same evening addressed the following note to Nasmith :

“Dear Sir : I have only reached home within these five minutes ; but in order to save the post, which is just starting, I write at once to say that I will with pleasure accept the office of treasurer, and only hope that you are right, and I am wrong, as to the propriety of the selection.”

This letter was a great encouragement to the managers, as the illustrious name of Buxton gave stability and imparted dignity to the enterprise. And then by this note the good baronet headed that long roll of honourable men of the past and present generations who received from their Lord an holy impulse by this mission to seek the salvation of many and the moral upraising of the metropolis of the British empire and the world.

Such progress had been made, and so many proofs of blessing given, that the managers decided to convene an inaugural meeting about the end of their sixth month. On that memorable evening a great crowd of godly men and women who mourned because of the evil in the city gathered in the public room of Store Street, Russell Square. The platform was crowded with clergymen and ministers, and the chair was occupied by that holy man and eloquent advocate for the pure and good, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, who then commenced a faithful service to the society which lasted for upwards of thirty-seven years. From the day the mission was founded he was drawn to it by the force of his love for all named by the name of Christ, and his yearning pity for degraded and perishing men and women. He admired its constitution ; and by his eloquent pleadings from the pulpit and many platforms, by wise

counsels and examination of candidates, he gave enduring strength to the movement.

The report stated that fifteen agents had been engaged and £300 contributed. Mr. Nasmith then gave an account of the missions he had formed; after which Dr. Cumming, the Rev. J. Leifchild and others, pleaded for union among Christians and aggressive effort among the sin-stricken people. In a letter of apology for non-attendance, the Rector of St. Andrew's Holborn stated that as the result of an appointment of a missionary in his parish there was a *religious sensitiveness* among the people which had increased the attendance at church and at the Sunday school! A barrister had written the committee to say "that during the investigation he was making, by order of the House of Lords committee, upon prison discipline, he had met with a missionary who had gained influence with the criminal classes and could give valuable information, and he therefore asked for introduction to the other agents." These were proofs that the mission was making way among the people, and evidence was daily given of sinners being converted. The meeting was long continued, and at its close there was generous giving, and the people separated praising and blessing God.

As a result of this meeting the mission vaulted at once into a high place in public estimation, and the following year was one of great activity with Nasmith and the board of management. Before its close they had stationed forty-nine agents, and had a balance of £1600 in hand. The spiritual success was also great, as the name of the Lord Jesus was glorified among the poor. But, while all was prosperity, the men upon whose shoulders the government of the society

was laid became troubled and anxious. They saw a dark cloud gathering over them, and were in great perplexity. At their first annual meeting they had a good account to render, but the attendance was thin and the proceedings cold. A few months after the storm burst, as nearly all the clergy and ministers connected with them sent in their resignations. Several complained that their section of the church was not adequately represented upon the committee; while one of the latter gave strong reasons for the steps he had taken. He called attention to the fact that the benevolent founder had added no less than six institutions to the young society, which of itself required all the attention which could be given to it: a Philanthropic Home; the Metropolitan Tract Society; the Young Men's Society; a Reading Room; the Adult School Society; and the London Female Mission. Though good in themselves and necessary, he felt that they ought to be under separate direction.

The managers had been led seriously to consider these objections, and were of opinion that they, as a committee, ought to be reconstructed upon the "equal representative" principles. Nasmith, however, objected on the ground "that, in all the missions he had formed, he had never recognised a divided church; that it did not matter, if sound in the faith and zealous in gospel effort, whether they were all churchmen or all nonconformists, or in what proportion of each. That he was as much called of God to originate and help other institutions as he had been to originate the London City Mission; besides, the branch societies he had formed were necessary to the development and efficiency of the mission itself."

In hope of reconciling him to their views, his colleagues had deferred taking action in accordance with their judgment ; but the resignation of so many true friends brought matters to a crisis, and at a special meeting the managers resolved: "That the committee should consist of twenty members, ten being Churchmen, and ten to represent Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Baptist, Independent, and other nonconforming bodies." Also: "That they should resign connection with the other societies, and keep exclusively to their own work ; though ready at all times, and in a spirit of Christian love, to aid and advance the efforts of those who sought the spiritual and temporal good of the people."

Every persuasion was made to prevail upon their founder to agree to these resolutions, but in vain. He would not yield, and when they were carried he resigned his office of honorary secretary, and so withdrew from the society. "At no time, and by no act of his, did he ever furnish a nobler display of real greatness. He sacrificed much that was inexpressibly dear to him, that he might maintain his own principles and leave full scope for the operation of the principles of others. His pure mind and boundless charity revolted from all such arrangements as a homage to mere feeling, but he would not, by his presence, obstruct the conscientious action of others."

Much and anxious care was, and has ever since been, taken in admitting members to the remodelled committee. In each case they represent the sterling piety, holy zeal, and social influence of their respective churches. Though firm to principle, they have acted together with unbroken harmony. Uniting in them-

selves the various branches of the church universal, they have by a lovely expression of the oneness of all who are in Christ Jesus, and by wisdom in government, developed a vast organization for good. Before however entering upon the narrative of their working and success, we will give a closing paragraph concerning their founder.

Separation from the London City Mission did not for him mean separation from the work. It indeed proved a blessing to himself and others, as it brought into fuller activity his marvellous powers for organization. He had long desired to establish missions in all the towns of the United Kingdom; and with the aid of Dublin and London friends he continued such labours. In the space of two years he established flourishing missions in Birmingham, Manchester, Paisley, and twenty other towns, besides visiting and confirming his early societies in Ireland and Scotland. But, while so diligently employed, it was generally observed that the spiritual life within him was deepening. His letters of that period speak of renewed acts of dedication to God, and he evidently pursued his holy vocation as in the light of a near eternity. There had been a gradual failing of health, and at the end of the year 1839 he found it necessary to remain at home for a few weeks. Feeling stronger, and believing himself to be better, he one Saturday morning determined to visit Guildford for the purpose of forming a mission there. He entered the town a perfect stranger, but at the station met with a theological student who accompanied him to the house of the Rev. Stephen Percy. While walking up the High Street, he was suddenly seized with pain,

which spread to the chest, and deepened to an agony so acute that he was for some time unable to move from the place where he stood. A medical gentleman who happened to be passing on horseback had him removed to a friend's house; but as the pain increased he was placed in a carriage and taken to an inn, where other medical advice was procured. The disease yielded to treatment, and he obtained ease and a little rest, but in the morning his symptoms became alarming. A dull heavy pain had settled upon him, and his left hand became cold. He was however kept in perfect peace. At intervals he said: "It's all well"; "There is nothing but the love of Christ can work in us effectually"; "These light afflictions, but for a moment."

"In time and in eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well."

Another medical man was called in for consultation, and they agreed that there was no hope of his surviving through the day. When Mr. Percy tenderly informed him of this he replied, "It's all well." Soon after, upon hearing the church bells, he roused as from a doze, and inquired: "Do the tribes of the Lord go up to-day? Oh! the rapture of that hour when I shall cast my blood-bought crown at my Redeemer's feet." A pause ensued, after which prayer was offered for his support while passing through the dark valley. At the end of each petition he whispered "Amen"; and at its close said at intervals: "I am ready to go whenever my Master may call me . . . There's nothing like being employed in His service

. . . My dear wife and children must look to their God . . . I want a Town Mission to be formed here." When the verse was repeated, "Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant according to Thy word," he said, "It's all well, and I could not wish it to be otherwise; it is done in wisdom and love." After this, consciousness became very slight, but he gave occasional expression to the peace which possessed his soul. Late in the afternoon his friend said: "Tell me if you are happy now? If you have not power to speak, raise your hand." He lay quiet for nearly a minute, and then summoning up his strength, said "Quite," and relapsed again. His precious life was fast ebbing away, and just before the bells of Guildford old church commenced ringing for evening service, the traveller had finished his journey. He who with apostolic intent had visited distant countries and entered many cities in the name and as the servant of the Saviour, to him it had been granted to enter the city of his God, to join the tribes of the ransomed from the earth, to unite with those who cease not through the eternal sabbath to raise their alleluias of praise in the presence of Him who said, "I am He that liveth and was dead: and behold I am alive for evermore." Not a few seals of his earthly ministry were there to greet him; and as long as London and the cities last, this gathering from among the poor will not cease.

Before the evening closed, his wife, who had faithfully shared the heavy cares of his pilgrimage, arrived to find herself in the bitter griefs of widowhood. The day after, Mr. H. Mayo, of the London Mission, came to remove the earthly tenement of his late dear friend

to London. The following week the funeral procession made its way to City Road Wesleyan Chapel, where the ministers received the body. The Scriptures were read and prayer offered by a Presbyterian clergyman, after which a Congregational minister gave a touching address. Then a great company of devout men and women, including clergy and ministers, with sixty city missionaries, followed the remains of David Nasmith to the burial. They laid him to rest in Bunhill Fields, near the tomb of John Bunyan; the service being read by a clergyman of the Established Church. And thus in death as in life the union of Christians in which he delighted was accomplished, and brethren of many names, but of the one blessed hope rejoiced together round that grave, and united in singing a hymn of praise to Him who had redeemed and, by union with Himself, given them resurrection life.

Like Luther, Wesley, and other men of religious power, Nasmith failed to acquire property. He lived and travelled and carried out his projects with a fabulously small sum of money and a highly independent spirit. Upon one occasion when a cheque for £50 was handed to him from the London society, he bluntly refused it on the ground that he could live without drawing from funds subscribed for the work; and so his services remained honorary. When, however, at his decease it was found that his wife and young family were utterly without means, a subscription was made for their benefit, and in the course of a few weeks the noble sum of £2,420 was received.

Twenty-six years after a granite obelisk was placed in

Highgate Cemetery, Bunhill Fields being closed,
bearing the following inscription :

In Memory

OF

DAVID NASMITH,

BORN A.D. 1799; DIED A.D. 1839.

FOUNDER OF THE LONDON CITY MISSION,
AND OF THE CITY AND TOWN MISSIONS
THROUGHOUT ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,
IRELAND, FRANCE, AND AMERICA.

A FEW FRIENDS CONNECTED WITH THESE SOCIETIES
HAVE ERECTED THIS STONE AS A MEMORIAL OF
THEIR ESTEEM AND RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER
AND WORK.



The People: Industrious and Criminal.

Ye servants of the Lord,
In works of love combine ;
'Tis yours to go from door to door,
And scatter truth Divine.

Go, with a loving heart,
And melting tones of love ;
Meekly to dying men impart
Your message from above.

Go in the strength of faith,
Go in the power of prayer,
And, with the simple printed leaves,
Glad news from Jesus bear.

CHAPTER II.

GIVETH FACTS AND NARRATIVES CONCERNING
LONDON ANCIENT, PASSING, AND PRESENT.—
THE DEEPER DEPTHS EXPLORED.—THIEVES
AND OLD THIEVES' HOUSES.—LODGING DENS
AND OUTCAST CHILDREN.—GATHERING OF
A NOBLE ARMY.—LEADER, WORK AND
WORKERS.

THE PEOPLE: INDUSTRIOUS AND CRIMINAL.

“And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it.”—
LUKE xix. 41.



“DOMESTIC chaplains for the people,” pleasantly observed a good minister at its first meeting, when the plan of the new society was brought under his notice. Well, time has proved the truth of the remark, as its operations have been “domestic,”—a Bible and Christian sympathy power in the homes of the poor. And then, while these messengers were needed in all parts of the city, the necessity for their efforts was great in those vast congeries of human

habitations known as the Tower Hamlets. As the name itself indicates, pretty rural districts and scenes of rustic beauty once existed in near proximity to the Tower. Besides, in ancient times much space was kept clear before the old fortress, but when royalty and fashionable life sped westward the distant moat called "Barbican" was filled up and built upon, this encroachment gradually continuing until an eloquent writer quite fifty years before our narrative commenced observed: "everywhere about this venerable abode of royal state, neglect has taken place of admiration, vulgar industry has come in the room of courtly sport, and in many instances squalor has usurped the old inheritance of splendour." This degeneracy continued until teeming myriads pressed into the decaying houses, the depraved and wretched forming colonies in the back and hidden recesses of the Hamlets. These evaded or boldly resisted the officers of the law, and it was known of them as of the general population that they had no desire for "domestic chaplains." Had beggardom, thievery, and other interests of local habitation, in places bearing such names as "The Devil's Acre," "Little Hell," and "Jack Ketch's Warren," had these known that men without money but of great reforming power were about to invade their "sanctums" and domestic hearths, their indignation would have been great indeed; while those who had shown dislike to the new and orderly police system would have displayed bitter hostility to a power, however silent in its operation, which was so likely to produce a moral and religious reformation.

The feeble commencement and gradual extension of the work avoided this on an extensive scale, but the early messengers met with a hostile people.

The visitor for instance who passed from room to room and explored that nook of twenty-seven houses, known as "Sly Corner," was not quite understood by the 217 families, or 882 persons, who formed its teeming hive of inhabitants. He carried nothing but the light that made manifest, and this was hated; the people therefore, and that for many months, received him with yells of hate, and used to browbeat him as he approached their doors.

Many persons had private reasons for resisting the invaders, and it was evident that the Hermit of Bethnal Green was one of these. How he was discovered must at first have been a perplexity to himself, as he lived in a ruin or tumble-down habitation in the centre of a square mile of houses, which contained one hundred and eighteen thousand souls. His hidingplace presented one of the oddest pictures the reader can imagine. It was up, up, up one of those rickety staircases in a small filthy room in a back street. The garret was only eleven feet square. Its walls were grimy and greasy; the laths, plaster and tiles of its sloping roof were so broken that the draught rushed through upon its inmates. As to its floor not an atom of it was to be seen. Heaps of old boots and shoes and broken pieces of leather completely covered it. Several of the heaps were about three feet high, and when the industrious old wife came in with her apron filled with pickings from the dust-heaps, she emptied out her filthy treasures upon the accumulated gatherings of bygone years.

But a time was approaching when the heaps were to be reduced in height, and the floor to become visible.

Our hermit was a character. He had been a soldier, and well knew how to fight his country's battles; he

had roughed it for many a year after leaving the army, and had suffered many disappointments, and now wished to hide himself from the *hurly-burly* of life. He was a *translator*, or cobbler, by trade, and gained an honest living by translating old worn-out boots and shoes into new ones. These translators of East London are really very clever fellows. They actually work up the refuse leather of our crowded metropolis so quickly and well, that after obtaining a profit on their work, and often allowing a profit to retail dealers, a pair of shoes can be purchased for fourpence, a pair of lace-up boots for sixpence, and a pair of top-boots for eightpence.

In our case the hermit's wife was saleswoman, and every Sunday morning she might be seen at the way-side in Petticoat Lane, or in the bird fair, pushing trade with other shoemongers, and with the proceeds buying food for herself and partner in life. In this way *eleven years* had passed, during which time the man had not once left the house, and she had not once attended Divine worship. They had become very wretched, and a gloom had settled upon the countenance of the old man. Their condition was deplorable indeed, as they were living without God and in rebellion against His laws.

Bright days were however coming, as a missionary had been appointed to the district in which he lived, and one morning his friendly tap was heard at the door. The hermit was unwilling to be intruded upon, and many visits had to be paid before the kind words of the visitor prevailed. Their confidence, however, was gradually won, and at last the missionary became so much at home with the translator that he was allowed to take his seat upon the three-legged stool while he

reasoned with him out of the Scriptures, and spoke to him of the pardoning love of God in Christ.

Sometimes his mind appeared a little softened; then again he would harden himself against the truth, and express his resolve not to attend a place of worship,—speaking of his ragged clothes, and contrasting his appearance with what it was when as a young man he was dressed in fine regimentals. Month after month thus passed away, and at length the heart of the poor man became softened and he bent the knee in prayer. A great change was then seen in him. Petticoat Lane furnished cheap clothing; and one Sunday morning, while the church bells were ringing, the old hermit left his den and walked arm-in-arm with the missionary to the house of prayer.

This was continued, and an improvement was soon seen in his room. The broken roof was repaired by the landlord, and part of the room was made comfortable. New hopes and desires sprung up in his heart and in that of his wife, and they were led to enter the army of the Redeemer. They became regular in their attendance at the mission meeting held in the street, and took interest in the reformation of others. The good work extended, the meeting filled, and numbers who once frequented the dens and fairs were led to observe the sabbath. Among the criminals of the district good was effected, and this irritated several of their number. One winter's evening the good missionary was leaving his meeting room, when several of these roughs sprang upon him, and after he was down jumped on him. His arm was broken, and his chest so seriously injured that after six months of suffering, but also of ripening for the glory, he joined in praise with the noble army of martyrs

The loss of this loved missionary was felt deeply by the converted hermit, his wife, and many others; but the good work was continued by another brave servant of the great Master.

The very name of a Christian visitor was hateful to the great mass of working men, as they were deeply tainted with infidel and chartist opinions. Societies of atheists and deists existed in all parts of the city; and they by their paid advocates and freethinking literature had carried corruption into every workshop and club. To them missionary effort meant a foot-to-foot and an unceasing conflict, and for this reason their reception by such was uninviting. Upon speaking to a young workman at his door the reader of the good Book received a bitter reply, but was able upon another visit to draw him into conversation. He was an intellectual and firm infidel, with great influence over men of his own order. After many months of reasoning and reading of books upon the evidences, with which he was supplied, his opinions were shaken, and in time he was led to confess Christ. Several years of open contention with his former friends, and of labour in a sabbath school and sick visiting society, proved his conversion to be genuine. With desire to use his life in effort to build up the faith he once endeavoured to destroy, he offered himself as a candidate for service in the mission to which he was indebted for knowledge of salvation. Being well qualified, he was accepted, and commenced a long life of usefulness among the poor of London. The committee indeed found that the apostolic blessing, that of their own converts becoming their best evangelists, was being conferred upon them; as this was but one of many able men they were

enabled to gather into the church of the Redeemer, and to send forth as pioneers to prepare a way for faithful pastors. And thus, as their men were disabled or removed, others were raised up to sustain the holy conflict.

There were places to which the very thought of appointing "domestic chaplains" seemed absurd, and among them common lodging houses as they then existed. They were supported by the patterer, the thief trainer, the hodsman, the outcasts with blotched faces and blighted lives, those who had reached the bottom of misery's ladder. The commission appointed to inquire as to the best means of establishing an efficient constabulary force had reported "that two hundred thousand individuals in the metropolis lived in those places; that the lodging house was the resort of the professional mendicant, the common thief, and flash pickpocket, a receiving house for stolen goods, the most extensive establishment for juvenile delinquency, and the most infamous place in its neighbourhood."

It was no matter of surprise that the first missionary who penetrated to the common kitchen of one of these establishments left with the impression that to visit the place was hopeless. Being partly underground the only view from the broken window (which just admitted light enough to show the thick coating of dirt upon everything and everybody) was the legs of passers by. Several women were squatted near the fire smoking short pipes; young thieves were larking in the corners, while a number of villainous looking cheats and vagabonds were tossing at the table. He however made a second and a third venture, when a circumstance occurred which gave him a footing there.

Among a crowd of beggars who had pressed in one inclement afternoon was a man literally clothed in filthy raiment. He watched with evident interest the effort of the visitor to secure attention, and at length addressed him thus: "I say, Mr. Missionary, I wish you would read that passage in Matthew, chapter v., verse 42." The place was found, and there was much laughter at the reading: "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." "And now, gov'nor," continued the man, "if you are a Christian give me your great coat and lend me half-a-crown." The embarrassment of the reader increased the merriment, but he managed his man with sufficient tact to secure his personal acquaintance. Some weeks after the beggar sought a private interview with his new friend, and stated that he had received a good and scriptural education, that his brother was a regular minister, but that he had fallen so low through the vice of drunkenness. Upon inquiry this was found to be true, and his restoration was one of the first indications of blessing upon the visiting of common lodging houses.

The sleeping accommodation in these places was very bad; writing of one of them the visitor stated:—"There are eight rooms, one of which measures eighteen feet by ten feet. Beds are arranged on each side of it, and are composed of bundles of straw, shavings, and rags. In this one room there slept last night twenty-seven male and female adults, thirty-one children, and three dogs; fifty-eight human beings were breathing the contaminated air of a close room, the windows of which I never see open. The character of the keepers of these houses was generally bad, and they were selfish

and cruel in seeking gain. All were extortionate, and many were receivers of stolen property. In one house when tramps crowded in from the country the sleeping rooms used to be filled by nine or ten at night. By two or three in the morning the criminal and depraved gathered in from the streets. The landlord then went with his stick, woke up the first batch of sleepers, turned them downstairs, and the children of the night went up for their turn of rest. In another no beds were provided, but long strips of sacking hooked to the wall a few feet from the floor. If the sleepers did not rise when called, the man used to unhook one side of the sacking; and the long row of men, women, and children would all tumble out together. The charge for these comforts was twopence, fire and water included.

The first visitors to these houses found the work extremely difficult. One of them, after groping to the top of a dark staircase, was thrown to the bottom with great violence, through the upper stair being broken away; another was attacked with typhoid fever after visiting a sick tramp; while a third was struck by a powerful ruffian, who first endeavoured to extort money by threats. The danger and offensiveness of the work was great, but to the honour of these early workers be it recorded that each man was found faithful to his trust. The reprobate and debased were influenced by the new power which was at work among them, as the vilest of the vile were subdued by that holy sympathy which strikes the rocky heart and like the rod of Aaron in the hand of Moses causes gratitude to spring forth.

“Do good to the people by every means in your power” is an instruction to each missionary, and in ac-

cordance with it the visitor to the slums of Westminster conceived the idea of reforming the common lodging houses. The keeper of one of them had received deep religious impressions, and he was easily induced to have his house cleansed and to adopt a set of rules. Drunkards, thieves, and persons using bad language were not admitted, and the rooms for men and women were upon different floors. A board with MODEL LODGING HOUSE upon it was then prepared and placed over the entrance, and its comfort and quiet soon made it very popular. Several others were started upon like principle, and the lowest found it necessary in some degree to copy them; and so the model lodging house became an institution in the city. The good however did not end here, as the publicity given to these places and people led members of parliament and even of the government to visit with the missionary. First among these was Lord Ashley, now Lord Shaftesbury; and the result of his investigation was the introduction and passage of a bill through parliament, regulating the number to be received, and placing them under police inspection. It is somewhat singular that this should be the only act of parliament moved and carried through both houses by the same legislator. The late Earl of Shaftesbury died just after the third reading in the Commons, and the present earl took his seat in the upper house in time to move "that the bill be read a first time." This act has proved an immense blessing to the vagrants themselves, and a great good to London.

There can be no doubt but that the managers of the mission helped to confer this and other benefits upon the hidden masses by turning the bull's eye of the press

upon them. In their first year they established a magazine bearing their name, and it has proved a powerful engine for the good of the populace. Its first numbers contained papers of great literary merit, such as "What Am I Doing for London?" and "On the Love of Doing Good." Since the principles of the society have been generally approved its pages have been devoted to a record of the work, and its simple, unvarnished narrative of Bible power among the people has resulted in spiritual good to many of the better classes. It has also led to deep Christian sympathy, much pleading with God, and generous aid.

On some matters which affected large sections of the people such information and publicity were urgently needed. The extent, for instance, of juvenile delinquency was forcing itself upon public attention. A return ordered by the government showed that in one year 1987 boys under seventeen years of age were committed to Westminster House of Correction; 198 to Giltspur Street Prison; 130 to the City Bridewell; and 538 to the Brixton House of Correction. The age of this "dangerous class" was enough to move even a hard heart to pity, as nothing struck a person more upon his first visit to a jail than the juvenility of its inmates. The severity of our laws against children was very marked, as by the Code Napoleon no child in France was considered accountable for his acts until sixteen years of age. English law made children of seven accountable. So numerous were these little prisoners that the collecting of them for Divine service almost resembled the collecting of children to their school. The sad fact was also established that prison discipline rarely

led to reformation ; the rule was that the little criminals became hardened, and upon discharge sunk deeper in crime and returned to jail under a heavier sentence.



The case of a boy tried at Clerkenwell Sessions represented that of hundreds. He was ten years of age, and four feet high, and had within two years been *summarily convicted*, as follows, in 1834 :

| | | |
|-------------------|--|------------------------------------|
| Feb. 13. | For possession of seven scarfs, etc. | 2 months' impris. |
| May 10. | Rogue and vagabond | 1 " |
| July 10. | Possession of a half-sovereign | 1 " |
| Sept. 13. | Simple larceny | 1 day's impris.
and whipped. |
| Sept. 27. | Rogue and vagabond | 2 months' impris. |
| Dec. 31. | Simple larceny | 1 month's impris.,
and whipped. |
| <i>Next Year.</i> | | |
| May 23. | Simple larceny | 1 " |
| <i>Next Year.</i> | | |
| April 15. | Simple larceny | 3 " |

This return relates to the committals of this boy to *one prison only*.

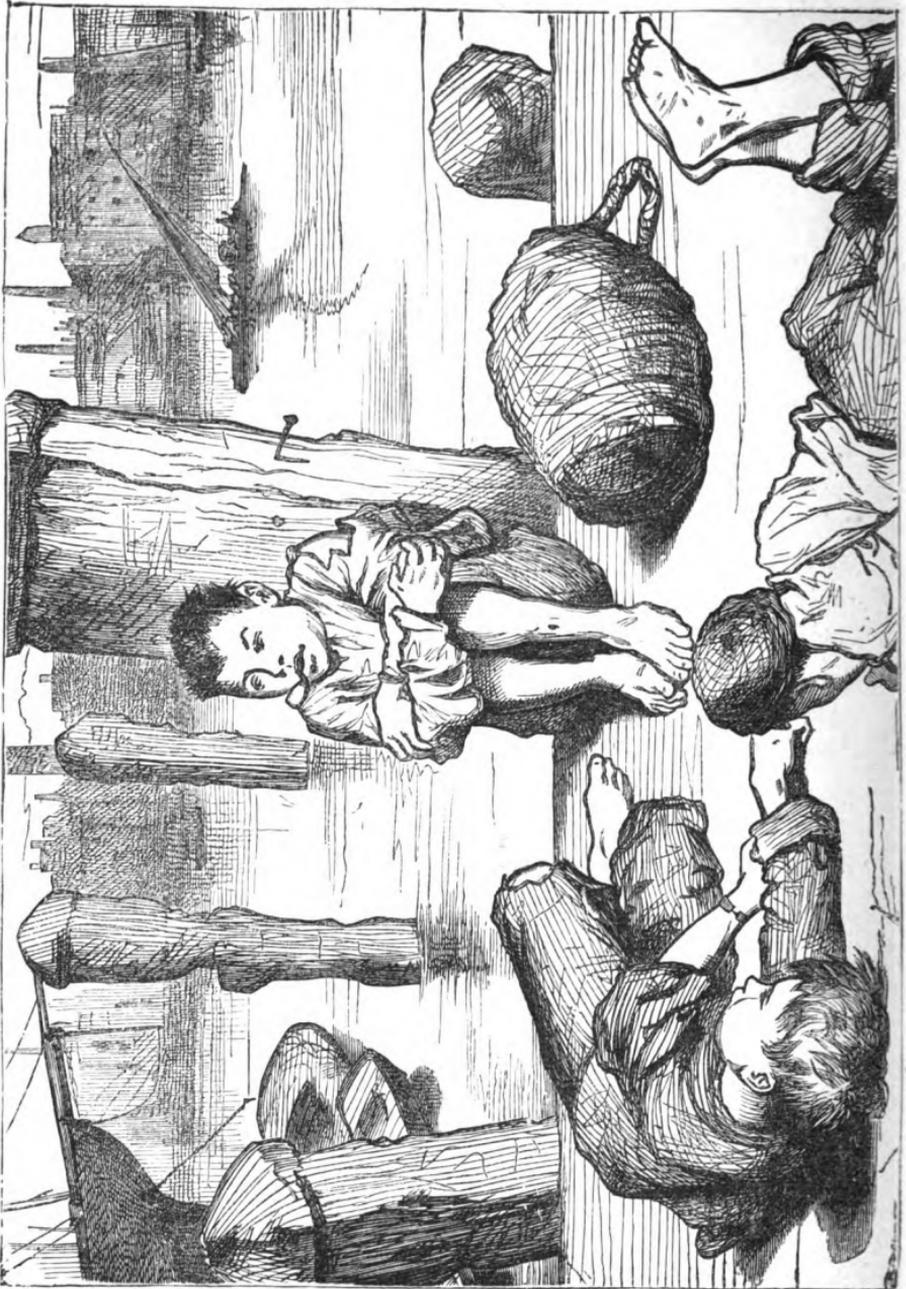
As criminality among children increased, the serious attention of parliament and of the press was directed to find a remedy; and the leading journal, after adverting to the fearful condition of large sections of the city, proceeded thus

It is in these wretched districts that herds of men, but little removed from the savage state, are grouped. It is from these regions that the population of our jails is supplied; and in these eddies of civilized society is gathered all the filth, the crime, the savage recklessness, which is subsequently carried to the antipodes, and causes the sad and melancholy statement from penal stations that the white settlers have more to fear from the white man, their countryman, a member once of a refined state of society, than they have to dread from the savage and the cannibal.

When the first missionaries penetrated these "wretched districts," they were moved with the tenderest pity for the children. They soon discovered that these poor little ones, the offspring of the wicked, were as much brought up for lives of crime and infamy as the children of the heathen were trained to worship idols of wood and stone. Uneducated, ragged and dirty, they were from infancy exposed to example of the worst kind, and to sin in its darkest aspects. The entry of the missionary into their abodes of squalor and wretchedness was as the flashing of celestial light upon them. That yearning for affectionate regard, so strong in the childish nature, led them from the first to gather round their new friends; and they alone, for a long time, welcomed the approach of the missionary with expressions of delight. Perhaps the earliest recorded instance of benefit to them, succeeded by many thousands of such kind acts, occurred in the following way. One of these visitors observed a child under seven years of

age being led away by a policeman for picking the pocket of a lady. As he was happily just too young to be sent to prison (although had he been but a *few weeks* older he would not thus have escaped), the missionary got possession of him. He traced out his mother, and found that this child and his brother, aged fourteen, were both sent out by her to obtain money how they could, to support her in vice. The elder boy had been often in prison, and the younger boy stated that he could *always* take home eighteenpence a day. He therefore earned half-a-guinea a week, although not seven years old. Child as he was, he had become so habituated to theft that the missionary had the utmost difficulty to restrain him from his old habits. After a time he improved, and was reclaimed.

These friends of the children were not, however, content with, though ever ready to do good to, individuals. They on their small districts became acquainted with all the little ones, and commenced taking them to the day, and with them forming Sunday, schools of their own. But with all their strong desire and earnest effort there were vast numbers of the tattered, the shoeless, and crime tainted, who could not be benefited by established schools. With a view to meet their case, a missionary hired a stable by way of experiment for three months, into which the outcasts and ragged were gathered upon week days as well as Sabbath evenings. The tiled roof was without a ceiling, the floor only partially boarded, and the forms and desks were of the roughest description. It nevertheless served its purpose. The missionary and a few personal friends were the first teachers, but their best helper was a poor tinker who lived in a hut at the back of Duck Lane theatre. When



spoken to at his door, he was found to be ignorant and drunken; but as he could read, a Testament was given to him. At repeated visits good impressions were deepened, and he became truly penitent. When he heard that the gutter children were to be gathered, he observed to his visitor "that he was not much of a scholar, but if he could do anything, such as go round and persuade the children to come, he should be glad." His services were accepted, and for two years the tinker child gatherer and doorkeeper was only absent for one day, and that through illness.

The school was thus formed, forty-four children being brought in upon the first evening. Very few of them had shoes, not many had shirts; some little fellows made a ludicrous appearance, having their fathers' coats on, which just came above their heads, while the tail reached to the ground. This, buttoned up, served to cover the want of shirt and other under clothing. Three, who were mudlarks pure and simple, were in tatters from head to foot, and covered with Thames mud. Thirty-eight of them could not tell their letters, never having been to school before, and all of them were brought in by the hand. Foremost amongst them was a boy, apparently aged seventeen, but as self collected as a man of forty, of enormous head, and with a physiognomy in which wit and cunning were equally blended, whose mastery over the other boys was attested by their all addressing him as "Captain." The boys had their wan, vice-worn faces as clean as could be expected, and their rags seemed furbished up for the occasion; whilst their ready repartee, and striking original remarks, and the electric light of the eye when some peculiar practical joke was perpetrated, evinced that intellect was there,

however uncultivated or misused. The bringing of these rough pupils into habits of order was a task of some difficulty, as they on one occasion created a riot and put out the lights, breaking the forms to pieces. They often quarrelled and struck each other in the face, or upset their seats while tearing each other by the hair of the head. They were, however, by the exercise of the grace of Christian patience on the part of their teachers (and these first ragged school teachers, though lowly in their position, were a splendid race of men and women), brought into subjection, and became apt scholars. The numbers rapidly increased, until two hundred vagrant boys and nearly as many girls were gathered in, and then a pressure for admission was commenced by children round the neighbourhood.

About this time a circumstance of great blessing to the vagrant and neglected children of London and all the great towns of England took place; the visit of Lord Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley, to the school. The large sympathies of that kind heart, and the force of that strong intellect and will, were at once secured for the advancement of the great work so humbly commenced. With the readiness and energy of the true philanthropist that nobleman placed himself at the head of a ragged-school movement, which in the course of a few years established hundreds of these places in the low parts of the metropolis and elsewhere, and gathered thousands of uncared for and criminal children into them. We have only space to refer to the great fact, and to add that no city has a brighter page in its history than the achievements of this noble leader and his sanctified army of ragged school teachers. No mortal pen could record the good which has resulted from that flow of

mercy among the arabs and outcasts of the empire city : for oh who can tell the misery, and crime, and condemnation prevented by the present and future salvation of multitudes of wretched, yet precious, children ? "By God's blessing," the noble earl (who himself supported a missionary to these children) once exclaimed, "these schools exist ; by that blessing they will still go forward ; but whenever you enter a ragged school, remember this : we are indebted for nine tenths of them to the humble, the pious, the earnest city missionary."

But though much of the labour was accomplished by this agency, there were many of the upper classes who gave generous support and impetus to the movement, foremost among whom for devotion and powerful advocacy was that honourable counsellor, Joseph Payne, afterwards deputy judge Payne. His lively speeches abounded with facts, humour, and touching incident ; and as he never wearied in this well doing, often speaking once and twice a night for months together, his influence was felt in every low district round the Tower, even to the outskirts of the city. His rule was to compose a poem concerning the school while the meeting was proceeding, and we remember the cheering which greeted him when he announced his four hundredth tailpiece. To show the genius and zeal of the good judge, we give two of these poems, the first of which was composed at the anniversary meeting of the ragged school held in Lamb and Flag Court.

The LAMB AND FLAG the Templars brave
Upon their banners bore,
When loved Jerusalem to save
They fought in days of yore.

E

They feared not death, they recked not loss ;
 Their aim that all might know,
 Their flag was fastened to a cross,
 As ancient pictures show.

And we, who to the battle go,
 To rescue fallen youth,
 Upon our Christian banner show
 This scene of gospel truth.

The "Lamb" betokens Christ the Lord,
 The "Cross" His sufferings' weight,
 The "Flag" the triumphs that record
 His condescension great.

Yes, in our ragged school we find
 This bright heraldic sign,
 To cheer the drooping teacher's mind,
 And prove his work Divine.

The "Lamb" shall teach him patient zeal,
 The "Cross" rebuke to bear,
 The "Flag" the triumph he must feel
 When victory crowns his care.

Then, teacher of the ragged school,
 Fear not, nor be dismayed ;
 By love these rebels seek to rule,
 And look to Christ for aid.

The Lamb, who bore the cross for thee,
 Still lives in heaven to save,
 And stretch the flag of victory
 O'er Satan and the grave !

The following heads of a speech were arranged, and tailpiece composed, at a teameeting of working men and their wives, held at Nightingale Street ragged school, Lisson Grove, a very low neighbourhood ; and will explain the power for good he obtained over large bodies of the people.

Be carefully kind,
Be humbly inclined,
Be all of one mind,
Be never behind.

Learn to talk politely,
Learn to walk uprightly,
Learn to hold truth tightly,
Learn to sleep well nightly.

Be the same inside and out,
Learn to smile and not to pout,
Trust in God and never doubt,
Send strong drink to the right about.

Do what you can, being what you are ;
Shine like a glowworm, if you cannot like a star ;
Work like a pulley, if you cannot like a crane ;
Be a wheel-greaser, if you cannot drive a train.

Tailpiece, No. 1804.

Though oft about town, to make speeches, I rove,
'Tis seldom my lot to get near to a grove ;
And seldomer still 'tis my fortune to meet
With a name that 's so pleasant as NIGHTINGALE STREET.

But now LISSON GROVE is not far from the spot,
Where I, with good friends, have delightedly got ;
And looks are refreshing, and *strains* that are sweet
Have wakened the echoes of NIGHTINGALE STREET.

The Lady who brought me this scene to behold*
Esteems it more precious than diggings of gold ;
For souls that are deathless, in bodies we greet,
Which soon *may* be summoned from NIGHTINGALE STREET.

We wish to be sociable, friendly and bland ;
Heart feeling for heart, and hand joining with hand :
And thus in communion enjoy, for a treat,
Good tea and good talking, in NIGHTINGALE STREET.

Let all do their duty as well as they can,
Their duty to God and their duty to man ;
And pray to the Saviour, and bow at His feet,
And seek for salvation, in NIGHTINGALE STREET.

* Lady Archibald.

And when they go forth to their labour and toil,
In buying and selling, or tilling the soil,
May each one remember how nice and how neat
Was *this* entertainment in NIGHTINGALE STREET.

And oh ! when the trumpet of judgment shall sound,
And bodies long buried arise from the ground,
May multitudes mount to a heavenly seat,
Who first were instructed in NIGHTINGALE STREET.

The Refuge necessarily arose from the Ragged School movement, as teachers soon felt the bitterness of sending their homeless children into the cold streets to live by the sin they were taught to avoid and hate. One boy, of fifteen years, told his teacher that he ran away from his parents seven years before and had since lived by stealing. "It's a miserable life, sir," he said with tears, "as I have been in prison fourteen times, and would do anything for an honest living. Last time I was in prison I had two months and a tickling." (Here he shrugged his shoulders, as if he still felt the lash.) "That was worse than all." One night a city missionary visited the dark arches just by his school, with two friends. They found seventeen wretched, homeless, and friendless little creatures huddled together, having crawled thither, being unable to procure any other lodging place. They were invited and came to the school the next morning, when bread was given them, and subsequent instruction. Lord Ashley hearing of it, with his accustomed promptness, visited the scene of wretchedness at midnight, and found a large number of these poor creatures. His lordship had them removed and taken care of, until an attic in a neighbouring court was fitted up, into which eight were admitted. A house of four rooms was then taken and made into a dormitory

and other shelter was provided for fifty. Of these, thirty-three were without parents; twenty-three of the boys had no shirt, sixteen no shoes, and most of them had their clothes in a tattered and filthy condition.

As the missionaries and teachers made the necessity known, other refuges were established with marvellous success, as the following out of a vast number of reported instances will show. The writer, after describing the dormitory, adds: "Since the days of the notorious Jack Sheppard, who made this locality his hiding place, this neighbourhood has never been without his successor. *That* one of the fraternity who has attained the unenviable notoriety of being the greatest adept in crime assumed the name, which is acknowledged by his companions. The present Jack Sheppard has, however, found his way into this refuge and school of instruction, where he has sat quietly enough beneath the sound of the everlasting gospel. A change for the better is visible in him." Yes; and numerous moral changes were effected, as many who stole were led to "steal no more"; and the greater change was wrought in not a few, for in these wilds of the mighty city "instead of the thorn came up the fir tree," and the everlasting sign of a Redeemer's mercy was often seen. Ragged school children became devoted ragged school teachers and refuge matrons; and we know one of them who is now an honoured and powerful minister of Christ Jesus.

This good to the children of the criminal and vagrant classes resulted to a great extent from the brave attacks made by the new order of visitors upon the strongholds of thievery in the city. At that time there were back streets down which a policeman never went alone, and a ramble among these dens was often attended with

danger to a stranger. Jewellery, hats, and shawls would be snatched from the person, sometimes attended with cruel blows. A gentleman walked down one of these streets, and while leaning against a lamp post looking up at the houses, some girls who were skipping twisted their ropes round him, and in a moment men and women rushed from the door, emptied his pockets, and stole his watch and hat. The girls then untwisted their ropes and scampered away. A policeman at the corner, whose back was turned, was spoken to, but replied that it would be impossible to recover the property. Tradesmen's carts used to be upset and their contents stolen if they ventured to drive through these streets even in daylight. A countryman drove a flock of sheep through one of them, but when he arrived at the end two had disappeared, having been lifted in at the cellar windows which were close to the pavement. In the midst of these districts were places known as the "old thieves' houses," several of which were thus described by the missionary.

• "They were said to have been built in the years 1683-84 by the chief of a tribe of gipsies, under pretence of being a tavern called the Red Lion, but for the more direct purpose of concealing stolen property and harbouring thieves. From all accounts it appears that these houses have ever been the resort of the most notorious and abandoned individuals of the metropolis. The names of their inhabitants stand conspicuous in the annals of crime, as among others are Jonathan Wild and Dick Turpin. Situated by the side of the Fleet ditch, the rapid current of which could at once sweep into the Thames whatever might be thrown there, while dark closets, trap doors, and sliding panels formed means of

escape, they were among the most secure erections for robbery and murder. In No. 3 there were two traps in the floor, one for concealment of property, the other for a means of escape should the felon be pursued. His method of escape was by lifting a covering of wood, about three feet square, when he was immediately in a cellar beneath; and by putting a plank kept in constant readiness across the Fleet ditch, and drawing it over after him, he was at once in Blackboy Alley, cut off from pursuit. The cellar was a most filthy, dismal place. Its light emanated from a small hole immediately above the Fleet ditch. In one corner was a cellar or den made by parting off a portion with brickwork, well besmeared with soot and dirt to prevent detection. It measured about four feet by eight. Here a chimneysweep who escaped from the prison of Newgate a few years since was concealed for a considerable period, and fed through an aperture made by removing a brick near the rafters. Although repeatedly searched for, he remained safe till informed of by one of his associates.

“The most extraordinary and ingenious part of the premises I consider to be the means of escape. If a prisoner once got within their walls, it was almost an impossibility for his pursuers to take him, in consequence of the various outlets and communications. The thief had four ways of escape. The staircase was very peculiar, scarcely to be described, for although the pursuer and the pursued might be only a few feet distant the one would escape to the roof of the house, while the other would be descending steps and in a moment or two would find himself in the room he had just left by another door. This was managed by a pivot and axle being turned between the two. A large room on the

first floor back is said to be the place where the abandoned inmates held their nightly orgies and planned their future robberies. From the upper room there were means of escape by an aperture being made in the wall leading to the house No. 2, containing no less than twenty-four rooms, with four distinct staircases. Here also was a shoot or spout, two feet in breadth, by which goods could be conveyed to the cellar in an instant."

This missionary gradually made his way into these dens. Being himself poor he had nothing to be robbed of, and the criminals soon discovered, to use their own expression, that "he was a good sort of a cove." His sympathy with them in their afflictions, and earnest effort to deliver them from lives of crime and punishment, secured their good feeling and protection; while his firm utterances concerning Divine judgment, and offers of free boundless mercy, drew them round him as attentive listeners to the story of a Saviour's love. After three years' labour upon the district he wrote:

"I have visited this dismal place 150 times, and its abandoned inhabitants have generally treated me with civility and listened with attention while I addressed them. Numbers have attended my prayermeetings during the winter months. I have frequently addressed them, standing unconsciously on one of the trap doors."

As soon as this mission to criminals became established, evidence of its power to influence and reclaim was given. A notorious housebreaker, for instance, with three of his companions, one day approached their visitor; not a countenance was prepossessing, but this man had the worst look of the four. "I wish you could reform me, master," he said, "as I have been in prison

six times, and was nearly transported when last tried. I broke my mother's heart, and all my friends have turned me off. Since I heard you talk, gov'nor, I have been praying, as you told us, that God Almighty may turn my heart." The good desire was encouraged, and shelter was obtained for him in a refuge which was then being formed for adult thieves. Here he proved himself truly penitent, and after a year's training was sent to America with other emigrants, where he rose to a position of responsibility.

This visiting of the "thieves' houses" was the commencement of blessing to the criminal classes; but in the third year of the mission an event of great importance took place, the engaging and placing of a missionary upon the Goodman Fields district of East London. This young man was well qualified for his position, and proved to be one of not a few talented and remarkable men raised up by this society for the accomplishment of its work. He was from the north of England, where he had been trained by his parents as a strict Roman Catholic. At the age of twenty-two he was led by reading the Bible into the glorious liberty of the gospel, and upon renouncing popery conceived a strong desire to devote himself to the labours of an evangelist. Upon his district were a number of thieves and their associates, over whom he gained great ascendancy, as he with holy earnestness sought the salvation of each individual brought under his influence. Signs of blessing soon followed, as many in spiritual distress sought his advice. With such he not only conversed and prayed, but in the spirit of true friendship he devised all kinds of means, and spared no labour in his endeavours to rescue them from lives of iniquity. His

work was with power, and his fame soon spread into all the guilt dens of the city, so that the conscience stricken and utterly wretched crowded to his door. So numerous did these become that he was obliged to set apart a room for their reception, which soon became known among criminals as the "thieves' parlour," and they with proud affection soon named its occupier "the thieves' missionary."

Strange visitors entered that parlour, and strange tales of sin and sorrow were heard within it. Burglars in proof of their good resolutions brought their house-breaking implements, and their friend soon possessed a collection of jemmies, skeleton keys, and the like. Men and boys, who lived by felonies on the river Thames, such as mudlarks, smugglers, and dredgermen, came to the room; while sneaks, or common thieves, pick-pockets, shoplifters, fences (receivers of stolen property), with men and women members of the swell mob, passed in rapid succession to their parlour, or assembled there to listen to the sweet message of salvation. That large roughly furnished room has indeed a marvellous history, and from its records a volume of deeper, far deeper interest could be compiled than of any work of imagination that could be written. We have heard from the missionary, and from reclaimed criminals themselves, wonderful narratives of their former lives and of the miracles of mercy by which they were restored; but the most marvellous of all is the aggregate of the work. After thirty years of conflict with the worst people in London, incessant toil, and frequent exposure to contagious disease, he reported himself to the committee "as in average health, and more fully than ever absorbed in his great mission." At the same time

he presented the following very remarkable statement of his labours.

| | |
|---|---------|
| Number of outcasts and criminals who have visited me at my own house. Men, 4,714; women, 3,230. | |
| Total | 7,944 |
| Of these, the number who had been in prison was | 5,444 |
| And the number of their imprisonments was | 12,269 |
| The number of them who could read was | 4,353 |
| And the number of them who could write was | 3,361 |
| Leaving the number who could neither read nor write | 3,591 |
| The number of meetings held by me with the criminal classes has been | 11,048 |
| And the number of readings to them of the Scriptures | 73,170 |
| The number of their visits to me has been | 156,515 |

RESULTS.

| | |
|--|-------|
| Restored to their parents or friends | 199 |
| Sent to asylums or refuges | 229 |
| Employment procured for | 568 |
| Emigrated | 183 |
| Couples living in sin induced to marry | 589 |
| Become communicants | 82 |
| Persons more or less benefited, probably about | 2,000 |

In proof of the vigour with which this work is still conducted, we give an extract from his recent report. "I have," he writes, "made an extra effort among thieves, and have held above five hundred meetings with them, in which from three to one hundred and fifty have been present. Lord Campbell's Habitual Criminals' Act, brought into the house of lords last February, caused a great sensation among them, and was the matter of constant conversation; so I promised to read and explain the Act to them if they would come for that purpose. When I told Mr. Smithies of this he said that he would like to be present, and would give them a tea.

He did so; and we had sixty-five attend. The Earl of Shaftesbury came to another teameeting with them, and we had ninety. They were addressed on both occasions as rational and accountable men and women. After his lordship had explained the bill, and I had spoken to them from John iii., upon the new birth, we closed the meeting with prayer, and then a number of questions were asked, such as 'What are your trades?' 'How many of you have homes to go to?' 'How many have been in prison?' The answer to the last question was 'All but two.' As the result of these meetings we started eighteen in business as hawkers; several became reconciled to their friends; twenty-five were sent to sea; and twenty-eight couples we got married. We had three very hopeful conversions, and two of them are communicants."

In these activities the years passed on, and each decade closed with an increased number of city evangelists and with novel spheres of usefulness. At the present time they number four hundred and forty-seven. It would be pleasant to follow in order the marvellous development of this mission, but we prefer to give interest to our story by linking the past with the present, and therefore narrate a circumstance which occurred some few years ago. This, courteous reader, will introduce you to an East end mob; to the acquaintance of the thieves' missionary; and by him and others to strange places, scenes and people.



East End Mobs, Gaffs, and Longrooms.

In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free,"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

CHAPTER III.

IS THE DESCRIPTION OF A SCENE ON TOWER HILL AND RECORD OF A NOBLE ACT AND WISE SPEECH.—IN THE THIEVES' PARLOUR.—BEHIND THE SCENES.—A NEW COMIC.—STRANGE HAIRDRESSING.—A BEGGAR AND A DARKIE.—TRAITORS' GATE AND ITS LESSON.

EAST END · MOBS, GAFFS, AND LONGROOMS.

“And Jesus went about all their cities.”—MATTHEW ix. 33.



T was evident that the inhabitants of the liberty of the Tower expected a visitor of some importance, as the houses in and near Little Tower Hill were gaily decorated with flags, while the seething mass of people upon the hill itself showed signs of expectation. As the clock struck three the drill sergeants, who were training embryo warriors in the vast dry moat below, gave the command to “halt” and “stand at ease,” and then the soldiers crowded to

a raised position, and gazed steadily upwards. The venerable and grand old Tower, that nucleus of the mighty city which links the ages and the facts of England's marvellous history together, stood forth in the bright sunlight with majesty and strength. The flourish of a trumpet was heard, and then from its gates of ancient mould a company of warders, or "beef-eaters," with the grotesque costume, high frills, and halberd axes of a past generation, gathered upon the drawbridge. Attention was however quickly drawn from them, as the ringing of church bells and the shout of the multitude welcomed the approach of a post-chariot, which was followed with renewed acclamation until its occupant alighted at the Mint. A few minutes after a procession, headed by a body of police to clear the way, passed from its gates, and Earl, then Lord John Russell, the popular premier of England, accompanied by several men of distinction, and followed by officials from the Tower and the vestry, made their way into the centre of the multitude and approached a covered erection. The mob, which was composed of working people, with a large proportion of roughs and outcasts, kept good temper, and shouted their jests and remarks until the covering was removed and displayed a granite drinking fountain, from which commenced to flow a stream of pure cool water. The applause which followed the act of uncovering was hushed to silence as the noble lord stepped upon the stone base of the fountain, and, raising his hand, said in a clear voice: "I have pleasure in presenting you, the inhabitants of the East End of London, with this fountain, and I trust that its constant flow of cold filtered water will be beneficial to you and to many a weary passer-by, and

that it will help to promote temperance and virtue among you." These words were received with applause, which deepened into shouts of hurrah, as the donor filled a cup from the crystal stream, and, after drinking from it, declared the fountain opened. Several gentlemen of local or official importance endeavoured to express their thanks and the thanks of the people to the noble lord. But the roar and din of the multitude caused the group of reporters to close their notebooks and the would-be speakers their efforts to obtain a hearing. A working man, however, who represented a local temperance society, pushed to the front, and at once showed that he understood the art of mob oratory. Clenching his fist and shaking it at the people, he exclaimed: "Elephants, lions, and tigers knows the value of water, as they drink nothing else, and are the strongest of animals. And then them pretty creatures as sings so sweetly, the birds, every one of them belongs to the cold water army. Now I say that Lord John Russell has done us a real kindness by having this fountain put here for our use, and he has done good by associating the great and powerful name of Russell with pure water." (His lordship bowed low, and the people cheered lustily.) "You see," continued the speaker with increased animation, "that the strongest man, the holiest man, and one of the best men, were water drinkers, and their names were Samson, Daniel, and Timothy. Now answer me this question—What makes such a lot of us white-livered, and covers us with rags? and what makes lots of men and women about here awful wicked? Why, I will tell you—it's giving up the water for the filthy stuff you get at the publics." This hard hit at the prevailing

vice of the people produced shouts of opposition and approval of such a boisterous character that the speaker, seeing it was useless to proceed, quietly stepped down, and received a hearty shake of the hand from the noble donor, who then stepped into his chariot and was driven through the applauding multitude. The gentlemen and officials, who had been conducted to the rear of the crowd, broke up into groups, the cordon of police was withdrawn, and the people pressed and crushed and trampled upon each other in the effort to be among the first to drink from the fountain.

Three of the gentlemen, one of whom was a distinguished member of parliament, then walked away with an official from the vestry. "Surely," observed the M.P., "the people about here are not so bad as the last speaker told them they were?"

"Many of them cannot be worse than they are," replied the official; "and that man would by this time have been as bad as any, if he had not been led to sign the pledge. However, if you are inclined to take a walk with me you shall with your own eyes see the condition of the people."

The offer was accepted, and for more than an hour the party wandered through narrow filthy streets, penetrating passages which led into courts densely populated with depraved and gin-wrecked people, and they had frequently to retrace their steps through blind alleys, or from places where the air was too offensive to be endured. Squalor, wretchedness, and immorality were met with at every turn. "That," said the guide, pointing to a dilapidated house, which had a dirty, badly written paper in the window, bearing the inscription "St. George Club," "That is one of several

hundred dreadful houses, and is kept by a man who was waiter at a West end club. Did you notice those groups of men and youths playing at pitch halfpenny down that narrow street, and how they looked at us? Well, they are thieves, and it would not be safe to go down there by yourself. These people are indeed savages in the midst of civilization, and the heathen in the midst of Christianity. The other day a man belonging to this place met his death under the following circumstances: while drinking a pint of gin for a wager he suddenly expired, and the drunkard who laid the wager with him narrowly escaped death by accident on his way home."

"Such places and such a people disgrace the country," observed one of the explorers. "Is there no remedy for this state of things?"

The official looked thoughtful, and after a pause replied: "The case appears to be hopeless, as the people who work iniquity increase. This is the sink into which the filthy and abominable from all parts of London, from our great towns, from the continent, and from all parts of the world, seem to flow. We, however, who are acquainted with the neighbourhood, are conscious of an uprising influence, and are hopeful that a thorough moral change will be brought about. Our clergy and ministers are among the best of their order, as they seem drawn to us out of sympathy for the perishing. And then a neutral system of religious teaching is being adopted with wonderful effect; Christian people of all denominations are uniting themselves in a bond of union, that they may with increased power comply with the Saviour's command to preach His gospel to every creature. They are sending missionaries to this people,

who agree to know nothing among them but 'Christ and Him crucified.' They penetrate the foulest places, and make themselves at home with the vilest of people. It often happens that at first they are badly treated, but as they spend all their time in trying to do good they gradually overcome opposition and obtain great influence. For instance, there is the man who keeps the thieves' parlour, he was the first to grapple with the home heathenism in these parts, and has been some years amongst us. That man is so intent upon his work that no kind of opposition could keep him out of the dens, and now I am told that none of the bad people desire to keep him out."

"I have spoken to the good man," replied the M.P., "and should very much like to see the thieves' parlour."

The party were therefore conducted down several streets, through a court, into a square, which, though dingy by reason of the smoke, derived cheerfulness from a few trees, whose branches projected from jet black, instead of moss-covered, trunks, and were dressed with green leaves, thickly sprinkled with blacks. "That's his house," said the guide, and then, pleading an engagement, took his departure.

As the visitors approached the door, several men without shoes or linen, and others with a sinister expression of countenance, left, and the missionary gave the new arrivals a warm and respectful welcome. The room itself was cheerless and uninviting, walls, ceiling, and forms being worn to a dirty brown colour, and it was a dim light which penetrated the heavily framed windows. A cheerfulness was, however, diffused by the round, healthy, and genial face of the thieves' missionary as he took his seat at the old desk. Though beaming



FAMILIAR WITH THE PRISON VAN.

with kindness, there was an expression of decision about the mouth, and a keen glancing of the eye, which marked a strong individuality of character. Upon his criminal visitors he must have made the impression: "I love you, you can trust me; but I am not to be deceived." In reply to inquiries concerning the manner and success of his labours, he replied modestly: "My mode of proceeding, after making myself acquainted with their histories and peculiarities, is faithfulness to the true and right, and an expression of heartfelt sympathy in their trials and sorrows." A simple narrative, as taken from his lips, will suffice to illustrate his statements.

"One evening a wretched looking youth of sixteen came in here by himself. Young as he was, the criminal expression peculiar to confirmed thieves was so strongly marked in his countenance as to show that he was familiar with the prison van, while the closely cropped hair told that he had recently been discharged from prison. Upon my inquiring his reason for coming to me he replied: 'I've been a tryin' to grab summut all day, and haven't had no chance, and I'm hungry. Do please, master, do something for me.' And then the following conversation took place between us:

"'What's your name?'

"'Tom Pullings.'

"'That's an alias.'

"'Well, then, it's Robert Wilson.'

"'That's another lie: you must tell the truth to me.'

"He hesitated, and then told his right name; so I continued the dialogue by inquiring:

"'How long have you been upon the cross?' (living by theft.)

“‘Three years : ever since I have been in London.’

“‘Why did you come to London?’

“‘Cos’ my poor mother died, and I was miserable, and thought I could get lots of work up here.’

“‘I can see that you have been in prison ; why don’t you try and get a honest living?’

“‘I’ve been locked up five times, and I can’t get no work ; and I can’t help grabbing things when I sees em.’

“‘How old was your mother?’

“‘About forty.’

“‘Was she good to you?’

“‘Wasn’t she, that’s all !—but she is gone, poor thing, she has!’

“‘Did she hear you say your prayers?’

“‘Oh yes, when I was a little un.’

“‘Can you remember her chair at the fireside, how she dressed, and things she used to say to you?’

“‘Yes I does,’ he replied, as the tears started into his eyes and trickled down his cheeks, and there was a choking in his throat as he exclaimed: ‘oh, don’t talk about my poor mother—she is dead, she is ;’ and then he buried his face in his hands and sobbed again.

“I sat silent for some minutes, all but mingling my tears with his, for I saw that the depth of his nature had been touched, and the one holy emotion which had survived three years of depravity in London, love to his lost mother, had been revived, and that this gave hope of his recovery to virtue. Taking out my net purse, I let him see a sovereign at one end and some silver at the other, and, laying it upon the desk, I left the room, and did not return for quite five minutes. He was seated in the same position, his eyes swollen with crying, but

the hard criminal expression had left his countenance. Addressing him abruptly, I inquired :

“ ‘How is it that you have not gone ? Why do you stay here ?’

“ ‘I couldn’t go,’ he replied, ‘I was thinking of my poor mother.’

“ ‘But you told me that you could not help grabbing things, and didn’t you see my purse there ?’

“ ‘Oh, I couldn’t touch it, sir ! Oh, my poor mother !’

“I looked at him with pity, and said : ‘The great God in heaven is the “Father of the fatherless,” and He hears the prayer of the poor and needy when they cry unto Him. Now stand up and hold your hand over my purse as though you were stealing it.’

“He did so, and I told him to look up and say after me, ‘My Father in heaven, lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.’ He did so with a tremulous voice, and I requested him to say it again; and then with tears, but with energy, he prayed again, still holding his hand over the purse : ‘Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.’

“After some further conversation I gave him relief for the night, and in the morning secured his admission into a refuge for outcast boys. He behaved well for several months, and gave evidence of holy desires. He left upon employment being obtained for him, and he continued for more than a year in well doing ; about that time he wrote to his relations, one of whom obtained his admission into a business house in his native town in Yorkshire, and he is now married and in prosperous circumstances.”

When speaking of his difficulties and influences opposed to his efforts, he laid stress upon the debasing character of the amusements provided for the people. "There are," he said, "about here upwards of thirty long and other singing rooms entirely supported by the sailors, their companions, and the criminal classes. In these places they hear the worst of language, listen to the coarsest songs, and drink and dance away their time. These rooms are a great attraction to the people I visit, and the good impressions made in the day are frequently obliterated in the evening. There are several 'gaffs' and music halls which profess to be respectable, but bad is the best."

As the gentlemen expressed a desire to see the interior of a music hall, it was agreed that the party should then visit one of them.

The entrance was near the bar of a large gin palace, from which liquors were supplied to visitors. The hall itself was spacious and richly decorated, with looking-glass panels, gilded framework, and glittering chandeliers; there were a few boxes, but the floor and galleries were filled with rather rough seats and narrow tables. At these several hundred persons were seated, drinking from pots and glasses, and from clay pipes "blowing clouds" which nearly filled the place. The threepenny seats were by far the most numerous, and the West end visitors took their stand at the back of them. A full view was had of the stage, which in gorgeousness and ornamentation exceeded the hall itself; but we cannot be minute in description, as a man seated at a raised table hammers upon it with energy, and then makes announcement that "A new Comic, who is a poet, and makes up his own songs, and sings them to all the

melodies, will now appear." A young man of pleasant countenance then stepped upon the stage and received a rather mild welcome. He however smiled, and said, "I shall make up a song about shams"; and then he commenced to sing in a very droll manner about sham swells, sham sales, sham goods, and the like, changing his tune at every verse, and he produced merriment by pointing at women who wore abundance of hair, and at men who had ornamental pipes; and then he sang about "sham top-knots and meerschaums." At the end of one verse he suddenly raised his hand to direct attention to the hon. gentleman, who bore the name of Samuel; and then, changing his tune to that of "When my old hat was new," he sang:

"Oh, the House of Commons is a sham,
And the present member is named Sam."

After finishing the verse he bowed himself to the sideslips, and the man with the hammer announced "The Hypocrite."

This "comic" was evidently well known, as he was received with deafening applause. He certainly presented a strange appearance. Tall and thin, with ruthless countenance, a shabby suit of black, and large dirty white handkerchief, his lank hair hung round his head and partly concealed his forehead, while a sugar-loaf hat completed his attire. His song was a parody upon Holy Scripture, and then he added the ridiculous chorus of a well known comic song, in which the people vehemently joined. The gentlemen left the hall, and one of them, who happened to be a director of the Royal Polytechnic, wrote this upon his card, and asked to see the "poet." He was politely ushered into the green-

room, which was near the stage, and entered freely into conversation with the genius. He was saying that the policeman on duty outside the hall, who had been present at the opening of the fountain, informed them about the rank of their visitor, when the "hypocrite" entered, reeking with perspiration, as he had obeyed a second encore. After drinking heartily from a foaming pot of porter, he asked the stranger if he did not think his song a capital one.

"No, I don't," was the stern reply, "as it is profane and very wicked to make sport of the words of Almighty God."

"You see, sir," he stammered out with an oath, "them hypocrites does it, and it's a song the people likes."

The man looked astonished, as did the whole company, including several girls who had entered in shameless dress for the ballet; all were startled, as the stranger produced his pocket Bible, and said solemnly: "By the words of this book which you bring into contempt you will be tried at the judgment seat of Christ; for it is written here, 'And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.'" And then the reprover left the room.

The manager, however, followed him to the door and observed: "We as a rule discourage that kind of song, but the people down here are so low that they would rather pay to enter a taproom than go with free admission into your institution. If you saw the amusements down Ratcliff, you would think us respectable;

but I know that that song is a bad one, and it shall not be sung here again."

Just before this assurance was given a Hansom cab drove up, and a "nigger," who had already sung at another music hall, alighted. As dinner hour was passing, and a division was expected in the House, the M.P. and his friend gladly entered the vehicle, and astonished cabby with instructions to drive to the House of Commons. The missionary returned to meet some thieves in their parlour, and the writer, who formed one of the party, determined, after obtaining refreshment, to take a night ramble round the Tower.

Ratcliff Highway and its surroundings have a style and a population of their own. The air is impregnated with the odour of pitch and tar, combined with perfumes of less fragrance; the atmosphere is thick and heavy with soot, while the streets and byeways are narrow, dark, and dank. As for the inhabitants, they differ greatly from the people of other parts. Sailors, who have not yet found their land legs, stroll and lollop along road and pavement, while the coarse rough women, the tattered children, and foreign sailors, who jabber in many languages, indicate the place as being the seaport of the mighty city. Even the houses have a nautical expression. The little captain image, quadrant in hand, takes observations at many doors, while ship chandlers and dealers in the various articles required by those who "do business upon great waters" occupy many shops. The signs upon the numerous public houses also indicate the seaport. Ships, anchors, names of admirals, and other things and names dear to the heart of a "blue jacket," adorn or project from these places, while there appears to be a general design to

make Jack happy while on shore, in order, no doubt, to abstract the hard-earned pay he holds so lightly.

The concert, dancing, and longrooms are made attractive to the seafaring man by his enemies the grogsellers, crimps, and landsharks. His song is sung, his hornpipe is danced, and his language of the sea is spoken. That he is fascinated with such places is proved by the number of jolly tars who stride into the open doors which line each side of the way. We will therefore follow that group of forecastle mates who are entering the "Ship's Cabin," and describe the place. The room is about forty feet long and twenty wide, with seats and tables all round, so that the centre is free for dancing. The floor is very dirty, and the begrimed walls are decorated with pictures of celebrated ships, and adorned with curiosities from the great deep and distant lands, such as swordfishes and monkeys. About thirty sailors, twenty landsmen of the lowest class, and at least forty women crowd the room. The man at the entrance hammers upon the door post with a kind of mallet, which serves the double purpose of attracting passers by and producing an approach to silence within. This enables the fiddler, who is perched up upon a kind of shelf, to call for a dance. Without a moment's delay he scrapes a lively tune, several of the lowest women lead off, and the room presents a scene of rapid twirling and odd ungraceful movements. When the dance is over the potman enters with a tray of dirty pewters, and many glasses of rum and water. By the time these are consumed, a hammering at the door posts is followed by the announcement that "Hay Hameture will hoblige." A drunken looking fellow then ascends the small platform, and, billycock in hand, sings a nautical song in a

rough scolding tone. He leaves off at the end of each verse, and bawls out, "Now, all on yer!" and then a horrid babel of discord rises from all parts of the room. He is encored, but, throwing his billycock into the centre of the room, he exclaims: "You won't get me to blow another gale if you doesn't tip." Then a shower of halfpence is thrown into it, and the owner again bursts into song. In this way, no doubt, the night was passed; but we leave, to look into other houses.

The amusements in all were much alike; but in each the ear was assailed with oaths and blasphemies. The women, young and old, had mouths equally foul with the men, but they seemed to curse more deeply. Upon leaving one of the longrooms the visitor noticed in a recess near the door a group of persons, consisting of four women and two men. One woman was upon her knees, and the others were tying her hair in bunches with strips of rag, and sticking a number of pins in it with the points upwards. "Reefing the topsail!" observed the stranger, as he stopped to watch the operation. "No, skipper," replied one of the women, "we ain't; Mol as comes from Wapping rowed with this 'ere gal, and she's wiolent and tears out people's hair, and she's looking arter this gal, and won't she tear her paws when she hauls at her!" and then they mingled oaths with laughter. The visitor looked at them with deep pity, and in a calm and tender tone of voice said: "A Man once had thorns as sharp as pins pressed into His head, until the blood trickled out. Men did this to the blessed *Jesus*, and He let them do it, and He let them nail Him to a cross, and all because He loves us and wants to make us good and take us to heaven." The poor

creatures listened to these and other words, and were silent with emotion until the woman who was kneeling looked up at the speaker, and there was an expression of sorrow in the face and tearfulness in the eye as she said: "I knows it, skipper. I went to Sunday school in North Shields, where I comed from." Words of mercy and of entreaty were being spoken, when a rush of excited men from the room dispersed the group, and fairly carried the three men into the street.

"Which is my nearest way to the Tower?" inquired the stranger of the men, who appeared thoughtful, as though impressed by the words spoken to the women.

"I will show you, gov'nor," replied one of them, and they strolled together along the Highway. The guide was a thin man of sad countenance. His ragged coat was buttoned up to his chin, as if to conceal the absence of linen, while rents and patches were by the gaslight visible throughout his attire. His gait was slipshod, arising from efforts to keep his over-worn bluchers upon his feet. He was evidently a beggar in reduced circumstances, and there could be no doubt but that his object in visiting the longroom was to give tender-hearted Jack an opportunity to be generous. There could be no doubt but that the other man was an able-bodied seaman. His clothes of blue, his belt, with knife attached, and the white-edged lappet turned from his bare throat, indicated this; but his almost black complexion, thick lips, and dark, restless eye, left the impression that he belonged to a foreign craft, although he spoke English with a very slight foreign accent.

In one particular the men, otherwise so different, resembled each other, and this was in the darkness of

their spiritual state. Though one was a native of the Cape and the other of East London, they were equally ignorant of the great truths of the life and immortality brought to light in the gospel. To the inquiry, "Do you believe that Jesus Christ died for your sins, and that He is living to save you?" the African looked perplexed and replied: "Thinks I've heard of that afore, but I dusen't read, and darkies as be sailors don't do nothing religious like"; while the white man said vacantly, "I ain't a respectable chap, and I ain't religious."

When the two arrived at the fountain there was quite a group of drinkers, though the night had far advanced. The massive old Tower stood forth in silence, as not a sound issued from it, and its moat seemed to be a depth of impenetrable darkness. Directing the attention of his companions to the White Tower, which cast its shadow and so deepened the gloom around, the Christian teacher observed: "I was in that tower the other day with the Constable, an officer appointed by the Queen to take care of the place and to govern the people in it. I went for Lord John Russell, to arrange for the erecting of this fountain. Now it was once a very serious matter to be sent there by a minister of the Crown, as it was then used as a prison for persons who committed crimes against the government. A number of these poor creatures, though many were rich and great, were kept in the dungeons for life, and some were beheaded. Well, on the opposite or water side there is a gate called 'Traitors' Gate,' and prisoners used to be rowed in, as this avoided the difficulty of bringing them through the streets of London. When I was there the Constable took me into a room, and, opening a glass

case, showed me a large axe with a heavy oak handle, and told me the names of many great people who had been beheaded with it. When a prisoner arrived at Traitors' Gate an officer was there to receive him, and he carried that axe over his shoulder. If the man in his custody was only accused of doing wrong, and had not been tried, the back of the axe was carried towards him, but when condemned, the sharp, keen edge was turned round, and with this facing him he was led to execution. Should a pardon however arrive, the edge of the axe was turned away, to show that the poor criminal was saved from the terrible death."

As the men held by the railings and looked over at the dark heavy tower with riveted attention, the speaker continued: "It is just so with us; we are each condemned to die an eternal death, for Almighty God has had it written down in the Bible, 'The soul that sinneth it shall surely die.' The Lord Jesus, however, died upon the cross that we might be forgiven; and when as guilty sinners we cry for mercy in His name, the great God pardons and gives us His Holy Spirit. The axe of Divine justice is then turned from us. Before we part let me beg of you to be sorry for your past sins, and to believe on Jesus, that your souls may live."

"It was in de winter, it was one day, I did say one prayer," observed the man of colour, "de ship did strike, me in de hammock; and when I did run to de deck it was wash, and I did go over. Oh, one minute I did take hold fast of de bit ob de boat, and den I say, 'O good God, de good God, do help me;' and me was picked up, and seventeen ob dem, and de captain; den all drowned. Me picked up. De good God, I did say my

pray to Him. Yes, and me did be pulled into de boat, and did get to big ship of de France, and they did go to Calise, and they did send me to dis London; and I go 'Merica, and de good God take care ob me."

"The good God will take care of each of you if you are good," was the reply; and then the position of the Lord Jesus as His *Life-boat* was simply explained, and the Scripture pressed home, 'He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.'

This led to a conversation of deep interest with the strange men, who were subdued by a sense of their condemned state and by the message of redeeming mercy. At parting, the man of colour stated that he lodged at the Sailors' Home, and the other that he lived in Cherubin Court. "In a few days," said the Christian teacher, "I shall hope to be in these parts again, and will then call upon you." They expressed their thanks, gave addresses, and then each of the party went his own way.

The visitor walked on in anxious thought as he realized more fully than he had done before the deepness of that shadow of spiritual death which covers so large a portion of the empire city; and the question which forced itself with anxiety upon him was, "How can rays from the Sun of Righteousness be made to chase away this darkness? There is a fountain open for sin and uncleanness, but how can these multitudes of the depraved be led to wash therein and be clean?" Several incidents of the day seemed to indicate how this could be accomplished. Sympathy for individual souls, a sympathy so deep as to overcome the offensiveness of intercourse with the double-dyed in sin; and a faithful utterance to all of the

Redeemer's sweetest name, even Jesus. The poor thief in the parlour was subdued when presenting *his* prayer in *His* name ; the wretched women, who shuddered not at oaths and bloodguiltiness, were moved to tears by the gracious utterance ; the poor beggar and the child of Africa felt the holy influence of that Name of names. Yes, ye ransomed people, to whom that Name is as precious ointment poured forth, it is your duty and your dignity to repeat it in all its plenitude of blessing to the ruined and the lost. Objects yourselves of Divine compassion, and therefore joint-heirs with Him to ineffable glory, be it your joy, even should it involve self denial and suffering, to win precious jewels for His crown from among this people, to say to them, "Thy King cometh unto thee, having salvation !"



Ships and Sailors of every Port and Clime.

Arabia's desert ranger
To Christ shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praises all shall sing ;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore ;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

CHAPTER IV.

TAKES A SURVEY OF THE THAMES AS IT WAS
AND AS IT IS.—A JOURNEY TO TIGER BAY.—
OPIUM ROOM.—THE ANNIHILATED PARISH.—
A ROW IN THE MISSION BOAT.—THE BETHEL
FLAG.—INCIDENTS WITH MEN OF MANY
NATIONS.

SHIPS AND SAILORS OF EVERY PORT AND CLIME.

“And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?”—ACTS ii. 8.



ANCIENT chroniclers have described in quaint and pleasant language the gay scenes which enlivened the Thames when the Tower was a royal residence. They speak of regal processions, when the sovereign was rowed in a princely vessel to the postern of the grim fortress, accompanied by the dignitaries and states general of the land, and followed by the lord mayor and his civic train in gilded and flag-decorated barges: of

the landing, "amidst the great melody of trumpets and divers instruments, and a mighty peal of guns," with "all the pomp of heraldry and pride of power." A change has passed over the scene since then. We certainly thought so as we stood near the old landing stairs in conversation with several well informed yeomen warders. One of them remarked that "in those long passed days the river was a pure stream, with plantations of trees on the opposite side, and with scarcely a ship and but few boats to adorn its waters." Now, however, a scene of interest and excitement presents itself. The Pool is crowded with craft of every form and tonnage, from the solid, majestic merchantman leaving the docks, to the colliers and smaller barges which line the sides of the river. The shrill voices of the engine boys upon the mighty steamers can be heard shouting "Ease her," "Stop her," and the like, as they watch the hand movements of the anxious looking captains who from poop or hurricane decks are guiding their vessels through the obstructions. It was a scene of great animation, and, to the nautical eye, of cosmopolitan interest; for up the river and within the docks were fleets of vessels of great diversity of build, from the heavy Dutchman to the winged clipper bound for China. The closely rigged ship, so gaily decorated with flags and crescent standard, must be a Turk, and her crew with fez caps and turbaned officers are rejoicing over some national event known only to themselves. The Lascars upon yonder vessel, several of whom are leaving in light chintz clothing, speak her from India; while the flags with stars and stripes, single and double headed eagles, with others of strange device, indicate the shipping of many nations. The whole scene leaves the impression upon the mind

that this river with its vast docks is the desired haven of mariners who from remote lands are ploughing the ocean, and that ships sail and steam from it to all the seaports of the world.

We cannot however linger, as we are under promise to visit the African sailor, and must therefore make our way through the Byward Tower and proceed due east. As we do so, there is evidence on every hand of a large foreign population, as men of varied complexion (black and white, tawny and yellow) pass in various directions, uttering strange sounding words with odd gestures. Images of Vishnu, Genesa, and other heathen gods, and curiosities of strange workmanship, are in many windows, while the names and signs over them show that the traders are from other lands. One little shop attracts our attention because of the variety of articles it contains. A long pole projecting far over the pavement and a bundle of immense chignons suspended at the door post indicate the barber's craft, while the contents of the small window show that other callings are practised there. About the centre is a little pyramid of decayed teeth, and beside them a rusty set of tooth-drawing instruments. Near these are tobacco pipes, both old, new, and curious, and many a length of pigtail. Bottles of preserved insects and worms, mock jewellery, and all sorts of oddments fill up the window, while a dirty paper at the back announces in four languages "that teeth were drawn, and gold, silver, and precious stones bought at that establishment." The examination of the stock is, however, brought to a close by the owner opening the door, and in broken Jewish English making the inquiry, "Does monsieur vant dat snuff-box? it is warrant to be bit of de *Royal*

George; 3s. 6d., 'tis warrant." When told that the box was not required he pressed the sale of other things; and the visitor, who wished to see the interior of the shop, for that object bought a small article.

This place of business was certainly not more than ten feet square, and was closely packed with nearly destroyed furniture, boxes, and drawers, while razor strops, wigs, and sailors' knives adorned the wall. As the occupant had the unmistakable countenance of a Jew, inquiry was made concerning his nationality, and the following conversation ensued.

"Do you paint as well as shave, as I see you have a saucer of paint and brushes upon the table?"

"No, not de pictures, de eyes as is black with de fightin', price sixpence; me do cover de eyes, and it not wash off till de black be gone."

"Have you many customers for the paint?"

"Very much, much on de Sunday morning; 'bout here is Tiger Bay; much of de drink, much of de fight. Ladies not like de black eyes."

After some further conversation about the locality the remark was ventured: "You are of Abraham. *Jehovah* said to him, 'You shall have a Child who will bless all the families of the earth.' He is the Messiah, and did come to Jerusalem, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel."

The Jew looked perplexed, and after a moment's consideration replied: "Ah! monsieur, de Jew is *God's* people; no, not de Christians. De Jews be good, me not paint dare eyes, de eyes of de Christians."

In reply to this remark he was informed that these persons were not Christians; and then the Jew listened to a statement concerning the holy character of the

Messiah, and the power of His religion to make people good and happy. The entry of several customers brought the conversation to a close; but the man seemed pleased at the promise of a Testament in Polish.

As Tiger Bay (the neighbourhood dreaded by sailors of this and many lands, because of its iniquity and danger, though constantly crowded with such) lay at the back of the shop, an inducement was offered to explore its dark and shadowy precincts. It may be described as a labyrinth of narrow streets, multitudinous blind and semi-blind courts, branching from right to left, with associated alleys and courts. "This place," writes the missionary to sailors from the east, "is the stronghold of sin and ruin to the Asiatic, and here every means is adopted to defraud or rob the Lascar of his hard earned money; few who come into this neighbourhood with ten pounds would be allowed to escape from it at the end of a week with a shilling in their pockets. There are three houses here which coin, or are supplied with counterfeit coins, which in gambling is shuffled away, or in giving change is passed for good coin. But if you wish to see more of the people we will describe one or two religious visits.

"The house at the right is a notorious public, with very strange supporters. The skittle ground is inclosed to make a bedroom for Lascars, and about thirty can sleep there, at threepence per night. We are attracted by an unusual noise in the taproom, and must see what they are doing. The room is quite full of foreign sailors and women, and in one corner a fiddler is playing. In the opposite corner it appears there is a dead man laid out upon the table; a sheet is thrown over

him, and candles are burning all round him. Women occupy the seats at the table; and one of them comes up to us shaking a money-box, and says, 'Be so kind as to give a penny to bury the poor Lascar.' 'The Lascar? who is he? when did he die? what's his name?' There is an answer to every question, and we proceed to the proprietor and ask for further particulars. He is indignant to think that a Lascar should be thought to die upon his premises, and we remind him that they have died about his door and in the road. He replies, 'Come with me, and I will show you all about it.' With that he enters the taproom, and we follow close behind. 'Pull that sheet off, and show this gentleman what you have got there.' Immediately the sheet is drawn down, and a black guy is exhibited, amidst roars of laughter. As this subsides we enter into conversation with the Lascars, and after securing their attention address them in Hindostanee for something like a quarter of an hour. Their only interruptions are expressions of approbation and anxious questions concerning the Christian religion.

"Last Saturday eight vessels from India entered the docks, and on Sunday all Tiger Bay was alive. From five to twenty Asiatics might be found in the house of every crimp, and numbers might be seen passing in and out of the 'Royal Sovereign.' Twenty oriental heads may be counted at the various windows, and from thirty to forty are in the road. I entered Abdool Rhemon's house, as they are thickest about his door. In the back room there are about twenty Lascars, most of whom know me. In the next room there is a disturbance caused by a young Arab who declares that he has been robbed. This having subsided, I speak to them of

Christ and His atoning blood, and then of an all-seeing God and a judgment day. Upon ascending to the opium room, first floor front, we find the fumes of opium and smoke so overpowering that we can only remain there for a short time. Here is a fiddler, but both fiddle and fiddler are Indian. A native from Lucknow offers to sing, but I obtain a hearing and speak to them of the depravity of the human heart, and of the willingness of Almighty God to pardon sinners, but only through Christ. This visit over, I must leave for other houses, that heathen men (many for the first time in their lives) may hear in their own tongues of the mercy of God in and through Christ Jesus our Lord."

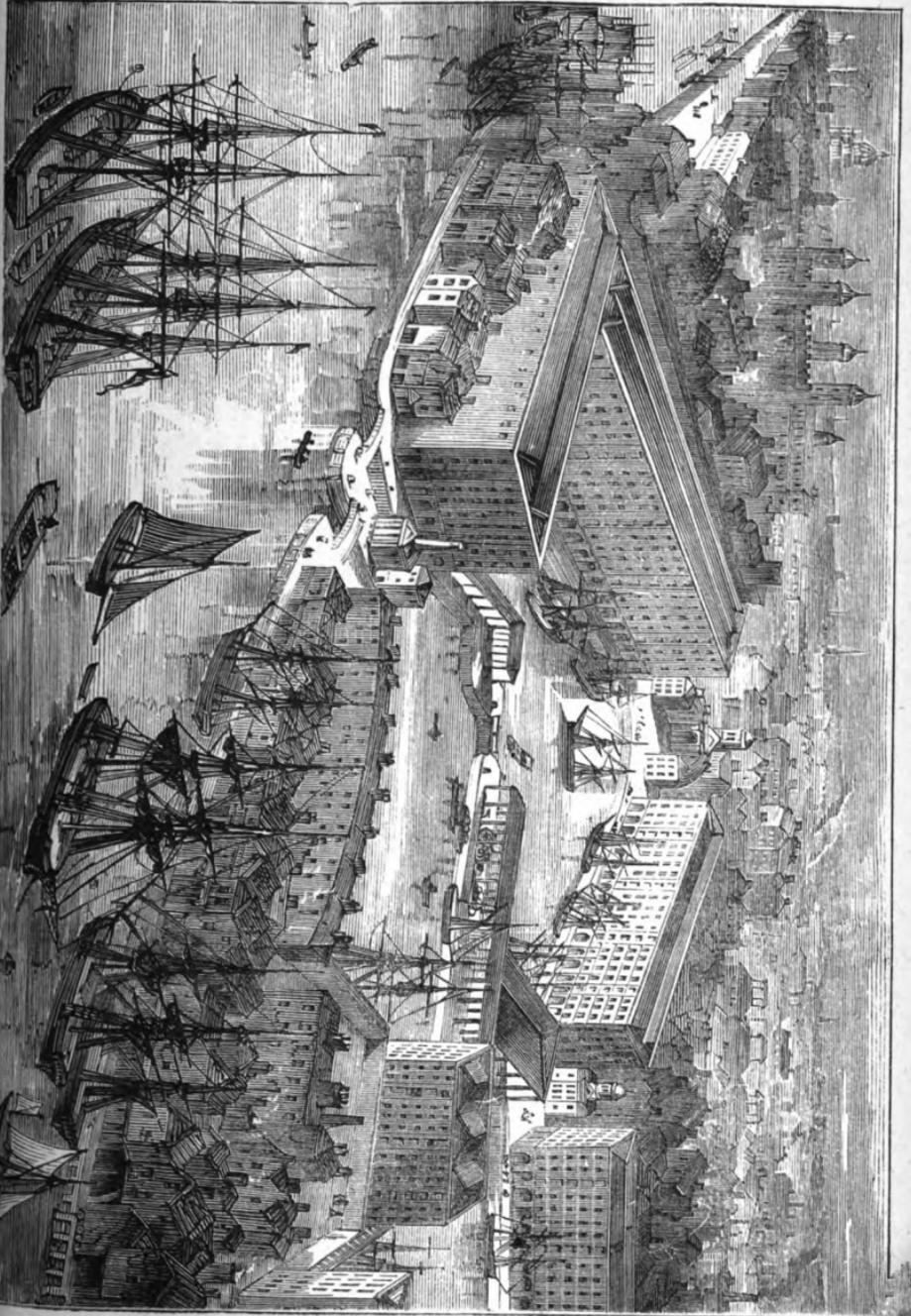
The explorer passed through many such places, and observed that men of various nations kept very much together. Thus one narrow street was filled with Germans, and a court with Spaniards. At length we entered a narrow crowded street with respectable shops. In this was a roomy, comfortable building, with iron gates shutting off a large hall, filled with sailors who were waiting to obtain ships. They were clean and sober, and many of them were newly rigged in blue. This was evidently the Sailors' Home, and the visitor at once entered and inquired for his acquaintance. "A darkie you wants, and you bees a landsman?" observed, or rather inquired, a middle-aged "blue," who gave himself importance by hitching up at his belt. "Yes," was the reply, "and a landsman as you jolly tars say, 'that don't know a stem from a stern.'" This frank acknowledgment of ignorance, always so pleasant to professionals, had a good effect, as several of the group steered through the crowd and soon returned with two negro sailors. As neither of these was the man, the

visitor explained that it was a darkie he spun a yarn with against the Tower. "Knows him, massa," exclaimed one of the negroes, with a grin so defined that every tooth in his faultless set of ivories could be seen. "'Im telled me of cutting off de heads ; 'im boarded de *Centurion* dis morning from Jamaickey."

"I'll show your honour the craft," said an English sailor, and they walked off together.

Nothing perhaps is more calculated to impress a stranger with the greatness of England upon the sea than a visit to the docks. Five of the largest of these docks cover from three to four hundred acres of land and water, and there are usually from two to three hundred sail in each of them. To form one of these, a parish of eight hundred houses and many thousand inhabitants, St. Katherine's by the Tower, was annihilated ; the ancient and beautiful church, with hospital founded in 1148 by Matilda of Boulogne, wife of King Stephen, whose only rival was the Temple Church, being demolished. Upon the evening before its close the resident chaplain of the Tower ascended its curious old pulpit and preached the last sermon in it ; and then the children of the doomed parish carolled a hymn to the notes of the magnificent organ. After this the tender parting from "dear old Kate" (as the people fondly called their church) took place. Aged partners who had worshipped there during a long wedded life rose up and wept ; matrons and virgins sobbed ; manly hearts were swollen, and strong men were bowed. Within a few months the parish had passed away, and an area of twenty-three acres, of which eleven are water, was walled in.

A walk round the quay, past mighty storehouses,



through heaps of merchandise, over draw and connecting bridges, had to us a deep interest. As the *Centurion* lay in the farther basin our stroll was long and pleasant, and when we arrived there was a busy scene upon the good ship. Crates and bales were being lowered into the hold; part of the crew were clearing the deck, and part were arranging ropes and sails. Our African was among the latter, working at a cross-jib. From that elevation he saw his friend of Tower Hill, and slid rather than walked down the ropeladder. Only a few minutes could be spared for conversation, as the vessel was to leave at the ebb of the tide in two hours' time. After greeting, and a few words of Christian counsel, a Bible and packet of tracts were handed to him. He expressed his thanks, and added: "The missionary has been round in his boat, and given tracts and pictures to us all. He is good, and speaks Spanish and French and good religion." Kind wishes were expressed for the voyage, and after hand shaking darkie ascended his ropeladder with catlike agility, and the visitor left the ship.

It was pleasant thus to know that on these busy waters Christian men were engaged in missionary enterprise, and afterwards to find that there are seven of them employed in these and other docks, and that they daily read, teach, and circulate the Holy Scriptures in nineteen languages. In one of the docks the missionary has his own boat and flag with "London City Mission" inscribed on it, but the directors of the East and West India Docks so fully appreciate the work that they partly support and allow these evangelists to make use of their boats and rowing men. Since then the acquaintance of the missionaries has been made, and

many statements listened to concerning their labours. From these we have gathered the fact that among the dark shadows of human life in East London the darkest are perhaps to be found on board ships lying in our docks from heathen, Mohammedan, and other lands. As it may be well to let these messengers of the cross speak for themselves, we introduce a missionary to the West India Docks Bethel, flag in hand, and inquire as to their mode of using it.

“The first thing,” he replies, “is to secure a suitable ship, one that is in a good position, and has a comfortable quarter-deck. The hour is then fixed for the meeting, and the flag hoisted. We then spend considerable time in going from ship to ship, announcing the meeting and inviting the sailors to attend. If the service is to be conducted in an European language, we tell the men that it is to hear the gospel read; but if in eastern or strange tongues, we invite them to hear wonderful things read from the Christian’s Book. We have frequently from twenty to forty persons present at these meetings, and my heart is often made glad at the sight of men of several nations, Africans, Indians, and Europeans, gathered round my flag to hear glad tidings of great joy. Some seat themselves upon heaps of sails and boxes, others recline upon the deck, and not a few prefer standing. The missionary then takes his stand upon a coil of rope or something of the kind, and reads a chapter in the language of those present. An address is then given, and the meeting is usually concluded with prayer. It frequently occurs that after the Bethel service groups of men remain behind to inquire concerning the strange things they have heard; and many show deep emotion.”

Our own blue jackets receive considerable attention. A floating library has been formed for their use, and before an English vessel leaves the docks a box containing about twenty volumes is placed on board. These are changed upon the return of the ship, and there are now nearly three hundred libraries afloat. The care taken of them is very great, and Jack is now able to diversify his yarn spinning with pleasing, instructive, and religious reading; a boon for which he is very grateful. This helps to secure admission to the ship, and enables these friends of the sailors to benefit them when on shore. With them there is constant teaching from cabin to cabin, and a rapid succession of Bethel meetings. The crew of the good ship *Daisy*, for instance, so valued the services that a special meeting for prayer was held in her fore-castle before she left dock. Upon getting out to sea foul weather was met, and she was wrecked upon the Goodwin sands, thirteen of her crew being drowned. A sailor boy showed good impressions, and promised daily to read a portion of the Bible given to him. When in the high seas he fell from the topmast and was mortally injured. In his sufferings he asked that something might be read from his Bible, and a few hours after his body was committed to the deep, there to remain with many who have received spiritual blessing from this mission, until "the sea shall give up the dead that are in it!" Upon hearing the sad news the Bible reading was the one thing that brought comfort to the heart of his widowed mother.

The missionary to sailors from northern nations states "that like his brethren to other peoples he holds many meetings without the aid of the Bethel flag, some of these on deck, the fore-castle, in the cabin, and on

shore; and that by these means and by individual teaching upwards of three thousand Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Dutch, and Germans are yearly instructed in saving truth. All these have been supplied with Bibles or portions of the Bible, and such beautiful tracts as 'Georg Noscoe, den Norsksmand' (George Noscoe, the Norwegian sailor).

"In the large Russian steamers coming into our docks there are usually forty men. On entering the forecastle the first thing that presents itself is a holy picture, before which a lamp is continually burning, and at this shrine the devout Russian performs a devotional exercise after every meal. This concluded, I have had many opportunities of reading God's holy Word to them, and many who have not been able to read in their own language have listened with the deepest interest. On descending into one of the large commodious Russian forecastles I remarked, 'I have brought you some books, also the Word of God.' Instantly some twenty of the crew thronged around me to receive the tracts. I was much interested in one young man. He had never before seen God's Word, and begged hard for a gospel. I inquired if he knew anything of the way of salvation, but he assured me that he had not so much as thought of it. I then spoke to them about the immortality of the soul, and the price of its redemption, and they all seemed delighted at what they had seen and heard."

We must however pass to ships from more sunny climes, and foremost among them in number and for interest in the seamen are those from proud and beautiful Spain. At one time she was stern mistress of the seas, and before the navy of England was formed her naval force consisted of one hundred and forty galleys,

with which she menaced the shores of England. The ships before us now which bear her flag are, however, employed in the peaceful pursuits of commerce, and we will therefore visit them, that each man may receive a copy of that Book the exclusion of which has proved the ruin of his lovely country. Seventy-two of these vessels have of late been boarded, and seven hundred of the men have received or purchased the Holy Scriptures. So anxious are people from this nation of the horrible Inquisition and *auto da fé* to possess the Book of Truth, that hope is given of her regeneration. The lingering spirit of persecution renders Christian effort difficult among them; but violent opposition is becoming the exception. The missionary upon entering a cabin the other day was sternly repulsed by the captain, who said, "The books are heretical, and you ought to be burned with them;" his angry eye showing that he meant what he said. However, as the good man was leaving the ship one of the crew shouted out, "*Espera, señor*" ("Wait, sir"), and then the whole crew gathered round him and asked for Testaments, and begged of him not to mind the captain, as he was a "*demonio en todo*" (a perfect demon). They were promised Testaments if they would call at his house, and that afternoon a group of them visited the missionary, and remained a long time in reading and conversation. Upon visiting another ship the evangelist was received with shouts of "Fuel for fire," "Heretic," and the like; but such insults are becoming very rare. Indeed many of the Spanish and Portuguese captains now welcome the missionary as he boards their vessels.

"You are not a Jew or a Mohammedan," were the words of a Spanish captain, with whom and his officers

he had been reading the Scriptures in the cabin. It was the captain's first visit to England, and not one of them had seen a copy of the Bible before. He desired to know the difference between the English and Roman churches, and he gave full permission for his men to be visited. "It would be wrong," he observed, "if you were a Jew or a Mohammedan; but you are a Christian, and the men, who are very immoral, require your instruction."

"I was solicited by a friend to visit a stoker of the Portuguese steam frigate *Stephania*, who was reported to be under spiritual conviction. This frigate was lying in Victoria Dock. Who the stoker was I do not know, for I found there were upwards of twenty stokers. The entire crew was one hundred and thirty-eight men. The officers at first did not like my visit, but they gave me a cool permission to go among the men. I was far differently received among these. On leaving the frigate, the officers found much to amuse themselves about my visit, and one of them asked me if I had converted any one. My reply was, "*Não, isto he a obra de Deus*" ("No, that is the work of God"). The next time I visited the frigate I found it removed from the quay, and therefore beyond my reach. The officer that asked me on the last occasion if I had converted any one saw me, and directed me to go to the stern of a certain ship and he would send the boat for me. On this visit I obtained free access among the officers. They had crape round their arms, and their national flag was lowered half-mast, on account of the death of one of the royal family. I read several portions of Scripture, and received many orders for the Word of life, both from the officers and the men. I offered them Bibles

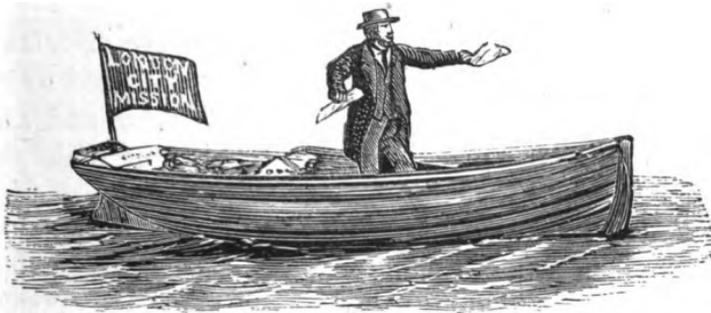
at one shilling, and Testaments at threepence, and I sold thirteen Bibles and twenty Testaments, and took eighteen shillings in money, having disposed of thirty-three copies in all. I was permitted to speak on spiritual things, and read without interruption. I might have disposed of more copies of the Word of God, if I had had them. A controversy arose on one occasion, when one of the men endeavoured to prove that Roman Catholicism, and not Protestantism, was original and apostolic. I refused, however, to take him on this ground. I told him I had no desire to contend for the originality of the Protestant church, but for Protestant principles and doctrines, which originated in Christ. This could not be said of Roman Catholicism. I condemned allegiance to any church on any other ground than that of original principle and doctrine; for the Protestant church, and all that is now combined under the sacred name of Protestantism, might one day become as vile and corrupt as the church of Rome; but the doctrines and principles of Christ, by whatever name characterized, must remain unaltered for ever. The crew expressed their sorrow when I paid my last visit to them.

Another proof of the Spaniards' desire to know the truth is the fact that, in addition to many Bethel and cabin meetings on board their ships, upwards of nine hundred have in one year gathered to ninety-eight meetings held on shore, and hundreds of them have purchased Bibles as presents for their friends in Spain and Spanish speaking countries. All this is pleasing intelligence, and we would gladly hear more about these seamen of the beautiful black eye and olive complexion; but as the Italian speaking missionary has

joined us, we must cross the narrow iron bridge and make for the little fleet of ships which are distinguished by the pretty flag of that nation.

To thinking minds there is a charm about the name of Italy, and Rome its capital. This was the country and seat of the great Cæsars, the first of whom invaded this island with his mighty row-ships and Gaulish legions. It was at Rome that Paul did mission work, preaching in the open air and teaching in his own hired house. These considerations increase our interest in visitors from that country ; and it is a sad acknowledgment, though true, that never did the men, certainly the seamen, of that nation need gospel teaching more than they do at the present time ; given up to superstition of an almost pagan type, or infidel to Divine revelation, while ignorant of the pure faith of the ancient church planted in their land by apostolic hands. The man who represents the good feeling of English Christians toward the Italians has frequent proof of this. During one day he boarded thirteen of their ships, with crews of from five to sixteen men. Images of the Madonna and patron saints, with beads and crucifixes, abounded on every hand ; but not a copy or portion of the holy Book could be found. In several cabins profane pictures had been painted by the men, and in one a cardinal was represented as dancing with the devil while an imp was running away with his mitre. The mate and several men in one ship held sceptical views upon the incarnation of our Lord, and the captain of another told the visitor that he was as bad as an atheist, as he could not believe in the Divinity of our Lord unless he believed in the immaculate conception of His mother.

It does seem that the deep shadow of spiritual darkness is in all the Italian vessels thus visited, as the light of the written Word has without an exception been hidden from every man. There is, however, a growing desire for its Divine radiance. Only yesterday the missionary boarded one of the vessels before us, and as



the men were disengaged sat down and read from the Bible. One of them then took the book from his hand and read aloud the whole of the fifteenth chapter of Luke ; and there was deep silence while a discourse was given upon the sacrifice of Jesus and the willingness of God to pardon sinners who repent and believe on Him. "We thought that the religion of the English was no good," remarked one of the men, "as you don't believe in the Virgin or Jesus or the saints ; but now we see that there is a good faith in your Book." "No saints !" was the exclamation of one of another crew to whom we presented a tract. "Your religion is bad, as you have no priests and no saints." He however listened while the Scriptures were read to the crew ; and their attention was riveted when told that "all the saints in heaven were once sinners on earth, but they had been saved through the blood of Jesus ; that He was the Priest who

had offered Himself in sacrifice for the sins of the world, and that He did not die for Protestants and Catholics, but for sinners." The chief officer of one of the largest ships invited the visitor into his cabin, and they read a chapter together, and he then allowed him to address the crew. Among them were Italians, French, and Austrians, and one Arab. Amid this medley of nationalities portions of Scripture and tracts were circulated, and then an eager group of Frenchmen gathered round, listening to the reading of the inspired Word, and after that the Italians pressed round to hear in their own tongue God's message of mercy.

As we were parting at the dock gates a group of sturdy men of peculiar countenance approach the missionary. They are Finlanders, and one of them who can speak a little French expresses their thanks for portions of the Scriptures in Swedish, which he had given them a few days before.

It is remarkable that this staff of missionaries to the docks have all been specially prepared for their important duties. Not one of them was selected because of qualifications for the work, as they all entered the society without knowledge of foreign tongues. Sympathy for aliens met with on their districts, and desire to instruct them in saving truth, in each case prompted them to acquire languages. Thus the missionary to Spaniards acquainted himself with their tongue that he might read the Scriptures to sailors from their ships whom he met on his district. So proficient and acceptable as a teacher did he become that his fame spread to Spain itself, and the Bishop of Gibraltar, through the Bishop of London, offered him ordination and an important church at Seville. He however preferred to labour

among the Spaniards and Portuguese resident in and visiting London, and has recently become a clergyman in east London. The preparation of that talented and zealous missionary who in eastern tongues and dialects proclaims to Asiatics the *unsearchable riches of Christ* was of so special a nature that it concerns us to record it in association with his remarkable labours.

He states that his first inducement was the gift of a Hindostanee Testament from a friend who had given up the study of the language in despair; and at the same time an Italian bandmaster, who had been in India, lent him a Hindostanee manual. About that time Meer Jaffier Ali, the Nawab of Surat, visited England, and with twelve of his followers came to live in a house near his district. It was then part of his duty to visit vagrants in a refuge for the destitute, where he made acquaintance with a poor native of India, who introduced him to members of the nawab's suite. One of these was an educated native of Surat, and they arranged to meet twice a week in the prince's kitchen for an interchange of languages. The Hindostanee Testament was fixed upon as the reading book, so gospel truth was heard by that company of Mohammedans from the time the student went among them. The oriental guttural and other strange sounds had to be mastered; but the chief difficulty was in acquiring the colloquial language. This was however accomplished, and the missionary was soon able to gather round him the destitute Asiatics who came to the refuge that they might receive instruction in the Christian religion.

The visit of the Queen of Oude to London with a large Indian retinue followed, and the missionary soon became friendly with them. This led to his increased knowledge

of Indians in London, and to a larger acquaintance with oriental languages, and gradually prepared the way for his being set apart by the committee to visit strangers from eastern lands. His marvellous talent for the acquisition of languages has had full scope, and he can now converse with men of many nations and tribes. He is a man of benign and intellectual countenance, and his accent is partly foreign, though his mission field has for many years been in east London, and he has never been abroad. Concerning his work he once stated :

“I have almost to forget that I am in London, for the imagination and thoughts are in a moment carried away to people who talk a strange tongue, and who are influenced in thought and action as different from our own as their language. It will be enough to mention some of the countries whose people have been included within the limits of my visitation. Among these are the Chinese with their one written language and many dialects. We have spoken with many from Siam, Burmah, and the Straits of Malacca, and from the various islands in the vicinity of Borneo, among whom the language of the Malays is generally understood. The vast continent of Hindostan and the island of Ceylon have largely contributed to the number of Asiatic sailors. Persia too, with Arabia and the Arabic speaking portion of the human family, has supplied some interesting cases. The islands of Madagascar and the Mauritius have furnished their quota, as well as Hawaii ; while others with whom we have been unable to converse, except through an interpreter when one could be found, speak such difficult tongues as the Tanti, Cameroon, and Akoo. And then I have frequently to stand forward as a witness for God, among

people from distant parts of the world, to which the missionary traveller has not gone, or from which he has entirely retired, for fields promising a more abundant harvest. It is, I feel, no mean thing to be a witness for Christ to a people left unprovided for by any other means."

Speaking of the difficulty and danger of his work he remarked: "I have confidence in my safety among Lascars from Arabia, India, Malacca, etc., and I wish I could say the same in reference to my own countrymen; but such is not the case. Our success in the Home for Asiatics has naturally made enemies of the crimps and fraudulent lodging house keepers. As it is often my duty to seek for orientals in the evening I am in danger of assault from them. During the past year I have had the misfortune to be assailed three times, and I was once so injured that I had to resign work for two days, and felt my bruises for a month."

In proof of the blessing which has rested upon the efforts of this evangelist to those who enter our docks in a state of heathen darkness, we give the following narrative.

About two years ago he visited the *Ganges*, a ship with fifty Lascars on board, and had several opportunities to read the Word of God. This led to a request on the part of some of the Malays to possess the Scriptures, and an arrangement was made with them one Sunday morning to meet at his residence to receive a supply. The serang and others came and thankfully took a Malay Testament, but were not allowed to go before exposition of a portion of it. Last year the ship returned to England, but with almost an entirely different crew. On again visiting the ship he

was told by one man that he had seen Mahommed (the former Malay serang of the ship) constantly reading a book which was good, and that he would not part with it, but told him that he could get one at the Strangers' Home in London. They had now come and wanted the book. He invited him to his house, and not a Sunday passed while the ship remained in dock without some of the crew calling to ask for Scriptures, which were given to them after reading and exposition. Thirteen copies of the Divine Word were circulated at the pleasant Bible readings, in Hindostanee, Bengalee, Malay, and Javanese. It seemed scarcely to be expected that a copy of the Scriptures sent off to the extreme East should be heard of again; but this produced much fruit. Only a few weeks ago another large ship came into the docks with a crew of Malays and Javanese, who had seen some of the Scriptures given to the crew of the *Ganges*, and also pressed a similar request, and obtained Scriptures and instruction in the Christian faith. Thus a Malay Testament given two years ago has produced important results, and probably the gift will lead other heathen men to apply for the bread of life.

This missionary has visited many of the great towns of the kingdom, such as Birmingham and Manchester, in search of Asiatic vagrants who have taken up their abode in them. At Liverpool he rendered valuable assistance as interpreter at a trial instituted by the Board of Trade, which resulted in the conviction of the master of a vessel for illegally casting adrift six natives of India at Greenock. He is now frequently used to interpret at trials, and he visits all the Asiatics in the metropolitan prisons, infirmaries, and hospitals. Wealthy

Asiatic families and their suites who visit London receive him cordially, and thus many thousand natives of the East, rich and poor, high and low, are brought within his influence, and are instructed in the grand truths of human redemption.

Among the chief hindrances in the evangelizing of heathen men from eastern lands is opium smoking and drinking, while others of the heathen copy the English sailor and become drunken upon grog and raw spirits. Foreign residents who are usually Celestials find it profitable to establish opium rooms for the indulgence of their countrymen and others. These are, however, as visitable to the Asiatic missionary as are public houses to his English speaking brethren, and he is on good terms with the dealers. One day, for instance, he met an old Chinese named Latou, who had been in England for a long period. He was just coming from market with one pound of opium, for which he had paid £1 5s., to be retailed in a liquid state for pence. Though he was only an occasional opium seller, the evil of the traffic was explained to him, and also his accountability before God. It is often difficult to reason with consumers, as they shelter themselves by such questions as "You send opium to China against our will; and yet when you see us using it you condemn it as sinful. How is this?" Their Bible reading friend is, however, able to avoid contention by directing their attention to its wondrous truths; and braving opposition and offensive fumes, he explains the physical evils which must result from indulgence in the sin "which doth so easily beset" them, and bears testimony concerning the Christ of God, His life of mercy, His teaching, His atonement, and His present position as the Deliverer from the power and

consequences of sin, being exalted at God's right hand as a Prince and a Saviour.

We could, but we need not, add more to show the dark shadows of heathenism and depravity which cover the foreign seamen who pass to and from our shores, and to give relief to that darkness by showing that rays of celestial light are beginning to chase away the gloom. Christians of England! it is your high privilege to teach these representatives of the nations and of the earth, and through them to influence the world for Christ. By them you can send the gospel of peace to the untutored tribes of the frigid and torrid zones, and cause the knowledge of salvation to spread from our island even to the ends of the earth. You can thus

Plant the beautiful Sharon's Rose
On icy mountains and perpetual snows,

and publish to men of eastern climes the saving fame of Him, the Sun of Righteousness, whose day-star and glory rose in the East; of Him whose dominion shall increase until men of every kindred and name bend the adoring knee, and unite the kingdoms of this world in one vast monarchy with Jesus for its King.



Beggardom and Public Houses.

Awake, my dormant zeal, for ever glow
With generous ardour, for immortal souls ;
And let my tongue, my hands, my heart, my all,
Spend and be spent in service so Divine.

CHAPTER V.

DESCRIBES A WALK IN PAST TIMES THROUGH
THE TOWER HAMLETS, AND A MODERN
RAMBLE AMONG THE DENS.—CHERUBIM
COURT AND THE DEVIL'S GARDEN.—NOBODY'S
CHILD.—A LITTLE SLAVER.-- BIBLE CLUB IN
GIN BAR.

BEGGARDOM AND PUBLIC HOUSES.

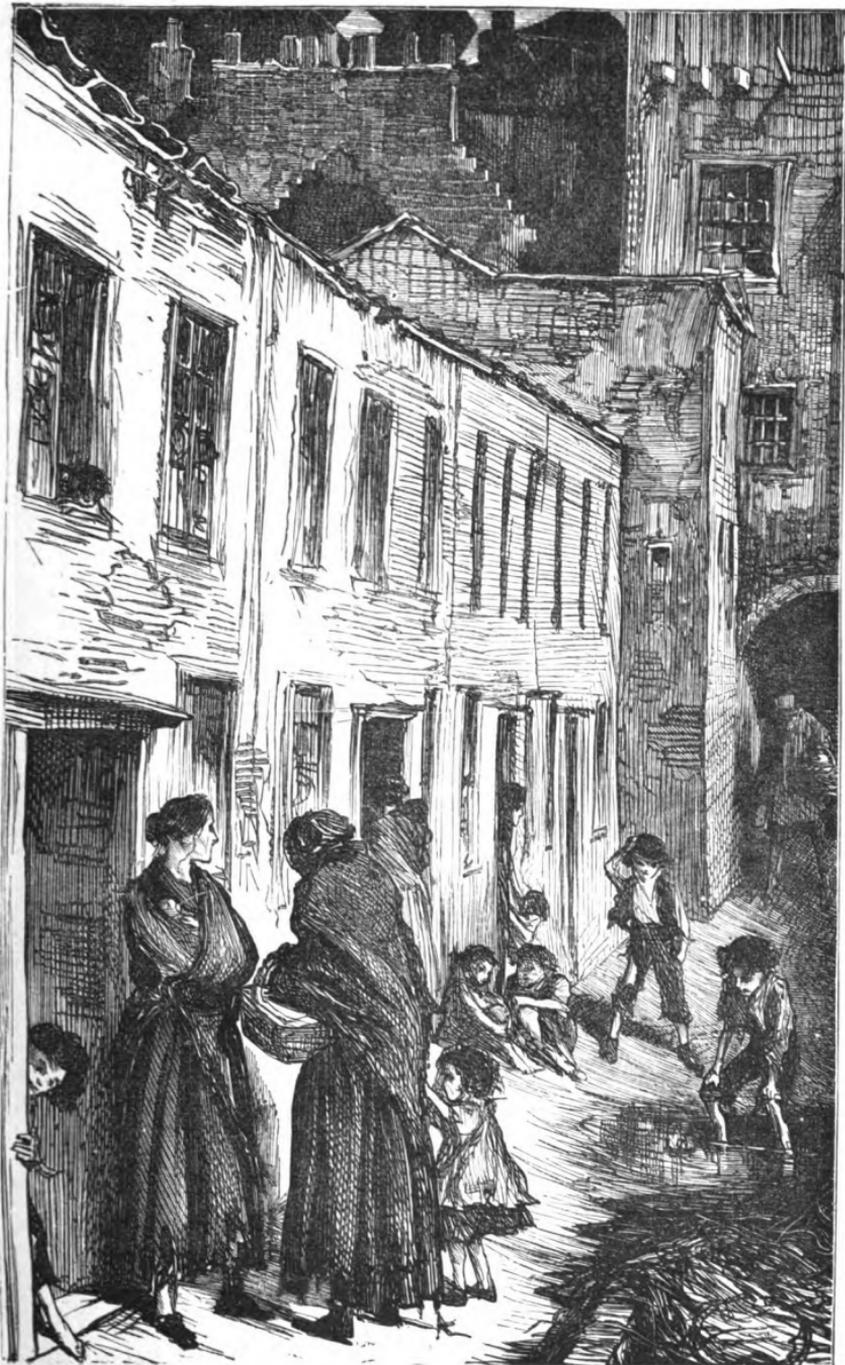
“And the Lord said unto him, Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof.”—EZEKIEL ix. 4.



N the olden times, when London within the walls was a hive of thriving citizens, and London without the walls a scene of rustic beauty, in those pleasant days, the people delighted to make holiday by visiting the strawberry beds of Holborn Hill, or by passing the grim old Tower to wend their way along the mossy and tree-shaded road which led from the prison palace to the beautiful little village of Radcliffe: then Love Lane was no doubt a lovely grove, and sweet perfumes scented the air of Rosemary Lane, while Flower-bank Walk delighted the eye with

a rich scattering of Flora's wild beauties, and the Boatman's Walk beside the Thames united nature's choice delights of land and water. Now we can quite understand that when the overflow of population from the city and the increase of commerce required that this delightful spot should be covered with human habitations, still the familiar places of beauty should retain their names when their glory had departed. This is reasonable; but we cannot conceive how some of the most dreary became distinguished by titles both classical and celestial, such as Homer Alley, Angel Gardens, and Cherubim Court. As we approach the latter place, in search of an acquaintance of Tower Hill, the beggar in reduced circumstances, our surprise increases. A gloomy street, with narrow broken foot-paths and gutter roadway, terminating in a labyrinth of unclean passages; through one of them into a still more wretched street; and there almost before us is the place of seraphic name. The approach is by a dirty yard, but an opening at the side discloses a row of old tumble-down houses, upon which a perpetual gloom is cast by the dingy wall before them, and the lack of an opening at the farther end.

Judging by the expression of surprise which could be seen through the dirt-begrimed faces of the swarm of children who stared with awe at the visitor as he entered, the advent of strangers was of rare occurrence. And, oh, the children of the court were dirty! Gutter children, pure and simple; there was a thick deposit upon their bare, tiny feet, and the threads of the rags pinned around them seemed as though they were held together by the same materials. The women of the place who crowded to the doors were several shades



DOWN THE COURT.

cleaner than the children, and attired after the fashion of those regions; the younger wearing a kind of evening dress with milkmaid skirts, their necks being adorned with rows of imitation coral, and their ears and fingers with rings of very small value. When the beggar was inquired for by name, a middle aged woman, of hard countenance, and angry tone of voice though she spoke in her sweetest note, exclaimed: "That 'ere cove, guv'nor,—ax yer honour's pardon,—that 'ere chap is done for, and 'sleeps with old 'Rhumaté' and my young uns, in the room above this 'ere parlour; and a bob and tan is all as I gets, poor widdow as I is, and when he ain't lucky like, I get all I can, as is nuffin', and—" a question sharply put as to whether the man was at home stopped her fluent utterance; when in another speech, in which she declared her poverty-stricken condition, she conveyed the intelligence that he was out and would return in a short time to bring "summut for 'Rhumaté' as was a werry respectable lodger."

Cautious inquiries were made as to the respectable qualities of the man, when the woman, who was evidently burdened with a secret, asked the visitor in, and as he leant against the door post said in a half confidential tone: "Rhumaté isen't no okypation, and tramped, and was awffal queer, and was a goin' to be tooked to the workus, but howsomever he writ a letter as he's edecated, and lots o' tin comed, and he got awffal drunk and laid under a cart all of a wet night, and was screwed up like, and him as you wants brings him 'ere cos he had a sov; and he writ agin, and an old man comes and gives him tin, and bless yer 'art alive he eats nuffin', and has nuffin' only rum and

saveloys allus, and the chap gets it him, and I gets my rent, and him get two bob a week, as is summut."

The visitor thought it time for him to speak, and therefore said: "I am a missionary man, and once met a young fellow like your lodger down a court at the other end of London. He was very wicked, and when taken ill I went up into his room; but he swore very much, so I left and went again next day, and told him that it was written in the Bible that 'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners,' and that if he believed on Him, and prayed to God for mercy, he might be saved; and then I left. Next day he was taken to the infirmary at Marylebone Workhouse. Quite two months after, somebody knocked at my door after twelve o'clock at night, and when I looked out of the window there was an Irishwoman, who said, 'Sure your honour, and it's meself as is nurse at the workhouse, and it's Jim as we calls him as is dying, and he has the writing, pour sowl, as the woman give him where your honour is, and he won't die till yourself it is as comes: pour sowl, pour sowl! and the doctor it was as let me come to your honour's.' I went back with her to the workhouse, and in the large ward, with a screen round him, lay the young man I had seen in the court. When I spoke he sprung up in the bed, and said, 'Sin is killing me: pray to Jesus for me. My poor father, oh my father! write to him: do pray, do pray'; and then he fell back in the bed. I whispered about the precious blood of Jesus, and then prayed with him. After this he tried to speak, but could not, and soon after he died. Sin killed his body, but Jesus I hope saved his soul, as he prayed hard to Him; and he was buried, and I don't think

that his poor father ever knew what had become of him."

The rough woman was softened to tears by the narrative, and was talking ignorantly about "her good 'art" and "bad lodgers," when two or three of the ragged urchins thrust their uncombed heads in at the door, and asked for a bit of bread. The mother took part of a loaf from a dirty recess and cut each a slice, and then handing an extra one to the eldest, said, "That's for poor little Bill."

"Billy's haved some with Tommy and Sal: may I haved it?" inquired the child.

"No: yer hard 'arted little varmint," replied the fond mother; "hasen't he no mamma, the dear?" and then she went to the door, and a chubby little urchin of four years ran and snatched at the offered bread.

"Whose child is he?" inquired the visitor.

"Bless yer art, mister, he's nobody's: his mother, as was a bad lot, died of drink, and lived by here, and we all gives 'im a bit of grub; and he pigs in, fust one, then tother on us, and it tain't missed; and his clothes ain't nuffin,' and 'im shan't go to the work'us: I wouldent, howsoever, turn a kitten out, and—and Billy is a dear."

The object of this speech was evidently a spoilt child, and each of the women looked kindly at him. As the "motherless bairn," he was caressed by one and the other, and in fact shared with all the children in the place; but then he was the city arab and Whitechapel thief in germ, the type of thousands of children in the low parts of the city. He would no doubt have a comparatively happy childhood until about seven years of age, by which time unruly and criminal habits would be formed. These would quickly develop, and by ten or

twelve he would become a confirmed thief. In neighbourhoods where a large proportion of the parents are immoral and drinkers, and in which there are many children of professed thieves, friendless little ones abound ; and the doom of neglected childhood, criminal youth, and debased age, hangs heavily over them.

Such thoughts came to the mind of the writer as he gazed upon the dirty, chubby little fellow, the pet of Cherubim Court, and he offered a penny by way of drawing the child toward him. This was certainly effective, as he sprang forward and grasped the coin ; and then the children swarmed round, and the women followed them, and several men of evil aspect came out of the doors, and all commenced to beg. "I'm a starvin'," exclaimed one old crone, who had been seated upon a door step smoking a pipe. "Give little Mag a brown, guv'nor," shouted another, as she held up a tiny girl of half caste complexion : "she ain't got no mother." "I ain't got no work, and carn't do no work, cos' my ribs was broke," pleaded an old man of villainous countenance ; but the wonder of all was the supplicating attitude of the smallest children. The very babies held out their dumpy little fists, as though born of millionaires with an inherited knowledge of the value and power of money. No wonder therefore that the visitor awoke to the consciousness that he had made a mistake, and perhaps destroyed any good that might have resulted from his journey to that centre of beggardom, by giving so slight an indication of a kindly disposition.

The arrival of the beggar was a relief, as he at once recognised his friend of Tower Hill, and shyly asked him into the house. His appearance was somewhat

altered, as his clothes were less ragged, but daylight upon his face revealed an expression of revolting depravity. Through the grime there was a livid hue, a fishiness about the eyes, and an offensiveness about the stained mouth with decayed teeth. "I liked your preachment, mister," he observed, as he backed into the dark part of the room; "and does yer mind a-comin in, as a codger, as is queer and hard up, bees up here?"

The request was without reluctance complied with and the visitor ascended the creaking staircase which led to the room. It required several minutes for the retina of the eye to become familiar with the semi-darkness, and then an object of misery, a strange looking man, whose age could not even be surmised, was noticed lying partly dressed upon a mattress in a corner of the room. The experienced visitor did not at first appear to notice him, but addressing the beggar said: "I suppose you do a good turn for your sick friend here,—a thing I like one man to do for another?"

"Thinks I does!" was the proud reply. "Why, he had bin in the workus a eatin' skilly with a fork, if 'twasn't me as gets him what he likes."

"Yes, he does," whispered the sick man; "and he has brought me this Jamaica." And then he put a flat half-pint bottle to his lips, and the air became redolent of rum. Upon taking it from his mouth he held it toward the beggar, who, after a glance to see how much had disappeared, placed it in his pocket, and then addressing the visitor remarked: "It's physic like: the codger couldn't keep body and soul together, as the sain' is, if he didn't have

sups of rum and a saveloy to knaw, as his inside is agoin'."

With an expression of sympathy the visitor drew near to the invalid and inquired concerning his health.

"Fooled away my money and drank myself into consumption, and now I have only to die and be cursed," he whispered in a sepulchral tone; but feeble as was that voice there was an educated note and an expression of despair in it.

The visitor, concealing his emotion, said calmly: "You are on the right side of hell,—near it perhaps, as the thief upon the cross was; but you, like him, can cry for mercy to the once crucified Jesus, and be saved." Words about His infinite compassion and mighty power were then uttered, until the sick man sobbed again, and even the hard-hearted beggar became softened. The visitor then left the room, and inquired of the woman if a minister or doctor came to see her lodger.

"Bless yer heart alive, mister," she replied, "afore he comed here the doctor said as how he couldn't do nothing for him, and the parson dulent know as how he is here."

"I will see that he is visited," said the stranger; and then with a kindly good-bye he passed out of Cherubim Court.

The visitor, with one of the children as a guide, made his way to the ragged school, as the people had spoken gratefully of the teacher there. This young person, of pleasant countenance and cheerful style, listened with sympathy to the account of the beggar and his sick charge, and said: "I will send round to the parish doctor, and will go to our clergyman myself, that the poor man

may have proper attention; and I will let you know concerning him. But he is only one out of multitudes of perishing souls; the clergy and ministers can scarcely find time to visit those who send for them, and there is only one little spot properly cared for,—the side of a street, two courts, and an alley. These contain six hundred families, and have a missionary, who visits every room; but he is not at work now, as he has been down with a fever he took in the alley." There was a pause in the conversation, but her face lit up as she said cheerfully: "We must pray the *Lord* of the vineyard to send more labourers into this part of His vineyard, and He will do it."

"But, before we part, do please tell me what a woman in the court meant by abusing her little boy 'for going down the devil's garden'?"

"Oh, she meant a court which is inhabited by dreadful people! Poor and wretched as the dwellers in Cherubim and other courts and alleys about here may be, they have some sense of respectability, and they often shun and give characteristic names to bad localities. This 'garden' is just by, but no respectable people pass through it."

The visitor however, after parting from his new friend, explored the "garden" and its surroundings, and was struck by the correctness of its popular name. There is indeed a grim and saddening accuracy in the names given by the poor to places with whose iniquitous character they become familiar; just as the "Bloody Tower" derives its title from the supposed murder therein of the two royal children, sons of Edward IV.

Regarding such neighbourhoods as a whole, it is

evident that in addition to a debased population the dregs of society creep into them, to hide themselves from the world. Old and young, educated and illiterate, the trained thief and the pauper born, the sinned against and the double dyed in sin, graduate toward those centres of squalor and depravity. But when there they separate into communities. The horror of cold biting poverty is indeed common to all. Children with dirt baked upon their bare attenuated frames, aged people with trembling limbs and sallow smoke-dried faces,—these and other forms of human wretchedness are general, but in some places they exist free from criminality. There are, however, localities where all this coexists with unblushing wickedness; the outcasts and the returned convicts, the filthy and the abominable herding together, debased and debasing each other. One result of this is the exclusion of good influences; for when to the danger of taking contagious diseases, which is always present in those plague spots, is added the danger of personal violence, who can be found daring enough to brave the forlorn hope? And yet there are such, as is evidenced by the appearance in the neighbourhood of a short heavy framed man, meanly attired, of thoughtful countenance, and who has in his rough labourer's hand a well worn pocket Bible. We will follow him in his journey towards the "garden," and into a den situate at the entrance of a passage of ominous gloom. We will then take note of his work, and afterwards tell his history.

It is manifest that he is well known to the inhabitants of these regions, as the very children who are at play in the gutter which runs through the middle of the narrow street greet him by name and look up for his smile, and

the women, old and young, with and without pipes, who squat upon the kerb or lollop against the door posts, give indications of pleasure at his presence. The company of twenty or thirty roughs and thieves, who are tossing in the alley at the side, and who would surround and rob a stranger, admit him into their midst, and from him endure reproof. For a time their vile language is checked, and the most disrespectful utterance is from a stag eyed, bullet headed youth of sixteen, who, when informed that work could be obtained at unloading in the docks, replies: "I'd have a turn jolly sharp, only I'm afeared of spilin' my hands for gold chain makin (watch stealing), as is my trade." This provoked a general laugh, but did not prevent the good man from speaking faithfully to them.

The house he is to visit is evidently a beershop of the lowest order. This is indicated by the soot-begrimed sign and the black-red curtains. As the door opens, a noise of hideous mirth and quarrelling greets the ear, and round the bar and in the tap are crowded ill favoured men and women. A description of the debased expression which disfigured each countenance could scarcely be given, but the blasphemies which belched forth from every mouth cannot be thought of without a shudder,—as that Name which is high above every name in heaven and earth was uttered as the most common oath. While the visitor is speaking to the person behind the bar, a little girl of eleven years, with haggard face and ragged frock, and barefooted, entered, and placing her jug upon the bar with the usual oath called for beer. The visitor looked at her and inquired :

"Do you live with your father and mother?"

"No, I dulent; cos I 'm a slaver" (servant, in a resort for juvenile thieves and the like).

"Can you read and write?"

"Dulent no nuffin' on it."

"Has no one told you that it is wicked to say bad words, and that *Jesus* came from heaven to make us good?"

To this question the child gave a vacant stare, and having been served left the bar.

"Let me have that child's address," said the visitor, "and I will try and rescue her."

"Certainly," replied the landlady; "but do come upstairs, as the master wants to see you so bad."

The missionary then passed up the narrow staircase, and entered the sick chamber of the landlord, who in feeble voice expressed his thanks for the visit. The thin door was not sufficient to keep out the horrid din which ascended from below, but both landlord and visitor seemed equally familiar and undisturbed by it. "I did not like your coming to preach in my house," continued the landlord, "as it was dangerous for you and made me uncomfortable; but since I have been ill I have thought of your preaching and of all my sins. I am dreadful wicked, as I have for sixteen years lived on and increased the depravity of my wretched customers. Can there be mercy for me?"

In reply, the rough looking visitor grasped his pocket Bible, and opened it firmly with a happy expression of face. He no doubt found some passages of great power in it, for after an hour spent in reading and conversation the two men knelt together in prayer. Upon leaving, the visitor entered the tap with a firm tread, and silenced the voices of the ungodly by the earnestness with which

he reasoned with them about righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come.

Even a casual observer must have noticed the peculiar influence produced by the presence of the visitor. His determined expression of countenance and huge heavy fist showed that he was well able to take care of himself: but his power lay not in his physical strength, but in the utterance they all knew to be true. "I was as bad as any of you, but the Lord Jesus had mercy upon me, and has made me better, and so happy." We were not surprised at this, as we listened one evening to the



narrative of his religious life, which we give as from his own lips.

"I was," he said, "a coalwhipper, and ganger over several of my mates, and, as people say, earned good money, and spent it freely at a public called the 'Stag,' in Ratcliff Highway. Well, it is a rule of the trade that if you are not on the coal barge by five minutes after time, that any other man take your sack, and you are off for the day. I had been out on the

drink and was late next morning, and had no sack, so I went and drank away the few halfpence I had. As evening came on I didn't care to go home to my wife, and as there was a heavy score at the 'Stag' I couldn't go in there. So the thought came into my mind that I should go to a room down a court where Old Berry, as we called him, a missionary who used to give us tracts, held a meeting; so down and in I went. He gave out a hymn, and read from the Bible, and one thing he said bothered me; it was this: 'It's no use going to *God*, as He cannot save, but through *Jesus Christ*.' When I got home I said to my wife, 'What could Old Berry mean? Why can't we go to God at once without Jesus Christ? What can be the good of Him?' Next morning I got my sack, and asked my mates about it; but they laughed, and could not make it out. So next Sunday I looked over a little Bible my wife had, and my eye caught the passage in the third of Romans, 'Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.' I saw through it at once, and called out to my wife: 'Old Berry is right: it's written down in the Bible; it means that Jesus died for us, and if we believe on Him, that God for His sake will forgive us.' Then I went off to the meeting and told Berry all about how I felt, and he talked to and prayed with me. But oh, I felt wretched! as if I was too great a sinner to be saved; and my mates noticed it, and said that I was going mad, and they wanted me to drink, but I gave that up, and took the money home. At times I was tempted and miserable, and used to pray, 'Lord, don't let me drink! Lord, don't let me fight!' Well, one night I read that third of Romans again, and I saw so plainly that Jesus *died*

for me that I knelt and prayed for mercy. After this I felt so happy that I could not help telling my mates, but they laughed at me more than ever. My friend, Mr. Berry, however, came to our room and taught us out of the Bible, and then he introduced us to the minister, and we were admitted to the sacrament, as my wife had also been led to seek and find mercy. After this I went to the ragged school, and managed a class of roughs ; and I used to talk about the Saviour to my mates, and to bad people in the streets. When I saw and heard the wickedness of the people I felt that I must tell them of the ruin coming upon them because of sin, and of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Had they been as heedless as the lamp posts, I must have gone on speaking to them.

“In this way three years passed, and I often prayed that God would make me a missionary ; and when I heard that the mission wanted a man to go down among the worst people in East London, I offered myself ; and they were so kind as to appoint me, to visit the public houses, longrooms and dens. For twelve years I have gone in and out of them, and thanks be to God for the souls He has given me.”

In reply to the request for a statement concerning his labours, he gave an account of viciousness and ignorance too appalling for us to narrate. We must however condense his account of blessing upon the work.

“There is,” he observed, “a great difference between entering a public house to get drunk, or to teach about Jesus. To do the latter in many of the houses round the Tower is frightful work ; but there is no help for it, as many of the sinners there met with are unapproach-

able in their private haunts. Sometimes, when I speak with power, I can see that it is a balance whether the wicked people will curse or cry. If the former, my voice is drowned by their oaths; if the latter, I have blessed visits.

“One day I was in the ‘Paddy’s Goose’ (this is the ‘Swan,’ but a labourer once declared that the swan on the sign was a goose, and ever since it has been called by its present name); well, one of the women who listened to me burst out crying and said, ‘There can’t be no mercy for me, as I have been a drunkard and all that’s bad, for eleven years: no mercy for me!’ And she wrung her hands in despair. I took down her address, and called to see her, and told her all about Calvary. After a time she saw the truth and believed, and is now a good woman. I went to see after the little ‘slaver’ I met in the beershop where the landlord sent for me, and found that her parents, who were vile and drunken, had let her out. I placed the poor girl into a Home, and she is now a Christian girl. This gave me power with her parents, whom I often met; they came to my meetings, and are reformed.

“One day last September I was enabled to save a boy from a life of crime, and this is how it occurred. I was visiting in the Highway, near Wapping, and upon entering a low beershop noticed a respectably dressed youth about fifteen years of age. With kind words I drew him into conversation, and thought I saw a tear start into his eye. I therefore took him on one side and told him that I wanted to be his friend, as I saw he was from the country and was afraid that he had run away from his friends. He fairly broke down and with sobs confessed that such was the case. He then

told me his name, and the address of his mother, a widow, who kept the chief hotel in a midland town, and added: 'I robbed her of a lot of money last Tuesday, and came to London with the idea of getting a ship and going to sea.'

"After setting before him the wickedness and folly of his conduct, I persuaded him to write a letter to his mother. I also wrote one myself and inclosed it in the same envelope, stating how and where I had met her son. I also telegraphed to say that the boy was safe. She returned a message urging me to take care of Frank, as she would leave for London by the first train next morning. I then placed the lad under the care of a good woman who kept a coffee-house, telling her if she lost the boy she would lose her expenses! Next morning I fetched the boy out of pawn and took him to Euston Square station to meet his mother. The train arrived about ten o'clock, and I said, 'Now, Frank, look out for your mother.' Thirteen, fourteen, carriages passed, but no mother. I began to think, she is not here. Carriage fifteen; yes, here she is; and before I could well look round mother and son were locked in each other's arms. She was very grateful indeed for the rescue and restoring of her boy, and we remained for several hours in pleasant and Christian conversation. After seeing them in the train for the return journey I left the station with prayer that mother and son may be found of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

"As regards the publicans and denkeepers, none of them like to turn me out, and many call me their friend. For instance: I was visiting in a house the other day where the landlord was just recovering from a third

attack of delirium tremens. When he heard that I was there he cried out for me to be brought up to his room immediately. He was smoking a cigar, and rose to receive me, though too weak to walk.

“‘I am a wicked man,’ he exclaimed excitedly, ‘a great sinner. I am afraid to die; and yet I know I must.’

“‘Be calm,’ I replied.



“‘Calm!’ he exclaimed; ‘I can’t, I am all alive, my flesh crawls. You are the only man I can unburden my mind to.’

“I sat down and spoke quietly to him until his troubled soul was calmed, and then I told him of the Lord Jesus and His power to save.

“‘I know it,’ he answered, ‘but I have given way to sin, and am tied hand and foot by the devil.’

“‘Christ,’ I replied, ‘came to destroy the works of the devil.’ And then we had earnest converse about the love and power of the great Deliverer.

“One evening, just before last Christmas, a landlord in a low house, used by coalwhippers, said to me : ‘We cannot be good in this neighbourhood, none of us ; but there is one thing I should like to do this Christmas. I always give the children of my customers halfpence for Christmas boxes ; now I would rather buy some little books, like those you give to my children, and give them instead of money.’

“He was told where he could purchase them, and he carried out his desire and so circulated gospel truth among his customers. When in Paternoster Row he saw a guinea illustrated Bible, and purchased it. This he one Saturday night showed his customers over the bar, and several men said that they ‘wished it was theirs.’

“‘Then you can have one,’ replied the landlord ; ‘and this is how you can manage it. Form a club, and let each member pay a shilling a week to me for twenty-one Saturday nights.’

“This was agreed to, and several men put down their names and paid the first deposit. During the week the number was increased to thirty-six, all of whom, in their turns, went home with the treasury of heavenly wisdom.”

Strange, passing strange, that a Bible club should be held at a public house in Ratcliff Highway ! And yet it is not strange that the book of life, and its sweet message of redeeming love, should have a charm

for this outcast people. They, poor creatures, in their thousands pass through each stage of existence in a fuller development of rebellion against the eternal law of righteousness. Born into privation and sin, and surrounded with the affinities of iniquity, they sink to the lowest depth of degradation. The wise of this world see but one remedy, and it is, "Let them die out, and take care of the children." The ransomed people however, who know, by their own rescue from the peril of the eternal death and its terrible price, the preciousness of a soul that is immortal, they long, they indeed hold their Lord's commission, to utter the sweet word *salvation*, in all its fulness, to these ruined ones. There are among them very many who with adoring humility, and from the depths of their renewed nature, can say :

"My heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare."

Let such go down among this people, braving the offensiveness and the peril, and, if needs be, not counting their lives dear unto them : then shall those who sit in darkness see a great light ; then the wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad, and *this* desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.



Sunday Fairs, Scenes, and Labours.

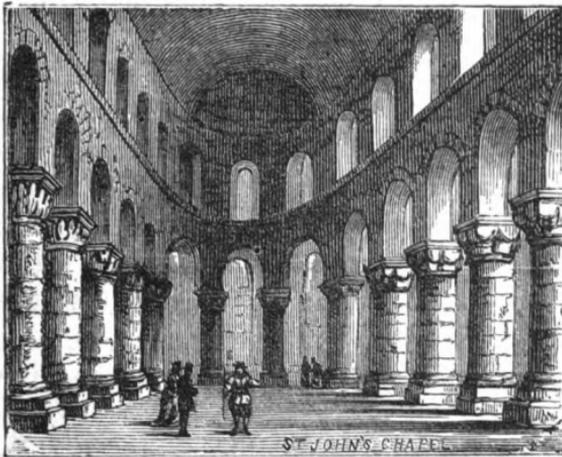
Chime on, ye bells, again begin
And ring the Sabbath morning in ;
The labourer's week-day work is done,
 The rest begun,
Which Christ has for His people won.

CHAPTER VI.

INTRODUCETH THE READER TO RAG AND BIRD
FAIRS, TO A FLATCATCHER AND A "SAVAGE."
—THE CHURCH IN THE TOWER.—"I GIVE,
I GIVE."—AN HERO,—THE RIGHT AND THE
LAW.

SUNDAY FAIRS, SCENES, AND LABOURS.

“What evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath day?”—
NEHEMIAH xiii. 17.



EIGHT centuries have passed since Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, was entrusted by the Conqueror with the erection of the White Tower. Its solid walls of masonry, fifteen feet in thickness, have defied even the wear of time; while its upper apartment, St. John's Chapel, “one of the finest and most perfect specimens of Norman architecture,” has kept the hoary pile in close association with the religious life of

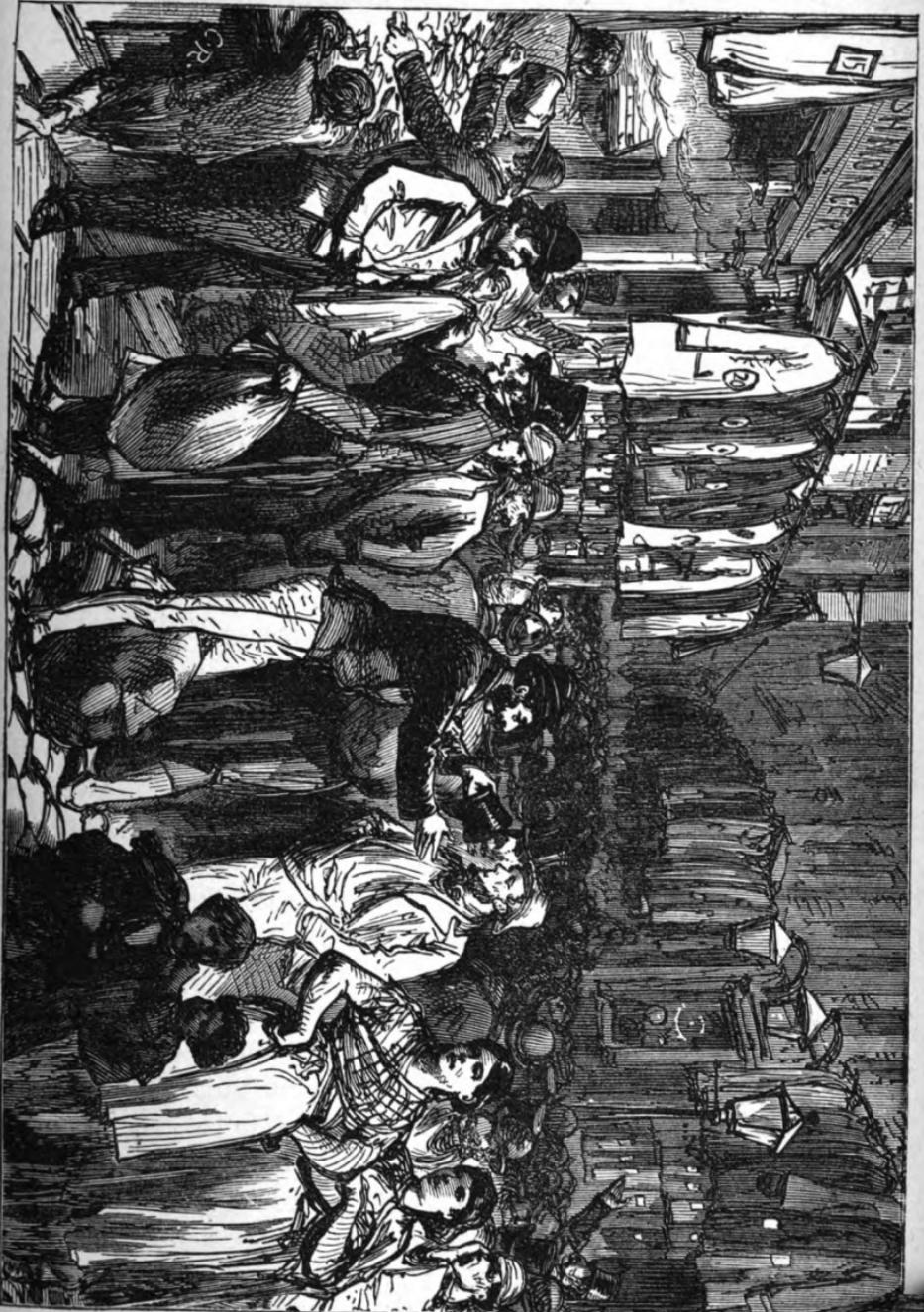
Britain. In each of the twelve surrounding towers which complete the mighty fortress small chapels can be found, in which the imprisoned, tortured, or condemned sought refuge in devotional exercise. The gloomy old cell in the Jewel Tower, where the regalia of England is now deposited, was enlarged by the removal of a wall which divides it from a place sacred to prayer. It is indeed true that to acquaint oneself with the Tower and its prisoners is to become versed in the ecclesiastical story of the nation. That more modern St. Peter's chapel, for instance, erected by Edward I. upon the site of a much handsomer church built by Henry I. (1100), has varied and terrible associations. Within its vaults lie the dust of Ann Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey, with that of a Northumberland and other nobles. It is also the resting place of Thomas Cromwell, the brilliant Devereux, Earl of Essex, and others of great name, lofty talents, or exalted virtue. When the chapel of the White Tower (in which Presbyterian service is now held for Scotch regiments in garrison) was disused, the church bells from this did not cease to invite worshippers, so that, through the ages, Almighty God and the day He made holy have been acknowledged in the royal fortress of England.

Last Sunday morning we listened to these bells, and to the pleasant and solemn call which from many an old and modern steeple round the Tower invited the people to "come up to the house of the Lord." And yet a vast multitude heeded them not; and this because a people, equal in number to the inhabitants of other capital cities, were losing the knowledge of the God of their fathers, being uninstructed in His law and uninfluenced by His gospel.

As it is our intention to mingle with this people, we enter the narrow street in which the Sunday fair we have often heard of is being held. By the movement of the multitude we are pressed forward through lines of costermongers' barrows, rows of open shops, and many itinerant vendors. Women are filling their aprons with provisions, while groups of working men are standing round barrows, or before shops where saws, trowels, and other tools, old and new, are for sale. Clothes and female attire are in great abundance, and marvellously cheap; for above the din of the multitude and the shouting of innumerable traders we hear that a superfine black coat is to be had for five shillings, an Indian shawl for one and sixpence; while a woman at a well stocked barrow screams her request to buy, buy, buy, a prettily trimmed baby's bonnet for eightpence, or stockings of all sizes at a penny or twopence a pair. Of provisions there are abundance; the offensiveness of the atmosphere is tempered by the unsavoury fragrance of fish fried in oil; while drinksellers, as the morning is very hot, are doing prosperously. One man, in a shop without a front, is making proclamation concerning the concoction he is vending, which he assures us "looks like beer, and drinks like summut first-rate." The presence of the people and the pyramid of halfpence indicate that it is a favourite beverage.

As we turn from him we notice that a circle is being formed round a young man, flashily dressed, who is mysteriously piling shillings upon a lucifer box in the middle of the road. He suddenly gathers them up, and, rising, makes the following speech in an undertone of voice: "I hopes there ain't no plecemen in privates, and no religious chap round

here, as the pleceman would trot me in if he knowed what I was a doin', and the religious cove would preach at me so as I shouldn't like, as I am a goin' to sell summut as I ortent, and you ortent to buy. Howsumever, here they are (taking a handfull of closely wrapped papers from his pocket); they are one penny, as is dear for bits of paper; but it's summut inside as you musent look through, as if you was seed doing in the street you would git took up for. Now have 'em quick, as I must cut from that pleceman." A number of hands with pennies were pressed through the mob, and several shillingworth were sold in a few minutes. The sale is, however, suddenly brought to a close by several men pressing forward declaring that their papers only contained pins. The vendor, who is at once surrounded by several associates, laughs derisively, and says, "I said as how you oughtent to buy 'em, as I'm a flat-catcher," and in a moment he is lost in the multitude. Those who did not purchase laugh heartily, and those who did look sheepish. We approach one, and offer him a *British Workman* for his pin, which he gladly accepts, and many of the crowd, among whom were a number of Jews, heard the words addressed to him about the coming judgment, and concerning the Messiah who had visited and paid ransom for His people Israel. Only a few paces farther on a showman was standing at a doorway, which was covered with dirty sackcloth, pointing with a stick to the picture of a savage, and shouting: "Walk in and see a Habesenan savage, as is black, and covered with waluable beads, as shows you how them ere savages kills and eats one another, and fights, and that ere sort o' thing. One penny to see a real savage: walk, walk in." In response to this invitation,



SUNDAY FAIR

1873

a number of arab boys and wretched looking men pass under the sackcloth ; but as the church bells are ringing, we press through the ungodly crowd with a sad heart, and pursue our way to the church in the Tower.

We must however make our readers more fully acquainted with the neighbourhood we have left, which can best be done by giving the statement of the missionary of the district. He writes : " The rags and tatters of London finery, the worn out remains of rich and courtly dresses and of substantial clothing, in every conceivable variety, are here exposed for sale. Here young thieves dispose of their pickpocket produce, the child sells its mother's soap for a halfpenny, or the practical housebreaker passes off his ill-gotten booty from a penny to a thousand pounds. Here men have had their hats taken from their heads, their coats from their backs, and women have been robbed of the bonnets and shawls they were wearing. One Sunday morning I saw a lad flourishing a silk pocket handkerchief, and crying out, ' Who 'll buy a wipe for a bob ? ' A man of respectable appearance looked at the handkerchief, examined the corners to see if the initials had been picked out, slipped it into his pocket, and handed the lad a shilling for it, well satisfied with the bargain. The young thief who had just sold him the handkerchief stepped cautiously behind him, slipped it dexterously out of his pocket, and immediately recommenced the cry, ' Who 'll buy a wipe for a bob ? ' Such roguery has been frequently witnessed by me.

" The mournful scene of from 25,000 to 30,000 human beings coming from all the low parts of the metropolis, to buy or sell upon my district on the Sabbath day, made me very unhappy ; and after much

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prayerful thought I commenced giving religious tracts around the outskirts of the fair. I then grew a little bolder, and went in among the people, crying out, 'Who 'll have? I give away! I give away! I give away!'

"Many soon said, 'What do you want here with your religion? take it to the churches and chapels!' I did not reply, but went on circulating, and crying, 'Who 'll have? I give away, without money and without price!'

"I continued this practice for months, until I became well known to the people, and gained an influence for good over many; and now that years have passed, I may say that I have many souls from Rag Fair, on earth and in heaven, for whom I bless God."

There are many Sunday markets in London, each differing in its merchandise according to the neighbourhood; but we will keep within near boundaries, by giving a description of the adjoining bird market in Shoreditch.

There is not a bird that sings which is not represented in this wonderful market. Chaffinches, goldfinches, bullfinches, blackbirds, thrushes, starlings—these hang in their shabby prisons outside the shops of the bird fanciers, in broad rows, and are stacked in solid stacks in each shop's interior. Larks are there, thousands of larks, many of them familiar with bondage, who in the midst of clamour and clatter raise their wonderful voices as though mercifully bent on drowning the blasphemous utterances of human tongues, or at least on mingling with it their sweet songs to blunt the sting of the offence as it ascends heavenward.

Winged creatures are the staple of the market. It is not too much to say that, excepting the dodo, the golden eagle, the bustard, and a few others of the rarer sort, there is not a bird which may not be bought in the Ditch of a Sunday morning. Long before the church bells begin to ring out, from every direction the market folks begin to arrive : and by the time the bells have ceased their pious invitation, Hare Street and all the adjoining streets are crammed full. It is a marvellous spectacle. Fowls of the farmyard are carried about in a manner that, supposing them to be fresh from the country, must astonish them indeed. Here a man elbows his way through the crowd, with his hands apparently buried in his pockets, bawling out in the voice of one who has just discovered a raging fire and is anxious to be the first to raise the alarm : "Who'll buy a duck? who'll buy a pair on 'em?" You take him for an agent to a duck dealer, who is ready to show you where the birds are, should you express a desire to purchase ; but some one touches him on the shoulder, and inquires "'Ow much?" and lo, in an instant, he whips a brace of Aylesburys from his coat-tail pockets, where he has been holding them by the necks. Other individuals jostle and squeeze past each other, with bantams hugged to their bosoms, and with live Dorkings and Spaniards dangling head downwards and carried by the legs, in which apoplectic position they emit horrible sounds and grow red in the gills ; while geese, in baskets poised on the heads of boys, cackle with fright as they come into collision with pigeons in boxes on the heads of other boys.

Street merchants and costermongers line the ways, and are earnestly pushing trade with the thousands of

women who appear to do all their little shopping out of doors on Sunday mornings; and while this desecration and profanity cry aloud to heaven for judgment, it seems as though the godless multitude were utterly uncared for by the Christians of the city. This however is not the case, for a crowd in the outskirts of the market are gathered round a street preacher. We approach; but there is no need to press in among the listeners, as the loud untrained voice of the speaker can be heard in the distance. He is evidently a man well qualified to arrest the attention of the people among whom he stands forth so boldly. He is tall and strong, with horny hands, and dressed in a poor man's Sunday best, his hair being as closely cropped as any in the crowd. To ears simply polite his language and pronunciation would be painful; but hundreds of this godless crowd are arrested, and stop to listen, as he shouts out the grand old truth uttered to Nicodemus by the Lord Himself: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He then, with solemn earnestness, gives an experimental discourse, proving from his own case "that believing on the Lord Jesus Christ can make a bad man good, and a miserable drunkard happy." It is evident that he is making a deep impression upon the dirty, sallow looking man before us, who is thoughtfully smoking his short black pipe; and we therefore enter into conversation with him, by making inquiries concerning the preacher. "He was a bad lot," was the reply, "and 'tween costering and thieving got lots of drink: but a religious chap got hold on 'im, and turned 'im round, as you sees."

“And the Lord Jesus would do it for you, as He did as much on the cross to save you as He did for the Queen or anybody else. Why don't you pray to Him?”

“Cos I can't, as I am sitewated,” replied the man, thrusting his pipe, which was still alight, into his side pocket. “Cos you see, down where I lives there's nothing 'cept drinking and cursing, and we has one room. Now a chap as lives next door to me tried to turn religious like, and said as how he wouldn't buy on Sundays, and got his bit of meat and wegitable at night, and his old woman buys a tater-net and hanged them out of the window as it was hot. Well, the varmints as lived over them seed it, and they got a string and put a hook and hooked it up from their window, and in the morning the chap as wanted to be religious couldn't find it, and his old woman and the children cried as they had no grub, and he went out and got drunk; and what I says is as how that not a respectable chap like you could be religious down where I lives, and keep the young uns all right.”

The difficulty suggested was so real, and made the position of the man and thousands of his class so clear, that we had carefully to frame an answer which might lead him to struggle against the opposing evils. The conversation, however, was brought to a close by the preacher abruptly ending his discourse, that he might take up another position; to which he was followed by our friend, who relit his pipe, and a company of others, who seemed fascinated by the truth so roughly expressed.

Systematic domiciliary visitation to both traders and customers is the most effective means by which this

crying evil can be met and remedied. Nothing but clear teaching and earnest reasoning can lead a community of people to alter their habits of life, and that at considerable inconvenience to themselves. That this can be accomplished is proved by the hundreds of shopkeepers who are yearly induced to close on Sundays, and can be illustrated by the following from among many like incidents.

A missionary, after labouring for several years upon a district on which one hundred and sixty shops were opened upon the Lord's day, discovered a desire on the part of many tradesmen for the day of rest; there was also an improved state of feeling upon the matter among the great body of the people. He therefore made special calls upon leading traders, urging them to sign a paper to the effect that they would close on the Lord's day if others in their line would do so. This had the effect of closing many grocers, tailors and shoemakers. A like effort was then made with the butchers, as the missionary and curate spent several days in persuasive conversation with them, and as the result thirty-nine agreed to keep closed, and to commence upon a certain Sunday morning. When the day arrived the aspect of the neighbourhood was changed, as the noise and bustle of Sunday trading had given place to rest and quiet. When the Sabbath bells commenced to chime a pleasant sight presented itself, as twenty-nine butchers joined the missionary who was waiting for them, and they all entered church together. Others in the trade went to various places of worship, as upwards of one hundred men, who had always toiled on the Sabbath, were set free and enabled to worship God in His

temples. The good extended to thousands of Sunday buyers, who being delivered from this temptation were more easily brought under elevating and restoring influences.

In this conflict with Sabbath desecration remarkable instances of individual usefulness have occurred, and none perhaps more so than the following.

One Sunday morning a young man was crossing Hyde Park with a tray of fish on his shoulder, which he had to deliver at a nobleman's house. He stopped for a few moments to listen to a street preacher, and then passed on with an anxious and thoughtful countenance. He had been a Sabbath school lad, but had not since leaving his class entered a place of worship. His master was one of the chief fishmongers of London, and supplied the nobility and gentry in the palaces and squares of the West End. It was the rule then with few exceptions to deliver the fish and poultry on Sunday mornings, which kept the men employed until mid-day. Then the shop, fish cellar, and ice pit had to be attended to by some of them, while others were supplying and preparing fish in the club houses. These men were always weary, and the few who "got off" early rested themselves in preparation for the four o'clock market on Monday morning. Like his companions our hero had become hardened and heathenish as regarded the observances of the Christian religion; but something uttered by the street preacher had sunk deep into his heart, had brought truths he heard at Sunday school to his remembrance, and in the course of a few hours wrought in him a decision at all risks to obey God rather than man.

Next morning, in his rounds, he delivered fish at the house of a member of parliament into whose kitchen he had daily entered for three years.

"I shan't come here after this week," he observed thoughtfully to the cook, "as I have given notice to the governor."

"That I am sorry for," she replied, "as you are always early with the fish and civil. Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing ; only I mean to be a Christian, and won't work on Sunday, and I don't know what I shall get into, or what will become of me."

In the servants' hall that day the decision of the civil fishmonger was talked over and various opinions expressed. By some means the matter was carried upstairs, and brought to the knowledge of the M.P. It however occurred that next morning the hon. gentleman gave orders that the fish man should be asked into the hall ; and we now have the oppressed and the deliverer face to face. In reply to questions, the young man stated that hundreds of his class were crushed by continuous toil, their hour being from three and four o'clock in the morning until seven, eight, or nine at night, sometimes with half and oftener with no sabbath.

This conversation resulted in the M.P. writing to and placing the matter in the hands of a missionary of his acquaintance, who advised and undertook to call a meeting of the trade. A few mornings after he witnessed daybreak and sunrise from Tower Hill, as he was anxious to circulate handbills convening the meeting before the pressure of business in Billingsgate market commenced. It was soon found that the men were so

eager for conversation upon the subject as to stop up the highway; the distributor therefore freed himself from the crowd, and passing the long lines of fishmongers' carts which filled every street for miles, threw several of the handbills into each.

The meeting was called for nine the following evening, and when Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. S. Gurney, and the writer arrived, a crowd of two hundred men had assembled, and a stream continued to pour in from all parts of London. The men cheered their three friends heartily, and then there was a conference of deep interest, in which many took part. The result was the appointment of a committee of twelve members of the trade, three masters and nine men, with the member of parliament as president, her majesty's fishmonger as treasurer, and the missionary as chairman. This was in the summer of 1861.

This was certainly an energetic committee, as they set about their business, "the abolition of Sunday labour in the fish, ice, and poultry trades," with right goodwill. Meetings of "the interest" were convened in different parts of London, the president and chairman themselves called upon leading master fishmongers; and a circular was issued asking the nobility and gentry not to receive fish on the Lord's day, with space for signature when the answer was in the affirmative. Nearly a thousand of these were returned, and in looking them over one day we discovered the autographs of bishops and many peers of parliament, a cloud of members of the lower house, while baronets, members of learned societies, and gentry whose "names are rank," were in abundance. Memorials were prepared and sent to the directors of the various club

houses, nearly all of whom ordered refrigerators, that their fish and poultry might be received on the Saturday.

As the result of this success the journeymen sent many letters of gratitude to the committee, as numbers obtained the full sabbath and others had only to work for a few hours in the early morning. Masters were also made glad, as not a few of them were enabled to keep closed all day, and a great number closed before church hour in the morning. Good and cheering news was also reported from Buckingham palace, as her gracious majesty, upon hearing of the movement, sent to the clerk of the kitchen to inquire if fish, etc., was received on Sundays. Upon being informed that such was the case, her majesty gave orders that no tradespeople should be admitted within her palace gates upon the Lord's day.

The royal example gave impetus to the movement, which has for years conferred Sabbath blessings upon the trades concerned. The young man whose decision for the right led to the movement did not lose his reward, as an ice merchant who heard of his worth offered him the position of foreman. After this he became a member of a Baptist church, and has prospered in all his ways.

Sunday pleasure, however, as well as Sunday trading, injures and prevents the uprising of multitudes in East London. During the fine mornings of the year parties of the shopkeepers and more respectable families may be seen in great numbers hastening to excursion trains and pleasure boats. As the day advances, traders who have finished their sales, and working people, take the same directions; while roughs and others make for tea

gardens within easy walking or riding distance, or crowd to the beerhouses and gin palaces to spend the after part of the day in their unhallowed precincts. Thus, between trade and pleasure, Divine worship and home duties are neglected, and their blessings lost by those who need them most.

This pleasure difficulty is much harder to combat than that of trade. The Sunday and penny-dreadful press (the chief reading of masses of these people), infidels who are thickly scattered among them, refreshment house keepers, and not a few good natured persons of wrong opinion,—these pervert in favour of a pleasure and nature elevating, as opposed to a religious and home comfort, Sunday.

It was my duty for many years to grapple with this pleasure difficulty, and I have conversed with many, many thousands of people in tea and public gardens, bars, and taps, upon the subject. One publican of my acquaintance keeps a large licensed house in a populous part of London, and a first-class tea garden about four miles in the suburb. He is professedly an atheist, clever in his opposition to revealed truth, and strongly opposed to the Sabbath as "the sustaining pillar of the Christian system." On Sunday evenings in the winter he frequently takes his seat in his club room and reads to his customers, who are chiefly tradesmen, clerks, and skilled mechanics, from some infidel book or publication; and I used frequently to call in to reason with the men out of the Scriptures.

As I entered the room one Sunday evening in December, he was reading, but left off to challenge me to a short debate, stating that "the Sunday as observed in England is unchristian and injurious to the people."

"If you will prove that," I replied, "I will answer you"; and we give an extract of the debate, that our readers may be acquainted with the influences at work both for good and evil in "the dark side of London."

"The Sabbath," he observed, "allowing for argument's sake that the Bible is true, was made for the Jews, and Christ said that He came 'to fulfil the law,' by which means it was abolished. It is certain that He was a Sabbath-breaker upon His own or Jewish Sunday, in the corn fields; and there is no proof that He ordained the next, or first day, as His Sabbath. And then the Epistles are dead against 'esteeming one day above another' and the being in bondage to observe 'days, and months, and times, and years.'" He then referred to Revelation i. 10: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day;" and after profane jesting added: "This Book ought not to be considered part of the Bible, as Eusebius the historian, and Dionysius, a bishop of the early Christian church, denied its authenticity." He then proceeded to prove from experience in his well conducted tea garden that a Sunday spent in field and bower humanized and raised the moral tone of the people.

In reply I thought it well to fix attention upon our Lord's words, "the Sabbath was made for man," and observed: "the word man is a generic term, and means mankind of all times and all races: patriarchal man, as it was given in paradise and observed through the early ages; for Jewish man, as he from Sinai heard the command to remember and to keep it holy; for Christian man, as He who claimed to be 'Lord also of the Sabbath day' stated that 'He came not to destroy the law.' He confirmed the Sabbath rest from toil and for

worship. More than this, He put honour upon the holy Sabbath by the change from the creation to the redemption day.

‘Twas great to form a world like this,
But greater to redeem.’

Upon that first day of the week He rose from the dead, and upon that day He sent the Holy Spirit to bless and establish the infant church.” The evidence upon which the Book of Revelation was received into the canon of Scripture was then referred to, and proof positive produced that “all Scripture is given by inspiration of God.” I then returned to the Sabbath question, and added :

“My experience of the effect of Sunday pleasure differs from that of the landlord ; and as the high tone of feeling which unites all searchers after truth has drawn you together, I will state plainly my observations about his garden. Well, the last Sunday I visited there, all was decorous until the evening advanced, and then there were several quarrels between liquor excited men, and there was cursing and fighting round the omnibuses.

“As I walked home I noticed that the wayside public houses were crowded with weary pedestrians ; men, women, and children. Family groups were toiling along the road, children crying, and men swearing. I spoke with several of the groups, and heard strong expressions against the desecration of which they were guilty. One man observed, ‘A Sunday’s outing like this is hard work, and I shall lose half a day to-morrow ;’ while one woman said plainly, ‘No good comes of excursion going on Sundays : it knocks you

up and wastes the money. I'd rather have it quiet and Christian-like, with the family; but my Bill will come out sometimes.'

"And then the curse of involuntary labour is by this practice of Sunday pleasure made to rest heavily upon tens of thousands of working men; those of our mission who visit omnibus yards, cab ranks, and railway servants find them crushed, and with their families wretched because of the oppression. Horse cleaners and bus and cab washers never have a Sunday, and work from early dawn till late at night, while drivers and some railway servants rarely get an 'off Sunday.' To these must be added steamer and boat men, with the thousands of publicans and refreshment house people who crave for their natural and scriptural right, the 'day of rest.'

"After this testimony I have only to say that *Almighty God*, 'who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust' (as it says in the 103rd Psalm), gave His creature of earthly frame, but of undying soul, a weekly rest from toil, and time to prepare for his eternal destiny. A large portion of time is made up of Sundays. One day in every seven days is one week in every seven weeks, one month in every seven months, one year in every seven years, seven years in every forty-nine years; so that every son of toil of full age has had seven years in which to enjoy the higher pleasures of this life, and in which to make himself meet for companionship with the saints in glory. Behold in this the goodness and the mercy of *Almighty God!*"

The company were evidently impressed; and to avoid jangling with the atheist, I scattered gospel tracts and left the room. More might, however, have been said

even upon the social aspect of the question. Intelligent men are often unaware that by Sabbath desecration, though it be only pleasure which involves the labour of others, they break the law of England as well as the law of God; because from time immemorial the two have been happily linked together, and the Sabbath ordinance in our land is as old,—ah, older,—than London's Tower. In proof of this we give the following from the pen of a talented legal friend.

From generation to generation the common law and statute law of England have recognised the Sabbath day as a Divine ordinance, and a necessary blessing granted to man, and have forbidden the desecration of the day. This is traceable from the time of Alfred the Great to the present time.

Alfred the Great gathered together from the laws of his predecessors what seemed good to him, and "he showed them to his Witan, who said that it seemed good to them all to be holden." And Alfred's statutes, or "dooms," commence with the Ten Commandments. This enactment of Alfred is still part of the statute law of the realm.

The expressed object of the Coronation Oath is to maintain "the statutes, laws and customs of the realm," and the Sovereign expressly swears to "maintain the laws of God."

Other statutes besides those of Alfred have been passed, and still exist, to maintain the sanctity of the Sabbath day in England; notably the well known statute of Charles II., which enacts that "all the laws enacted and in force concerning the observation of the Lord's day be carefully put in execution, and that all and every person and persons whatsoever shall on every Lord's day apply themselves to the observation of the same, by exercising themselves therein in the duties of piety and true religion, publicly and privately."

The authority of the law of God, as the foundation of the civil law of England, has been expressly maintained from generation to generation, in judgments at common law, of which the following are instances.

In the reign of Henry VI. it was adjudged that "ancient Scripture is the common law upon which all manner of laws are founded." (Year Book, Henry VI., p. 40.)

In the reign of Henry VIII.: "the law of God and the law of the land are all one." (Year Book, 12 Henry VIII., fo. 2.)

In 1824: "the law of England is founded upon the law of nature and the revealed law of God." (King's Bench.)

We have only to add that while the weapon with which the Christian soldier must fight the Lord's battles is the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, that he may also use other implements in this war, such as natural and historic facts. In struggling with the hydra-headed monster of ignorance and Sabbath desecration, he may reason that the perfect law of Jehovah forms part of the law of Britain. Remember, ye rulers and senators of old descent and historic names, that the blessed institution was revered and made the basis of legislation by your fathers of long passed generations; and in your days be faithful to their trust. Remember, ye leaders of "modern thought," that the standard of right is the law of the Lord and not public opinion; and use your power to secure to intellect, as well as labour, the blessing of the hallowed day. And let the men of honourable toil cling to their birthright of Sabbath rest. Let the people, that now mighty element in the ruling power, *will* that the good old day shall be kept and guarded for religious duty and domestic joy; and let the nation, yes, all the people, say Amen.

Romanists, Aliens, and Jews.

**Strong in the Lord of Hosts
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.**

CHAPTER VII.

TAKES NOTICE OF A TOWER INSCRIPTION,
AND RECORDETH AN EXPRESSION OF ERIN'S
GOODWILL FOR BRITAIN.—ROOKERIES, GRE-
CIANS, AND COCKNEYS.—WONDERFUL RELICS.
—FUNERAL RECEIPT.—LAST SONG OF THE
OPERA.—VINE-DRESSER OF MOUNT LEBANON.—
LITTLE GERMANY.—JEWISH CONVERTS.—FOR-
EIGN EXHIBITIONS.

ROMANISTS, ALIENS, AND JEWS.

“Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.”—EPHESIANS ii. 19.



T was not as a fortress, palace, treasury and armoury that the Tower achieved its fame, but as a state prison. Its council books and documents testify that the confraternity of sufferers within its dreary walls included men of every creed and of all political opinions. Here many nobles of England waited in solitude for the masked headsman's axe; and here Wallace in chains, fearless of death, sat and thought of Scotland; while a most touching inscription upon its wall of adamant was by an Irish prisoner, committed by order of the Lord Deputy of Ireland, to be examined by torture respecting treasonable correspondence with

rebels in arms. It is not known whether liberty or death ended his sufferings, but the following tells the present age of their intensity.

Thomas Miagh whiche lieth here alon,
That fayne would from hens be gon ;
By tortyre strayinge mi troyth was tryed,
Yet of my libertie denied. 1581. THOMAS MYAGH.

These stormy days of the Tower's dread history passed away, as Bible influence gained power and formed the mind of princes, rulers, and people. Strong and binding influences have since then been acting and are silently but surely welding our peoples into one nation and animating them with a desire for peace and concord. With Ireland this is marked indeed, as the Protestant throne was no sooner established, and constitutional liberty secured, than her children commenced an emigration to the shores of the once hated Saxon. This flow of emigrants commenced in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and has continued and increased until the present time, colonizing London and other great towns. Expressions of interest and Christian affection have also been frequent between the Protestant churches of the two kingdoms; but Erin never expressed her goodwill to Britain by a more gracious act than that of sending David Nasmith to England; and to that righteous providence which orders that the reaping shall accord with the sowing must be attributed the fact that "Ireland in London" has received a tenfold blessing from the operations of the society he formed.

Upon his arrival from Dublin, David found an Irish population greater in number than the inhabitants of the capital city he had left. A vast proportion of these

were herded in blind streets and alleys called "rookeries," and their condition was most deplorable. Strangers in a strange land, suffering the extremes of poverty, in a state of gross ignorance and impenetrable darkness of mind, victims of the debasing power of popery, being superstitious, bigoted, and under the influence of priest fear, their misery was increased by their unpopularity with the people among whom they sojourned, a bad state of feeling produced by their habits of life and the cheapness of their labour. Freed from restraints under which they had lived, and exposed to the worst influences of a great city, they were by multitudes sinking into a state of heathenism, only retaining the superstition and idolatry of their religion. "We have lately," observed a writer of that time, "had an opportunity of visiting the famous Irish rookery of St. Giles; rows of crumbled houses, flanked by courts and alleys; *culs de sac*, etc., in the very densest parts of which the wretchedness of London takes shelter. You seem for a time to leave the day, and life, and habits, of your fellow-creatures behind you: just to step out of the din and bustle of a crowded thoroughfare, to turn aside from streets whose shops teem with every luxury, where art has brought together its most beautiful varieties; and you have scarce gone a hundred yards when you are in the rookery. The change is marvellous; squalid children, haggard men with long uncombed hair, in rags, most of them smoking, many speaking Irish, women in tatters without shoes or stockings, and numbers of children with a single garment confined to the waist by a bit of string, wolfish looking dogs, decayed vegetables, and heaps of dirt at nearly every step, while above you offensive looking rags, supposed to be washed, were hanging across

the street to dry. In the centre of this hive is the famous thieves' public house, called 'Rat Castle,' a den of iniquity and common rendezvous of outcasts. Even by day it is scarcely safe to venture within the precincts of the rookery, as the hungry children surround you, women with short pipes in their mouths and bloated faces ask for pence, while haggard hungry looking men and thievish youths crowd to the windows and entrances to the alleys, regarding you with evil eye."

In the days of Queen Elizabeth it was customary to divide the Irish into three classes: "the Irish, the wild Irish, and the extreme wild Irish." The first of these divisions comprised the respectable and higher classes; the second the poor inhabiting the towns and valleys; and the third the inhabitants of remote country parts, and more especially of the bogs and mountains. The class of persons found in the rookeries of London are of the latter and most unfavourable specimens of their nation. It has indeed been observed that the best of its emigrants make their way to America, while the most wretched and destitute crowd into the nearer towns of England. The descendants of these settlers are called among themselves "Irish cockneys" or "trojans," and the new comers are called "grecians." These form very distinct classes, and bitter animosity subsists between them. The cockneys regard the grecians as coming to take the bread out of their mouths, their large number tending to reduce wages. There are constant quarrels between them, and they are so estranged that they will not live in the same places or drink together. And then, strange to say, the same bitter feeling exists among the grecians themselves, if they come from different provinces of Ireland. The great mass are from

Munster, Cork, and Kerry, but quite one fourth are from the province of Connaught. It seems as though the contentions which centuries ago existed between the petty kingdoms of Ireland are revived by bringing its people together in one city.*

This animosity displays itself in frequent and at times murderous quarrels among themselves ; but they are unhappily united in hatred of the Protestant faith. They indeed dwell in darkness, being utterly ignorant of holy Scripture and credulous as to fables and lying wonders. The early missionaries were unable to find a single Bible among thousands of these families, while foolish stories about miracles wrought by saints and relics, and the withering up and awful deaths of heretics cursed from the altar, were commonly believed. It indeed required great force of character and moral courage on the part of the men who first penetrated those rookeries, Bible in hand. They were frequently struck, and pelted with stones, and one of them never recovered from injuries received through being thrown downstairs. Nasmith however led the attack, and as the ambassador of Irish Christians and a good captain in the army of our Lord the effort was well and truly made. As a large proportion of these people spoke in the pure and pleasant Irish tongue he adopted the principle of sending Irish speaking missionaries to them, and the union of the churches enabled him to do this with wisdom and power.

In one of the rookeries the missionary had been badly treated, and whenever he entered the cry of *Sassenach sarragchows* (Protestant wretch) was raised, and effective visiting became impossible. Upon his

* "Million Peopled City."

leaving the district an Irish reader of the good Book was appointed. As he entered the rookery he noticed a woman with a sick infant in her arms, surrounded by a group of sympathising neighbours. Approaching them he took the tiny feeble hand in his, and with a look and utterance of tenderness said *Machree aisthig* (a term of endearment, meaning in that expressive language "my heart within"). Every countenance brightened up, and they listened while he in their own loved tongue told them the story of Jesus blessing little children and the gracious words He uttered concerning them. When he at parting implored a blessing upon the child the women crossed themselves and with reverence exclaimed, *Amin Aleirna* ("Let it be so, Saviour").

In this spirit and without controversy the place was freely visited; the missionary, to disarm opposition, usually repeated rather than read from the hated Bible, and in this way a firm footing was secured. At one time the visitor was absent for more than a month through illness, and upon his return both men and women surrounded him with such expressions as *Och! mavourneen, Eaed millé faielthe*, which may be translated; "Here, friend—thousands of welcomes." In his case the marked blessing of bringing the deluded ones out of popery was not granted; but as a pioneer, where others dare not go, his influence was powerful in breaking down opposition and creating an attentive regard to the Scriptures. He also gathered a number of the children into his ragged school. Upon this becoming known to the priests great effort was made to destroy his influence. A platform was erected in the centre of the rookery and covered with crimson cloth; before it

were crucifixes, with images and pictures of the Virgin, and from it the Roman Vicar Apostolic and several priests exhorted the people to reject Protestant visitors and to take and keep their children from Protestant schools. So firm however was the position of the missionary that the effect was merely his being ordered with abuse from a few doors and the thinning of his school ; 'but this result was only temporary.

On other districts the power of the Divine Word to the enlightening and saving of Romanists has been frequently proved, one of the earliest instances being the conversion of the wife of a soldier in garrison in the Tower. Her grasp of the truth and confession of Christ were very firm and clear, and her influence was felt by others. The most remarkable effect, however, of this mission occurred on the other side of the water in the parish of St. Paul's Bermondsey, where in little more than a year three hundred and forty adults renounced popery. At first this was done publicly in the church, but it exposed the converts to so much opposition that the renunciations were afterwards made in the house of the incumbent. With them it was not a mere change of creed but the communication of spiritual life ; their union with the Protestant church, holy living, and respectable appearance testifying to the change. And as time passed on quite twenty of them became Scripture readers to their countrymen in different parts of England and Ireland. The opposition raised against the movement in its early stage was so great that natural affection, and that among a people in whom it is so strong, gave way to the bigotry of creed. The nearest relatives cast forth from them, as objects of hatred, those whom before they most loved. A woman for instance observed to the

reader : "I have one young child, and if that child was to turn Protestant I would sacrifice him to God ;" at the same time taking up a large pair of scissors to show by action as well as words how ready she would be to plunge the scissors into its flesh.

In order to stop the movement the Roman Catholic authorities sent for a priest from Ireland, whose knowledge of their tongue it was considered would be a great advantage. On his arrival he sent persons round to find out the names of the converts, and on the following Sunday denounced them from the altar. This was a signal for persecution, as during the next week men were knocked down in the public streets, while others were beaten and their lives threatened.

The work of the Holy Spirit among the poor Romanists was not hindered by this opposition, as the incumbent wrote six months after :

July. The work of one missionary has led this month to twelve persons renouncing popery. I am sorry to say the persecution has become so hot that he is prevented from visiting some places where he was formerly welcome. The second missionary has been active and zealous among the Romanists. Two adults are about to renounce popery, and six children have been induced to attend school.

August. Since the last return, several have given in their names as converts from popery.

September. The good work is progressing. Three persons have declared themselves Protestants.

October. A capital month. One missionary has brought in fourteen converts. He is obliged to be much with me, helping in the reception of inquirers.

November and December. Eight persons have renounced popery, and a great many are influenced by the truth.

The annals of this mission contain many instances of saving blessing resting upon effort with this apparently

hopeless class of persons, but we feel that this record would not be complete without reference to hindrance received from Irish Romanists in almost every department of the work. Their "cockneys" form the large majority of our *genus* "rough" and criminal population, and are among the most desperate, while the "grecians" are always bitter and noisy, even when met singly among other men. We could give personal instances of this, having on one occasion received a malicious kick on the leg by a "grecian" when in scriptural conversation with a number of Englishmen, in a gin bar, with whom was this one Irish labourer; and we had difficulty in preventing his being injured. But we will allow a Scottish writer who visited with one of these missionaries to narrate his experience of the matter. After describing their success in passing from room to room, in one of the filthiest slums of London he adds :

I only witnessed one instance of unkindly treatment, and this came from an Irish Roman Catholic. It was at a common kitchen. There were about eight women and half-a-dozen of men. Some were sitting by the fire, others on the bench that ran alongside the long wooden table. One was busily engaged in picking at a fishbone; another was nibbling at a hot potato stuck on the point of a knife; a third was cutting the nails of his toes. The loud hubbub that preceded our entrance was at once turned into a respectful silence when we made our appearance. Some of the women even rose and dropped a curtsey. I saw that an old acquaintance had entered. They all accepted a tract with thanks, till the missionary offered one to a ruffianly looking man, who refused it with a curse.

"Oh, for shame!" cried the women with one voice; and in a trice three or four men jumped up, and in a threatening attitude flung half-a-dozen of not very select epithets at the man's head. Now the whole kitchen was turned into a babel of confusion. "Mind your own business!" the Irishman cried. "Hold your

blasphemous tongue, you —— !” cried the men, “or else we’ll knock out your brains,” etc. It was some time before the missionary could silence them, so as to be able to speak to the offender.

“Only keep quiet, my friend, and tell me what the reason——”



“All I want to know is about the origin, sir, the origin. You understand?” cried Paddy, vehemently gesticulating with his fists.

“But only tell me why you——”

“I say, sir, I know all about it,” screamed the Irishman.

“But you don’t let me speak out. I only want——”

“I only want to put one question to you,” Paddy continued, raising his voice still higher.

“If you don’t hold your tongue,” a man cried, “I’ll cut strabs off your ugly face.”

"Only one question! one question!" the Irishman shouted.

A stout, giant-like woman now stepped forward and placing herself right before Paddy, put her hands to her sides, and drawing a deep breath, she screamed, with all the power of vociferation her lungs were capable of, "Silence!" I thought an engine was sounding its whistle.

This remedy took effect. The whole kitchen was for a moment silent as the grave.

"Well, let us hear what that question of yours is," quoth the missionary, in a kind, gentle tone.

"I want you to tell me who first brought Christianity into this country," the Irishman answered, still in a screaming voice.

"Why, the Lord did it," the missionary replied.

"The Lord? Was the Lord ever in England?" the Irishman asked, in a tone of contempt.

"No, but He sent His servants."

"And *who* was that servant, sir?" Paddy cried triumphantly.

"*Who* was it? Wasn't it Saint Gustin, sir? Saint Gustin!"

"Yes, Saint Augustine and others long before him. But what has that to do with——"

"Very well, sir, very well," Paddy cried; and taking his stand face to face with the missionary, he said, "And now can you tell me to what church Saint Gustin belonged?"

"Yes; to the church of Christ."

This answer seemed to put him out a little. He evidently had not expected it, and taking his seat on the bench again, he said:

"What! No, sir. I say——"

"You don't know it," several voices cried. A little man stepped forward, whose face was perfectly hideous. When his lips were closed, two teeth in the left corner of his mouth stuck out like tusks; and, as if to preserve the symmetry, he held a pipe in the right corner.

"Ar'n't you ashamed of kicking up such a row about Gustin?" he cried. "My brother was a sailor——"

"Hang your brother!" the Irishman cried. "I say Saint Gustin——"

A general uproar took place, and the company again fell into great confusion, sufficient to split one's head, while the Irishman tried to outcry the assembly by roaring "Gustin! Gustin!"

The missionary succeeded in silencing the tempest. "No:

let us hear who Gustin was," he said. "I am sure you don't know."

"Who then was he?" asked Paddy.

"Why, it is *you* who were to tell it us."

"Wasn't he—wasn't he—ay, sir," he continued, rising again, and knocking his right fist into the palm of his left hand. "Ay, sir, what did the Lord say to Peter? What did He say? He said—He said—'Upon this rock I will build My church.' Yes, so He said."

"I agree," the missionary answered; "but what did our blessed Lord mean by that rock?"

But every effort to continue the conversation failed. The other men pounced upon their obstinate companion, and it became rather dangerous to stay longer at this place.

"Here you have a specimen of what I have often to go through," the missionary said to me when we again breathed the fresh air. "But for those Irishmen, I should have but quiet work here. I had rather deal with thieves and outcasts than with those intolerant fanatics."

Dangerous and hopeless as Christian work among this people once appeared, there is perhaps no better sign of good in London than the change that is passing over the Irish population. As with other classes, the agents of the mission are popular with them. They, though slow at first to comprehend it, are beginning to understand that their visitor represents an *united Protestant church*, and in his presence they are disarmed of their rant about "many religions." Then again, their ready apprehension of the beautiful in language and narrative gives them a love for the Bible as soon as their priest-fear and bigotry are shaken, and it is difficult for them to remain hostile to an order of men who bear their expressions of hatred meekly and who ever have upon their lips the sweet name and gracious words of the Lord Jesus. Sympathy in their domestic and social trials has also its beneficial effect. We, for

instance, used to visit a rookery in Marylebone with the missionary, who had most trying work and was several times injured. The habitations of the people were deplorably bad, while filth and wretchedness were common to every room and cellar. Out of compassion to them we formed a company to improve their dwellings, and we have now the pleasant reflection that nearly five hundred poor Irish people have clean and respectable homes. In their state of wretchedness and ignorance they rejected and treated the messenger of the cross badly, and would not have a Bible near them; they now receive him in many cases as a true friend, and not a few possess and read the sacred Book.

This conflict for the authority of the Divine Word and subjecting to its power, this exalting of the LORD JESUS as the Redeemer who offered Himself "once for all," and "who ever liveth" as the "one Mediator," is the restoring power of our ruined world; and for thee, lovely Ireland—

"Throne of the western sea,"—

it is emancipation from the thralldom of Rome, the upraising of thy brilliant children upon thine island of emerald green, and in the dark shadows of many cities. Therefore let all who love thee and wish thee prosperity join in the prayer of the dying Irish peasant :

Come then, O blessèd Jesus, ..
With all Thy glorious power;
Make Erin's sons and daughters
Ripe for that happy hour
When round the isles the cry shall be,
"No priest but Jesus—none but He!"

The natural flow of this narrative would seem to lead us to pleasing records concerning labours among other peoples of the United Kingdom and its provinces, commencing with the Bible loving aborigines of Britain, the Welsh. In London only five thousand attend their houses of prayer, while upwards of twenty thousand of these natives of the Principality are sought out (though apparently lost among the God neglecting masses) and in their own pure tongue influenced to the right and holy. Many Gaelic speaking natives of Scotland, from

“Mountain regions, lochs, and sea-girt isles,”

receive like benefits; and the annals of the mission contain matters of interest concerning them. But their influence is rarely damaging to the city, as early instruction in the Scriptures has protected them against Romanism, infidelity and vicious lives. The mercy of the work to the Welsh and Scotch is protection from the evil in their midst, and the gathering of them into the folds of their churches and to pastoral care.

It is far otherwise with continental refugees and other foreigners, whose constant influx is increased with every outburst of political feeling in their own countries. A vast majority of these unite with the Irish in giving strength to the papacy in London, while thousands upon thousands spread the pestilence of moral pollution among our own people. We therefore continue our narrative by tracing the rise and development of our society as a mission to

ALIENS.

These are very numerous. Upwards of 130,000, or

considerably more than one half the foreigners contained in the whole kingdom, are resident in London. Many of these are active labourers in the great workshop of the world, and some of its industries are in their hands, to the increasing benefit of our city and nation. There are however multitudes of the most restless and depraved, the offscouring of continental cities; for just as with some of our own people, when too bad to be contained in provincial towns and villages they make their way to London, so the corrupt and dangerous of all foreign cities are instinctively drawn to the great capital of the world, where the sympathy and companionship of their own class and nation are sure to be found.

It is somewhat remarkable that at the formation of the mission the condition of foreign residents in the city was not considered. No section of the church which was sending its messengers of peace to the ends of the earth had noticed them. Though their number was large they were scattered and hidden among the people. The new society was however destined to reach and bless them with the abundant mercies of the gospel. The founders of the society formed a "British and Foreign Mission," with the object of conveying the message of salvation to the inhabitants of our own and foreign cities; but they soon discovered that London contained numerous representatives of every town in the empire, and that at their feet lay a foreign field of vast extent; so that they had only to rise and sow the good seed of the kingdom among resident aliens from many nations. As the mission extended its operations, districts were found partly or almost wholly occupied by foreigners; and their heathen dark-

ness, superstitious practices, or immoral lives drew forth the sympathy of their visitors, and led them to circulate Scriptures among them, and in some instances to acquire their languages. And here we are reminded by the intelligence of his sudden death that Mr. Herbert Mayo, who joined the mission when it was only a few months old, recognised the extent and importance of foreign mission work in London, and for thirty-seven years gave it direction, extension and support. He listened with sympathy to the statements of the early missionaries about their foreigners, visited with them, and then counselled the committee as to special appointments. His life work was quiet, earnest, and effective; and he in the complete church will meet many who, while aliens in London, were made by his instrumentality citizens of the household of faith.

In illustration of good resulting to foreigners met with in ordinary visitation, we will follow one missionary into a private room and another into a gin bar. Upon entering the former a highly ritualistic chest of drawers presented itself, as it formed the base of an altar. On this altar was erected a kind of toy chapel, common in Catholic countries, with a fascia surmounted by a cross. In the centre was a crucifix, on either side of which were several lighted candles, the back of the altar being ornamented with sundry pictures and small images in wax. As the woman who opened the door was able to speak a little English, the visitor conversed with her, and found that she was an Italian, and the scene before him an index of her mind, as she was dark, ignorant, and superstitious. Her husband was an irreligious Englishman, but he with his wife received instruction gladly, and after a few months

became enlightened and concerned for their salvation. An Italian evangelist occasionally visited them with the missionary, and the best results followed, as one morning the husband called upon the visitor with a parcel, and handing it to him, said : "I have brought you all this rubbish, as my wife has entirely renounced the errors of popery, and now we are desirous to attend a Protestant place of worship, if you will direct us where to go ? "

As the result of the conversation, they were introduced to the rector of Whitechapel, and became consistent members of his congregation. The articles surrendered were sent to the mission house, and consisted of a rosary with gilt crucifix, surmounted with a large gilt crown ; a long string of red seeds, separated with thread, no doubt a "penance rosary" ; the pediment of the altar ; a rosary and cross ; several scapulars ; an Agnus Dei, said to have been blessed by the pope ; two pieces of a saint's shirt ; devotional books ; sundry popish pictures ; and an abundance of artificial flowers.

One afternoon, upon entering the "Adam and Eve," we were surrounded by a group of Italian organ men and image makers. When tracts were offered, and the Name of names reverently mentioned, they became jocular among themselves, and one of them who could speak in broken English addressed the visitor, and said :

"You not one priest ? "

"No, the servant of the one great Priest, who died for us, and left the grave, and went up into heaven."

The man translated the question and answer to his companions, and a shout of laughter followed, and

then with the aid of the translator an argument concerning the vital truths of our faith was sustained. They displayed utter ignorance of revelation, and bitter hatred against priests, observing that the gods they made were not so real or beautiful as the sacred images made by themselves. We were able to give a serious tone to the conversation, when the translator, who was weak and pale, took an undertaker's bill from the depths of his side pocket, and handing it to the visitor said :

"Dis one good bill. Me have bin five years in dis country. De fog kill me ; my chest bad, and I shall die soon. Then no more of troubles, as there is no more. Me not like de doctors to cut up dis body as they do strangers. Me have paid moneys (£2 18s.) dis man to bury me."

A solemn assurance of salvation procured and of a coming resurrection was made, and we left the bar with deep pity for that man and his group of friends. There he stood, the victim of a perverted faith, with strong prejudice against the name of the Redeemer, a confirmed infidel, and yet verging near to the grave. The expression of anxious unrest was plain upon each countenance, even during their forced merriment ; but there was settled sadness in the face of the sick man as he carefully folded the receipt for his funeral. We could but feel deep sympathy for him as we left the bar and walked slowly down the street ; but when the thought occurred that effort ought to be made for his good, we retraced our steps and glanced into the bar. He was still there, so we remained opposite the door for quite half an hour. He at length came out with one of his friends, and was evidently surprised

as we in a cheerful way addressed him with: "I should like you to keep your receipt in your pocket for many a year; now tell me if you have had good medical advice."

"One doctor see me much."

"We have a good hospital in London for consumptive people. The best doctors, rest, and good food and wine,—all for nothing. I will place you there for three months, if you like. You may then get well."

The man looked astonished, and after a few words with his companion accepted our offer to go home with him. This home was the upper room of an image shop in the narrow part of Leather Lane. Though low, with slanting roof, it was evidently occupied by several men who slept on the floor. In one corner were old street organs, brigand hats were hanging about the room, and there were several pairs of buckled shoes by the begrimed little window. On the mantel shelf, in the corners, and hanging upon the walls, in all directions were images of madonnas, saints, warriors, patriots, and poets; while crucifixes and objectionable models were in abundance. After profitable conversation and the promise of an early visit we parted on the best of terms.

A letter was obtained for his admission into the Brompton hospital, but quite two months passed before he could be received, during which time he was frequently instructed in the truth. Our meeting in hospital after he had been there a week was of the most friendly kind; and while receiving successful treatment for the body, the healing leaves from the tree of life were influencing his spiritual nature. A few weeks before his discharge we were together

pacing the long corridor of that admirable institution, when the poor Italian suddenly stopped, a remark having been made about Jesus being our peace; and as the tears glistened in his large black eyes, he stammered out the confession: "I now believe on Him; yes, my good friend; yes, my soul is happy in Him; my Saviour; yes, *my* Saviour." Upon retiring to his room, other patients being absent, we closed the door and united in grateful praise.

Quite a month after we were told that a man with a board of images on his head was at the door, wishing to speak to us; and there stood the Italian whose acquaintance we had made in the bar of the "Adam and Eve." But oh! how changed. Nine months' acquaintance with a city missionary had resulted in blessing to him. He appeared strong and healthy, while the look of despair was changed for that expression of peace common to those who rejoice in the blessed hope of everlasting life. Constant converse with the English patients had improved his knowledge of the language, and constant attendance at the hospital church had made him familiar with the service; he therefore expressed his intention of seeking union with the congregation of St. Giles's church. He was introduced to the rector, and for nearly three years was constant in his attendance. During this time we saw him frequently, and rejoiced in his rapid growth in grace. He had to endure something of persecution, so he secured a room to himself, and dropped the acquaintance of the most bitter of his countrymen. One morning three Italian women came to say that he was ill, and we hastened to his bedside. He was evidently sinking from congestion of the lungs; but

he had obtained the victory, and his last words and gestures were expressive of the faith that overcometh and of enduring peace. After all these years the undertaker fulfilled his engagement, and the remains of the converted image man now rest in Kensal Green cemetery.

Such instances of good led the committee to appoint a staff of missionaries to aliens from various nations, commencing with the Italian. No continental mission ever proved of greater interest, and its records of good would fill volumes. Several of these men, themselves converted Italians, have given a great portion of their lives to the work. Last year a new appointment was made to Italians in West London, and of these their countryman writes :

I can truly say I have made a good impression upon the numerous organ players and models for painters to be found in the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden, Leather Lane, Saffron Hill, etc., especially the models, who come to me in companies of ten to twenty persons, men and women, in full native and best costume. When in difficulties the men beg and implore: "*O! eccellenza, non ci abbandoni!*" The women beseech and weep: "*O signorino, signorino, che il tuo visino sia benedetto!*" My greatest difficulty with these persons is their superstition, their ignorance, and their slowness of understanding. On two Sunday afternoons I met among those people the Italian Roman Catholic priest. He did not enter their houses, but called out, "Now, my lads, to church." No one spoke to him but myself, and I had an interesting conversation with him out of the window, contending for the presence of Christ where two or three of His people were gathered together. The Italian Sunday meetings, with other departments of the work, have shown encouraging symptoms, the attendance varying with the ebb and flow of the London season. A week evening meeting has been commenced, and a new effort was made this year to break up the fallow ground and influence a class hitherto uncared for, viz. the female

singers at the London opera. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty of these are employed during the season, and at the close return to their native land. Last Friday we invited them to a farewell gathering at the "Maison des Etrangers." In the centre was a table artistically laid out for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, a meal so important to Italians who eat seldom, and then a hearty meal. The young women, with ages varying from eighteen to thirty, sat on either side of the room, and the English ladies occupied the end. The meeting commenced by a "song," beginning:

"Di pace al Principe
Al Dio d'amor
S'innalzi un cantico
Dal nostro cor."

It was to them a new song, learned in a strange land; and it was indeed grand to listen to their well trained voices singing the songs of Zion in the musical language of Italy. Passers by stopped to listen to the lofty strains that we must admit are not often heard in a mission room.

Having sung a hymn, they sat down to breakfast, the ladies among them, and the missionaries "served." At breakfast little presents were distributed, and they were told the hymn-books they so prized were now their own. A large Bible was also presented to each family. Breakfast over, and the presents given, they formed a circle, and again they sang. A difference of opinion soon arose as to whether they were singing 3 or 4 time. "*Non fa niente*," said one, as if annoyed at any interruption, "we are not singing the music, but the beautiful words." "*Belle parole*, very pretty, very pretty," was the meek rejoinder; and truly it seemed as if not with their lips, but in their hearts, they were making melody to God. The Bibles were opened, and an *artista* volunteered to read the passage chosen, Luke xv. Every syllable was pronounced, every vowel sounded, and when the last words, "lost and is found," were emphasized, the meeting gave an unanimous "*Brava!*" Miss Alice Probyn, a zealous labourer among foreigners, expounded the parable, and the Hon. Miss Waldegrave told them some illustrative facts. After this an Italian man stood up and for the ladies thanked the missionary and friends for their kindness. He then asked permission to lead the

prayer in Italian, which was granted, and after sweetly singing another hymn which we may name "the last song of the opera," they separated to return to their own land.

The importance of this section of the work is, if possible, exceeded by that to the French refugees and communists. These during the present century have existed in London as a distinct community and felt power. Each revolution has cast multitudes of political and criminal offenders on our shores, so that they, their children, and descendants, would form a city of themselves. Like foreigners of other nations they have gathered to one centre, so that the French quarter in Soho is known as *La petite France*; the shops are called *boutiques*; a baker writes up his trade as *boulangier*, a shoemaker as *bottier*, while the news-vendors sell such publications as *L'International*, *La France Nouvelle*, *La Situation*, etc.; while men and women sing "*Enfants de la Patrie, Le jour de gloire est arrivé.*" This is now the popular song, and it seems almost as if we have a French republic in London.

In the early years of the mission this neighbourhood was mapped into districts, and it was then discovered that the majority of people upon some of them were French, unable to speak English, and so necessity was laid upon the committee to send French speaking missionaries to them. During the third empire the number of *émigrés* diminished, and many political offenders returned to Paris, while not a few of those who remained acquired English and became absorbed in the population. There however always remained a large body of exiled, unfortunate, or criminal Frenchmen in the city, with many mechanics employed in the

decorative and other arts. Waiters, cooks, and broken down couriers form another large section, but these being unmarried are always known as *garçons*. It is amusing, in answer to the inquiry, "What are you?" to receive from a grey-haired sire the answer, "*Je suis un garçon*" (I am a boy).

The greater number of these men, including all the communists, are infidels, or as they say "*libres penseurs*," and to utter ignorance of Holy Scripture they add intense hatred to the Romish priesthood. "They are rascals" (*coquins*), exclaimed one man, his face reddening with anger, "and I hope to die with my heart full of hatred to the priests." "What a trade!" (*métier*), observed another, "they want money for everything, money for baptisms, money for churchings, for weddings, for soul masses. Poor sheep! the parson shears, the vicar shaves, the parish priest polls, the friar scrapes, the indulgence seller pares; all you want is a butcher to slay you and take away your skin."

A large proportion of the French and other foreign women are Romanists of the most bigoted and superstitious type; and they live by needlework, sitting as models for artists, teaching in schools and families, and others by laundry work. Many of these adore the image of the Virgin, and they often regard Protestants with great dislike. The remark made by one of them the other day is not uncommon: "You Protestants are not like us *Christians*, for we are not permitted to read the Scriptures; you hate the mother of God and the saints, but we worship them and have their protection." There are however among these women many who are really infidel. Only the other

day one of them sought an interview with the missionary, and said :

“Will you please, monsieur, make me a Protestant?”

“What!” he inquired, “are you a Catholic?”

“No,” she exclaimed. “I was brought up a Catholic, and forced to go to confess; but I have lived in Rome. Now I am nothing. I believe in a Creator, and do my duty; that is my religion. But as to the Virgin, masses, and confession, I don’t believe in that nonsense (*bêtise*). But English ladies want Protestant governesses; cannot you make me one, as I must take a situation?”

The present missionary to war refugees and communists opened a mission room for their benefit and instruction. This is situated in a side street near Leicester Square, and has now a foreign history of its own. Its outside appearance is that of a shop, and upon the wire blind are the words “*La Maison des Etrangers.*” Forms and chairs are arranged for upwards of seventy visitors. Upon the walls are Scripture texts in French, and a number of Bibles and hymn-books upon the table. The room is open every day, and hundreds of persons are conversed with. There are week evening services and Bible classes, which are well attended; but the chief meeting is held on the Sunday afternoons. This is always crowded, nearly all present being men of shabby and unhappy appearance. The man in the corner, who is writing in the dirty pocket-book, is a spy in the pay of the French government, and is present in his official capacity. By the aid of such men, if a communist leaves for France, the authorities are apprised of it, and he is arrested immediately upon landing. No one speaks to him as he sits on the bench and eyes each comer with a scrutinizing

glance. The thickset man who is walking down the room was colonel in charge of the soldiers who murdered Generals Thomas and Lecomte, and a sentence of death hangs over his head ; while the beardless young man, who stands in the corner, is known to have shot several soldiers while defending a barricade.

The meeting is opened by singing the hymn :

“ Pêcheur approche l'Agneau sans reproche.

Pêcheur, vien et crois. Pour toi meurt en croix :”

after which one of their number, a convert, offers prayer. The missionary then reads a chapter with running comments. We notice that the Bibles in the hands of the men have the pages numbered. This is necessary, as the Bible is a new book to them, and they used to waste time and provoke laughter by looking in the gospels for Genesis, or in the Old Testament for the epistles. After another hymn a short discourse is given, which is listened to with rapt attention. At the close they sing the hymn :

“ Mon cœur te réclame, pays du bonheur ;

Viens sauver mon âme, ô Christ Redempteur.”

After the meeting it is now usual to hand each visitor a cup of coffee and piece of bread and butter, and many of them being friendless remain for hours after, conversing on religious subjects, and putting questions to their instructor.

Hospitable English persons who are mindful of the apostle's words, “ Be not forgetful to entertain strangers,” occasionally give teas to these people. At the first of these, when the tea was handed round, they said, “ Oh ! we drink tea only when we are sick, to make us perspire.” So after that all the teas became “ coffees.”

One gentleman, the late Mr. W. Leaf, with his daughter, invited them for several years in succession to a FOREIGNERS' FETE in his grounds at Streatham. At the last gathering the neighbourhoods of the Tower and Soho poured forth their alien residents. There were men of twenty-two nationalities, including Japanese, Greeks, Indians and Chinese; but the French and Italians predominated. A feast was spread for them under a tent, and grace said in five tongues, after which the city missionaries addressed them in many languages, so that each man left with a knowledge of Christ and His salvation.

The influence of these efforts upon French communists and others is very marked. Some have been and others are being led to a saving knowledge of the truth. These desperate men and women frequently say to each other: "Ah! if the people in Paris had the Bible, and the French gentry were like the English, we should not have been here;" while those who have received spiritual blessing exert a good influence over their fellows. This was very marked in the case of a German visitor and his wife. He had lived in Paris many years, had married a French woman, and was French in style and sympathy; but during the war was hunted through that city by the populace, who declared him to be a spy. He escaped with his family to England in extreme poverty, having lost all they possessed. They visited *La Maison des Etrangers*, and the husband, a nominal Protestant, was first brought to the Saviour and joined the German Wesleyans in Queen Street. Madame was a Romanist, and was visited during a long illness. After this she always attended the meetings and studied her Bible closely. She was at length led into

the way of peace, and they are now happy and useful Christians.

Among the visitors to *La Maison des Etrangers* are men from Paris, Lyons, Havre, and far distant cities and countries. A young man for instance, a teacher of languages, but of eastern style and complexion, attended the service for many months. At the close of one of these meetings he rose and spoke as follows :

Messieurs, an old writer has said ingratitude is the greatest of all crimes, and I should be an *ingrat* if I did not publicly express my thanks for the good I have received in this place, especially as I am now on the eve of departure to my native land. I was educated in a convent on Mount Lebanon ; but as I grew to manhood my reason revolted at some of the dogmas of the Church of Rome. My father confessor told me that the doctrines of the church were all strung together as beads on a string, and that I must either accept all or reject all, as there was no middle path. With this alternative placed before me, disgusted with the religion of Rome, and knowing of no other, I became an atheist. My father, a simple villager, gathering figs and olives on the mount, was proud of his son's learning, and as I knew French I travelled westward, first to Spain and then to Paris, but for three years I believed in nothing, for which I have no one to thank but the jesuits, for that is the natural result of their teaching. In this mind I came to London, and when there to this meeting. The hearty welcome I here received pleased me. I attended regularly. At first, I confess, the cup of coffee had its share of attraction ; but I soon cared nothing for the coffee, but only cared for what was spoken. It was not long before I found that there was a religion different from that of Rome, and a Christianity which did not resemble that of the jesuits. I diligently read the Scriptures, and I now wish to declare that I am no longer an atheist, but that I believe in Jesus Christ. I am now going back to my father's house, to help him to gather the figs and cultivate his vines, and to tell him and all the village the good news of salvation.

He has since sailed for Syria, to be a light bearer

among those now sitting in darkness, but who at one time were blessed with the true light, diffused by apostolic zeal, while our own land was altogether ignorant of God and of Jesus Christ whom He had sent.

The visiting of these exiles in their own homes, during their sorrows and sicknesses, is a trying but kindly duty. We may mention two instances to illustrate this. The French visitor called upon an aged countess and was received with affability. She introduced him to her *bonne*, aged eighty-three, who had served her sixty years and was three years her senior. The *bonne* opened a Bible, which was presented to her, and eyeing it curiously observed, "I can see without glasses, and this is a nice print." It was the first time they had possessed the treasure. They were poor as well as aged, as there was only a bed, a box, chair and table in the room. "But why," inquired the countess, "did you come? We are old, but do not want to die." "Then you are afraid to die?" "Certainly." They were then told about the sting of death being removed, and Hebrews xi. 14 was read. They asked about the Virgin, and were told of God being a Father, reconciled through the death of Christ; and then she exclaimed, "*Quelle jolie religion!*" This aged couple attended one of the gatherings and now receive the visits gladly. The missionary shall relate the other visit.

It was Christmas morning, and Sunday. A heavy fog hung over the city, and extra clothes failed to keep out the cold air. As the bell rang the people to church, I walked sharp down Holborn and turned down a narrow street. The house I entered was full of men and tobacco smoke. I learned that a Frenchman was ill in bed; so ascending two pair of stairs with a guide, we came to a low roofed large room, containing at least forty beds. In the corner lay monsieur, from Paris. He raised his head, and I saw

he had no pillow under it. "What is the matter?" "Don't know ; cannot stand." "Have you a doctor?" "No." "Who is nursing you?" He smiled and said, "No one." I saw his arms were covered with a small sore, and I guessed his disease was want. "You are hungry," I said. Tears filled his eyes ; he then admitted he could not work ; he had spent his money, pledged his clothes, and, he added, "To-morrow, they say, I may go to a poorhouse." Roast beef and plum pudding, mince pies and oranges awaited me at home, but to leave that poor, sick, hungry stranger and go to my dinner was impossible. To pay some one sixpence for a breakfast was my first intention, but my pockets were rummaged without yielding a penny. It was Sunday, and I went into a shop and boldly asked for some food on trust. Fortunately I had on a new topcoat. The man looked me in the face, and granted me the food. Then I read to monsieur about One who feeds the birds and clothes the grass, gave him a Testament, and went home to eat my Christmas dinner with a thankful heart. He went into the infirmary, and I went to see him. "You cannot," said the porter, "he has the complaint brought on by want."

The GERMANS in London form a very large majority of its resident foreigners, as there are upwards of ninety thousand, the vast proportion of whom live near the Tower. They are gathered from the German empire and various states in central Europe. With the exception of a few refugees they are an industrious people. Their trades are various, but a very large number are employed at sugar baking. A visit to a sugar house would well requite the reader, and he would then behold with wonder how these poor Germans endure their heavy toil. The heat is excessive, and they work in light clothing. In order to quench their thirst they are supplied with beer free of cost, and thus many of them contract the vice of drunkenness. Their dwellings are chiefly in the back parts of Whitechapel and St. George's in the East, and they keep much together, so that their centre is called "*Little Germany*." Their

national habits are retained, their wives and children dress as in Germany, and their language alone is spoken.

Almost from the founding of the mission, desultory efforts of various kinds had been made for the spiritual good of these people, but it was not until twelve years ago that a special mission was undertaken in their behalf, and it thus occurred. A missionary to the Jews had been used to the conversion of a German Jew, who was ultimately accepted and appointed to visit an East end district. He brought the condition of his countrymen under the notice of the incumbent of St. Matthew's church. Upon full inquiry the reverend gentleman found that their spiritual state was most appalling, as thousands were living and dying uncared for. Impurity and vice of every kind were spreading, and the great mass of them were sinking into an heathenish state. A clergyman in West London became interested in them, and a member of his congregation offered to support a German speaking visitor. A wise appointment was made, and this led to a second missionary being sent to his assistance. They were well received in hundreds of rooms, and their work was with power. Meetings were established to which the people flocked to hear the forgotten Scriptures read, and the hymns of Luther were there sung in their own language though in a strange land. Many were lead to attend Divine worship in their German chapels to the delight of the pastors; children were gathered into schools; and a number of the unmarried were properly united. The records and narratives of this effort are full of deep interest; but we pass to another department of the work, in which

many of their nation are included,—the mission to the

J E W S .

Exiles from Judæa were scattered through the domains of their Roman conquerors, and some of them no doubt found their way into Britain while it was under the imperial sway. It is evident that there was an early settlement of them in East London, as their chief synagogue during ages of oppression and persecution was in Old Jewry. Their cruel expulsion in 1290 leaves a blank concerning them in the records of London and the Tower, for three hundred and sixty-five years ; but as soon as the learned Manasseh ben Israel obtained permission from Oliver Cromwell for their return, a number of Spanish and Portuguese Jews made their way to London and settled in the trading quarter of the city. A synagogue was built, and lease of ground for burials obtained at Mile End for one hundred and ninety-nine years. A steady immigration has since continued, but of late years has rapidly increased, and that chiefly from Germany and Poland. The result is a resident Jewish population in London of about seventy or eighty thousand. These are thinly scattered in some parts, but are so concentrated in the East that within a narrow area by the Tower there are more Jews than there are in all Palestine. Many streets and courts are exclusively inhabited by German, Polish and Dutch Jews, and others by their English brethren.

The religious and moral condition of large numbers of these poor Israelites is very bad, though they are generally free from the vice of drunkenness. The

sabbaths, feasts, and "day of atonement" are outwardly observed, but the word of the prophet Isaiah is true of them: "With their lips and their mouth they honour Me, while their heart is far from Me." Their Sabbath is not devoted to God, but to pleasure. Their various places of worship are so scantily attended that, as rabbinical Jews believe that Divine ordinance prevents public prayer until ten men are present, poor old men are paid to attend synagogue that failure may be prevented. On Friday there is great excitement and bustle in trade, but as evening advances there is a sudden suspension of business. The doors of the houses are thrown open, and all appear in their best clothes. Candles are lighted upon the clean white tablecloths, and the fire is banked up. But though a Gentile is employed to snuff candles and poke the fires, the people dance and sing, and give themselves up to worldly amusements.

The founders of the mission had compassion upon this community of the outcasts of Israel, and made their first appointment of a special missionary to them. After several months of effort he wrote: "The Jews make a determined opposition to my progress. To-day I heard my exertions denounced in the synagogue. This is done in no measured terms, calling upon all to hold fast to the holy religion. I get very little access as yet, and seldom obtain a second hearing. When I do and attempt to read they turn their backs upon me, and if I venture a remark they go away."

The directors were not deterred in their efforts by this report; but realizing the promise of God in regard to the seed of Abraham, that "a remnant shall be saved," "a remnant according to the election of grace,"

they continued the effort, ultimately with blessed results; but as the husbandman hath long patience, so they had to endure disappointment and their labourers opposition and sorrow. One of them, a converted Israelite reviewing several years of effort, wrote: "I was at first mocked and cursed wherever I bent my steps; numbers of boys followed, pelting me with stones and dirt. But the glorious destiny of my brethren gave me fresh energy, and I went on my way not rejoicing but depressed in spirit. In time I found that by prayer and in the strength of God opposition could be overcome, and I gained access to many families."

Another narrates: "I was trying in vain to gain access to a large court inhabited by Jews, when a youth of our nation ran to me in haste with request that I should visit a Jew who was ill. I gladly followed him up a dark staircase, when he opened a door and asked me to walk in. The moment I did so he closed it and turned the key, and I found myself a prisoner in an empty room. A shout of derision was raised by the crowd outside, and increased upon my opening the window. My soul was filled with compassion for that people, my kindred according to the flesh; and having good lungs, I opened my Bible and shouted in Hebrew a few verses of the fifty-third of Isaiah, and then in German and English declared their reference to the Messiah. To my surprise the people became quiet and listened with interest. After a time the door was opened by a venerable Jew with a long beard, who said in German: 'Well, they have used you badly, but never mind, I have come to let you out.' I thanked him and made his friendship. A few

persons had lingered to have a laugh at me, but that bold speech had overcome them and they molested me no more. After that I obtained admission to many of the families, and instructed them in the truth. Upon another occasion when visiting the Jewish quarter, I knocked at one of the doors in a court in Stony Lane. My knock was answered by a Jewess, who cursed me, and by her screaming brought many Jews and Jewesses round me, who yelled and pronounced heaps of anathemas. Whilst I endeavoured to get out of the crowd, dirty water was thrown over me from a window. I could not tell whence it came. This of course amused my audience, and they shouted 'We baptized him again.' I was escorted to the very end of the street by a lot of the dirtiest little blackguards."

Ten years after this visit the missionary reported that he had free access to six hundred Jewish families, and was generally regarded by them as a friend and well wisher. Twenty-six descendants of faithful Abraham had been induced openly to confess the name of Jesus, and were added to His church by baptism. Eighty-seven individuals from the house of Israel had secretly inquired about the Messiah, and had profited by instruction. Many of these confess in their hearts that Jesus is the Christ, though they shrink from the misery a public confession would involve. Bible classes had been established and were well attended. Public services were held in the Jewish quarters, and Christ crucified evidently set forth.

The work thus progressed until the year 1856, when a great impulse was given to it by the Rev. J. Patterson, rector of Spitalfields church. Several Jewish missionaries were added to the staff, and wise direction given

to their efforts. A service for Jews was established in the church, placards were issued, and a house to house invitation given by the brethren. From four to five hundred "men of Israel" attended each service, and paid marked attention to the sermon. After each service large groups of Jews formed outside the church, discussing among themselves with the missionaries and others the points at issue.

No Jew is quite indifferent to religion; "they have a zeal, but not according to knowledge." And it was therefore thought important to success that there should be a large circulation of the New Testament among them. This was quietly accomplished; and now complete Bibles or Testaments in English, Hebrew, German, and other languages can be found in thousands of families. The effect of this enlightenment is very plain with the English and German Jews, who respectfully discuss the questions between Christians and themselves. Even the Polish and Dutch who are the most bigoted, who say their prayers in a gabbling way, put on their phylacteries, and curse every one who does not join in their opinions, even these refrain from blaspheming the adorable Name, and many of them secretly search the Scriptures. The knowledge thus gained is frequently expressed. A youth for instance had been conversing about religion, when one of the neighbours went to his father and said: "Your son knows all about the Toleh" (the Crucified). The reply he obtained was: "Well, and why not? Would to God we all believed in the Toleh! we should then be in a better state than we are now."

The power of the Bible and this teaching from house to house is evidenced in the number of secret inquirers

and open confessors. Many now come to the mission-aries or to their converted brethren, like Nicodemus by night, for instruction. One of these teachers who was ill for several weeks had a daily succession of Jews at his bedside, all anxious to gain an increased know-ledge of Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write. That so small a proportion of convinced Jews should openly profess Christianity is to be deplored, but is no matter of astonishment when their position is understood. At his baptism the convert has not only to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil; but he must be equipped with the whole armour of Christ. He must expect to be forsaken by all nearest and dearest to him on earth, and has to meet manifold attacks and persecutions of his former friends. The case of a young man, the son of a wealthy Prussian, will illustrate this. When it was noticed that friendships existed between him and "Gojoim" (a term applied by Jews to Christian teachers), his difficulties commenced, from the anxiety of his friends. But after his baptism he was forsaken and despised of all. The following extracts from a letter written by his sister, which he one day brought to his missionary friend, will illustrate this.

My dear Brother,—As much as I rejoiced at the receipt of your letter, so much I was shocked by your madness-breathing lines. I conclude that you are insane. I can assign no other cause; as for conviction, that cannot possibly be. I am convinced our dear parents will rather desire death than that horri-fying news. Should your mind improve and alter, we are willing to forgive and forget; but if you persist in your awful under-taking, never write again, never, never. Forget that you ever had parents or relatives; never call me sister. You are then unworthy to be any longer a member of our honourable family; utterly unworthy to be the son of such worthy parents. We then

know you no more. You are aware that we also believe in God, and are anxious about our souls' salvation ; believe you the same. In anxious expectation of your change of mind, I once more subscribe myself, your sister.

This young man stood firm, he "suffered the loss of all things," and witnessed "a good confession." Others, and in increasing numbers, were added to the churches ; so that the year after the missionary had upon his list the names of forty-three members of the house of Israel to whom the gospel was a joyful sound, in addition to fifteen who were received into the church of Christ, at the Jews' Episcopal Chapel, Bethnal Green. Since then steady progress has been made, and the missionaries have now to devote part of their time to the building up and edifying of numerous converts, and to those who are Christian *in transitu*. Many of these mingle with and obtain employment in their various callings among Gentiles, and some have been called to testify boldly of the grace of God. Rosenthal for instance, the Abyssinian missionary, who was taken captive by King Theodore and released by the British army, was one of our converts. He was first received into this mission and laboured successfully among his brethren in Whitechapel, but desiring a foreign field he left for Abyssinia. Another convert engaged himself to the Bible Society's depôts in Hungary, from whence he addressed himself thus to his spiritual father :

How often do I call to mind you and all your dear ones, being in this wilderness in which it hath pleased the Lord to place me to spread His holy Word. How grateful ought I to be to the Lord who has done such marvellous things to my soul ! who changed me, once a blasphemer of the dear name of

Jesus, into a labourer in His vineyard ! He freed me from the burdens of the world, and caused me to take up His sweet, easy yoke. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

I will praise Him who redeemed my soul from death as a bird escapes the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken and the bird is free ; and as the bird raises its wings to soar up high, so will I lift up my soul to Him on the wings of prayer, to Him with whom there is peace and joy in the Holy Spirit, life and happiness for evermore. I am the depository of the British and Foreign Bible Society here. By God's mercy I have been led and upheld by His paternal hand, and He opened a way for me where I saw no way. The principal languages spoken here are the Hungarian, the Roumanian, and German. Hitherto (not more than a year) we have distributed seven thousand copies of the Holy Scriptures, and I trust to Him who is faithful that He will bless that word to many, that it may be a savour of life to them. Let not the distance cause me to be forgotten, but do bear me in remembrance, whenever you seek the face of the Lord. I stand here, so to speak, isolated, and have not the privilege of the communion of believers, but it does my heart good to know that here and there a child of God makes mention of us in prayer. I shall rejoice to have a few lines from you.

No greater proof of change of feeling among Israelites could be given than the fact that many of them now suffer their converted relatives to remain near them. One of the Bible readers who had led a young English Jewess to baptism visited her during a death illness ; a few days after he received a letter from which we extract the following.

We shall never forget your kindness to my sister. Her sufferings were softened by religion and peace. She had found the right way, though she died. I am still a Jewess. I have not yet the knowledge of the truth. I have not yet felt the favour of the Lord. I trust your prayer will be heard, and that God will open my eyes and show me the way in which I should walk. I am

convinced that our Messiah, for whom we are still waiting, died for all men on the cross, and also for me, a poor sinner. I feel I stand in need of a Redeemer, for I feel that I am a great sinner. May the favour and love of God assist me to find Him, and keep me in Him. Oh that I had the faith my sister died in! I hope the Lord will give me His grace, for I read in the passage you pointed out to me, "him that seeks Me in truth and faith I will in no wise cast out." I beg you to remember me in your prayers. My mother sends her kind regards, and we all shall be most happy to see you again amongst us in renewed health and strength.

The number of Jewish children gathered into schools also give hope for the future, as in one school alone one hundred and twenty children are instructed in the Christian faith. A few weeks ago quite four hundred children and youths who had attended the school were regaled with a tea; and it was pleasing to hear them, as once did the children of Jerusalem, sing "*Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord,*" and to listen as these lambs of Judæa's fold

"Lisp'd a Saviour's name,
Or sung a Saviour's praise."

These and other signs of good lead to the conviction that in no part of the London mission field are indications of blessing and of ultimate success more plain than among the outcasts of the house of Israel. Prejudice against the name of Jesus is giving way, and many read His Testament and ponder upon the facts of His history and the meaning of His word, while others are led to call Him Lord to the glory of God the Father. Besides that a great agitation prevails among the Jews about the land of their inheritance, and on every hand the hope is gaining ground that "the time to favour Zion is at hand." They begin to feel strongly that the hieroglyphics on the pillar of prophecy are being deci-

phered, and although they are divided in their opinions as to how near the day of restoration is, they are looking for a restoration.

These signs and this disposition on the part of God's ancient people give intense interest to evangelizing effort among them, and are a call to the united church to put forth her strength to publish salvation in Israel, to show that nation "their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sin." Therefore let us "pray for the peace of Jerusalem, for they that love thee shall prosper." Let the desire go forth that a highway may be made for the Prince of the tribe of Judah, by preparing the hearts of His people to acknowledge Him, the rejected One, as both Lord and Christ.

"The veil of darkness rend in two,
Which hides Messiah from their view ;
Oh ! may they now at length return,
And look on Him they pierced, and mourn."

One great charm of the work among aliens and Jews is the diffusion by them of the light of salvation throughout the continent and the world ; so numerous are the converts from London in foreign lands that the postage of letters in reply to theirs is a heavy expense to the missionaries. And thus it is that radiations from the true light shining in our city shed its blessing to people afar off. This mission has however acted more directly upon the continent, as for instance in connection with the

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

The writer was privileged to distribute much printed truth at the first and most beautiful of them all, *the*

Palace of Glass (1851), and more prominently so in the next British Exhibition of 1862. The chief effort, however, was in *L'Exposition Universelle* in Paris,* and in the late great gathering of the nations at Vienna. The work in the former was undertaken at the request of Parisian Christians, and millions of Scriptures, portions, and tracts were distributed among men of the continental nations. A testimony was also secured by the English speaking people (including America and the Colonies) for that sign between God and His people, a proper observance of the Sabbath. When the late *Welt Ausstellung*, of Vienna, was in preparation, the Lord's Day Observance and Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Society thought it well to send us as their representative, that the same testimony might be made in that distant city. The following letter to our good and distinguished ambassador and other introductions prepared the way.

*To His Excellency Sir Andrew Buchanan, Her Majesty's
Ambassador at the Court of Vienna.*

LONDON, MAY 2, 1873.

Sir,—I am commanded by this Committee to transmit to your Excellency a memorial presented by them to the British Commissioners for the Vienna Exhibition, with a copy of a circular which the Committee have sent to the English exhibitors, and in doing so to beg your attention to the effort which is being made to secure the rest of the Sunday to the English exhibitors and their servants, and also to request very earnestly and humbly that your Excellency will graciously assist in any way the efforts of Mr. Weyland, who has arrived in Vienna with introductions to you as Ambassador, and who is charged by this Committee

* See "Standard of the Cross among the Flags of the Nations" and "Standard of the Cross in the Champ de Mars."

with the interests for which I now plead. I have the honour to be, your Excellency's very humble servant,

JOHN GRITTON.

Lord's Day Observance Society, 20, John Street, Adelphi.

Through the Divine blessing and hearty co-operation of English and American *exposants*, the effort was successful, and to the astonishment of people from all nations there was a Sabbath reign of rest and quiet in the courts of the English speaking exhibitors, while all was toil, business, and pleasure throughout the vast building and surrounding *prater*.

This clear expression of reverence for the Lord's day was to the Viennese the most singular event of their *Exposition*. Within their beautiful city a Christian Sabbath is not recognised. From early in the morning men follow their week-day occupations, and the women in great numbers continue their ceaseless and degrading toil of preparing mortar and carrying it with bricks up the ladders. Shops are opened all day, and as the evening advances all the churches and other places of worship are, without one exception, closed; while the theatres and other resorts for amusement are opened. To such a people the observance of the Lord's day by representatives of powerful Protestant nations was an example of great influence; and before the Exhibition closed the public and the press discussed the matter. As the result a movement was commenced for the better observance of the day, and a number of first-class shops in the *Graben* and *Ring Strass* were kept closed and in one trade seven hundred men struck against Sabbath toil. A very extended desire was also created for possession of the Holy Scriptures and pure literature. The depôt of the Bible Society had

a largely increased sale, while the Tract Society and others established shops from which our *British*, now the *Austrian*, *Workman* publications were and are still largely supplied. Proof has thus been granted that Christian effort among the aliens in London exerts an influence, both direct and indirect, upon other large cities of Europe. This is of vast importance among peoples who for the ancient faith have the substituted and ever increasing inventions of man. As these become acquainted with the holy letter and Divine influence of the written word, the revelation made by Jehovah of Himself and His attributes, the majesty of mercy in the giving and atoning work of His Son from heaven, even Jesus, and the convincing, converting, and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit : as this true light is diffused, the darkness, with its sorrow and sin, shall be dispersed, and the loud songs of thanksgiving ascend from the cities of the earth.



Street, Barrack, and Tent.

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHAPTER VIII.

**DEPOSETH CONCERNING "LAZY LOSELS" OF
PAST TIMES, AND VAGABONDISM OF THE PRE-
SENT.—TEACHING AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE,
AND ON PUBLIC WORKS.—DAY AND NIGHT
CABMEN.—OUR GUARDIANS AND POSTMEN.
— ST. PAUL'S STRIKES TWELVE.— GIPSIES,
THEIR LANGUAGE, FORTUNE TELLING, AND
SPEECHES.—OUR ARMY.—THE CITY OF CAN-
VAS.—THE PERFECT WEAPON**

THE GOSPEL IN STREET, BARRACK, AND TENT.

“Wisdom crieth without ; she uttereth her voice in the streets.”—
PROVERBS i. 20.



THE streets of London in both ancient and modern times have possessed an interest peculiar to themselves. The quaint irregular old houses, with overhanging stories and ever changing orders of architecture ; the signs and names over shops whose windows display goods, common, curious, and tempting ; the public buildings, both national and municipal ; the fashionable, common, and trade vehicles of style and fashion peculiar to each age ; with an ever

changing variety of costume and personal adornment, —always gave interest to the city. But the chief charm has ever been the density and variety of its people. When a walled city, the narrow thoroughfares were never equal to the throng of citizens, while levelled walls and widened streets have only in part met the necessities of the teeming and ever increasing multitudes. On state occasions, when royal pageants or civic processions passed through its time honoured central ways, embellished and illuminated windows with flag adornments, roofs, balconies, and pavement were crowded with happy citizens and their fair wives and daughters. These occasions gave proof that the closely packed hive of industry was animated with a joyous public spirit.

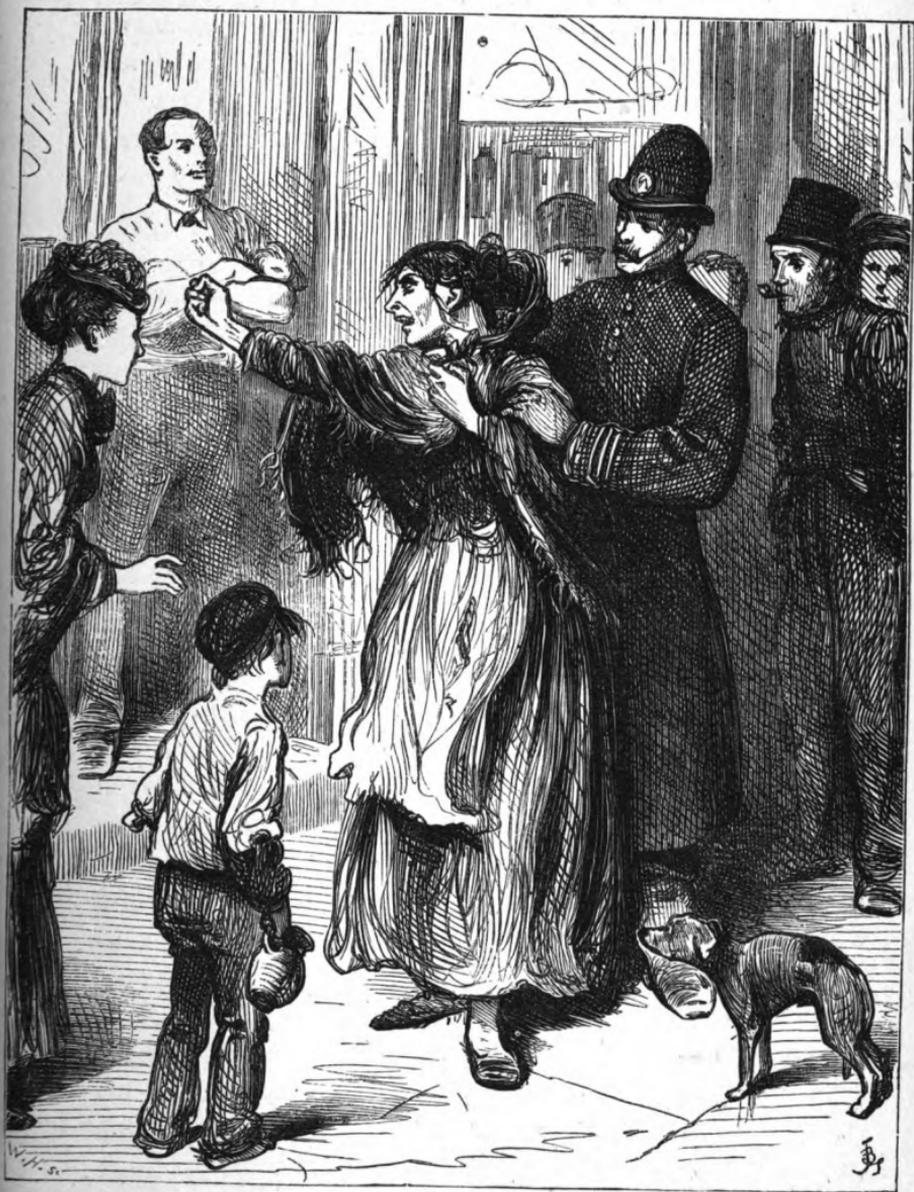
These and other exciting incidents of the times always drew from the crime-mazes a horde of plunderers and impostors; but these were seen in more unmixed condition when punishments were publicly administered. The crowds who swayed and surged before the sombre platform of Tower Hill when political offenders were beheaded became excited, and from their large criminal element were often, on their return, dangerous to the peace of the city. On lesser occasions, when known criminals were executed, or offenders left the gates of Bridewell to be whipped at a cart's tail to the pillory or place where their offence was committed, and back again, the rogues of every shade flocked to the public ways. "Loutering lerks and lazy losels" were also in their strength, a proof that the most important and industrious of cities contained the most vicious population. Then, as now, the protection of person and property required vigorous

attention in parliament and Mansion house, but only resulted in change of punishment and constabulary arrangements. The writers of each age certainly did their duty by warning the public, especially visitors to the metropolis, of their danger; and it is amusing to read such pamphlets as that published in 1566, entitled "A Caveate, or Warning for Common Cursetors, commonly called Vagabons; set forth by Thomas Haman, Esq.;" or that published in 1592, entitled "Martin Mark-all, Beadle of Bridewell, his defense and answer to the Bellman of London: originate and regiments of Rogues." These writers narrate the various modes of imposture and open crime, and give the slang of the day; but while the latter differs, the forms of cheating and robbery in the streets of modern London seem much the same, so that in this also "there is nothing new under the sun." Thieves who gained great influence over their fellows, and became leaders, were styled "*upright men*," but are now called "*captains*." Our "*magsmen*" (persons who delude countrymen and foreigners into public houses, and cheat with cards or rob them) were then named "*coney catchers*," and our "*plucked chickens*" were then known as "*vacant wayfarers*." Scenes of drunkenness, of women being moved on by the police, and of staggering men (now of frequent occurrence) prove that the vice portrayed by Hogarth in his picture of Gin Lane has not yet been successfully grappled with.

But while the practice of street crime in our city is old, there is a modern element in our mode of conflict with it. In olden times the only respectable men who were on speaking terms with the criminal and abandoned were the officers of justice. Now an order of

men issue from Bridewell, of high character and Christian influence, to one or other of whom nearly every criminal is known. These men, instead of handcuffing, grasp with the hand of friendship; instead of shunning the vilest sinner in the highway, they meet them in the language of friendship, and thus, by quiet converse or by open air preaching, they cause salvation to be heard and its power to be felt in our streets.

There is no reason to suppose that the founder or early directors of this mission contemplated out of door effort; they indeed were so anxious to keep to domiciliary work that they commenced several movements to operate in the streets. This now important section of labour was however a development of their system. When the society was only four months and a fortnight old the first missionary reported a conversation with cabmen at their station. The men were quarrelling, and uttering bitter oaths, when he interposed with kindly words, subdued their anger and communicated saving truth. About a year after a missionary who visited a large court, in which the people utterly neglected Divine worship, was induced to stand up in its centre one Sabbath afternoon to read and expound a passage of Scripture. He found that while only a few came round him the men and women crowded to their windows and listened with evident pleasure. These "preachments in the open," as the people called them, were increased and rapidly became popular, so that during the summer months multitudes in their alleys and narrow streets are instructed from the Scriptures. The people who in this way receive good impressions are gathered into cottage meetings, which are well attended, and are there pre-



STREET SCENE IN LOW LONDON.

pared for and led to attend the regular ministry. These efforts in obscure places have reclaimed numbers of the impious and criminal, and have been followed with other important results.

Thirteen years ago, for instance, the lord mayor of London, seeing the good effect of this simple Bible reading, gave a missionary with whom he was acquainted permission to conduct a like service on the steps of the Royal Exchange, and this has been continued to the present time. Perhaps no service in London is of deeper interest than this. There, upon the highest step of that centre of the world's commercial power, stands a lowly servant of the great Master. Above him, deeply engraved in the topstone of the building, is the Scripture selected by the good Prince Albert, "*The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,*" while beside him stand citizens of repute, and even members of the corporation; and before him a medley crowd of several hundred persons. Passers by, respectable and otherwise, stop to listen or join in the hymn of praise; but the body of the meeting is composed of working people, Jews, foreigners, and many of doubtful character, chiefly from Houndsditch and the East end. There the good man stands, like Paul at Athens, reasoning from the Scriptures and proclaiming glad tidings of peace.

Until two summers ago this service was conducted by the well qualified missionary who first obtained permission. The word by him was with power, as sinners and some of the deepest dye were reclaimed. One Sabbath morning he was as usual in his seat at St. Jude's church, and knelt forward to join reverently in the litany. When others rose he continued kneeling,

and upon touching him it was found that a "happy issue" had been granted him, a sudden admission into the presence of his Lord. His visiting Bible, with passage for exposition turned down, and a selection of tracts, were found in his pocket, but his testimony was finished and his prize secured.

It will be scarcely a digression here to record the fact that the influence of this mission has been felt at many of the public works erected during the present generation, commencing and continued with the Greenwich and other railways, houses of parliament, exhibitions, and the Thames embankment. The rule has been, often at the request of the contractor, to appoint an agent whose class knowledge and talents fit him to gain the confidence of and to influence navvies and working men. He visits during their meals, and in the evening follows them into the public and coffee houses, and frequently to their homes. The influence of this is greatly to their moral and religious benefit, as drunken habits are checked, tea and other meetings arranged, and publications of a high tone distributed. The men at first resist the effort, but are always grateful at the end for the good effected.

It was so at the building of the Foreign Office in Parliament Street, at which many masons were employed. As a body they were opposed to the intrusion; but as there were many unbelievers among them they challenged the reader of the Bible to prove its truth, and appointed half an hour each dinner time for discussions. These were continued for two years, and suitable books and tracts were read and given. The good that followed was the recovery of several infidels, the enlightenment of the whole body

of these intelligent men, and their expressed gratitude. A few months ago, as their work became complete, they gathered round their friend and said: "You have, sir, been good to us, and we are grateful for your friendship and should like a memorial of our acquaintance. Suppose we have our likenesses taken, with you in the centre!" This was agreed upon, and at dinner hour next day a photograph was taken. Scene: Parliament Street. Missionary upon a huge block of stone; at his feet and immediately round him his converts and opponents. At the back and sides, upon stones, a cloud of fellow masons, all in working dress. For these pictures the men paid five shillings each, and they will, no doubt, keep them in memory of efforts made for their salvation while employed upon that great national building.

C A B M E N.

This approach to men employed in out door trades is only an occasional labour, but the mission to cabmen and other public drivers soon became a settled and anxious matter. As the directors became acquainted with the wretched spiritual condition of hundreds of men whose work never ceased from one year's end to another, and whose hours were so long that they rarely saw their children awake, these men in gross spiritual darkness, without a Sabbath, oppressed and abused on every hand, excited their deep concern. At first missionaries on districts were ordered to pay special attention to men on the cab ranks near to them, and as a result a young driver who had twice "been in difficulties with the police" was led

to seek and to find salvation. He became bold among his fellows, at heavy loss observed his Sabbaths, upon which he sought their spiritual good. After three years, and that quite thirty-four years ago, he was accepted by the managers, and was sent with the gospel to the cabmen of London. His zeal was so great that in the course of five years much good was accomplished. A cabmen's club was formed, meetings for reading the Scriptures and prayer established, and successful effort made to diminish Sunday driving. About this time the converted cabman changed his sphere of usefulness, and emigrated with his family to Australia. There he quickly rose to a position of influence, and when elected mayor of a large town he sent £100 to the committee in support of a missionary to his old friends the cabmen.

It is somewhat curious to notice that cab ranks differ in respectability; for according to the law of association by which we are assured that songsters of particular feather "flock together," so cabby at great inconvenience will make for the rank where he may find "chums" of his own taste and habits. We now refer to long past years, that we may indicate that at that time the rank at Tower Hill was used by men who were avoided by whips of neighbouring stands. One man was well educated, and used to boast that his grandfather was a clergyman and his father a solicitor, from whom he inherited £3000, and spent it in dissipation in an incredibly short time. His great friend was "Drunken Dick," and the whole circle when grouped together waiting for fares had a ragged, wretched appearance. As for their conversation, it breathed a spirit of hatred to the ruling powers, which

kept them in some subjection; of blasphemy against high heaven; and was only light and pleasant when some vice was sanctioned, or some story of clever or unusual extortion from their riders was narrated. The heavy threatening walls of the old Tower seemed to frown more grimly in the presence of that group of hardened, wicked men. It was no wonder then that when a Christian man approached for conversation he was received with cursing, and that his perseverance hardened them against him. A circumstance however occurred which influenced them, the illness of one of their number. The visitor heard of this, went to see the man, and effected his reformation. When back on the rank, he made way for his friend, and a grappling with their consciences commenced. One of them, a young man, called upon the missionary in spiritual distress for advice and prayer. The change from death to life passed over him, and he was received into a Presbyterian church. He was now only found upon the ranks on week days, and then he exercised a powerful influence for good. He was indeed a helper to the missionary, and formed nearly the first of an ever increasing body of Christian cabmen. Their good influence was so largely felt that several who used the Tower rank were led to live in newness of life, and the earnest visitor was able to report in the language of gratitude and triumph, "*I am now quite master of the stand.*"

The appointing of a second and then a third missionary brought a large proportion of the 12,000 cab drivers, and the 5,000 stable men, washers, and "bucks" (cabmen who had lost their licence, and who lived by hanging about the ranks by day, doing odd

jobs, by petty theft, and who slept in cabs at night). Year by year, upwards of seven thousand conversations were held with groups at ranks, with readings from the Scriptures, and quite eight hundred visits were paid at their homes to sick men. Hundreds of Testaments and thousands of large print tracts and illustrated publications were given ; an important matter for men who have so much leisure for reading. One result of this was an effort among themselves to secure the Sabbath rest. At their request the missionary, assisted by a committee of themselves, arranged a meeting at



eleven o'clock one night, at which Bishop Tait presided. After this the government granted six-day licences, and more than a *third* of the men availed themselves of them. These have recently been discontinued for a lower general licence, but an increasing number continue to rest. When it was proposed to open the Crystal Palace on Sunday, upwards of 5,000 signed petitions against, on the ground of increased Sabbath toil to the trade ; while one of their number, the driver of a hansom, wrote the best prize essay upon

“the value of Sabbath rest for man and horse” on the top of his cab, with a pencil, while waiting for his fares.

At the present time converts from among the cabmen are engaged as city and town missionaries and Scripture readers, and not a few are members of Christian churches, teachers in Sunday schools, and otherwise engaged in extending the kingdom of Christ. One, to our knowledge, is a Wesleyan leader and local preacher.

Never in the history of missions was the “sweet element of mercy” more graciously diffused than in the extension of this effort to the night cabmen. They number upwards of two thousand five hundred souls, and two thirds of their ages range from fifty to eighty years. The old men prefer nightwork on account of their poor clothing, and that they may be more quiet than in driving through the crowded thoroughfares by day. The horses and cabs are in keeping with the drivers, as the worst always work at night; so that with the old men’s patched great coat, often tied together with string instead of buttoned, their legs bandaged up in the same way, and an old rusty handkerchief round the hat, they appear to belong to a past generation. Many of them can scarcely move off their cabs for rheumatism, and others are crippled. The most suffering and infirm often prefer the box to the workhouse, and endure the bitter cold and rain at night rather than “be separated from the old wife.”

It was not until 1861 that the first appointment was made to these poor old men; and so deeply interested did the good brother become in his charge that to the present time he has kept firmly to his trust. He leaves home at eleven at night and returns at six in the

morning, so that during the silence of the night watches he is reading the Scriptures under lamp posts to groups of diseased and ignorant old men. In inclement weather he stands with groups of them under arch or door ways, and frequently with three of them sits in a cab instructing and comforting with gospel truth. Many of them have been drivers all their lives, and cannot call to mind the time they last attended Divine worship, but amid all this sorrow and darkness the poor old men appreciate the kind sympathy of the friend who tells them of a heavenly Father's love and a Redeemer's mercy, and who they know will visit them upon the near approaching deathbed.

From the ranks the good extends to each great railway terminus,—London Bridge, Fenchurch Street, Great Eastern, Charing Cross, the Midland, and others. Letter or mail trains arrive at four o'clock in the morning, and the meat and milk trains at half-past four, to meet which a number of cabmen assemble in the station. One of the night missionaries also arrives, and is quickly surrounded by a gathering of from twenty to forty old drivers, who listen to a reading from the good Book, and reverently uncover when prayer is offered. These gaslight meetings are often very solemn in their tone, and effective of spiritual good.

The extension of the effort to night coffee houses brought others, including the most degraded, under good influences; while reading the Bible and religious conversation at the hundreds of coffee stalls established in all parts of the city brought the great restoring power to bear upon the multitude of the abandoned, whose presence in the streets makes "night hideous."

The word uttered in the solemn night season is often with power to them, and hundreds of such are yearly reclaimed and restored to virtue and to home. The need and the value of such endeavours may be shown by an incident and a letter. One day a telegram from the Isle of Wight informed us that the pew-opener of the sender, a clergyman, would arrive by evening train in search of her daughter, who had absconded. We met the mother at the station, who stated that a friend had written to say that he saw the young woman on Waterloo Bridge, and had reason to think that she crossed over every evening. We accordingly repaired thither and kept watch through the long cold night. For hour after hour the stream of people passed in each direction, and as the night advanced they seemed to consist entirely of the multitude who do evil. As a figure passed on the opposite side resembling her child, the sorrowing mother would dart across, only to be disappointed, and would then retrace her steps. The number, the mock gaiety, the breaking up, weary frames, the painted careworn faces, many with hectic flush, the hollow laugh and expression of utter despair upon young faces, already old,—told how fearful and bitter a thing it is to sin against God. The policeman on duty told us that many in the frenzy of wretchedness have sprung over the low coping and found a watery grave, a sense of disgrace and friendlessness leading to the last dread crime. We were not surprised at this, as one poor girl when we told her the object of our search, burst into tears and exclaimed: "Oh that I had a mother to look for me!" (we sent her to a home, and she was rescued.) And then the stream of sinners flowed on, uttering their oaths, flaunt-

ing their ribbons, or walking in the moody silence of wretchedness.

For that and two succeeding nights we kept our painful watch, but did not meet the wanderer, who in penitence, and in answer to prayer, returned home a few weeks after. Those three nights, however, upon the bridge were not wasted, as several were added to the hundred we were enabled to snatch from the burnings, and our interest was deepened in the anxious, self denying efforts of those who in season and out of season thus labour for souls. The recompence of reward even here is great, as they love much to whom much is forgiven. Such letters as the following, which we select from hundreds, give pleasing proof of this.

Dear Sir,—I arrived home safe the same evening you saw me off, and was received like the prodigal (as I was) with open arms by my dear father and mother. Father intends writing himself, to thank you as the means of restoring so worthless a creature as I am. But God bless them, they don't think so. They are as glad at my return as if I had never brought shame and sorrow upon them. Ah, sir, what fearful consequences follow the paths of sin. I left home some years ago with youth and beauty. I left a father and a mother behind me in the prime of life and the enjoyment of health. Alas! what did I find? My mother in a state of hopeless infirmity, my father all bent and tottering, and myself, the wretched cause of all, bereft of innocence, beauty, and health. Oh that I could undo the past! Believe me, sir, my repentance is sincere, and, with God's help, I will spend the remainder of my life in His service, and in alleviating the misery and sorrow I have caused. Hoping that God will bless you in your work of charity, and enable you to rescue many others from that wretched life which I have left for ever, believe me to be, yours, very gratefully, —."

The outcast and criminal among men have largely felt the power of a proclaimed gospel in the streets.

The wretched and dissipated have told their sorrows to the kindly adviser, and have been in numbers led into the paths of wisdom. The helplessly criminal and hungry have had provision made for them in "thieves' kitchens," and thus been saved from starvation in their transition to a new course of life. A missionary whose duty it was to attend a kitchen within the boundary of his district was one winter evening passing through the Borough on his return from a ragged school meeting, when he was stopped by two men, one of whom pinioned his arms, while the other grasped his throat. They then robbed him of his watch and his money, which consisted of a half sovereign and some silver. Several days passed before the missionary had sufficiently recovered to visit the thieves' kitchen, but as soon as possible he went and conducted the usual service. Upon leaving he was followed by a man who inquired if he had not lost his watch near London bridge? The missionary of course told him that he had, when, to his still greater surprise, the man put it into his hand, and said: "There, gov'nor, I've brought the ticker back to you. I couldn't keep it, for as we were going away I saw by the gaslight who it was we had been robbing."

"But where is my money?"

"My chum has that; he won't give up the tin as I wanted him to do, and he sloped" (hid himself).

"But how came you to engage in such a sinful life as this?"

"Ah! I arn't so bad as you think, and I'd give up this sort of life if I could, but I've been to quod (prison) seven times, and I'm always in for it again: when I come out and try to get a job, some one goes

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and tells the governor who they've got, and I've got to lammas it" (run away from it).

This man was not out with a ticket-of-leave, but had been discharged when his last short term of imprisonment expired. When the missionary found that he had in his youth worked as a cutler, he induced a friend in Sheffield to give him a chance to reform by employing him in that trade. He also prevailed upon a good man, a Wesleyan local preacher, to receive him as a lodger. The letters he has written to the missionary indicate a thorough change, as he is living by his industry, and is constant in his attendance at Divine worship.

It is a pleasing circumstance that the police force, that important body of men who are charged with the repression of crime, the enforcement of lodging house and other acts of parliament, and who are our guardians by day and by night, have watched the rise and work of the mission with friendly sympathy. From the commencement the policeman and missionary who visited criminal districts (the one to suppress or lead to punishment, the other to caution and reform) became friendly, and this good feeling caused the society to develop into a mission to the

POLICE.

About thirty years ago, when the H division did duty near the Tower, a missionary made the acquaintance of a constable on his beat. He was a young man, and lodged in a "section house" near the station. He was taken ill, and the missionary asked permission of the superintendent to visit him, a request which was readily granted. During a long death illness the young con-

stable was instructed in the gospel, and gave evidence of saving faith. His remains were followed to the grave by the visitor and a great number of the force, several of whom had noticed the change wrought in their comrade and his happy death. At their request the station was visited for two hours weekly for a meeting and conversation. In this way attention was called to the spiritual necessities of the police, which led to the Rev. J. Garwood preaching a sermon to the men of that division, which was published and largely circulated among the force. Some time after there was a great gathering of officers from other parts of the metropolis to the funeral of the superintendent. The visitor was present, and afterwards changed the books of a library he had established for the use of the men.

"I did not know that any one cared for policemen's souls," observed a superintendent, and several officers inquired, "Why don't you come to *our* division?" After prayerful thought upon the matter the missionary made request to his committee for his appointment as missionary to the force, which was readily granted.

The visitor commenced his work by informing the then chief commissioner, Colonel, afterwards Sir John Rowan, of his appointment, and received a letter expressing his high approval of the proposed effort, and promise that every facility should be afforded. The visitor then made himself thoroughly acquainted with police duties, trials, and temptations, and for this purpose visited them by day and night. He was often seen walking the streets with policemen at two and three o'clock in the morning, sometimes in the lowest neighbourhoods, in fact in any place that he thought

likely to present a different phase of police duty or trial. Nor were these night visits without good results, as the following case will show.

"One day," he writes, "I gave a constable a tract, upon which he took off his hat, and raising the lining, drew forth another, which he handed to me, saying, 'Did you give me that, sir?'"

"I have no doubt of it, but I do not recollect."

"Perhaps you will, sir, when I tell you that one night, as St. Paul's struck twelve, you laid your hand on my arm, and said, 'My friend, if you should die before that clock struck again, where would your soul be?'"

"He then told me that the question had set him thinking, and he found that he had no well grounded hope for eternity. Being deeply anxious, he read the Bible, prayed, attended an Independent chapel, and there met with a person who took interest in his state. Some time after, when I met him again, he could say in reply to the question I put at our first meeting, 'I trust I should be with Christ in glory.'"

The chief commissioner became increasingly interested in the effort, and gave instructions to eighteen superintendents concerning it. This resulted in the station houses being all opened to the mission; meetings of the men were arranged, and the names and addresses of the sick constables supplied weekly. During one year 476 meetings for reading the Scriptures and prayer were held, the average attendance being fifty constables, while no less than 11,348 separate conversations were held. A large circulation of printed truth was commenced among them, and libraries formed at different stations. As influence with the force increased,

it was found that another agent was required, and an appointment was made to the city police with the sanction of its commissioner and superintendents. This agent has devoted his life for twenty-seven years to this important body of constables, and has been so circumspect in his conduct as to retain the favour of both officers and men; and he is now respected and venerated by them.

The large increase of the force rendered the appointment of a third missionary to the important A division necessary, and this received the sanction, indeed the whole effort received the support, of the late chief commissioner, Sir Richard Mayne. Soon after the appointment the chief superintendent sent for the agent and asked him to visit the recruits during their month of probation and preliminary drill. This was gladly done and led to useful acquaintance with the "young policemen" and increased usefulness with the whole division. The value of this work cannot be over estimated, as the A section is the most important of the force. A detachment of them accompany Her Majesty in her journeys, and are with the Queen and Prince of Wales wherever they reside. They have charge of the royal palaces, houses of parliament, and all public buildings; and they perform special duties throughout the metropolitan area.

Very recently, and that after many years of successful work in this division, the missionary became disabled, and his removal led to new arrangements, the discontinuing of special police missionaries, except to the city constables, and the visiting of the metropolitan police by the missionaries in or near whose districts the stations are situated. The same good feeling which distinguished

his predecessors is expressed by the present chief commissioner; and the missionaries, while zealous in seeking the spiritual good of the men, are respectful to the officers, and careful not to notice or interfere in station or regulation matters. The earnest but unsectarian teaching of the mission is also a power with such a mixed body of men, as controversy and sectarian strife are avoided and good feeling promoted. This may account for the fact that the police have ever shown substantial friendship to their missionaries, many of them having received presents of watches, timepieces, and the like. Sir George Grey, when Home Minister, received from the late chief commissioner so good an account of the influence of one of the agents over the men that he sent for him and presented him with an expression of his approbation. One missionary, who in addition to his weekly meetings taught French to the constables who were desirous of becoming detectives, received a writing table and desk of great beauty, to which each of four hundred constables subscribed. But the following extract from a local newspaper of this week's date will show the feeling which prompts to such acts of kindness.

Police Presentation to a Missionary.—On Wednesday afternoon a pleasing ceremony took place at the Rochester Row Police Station, Westminster, in the presence of a large number of constables, Chief Inspector Arnold, Inspectors Knight, Rowland, and other police officials. A handsome silver watch was presented by Mr. Superintendent Hayes to the city missionary who visited the men.

Mr. Hayes stated that for the last seven years that gentleman had worked assiduously in imparting spiritual advice to the policemen of the B division, and they as a small mark of their appreciation had subscribed together such small sums as sixpence,

which amounted in the aggregate to £7; with this a silver watch had been purchased; and the maker, in consideration of the purpose for which it was required, had engraved a suitable inscription upon it, and placed it in a presentation case without extra cost. He trusted that their friend would continue the good work he had undertaken, as up to the present time it had had a very beneficial effect on many of the men. In handing the present he asked him not to consider its intrinsic value, but only accept it as a token of the esteem in which he was held.

With constables as with others the reception of the gospel leads to newness of life and anxiety to reclaim others. Thus an officer whose opinions were infidel was sent to a police station with route papers. While waiting for an answer he went into the library and to his surprise found himself in the midst of a company of constables who were joining with the missionary in reading the Bible and prayer. The Word at that reading was as a hammer to break his rocky heart, and he came a few days after to speak to the reader about his spiritual condition. After several weeks of instruction he obtained peace with God, became a communicant, and lived a holy and useful life. Himself, and several under like influence, placed tracts in the cells of the stations, and obtained permission for the missionary to visit the prisoners; by this means some of the most degraded were benefited; one of them, a woman who had been imprisoned for drunkenness eleven times, was brought in her cell to resolutions of temperance, and after her discharge to the Saviour's feet. Soon after this the prisoners' waiting rooms and cells in several police courts were opened, and "daily charges" are to this day visited with benefit to many. In one division a superintendent received spiritual benefit from the visitor, and after a time urged the men to subscribe for a guinea family

Bible, and within a few weeks one hundred and sixteen constables out of four hundred in the division had commenced to do so. These instances and multiplied good have resulted from the friendship which has always existed between the police and the missionaries of the mighty city; and may the good feeling deepen and extend until by their united efforts the moral and spiritual regeneration of the vast capital is accomplished.

The transition from our guardians to our letter carriers is easy, but we have not space so fully to record the good work among

POSTMEN.

Let it suffice to notice the fact that a lady suggested and arranged for an appointment to them six years ago. An old and skilled missionary received the commission, as the difficulty of introduction was very great. To the astonishment of the men the missionary presented himself at a divisional office by half-past three one November morning. He stood under the lamp and handed each a *British Workman* as they entered. One man exclaimed, "Where on earth have you sprung from?" Another observed: "If you are a respectable fellow you ought to be at home with your family." And a third replied: "Oh! come on, he has got out of Colney Hatch." About one hundred and fifty had passed in and signed the roll, when one of them returned and inquired, "What does it mean, you coming here so early in the morning?" "Why, it means this," (was the prompt reply,) 'in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall

prosper, this or that.'” “Thank God,” the postman exclaimed, “who would have thought it? The Lord prosper you.” They grasped hands, and the first of many Christian friendships in the service was formed.

A few days after the visitor was stopped in the Bethnal Green Road by a young man who said: “You gave me a tract at the office door the other morning; I have read it and believe that Almighty God sent you after me.” “Of course,” was the reply, “He sent me after somebody, but I did not know it was you.” The letter carrier then took the missionary to see his wife, who with himself had been a church member and Sunday school teacher, but who for seven long years had been wanderers from the fold. They were restored to the favour of God, and reunited to a Congregational church. He continued steadfast, and became a valued helper in the work.

The same kind of procedure was adopted at other divisional offices, and the acquaintance of the controller of one of them, a Christian man, was made. He suggested the formation of a band of Christian sorters and postmen, which was done, and in a short time fifty names were enrolled, with himself as president. Meetings for Bible reading, prayer, and addresses were established in the following districts: E.C., E., N.E., N., N.W., S.E. These were largely attended, and at the close of his first year's work the visitor reported that he had made 3427 visits to postmen, read the Scriptures with them 1027 times, and held 74 meetings, at which the attendance of postmen was 1240. These services are valued, and the attendance increases year by year. One man for instance observed to the missionary: “The day I came into the service seven others were admitted;

but since then five of us have been transported ; we therefore need a word of caution as much as any class of men in London ; and although I have been in the office eight years, you are the first man who has spoken to me about my soul's salvation."

It was soon found that "a great and effectual door was opened," and another appointment was made to



the officers, sorters, stampers, and postmen of the following divisions: W., W.C., S., S.W., and S.E. Spiritual blessings to numbers of the men have resulted, and we give the following statement of the missionary to show the extent of the work.

W.C.—It is to me an important fact that I have held thirteen meetings this quarter in this division, one lecture, four Bible classes, and eight essay readings. It has often delighted me to see new faces, to spend an hour and a half thus socially and profitably with the men, and then to personally converse with them. They have themselves often expressed their satisfaction at the opportunities afforded to them of meeting with me.

On Wednesday, January 27, a tea meeting took place in this division, when the men decorated the room, and hung passages

of Scripture in various devices round the walls. The room was filled with the men and their wives. Mr. G. Williams presided, and the Rev. J. Robinson, Rev. S. Garratt, and other gentlemen, with my brother missionary to the letter carriers and myself, addressed the meeting. After which some of the letter carriers, with full hearts, spoke of their joy and hope concerning the future.

S.W.—The meeting in this division is held each Monday evening in one of the rooms connected with the Rev. Samuel Martin's chapel, Westminster. During the quarter twelve meetings have been held, six Bible reading and devotional services, five essay readings, and one lecture; and these meetings have afforded me good opportunities of individual intercourse with the men, as well as of collective teaching.

W.—I held meetings for this division at first in a room in Marlboro' Mews, Golden Square, but there was no fire, and the weather was very cold, which made against us. I then got the use of a room belonging to St. Thomas's, Portman Square, where we had our first meeting on February 16, and after that we have met regularly each week. Much has occurred to encourage me at this large district office.

S.—Each Tuesday a Bible class, or prayer meeting, has been held in John Street schoolroom.

S.E.—An association has been formed for this division, and a most energetic young sorter has become the secretary. Its meetings are held on Thursday evenings in a room close to St. George's church, kindly lent to me by the rector. These meetings are looked forward to with great interest, and the presence of the missionary at them seems to be always appreciated.

With very much labour I arranged soon after this time for, and held, a breakfast meeting in the new schoolroom, Lant Street, Borough. The weather was very dull and wet, but there were sixty letter carriers present. Some had come from Chelsea, Clapham Common, and other distant places. After breakfast the president read a portion of Scripture, and gave a most earnest address. A prayer and short addresses by different speakers succeeded, and we broke up about a quarter past ten. There was a most decided impression produced, many wished the meeting prolonged, and said they had never been present at such a happy gathering.

These efforts continue this branch of our narrative to

the present year, which is distinguished by a special development of blessing among the boys of the Post Office. By way of experiment a batch of lads were introduced into the establishment, to assist in sorting and stamping. Their numbers increased so rapidly that in the East Central division alone they number 1500, and the authorities found them unruly and unmanageable. The missionary gained influence among them, and invited 400 to a tea, at which a Bible class was resolved upon, and upwards of 100 names given in. A weekly meeting for prayer was ultimately arranged, at which many hundreds of the youths attend. Thirty of these have already made open confession of Christ before their fellows, and the work of grace is rapidly spreading among them. The other evening an inspector from the office attended the prayer meeting, and at its close rose and said :

“My young friends, many of you know who I am, and I will tell you why I am here. When lads were first introduced to the service I was much opposed to it, as were very many others, and the experience of the last two or three years only confirmed us in our opinions. Your conduct and your language were bad in the extreme. But of late, to our great satisfaction, we have seen a decided change, and I for one was desirous to know by what means the change had come, and I must tell you that all which I have seen and heard to-night has given me unspeakable pleasure. If I may give you advice, it is to attend to the instructions you here receive ; shun the bad, and make companions of the good. Then we who are your seniors in the establishment will no longer look upon you as many of us have done hitherto.”

The transition from street to tent, from the day and night conflict in the city itself to secluded spots in forest, wood or down, in the distant suburbs, is very great; but this open air and domestic mission has extended thus far, and has carried the lamp of life and raised the song of thanksgiving in the encampments of that strange race of people, the

GIPSIES.

From the time of their appearance in Europe in the fourteenth century, these "dark people of Zend or Ind," as the Germans named them, or *Rommani* (the husbands), as they styled themselves, have been a wandering and irreligious people. They travelled in hordes, each having its leader or count, and gave out that they came from Lower Egypt, and had escaped from the Saracens, who were using force to turn them from Christianity. A number of them made their way as pilgrims to Rome, and were by the pope enjoined "seven years' penance, to wander over the world without lying in a bed." They then broke up into parties, and distributed themselves through the nations, one large tribe making their way to England. It is somewhat remarkable that to this day they retain their language, which is not mere jargon, as some suppose, but has a close similarity with the Sanscrit or Hindostanee, a vocabulary of several hundred words having been compiled. Their character has always been considered bad and mysterious, as a French writer for instance 340 years ago described them as "very dark, with black curly hair, their ragged clothes being tied together with ropes; but notwithstanding their poverty the women

wear large silver earrings, and are able by looking into people's hands to tell their fortunes ; and, what is worse, they rob people's pockets of their money."

For several centuries the gipsies in England lived a miserable and partly secluded life, hiding themselves in forests, and only appearing where they could cheat or steal. They indeed became absolute heathens in intelligence and heart, being the dread of farmers and country people, and disliked in the towns they visited. However, the advance made in national progress and police arrangements affected even them. Their solitudes were invaded, and their depredations stopped, while their necessities brought them nearer to the great towns. London, with its mighty attracting force, drew whole tribes to its neighbourhood, and when within its circle their men and women mingled with its people. At races, fairs, and places of rural resort, the dark sorceress of Ind, with grotesque headdress, a baby supported in a shawl at her back, and pack of fortune cards in her hand, was to be found ; while the men conducted thimblrigs, knock-em-downs, and other doubtful pursuits. While thus engaged Christian people occasionally spoke to them at the waysides, but no systematic effort was made for their evangelization until a few years before this London mission was formed. About that time the late Rev. J. Crabb, of Southampton, formed an "institute for the evangelization of gipsies," and by personally visiting among them secured the affection of whole tribes, and effected much spiritual good. At his decease the managers of the institute, finding that a far larger number of these wanderers could be found in the suburbs of London than elsewhere, arranged with the committee of the



London City Mission for an appointment to them. This visitor commenced with the "squatters" in Epping Forest, and gradually extended his efforts to the hamlet of camps and caravans at Notting Hill and other outskirts of the city, and thus the mission to the gipsies became established, with marvellous results.

At first the visits were offensive to a people who lived partly at least by lying and theft, but their confidence was gradually gained, and their interest in spiritual things secured. From a conversation under trees, or on the greensward, the new friend was welcomed into the tent, and after constant Bible reading they gathered from their canvas homes to the open air readings, and then walked long distances to cottage services and schoolroom meetings. With them the Bible had an immediate and intense interest. They were surprised to find their names in the book, as every gipsy bears the name of Sarah, Ruth, Abraham, Ezekiel, or some other Old Testament worthy; while the narratives of the gospels, the homeless Saviour, the wandering prodigal, and the open air scenes and teaching had a charm for them. "Signs followed," as their hearty welcome of the instructor, and the leaving of tents on the Sabbath morning for Divine worship clearly proved. Distress at their way of living and a turning to the right way of the Lord resulted, and a moral and spiritual regeneration has been wrought upon many. At first the women tried to cast the sin of their lying upon their tempters; declaring that the London girls and women were the greatest fools in England, and required bigger lies and more of them for the trifle they gave "to cross hands" than any other people. A keen eyed, handsome old woman, who had told fortunes

for twenty years, declared that the money "came from the devil and went back to him again." Several of these gave up their black art, and in consequence suffered poverty ; one of whom was a pretty young woman with charming manners and conversation. She used to pay a guinea a week to go into the royal Pavilion Gardens, North Woolwich, and the missionary has frequently seen her empty two or three handfulls of silver from her pocket when returning to the tent, a sum sufficient to form a good church collection.

These ancient wanderers are never seen to greater advantage than at a tea meeting, and it was our privilege at the invitation of the missionary to attend one of these, for the purpose of giving an address. About a hundred and seventy gipsies, men and women, were seated in the schoolroom at well spread tables, their black eyes sparkling with a brilliancy peculiarly their own.

Several of the women possessed no small share of beauty, and all had sought by their neat and respectful appearance to do honour to the kind entertainers, who were personally waiting upon them. Some baby gipsies were present, and the roving mothers seemed as loving and as tender as their more settled sisters.

Men and lads, and wild rough boys, were there too, enjoying such a tea as some of them said they had never seen before, with their skins brown as the earth they wander over, and their wondrous thick, black, matted hair, which had never known brush or comb. We sang the grace, and all went on pleasantly, as for vivacity and joyous conversation the gipsy has few equals. There were sweet voices too among them, as they joined in singing a hymn of praise with judgment and feeling.

During prayer they were reverent, and almost demonstrative at the speaking. When told by their visitor that any of them might address the meeting, the non-gipsy persons were astonished at their ready response. Man after man rose, and in uncouth language, but with the fire of native eloquence, blessed their God and thanked their friends for the gospel they had received. The most telling speech was, however, made by Jemima Lee, who had been famous in her tribe for fortune telling, and had been much sought after by ladies, many of position, for that purpose. She spoke of her life and its deceptions with abhorrence, and, as she has some property (the case with many), of her self appointed work as nurse and sick visitor among her own people. We could lengthen this account, but prefer to introduce a statement just handed to us by their missionary of Epping Forest, especially as it will acquaint the reader with the peculiarities of their language, and the way it is used by him for their instruction, as he acquired it for that purpose.

Visiting among the gipsies on Epsom Downs, I saw a tatcho Romany, *i.e.* true gipsy, and his juva, *i.e.* his wife, making preparations for their evening meal. Anxious to be about my Father's business, I saluted them in the old gipsy tongue :

“Koshto divvus, Romany chal ta Romany chi.”

“Good morning, gipsy man and gipsy woman.”

“Koshto divvus, Romany rye,” he answered. “Av a dree, ta beshally pawdle adoy, ta haw some koshto habben, fino hotchi witche.” “Good morning, gipsy gentleman, come in and sit down over yonder, and eat some good food, it is a fine hedgehog.”

“Kek paracrou tute,” I replied ; “mandi has well’d to del aprey the Koshto Lil.” “No, thank you, I have come to read the good Book.”

“Koshto, koshto, rye,” he answered, “but hau a bitte o’ maas and morro firstus.” “Good, good sir, but eat a little of bread and meat first.”

“Kek paracrou tute,” I replied ; “mandi ’ll pi a coru of muttra mengree.” “No, thank you ; but I will drink a cup of tea with you.”

“You shall, rye, you shall a fino coru of muttra mengree,” he answered.

We then sat round the yog, *i.e.* fire ; he and his juva eating their fine hedgehog, and I drinking my cup of tea. I read the parable of the prodigal son, which I have always found a favourite with the gipsies. And as I dwelt upon the love of God to returning prodigals I said, “Moses, do you ever pench of your zee ?” *i.e.* think of your soul ? “Kek rye, kek,” he answered, “mandi’s a wafro mush,” *i.e.* “No sir, no, I am a bad man.” “But Moses,” said I, “you will muller yeck divvus,” “die some day,” “and if tute mo kaum the deary Dovvell, you will kek jal to me Dovvell’s ker,” *i.e.* “if you don’t love the dear Lord you will never go to heaven.”

His wife now left the tent and we were left to ourselves ; so I said, “Moses, do you currepen your juva knau ?” *i.e.* “do you beat your wife now ?” “Avali rye, avali, when mandi’s posh motto mandi’s a wafro mush.” “Oh ! mi deary Dovvell dic tuley pre mandi.” “Mandi dell’d his juva a currepen waver divvus, till the ratt jall’d avree her trupo likens pawnie alangus the drom,” *i.e.* “Yes, sir, yes, when I’m half drunk I’m a bad man.” “Oh ! my dear Lord, look down upon me.” “I

gave my wife a beating the other day till the blood ran like water along the road."

After much further conversation and prayer I tried to show him his need of a Saviour, and the willingness of Christ to save all who came to Him. I said: "Well, Moses, I must say *Koshto ratte*, kaum the dearey Dovvell," *i.e.* "Good night, love the dear Lord." "Koshto rye," he answered, "mandi jins tu kaums the Romany chals; pootch the deary Dovvell for mandi." "Good sir, I know you love the gipsy people, pray the dear Lord for me." This occurred in the summer of 1861.

Last May I held a tea meeting for the gipsies. About sixty were present, including fourteen converted gipsies; nine of them gave sound scriptural addresses with much force and power, calling upon their unconverted fellow gipsies to decide for the Lord Jesus.

Caleb S—— said: "I've knowed the Lord Jesus, bless His dear name, for four years, and I knows He is a good master. I've not wanted for nothing since I've knowed Him; and, my dear brother gipsies, if you come to Him He won't cast you out because you are ragged and dirty, but He will make you clean and tidy, He will give you a new clean heart and a right spirit; and when you get them you'll soon get a better outside."

Solomon C—— said: "Some on yer have knowed me all my life. You knowed me when I belonged to the devil, and you've knowed me since I've belonged to the Lord Jesus Christ. And don't yer think I'm a better man now nor I was then? I can't read a verse in this blessed book (the Bible), but bless God I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies. I can look up and say 'Jesus is mine and I am His.' Ah! my friends, if you'd only love Jesus you'd be happy all the day."

You know a pudding may look nice, but you've got to taste it before you know what it is. Just so you must come to Jesus as a poor sinner and taste His mercy, and then you'll know it is religion what can give sweeter pleasures while we live. And you know if you don't like Christ the devil will take you back again; but you only come, and I'm sure you won't want to go back again."

Ruth Smith gave a very telling address to the women. She said: "Some of you think you can't go out with your basket and sell your things without telling a lot o' lies. Now I knows you can. I don't want to praise myself, I want to praise my blessed Jesus who died for sinners like you an' me. But I knows that if you don't want to tell lies you aint 'bliged. I've been out with some of you, and you knows how I does, I ask a fair price for my goods and I don't take no less. You ask double what a thing is worth, and then have to tell a lot o' lies to back it up. But you wouldn't do it, mind you, if you loved the Lord; you forget He (the Lord) is got a book and He puts it all down, and only think what a big book He has to keep for some of you. You've been telling lies all your life, and so did I till God stopped me. But oh! my dear friends, don't let us go on like we have been, but let us come to Jesus. And this book (the Bible) says, though I can't read a word on it, but I knows it's true, it say, 'Let the wicked give up his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him turn to the Lord, and God will have mercy on him.' Jesus died, my friends, to save gipsy sinners, He has saved me, He has saved my husband, and we are both praying to Him to save all our children."

The social influence of Divine grace upon the wander-

ing people is very marked. They commence family worship in their tents, to which neighbours are welcome ; but desire is soon created for an abiding home, and many of them, as soon as they can obtain employment, settle in the towns. Letters to their missionary from some of these are before us ; one from a young man states that he has been received by a Baptist minister into church fellowship ; another from a tinman to say that his children have been baptized, and his wife and himself admitted to the Lord's table ; while a third from a woman in quaint language gives a touching account of her husband's happy death and her good hope of joining him in the many mansions. Surely this blessing upon the gipsies is a grand expression of Bible power, for the Book has done it all : proof positive that a united church can with that go on conquering and to conquer.

It may be permitted us here to pass from tents to tents and barracks, and thus refer to the

BRITISH ARMY,

as thousands of its rank and file, guardsmen, artillerymen, and cavalry are brought under the influence of this mission. So recently as when it was founded the saying was generally accepted, "The worst man makes the best soldier." The opposite is now known to be the fact, as this Victorian age has been distinguished by an intellectual and moral uprising among the English people, and with them the army. Lay agency has in this been a felt power. One of the first missionaries in visitation met with the wife of a soldier whose regiment

then garrisoned the Tower. In great trouble and family distress she had taken to liquor, but was reclaimed and became a church member. A friendship was formed with the husband, which led to visiting him and many of his comrades. As the good work extended to Woolwich many wives and families of the artillery, sappers and miners, and a number of the men were brought under visitation, which led to an application from officers for the appointment of a visitor to the families of soldiers connected with these arms of the service. Circumstances, however, soon led to a more direct and telling effort within barracks. Quite twenty-eight years ago a



Pimlico missionary interested himself in the Horse and Foot Guards, and after making the acquaintance of many life guardsmen formed a Bible class among them. He had in his native town shown great sympathy and obtained much power for good over the military, visiting them in barracks and forming Sunday schools for those who had children outside. When his suitability for a

soldiers' missionary became known the appointment was offered to him, and since then this mission has done good service as an Army Scripture Readers' Society.

In order to divert the soldier from demoralizing influences and improve his intellectual condition, the first Soldiers' Institute was formed at Woolwich, and upwards of 800 men joined it within a year, each paying one penny a week. Lectures on historical and other subjects were arranged and educational classes formed, thus commencing a system which was soon adopted in all garrison towns, to the great benefit of the soldiery. This and other efforts led to friendly intercourse with soldiers and young recruits, and resulted in the reformed lives of many and the establishing of some in righteousness. In proof that the wives and families of the married have benefited, we instance the circumstance that during the Crimean war the missionary received from head quarters the names of the married soldiers who were killed, that he might break the news to their widows. He wrote :

After the battle of Inkermann I had the names of fourteen women of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, whose husbands were killed, given me from head quarters, and was requested to carry the mournful news to the poor women at their own homes, if living in London, to prevent, as far as possible, the distressing scenes that had occurred when the women heard of their husbands' deaths at the workroom where they attended weekly to bring in their work and receive ration and money. I endeavoured, as far as circumstances permitted, to discharge this melancholy duty.

Generally I adopted the following plan : I read of Christ at the grave of Lazarus, commenting on "Jesus wept ;" "I am the resurrection and the life : he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." This, in most cases, was sufficient to arouse their

worst fears. When I saw that the poisoned arrow had taken effect, and suspense became as bad as the reality, I told them, and prayed, or rather attempted to pray, with them. In other cases they were so cheerful and hopeful that they did not realize their loss until plainly told of it. As I went from one to another, my spirits were much depressed, my tears flowed as freely as theirs, and by sympathy I sometimes thought I almost felt as much as them. The bells were ringing and the guns firing to celebrate the victory, but the despairing cry of these bereaved women was ringing in my ears, and for days after I thought of those scenes of woe.

Since that time scarcely a return has been received at the Horse Guards without increasing the number of widows (131 in all). Such visits may best be described in the words of the prophet, "lamentation and mourning and woe." The officers' ladies were thankful for my efforts to sympathise with and console the bereaved, and the women themselves expressed gratitude.

Spiritual blessings have also resulted from this mission to the soldiers. Out of a party of 400 of the 19th Regiment of foot, occupying barracks in the Tower, 150 men gladly received religious instruction, and all gratefully accepted good publications and tracts; and the proportion of those who take interest in things spiritual has rapidly increased. Individual instances of benefit are numerous, as personal testimony and letters from soldiers in all parts of the British empire fully prove. Selection is difficult, but to show the style we copy one addressed to our chief secretary.

Sheerness, October 3, 1856.—Rev. Sir,—Inclosed I beg to forward postage stamps to the amount of 3s., collected by me among my comrades, for the benefit of the London City Mission, a society for which I shall ever pray, and to which I am indebted for the rank I have the honour to sustain in Her Majesty's service.

I once, sir, had the pleasure of shaking hands with you at your own office, in company with my father in Christ, Mr. R.—

To that devoted servant of his Master I owe my happiness, as well as my ability to discharge my duties as a non-commissioned officer, as, when he first met me, I was no scholar, but through his kind and fatherly advice I began to apply myself not only to secular but spiritual learning, and the progress I have made is not only a wonder to myself but to all my friends. It is with pleasure I say it, I am, I trust, a partaker of saving grace, and in communion with the Lord's people. Wonderful indeed have been the Lord's mercies to me during the late campaign; great have been my deliverances, and correspondingly great should be my Ebenezers. Amongst my greatest comforts in the Crimea were the letters sent me by my spiritual father. May his life be long spared, and the life of his kind, loving, and motherly partner. It is my intention to forward my collection every month, in this or any other way you may deem better. My beloved commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Townsend, killed within a few yards of me at Inkermann, knew and greatly respected Mr. R——. With love and respect, and many prayers, I am, Rev. Sir, your obedient servant, D——, Sergeant 2nd Company, 12th Battalion Royal Artillery.

The Rev. John Garwood.

In a more recent letter from India the same correspondent states:

We at present muster one captain, five sergeants, four corporals, four bombardiers, twenty-five gunners, etc., and one trumpeter, beside many private Bible readers. But our boasting and joy are not founded upon numerical calculation, but upon the practical godliness of twenty-seven earnest praying men of the above number, whose personal consistent character, unity, and love as soldiers and Christians are beyond description. And what is the pleasing result of this large proportion and goodly number of Christian soldiers in one company or battery of——? Why, the battery is reported the healthiest, best drill and behaving in India; and when our good captain was asked how did he account for the good behaviour of his men, he nobly answered, "I must attribute it to their religion."

As in other spheres of labour, the growth of influence has been gradual, but is at the present time con-

solidated and increasingly effective. "I have now," writes the soldiers' missionary, "full and free access to all the troops in London, and a large number of the men freely converse upon the great truths of the Bible. I have helped many to fight against their great enemy, excessive drinking; and could name at least thirty (some in the Royal Horse Guards and Grenadiers) who have become Christian men." Good is also increased at Woolwich, and among the veterans of Chelsea College, which must lead English Christians to enlarged desire for the full subjection to Christ of the splendid army which defends our Queen and country.

The simplicity but almighty power of the gospel can alone effect this and greater results. There are indeed those who think that the additions of men in the way of advanced philosophy, ritual, and things suited to the spirit of the age are necessary for the ultimate triumph of the church. A group of volunteers at Wimbledon last year certainly seemed to think so, and this is how we got at their opinions. Two members of the N. R. A. were in pleasant converse with us, when several of the corps joined in the debate. We were standing near the Windmill, with the city of canvas spread around in all its variety of tent and gaiety of flag and national standard; in the ranges just by were labels upon the tent stakes, bearing fanciful names given by their occupiers, such as "The Spider's Retreat," "Jack's Happy Happy Home," etc.; while the spaces before many of them were gay and fragrant with flowers. Parties of men were before the butts contending for prizes, while at the pool target or running deer there was the perpetual crack

of rifles or thud of bullets. The expression of life and manly earnestness seemed to give force to religious remarks, as one of them observed "that in his opinion the books given in the camp would be more useful if they contained less of evangelical sombreness and more of modern thought and religious development." While he was speaking a file of boys passed from their encampment towards the signal mortar. They were inmates of the Boys' Refuge at Limehouse, and were there to gather up exploded cartridge papers and attend to the blowing off and ashpits. They looked well, and were brimful of happiness as they chanted that year's song of the camp, and repeated :

"I'm not the camp historian, nor he who's here to rule it,
I'll simply tell you what I saw while travelling as a bullet."

Looking at them we replied : "Evangelical religion is the Christian power of England. It was that which secured the Reformation and all our liberties, and is now the uplifting force among the people. Near the home of those boys, in Her Majesty's Tower, is an armoury of ancient weapons which I have often examined with interest. Six hundred years ago the balistarius, or provider and keeper of crossbows, was an important officer there. His title was changed to 'Keeper of the King's Ordnance,' when guns and cannon were invented; and to trace the development of these weapons to the arms of precision used by yourselves is a study of deep interest; their construction and effect so marvellously differ. It is not thus, however, with the armour and the sword of the Christian warrior, as the Captain of salvation gave a *complete* panoply and an *irresistible* weapon to His

church. For man to try and improve upon these is as great a mistake as it would be for you crack shots, in order to increase your scores, to fire at the thousand yard target with a matchlock of ancient times." To this there was general assent, and thus ended one of many thousand contentions for the truth in street, barracks, and tent.



The Sick Poor at Home, in Hospitals and Infirmaries.

No sickness there !
No weary wasting of the frame away,
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray !

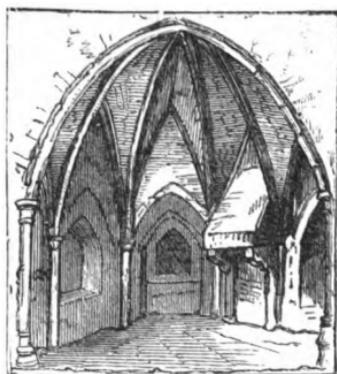
Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song ;
Its toiling billows break and melt in foam,
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng !

CHAPTER IX.

DISCOVERETH A LINK BETWEEN CERTAIN
TOWER PRISONERS AND PRESENT SUFFERERS.
—THE *DREADNOUGHT* AND ITS VISITOR.—
THE COBBLER PAINTER RIGHT AT LAST.—
WORTHY OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.—A SAB-
BATH IN HOSPITAL. — QUEEN OF THE
SWEARERS.—UNDRESSING FOR GLORY.

THE SICK POOR AT HOME, IN HOSPITALS AND INFIRMARIES.

“I was sick and ye visited Me.”—MATTHEW xxv. 36.



UPON the ancient walls of the Tower,—that monument of times and customs long passed away,—are inscriptions of strange device, many of which are expressive of earthly wisdom, and others of heavenly hope. The tedium of long imprisonment was often relieved by cutting signs and words upon the stones of adamant hardness,—records which have defied the wear of ages to erase them. That monogram upon the entrance, or Byward Tower, date 1617, in which three letters, R P X, are so ingeniously wrought as to contain the full alphabet, tells of the long arrest, perhaps of a military prisoner,

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who was privileged to promenade the terrace, and, judging from the style of chiselling, made this strange use of his sword-point. The inscriptions, however, in that state prison, the Beauchamp Tower, tell many a tale of misery in close and cruel confinement, relieved by conscious innocence; or the anticipation of torture, and even death, calmly endured, in hope of the happy issue out of present suffering into the heavenly rest. As we enter the basement of the building, the first inscription meets the eye: "WALTER PASLEW. My hope is in Christ. 1569. 1570."

The gloomy upper storey of the Tower, with its small circular room, surrounded with recesses which once were cells, is, however, the richest in inscriptions. On the right of the second recess the following is deeply cut. "O Lord, whic art of heaven, King, grawnt gras and life everlasting to thingn servant in Prison, along with . . ." Even the loopholes, by which the thickness of the walls was made visible to the unhappy prisoners, bear inscriptions of interest, as the following. It consists of a shield, surrounded by a circle; above the circle the name, "T. SALMON"; a crest, formed of three salmons, and the date 1622; underneath the circle the motto, "*Nec temere: nec timore*": "Neither rashly nor with fear." Also a star, containing the abbreviation of Christ, in Greek, surrounded by the sentence, "*Sic vive ut vivas*": "So live, that thou mayest live." In the opposite corner are the words, "*Et morire ne morieris*": "And die, that thou mayest die not." Surrounding a representation of death's head, above the device thus described, is the enumeration of the months, weeks, days, and hours of his confinement. Thus: "Close

prisoner 8 monthes, 32 wekes, 224 dayes, 5376 hovres." And near this inscription is another of sweet consolation: "THOMAS ROOPER. 1570. By the painful passage let us pass to the pleasant port."

The stones of the grim fortress thus give expression to that "blessed hope" which, as a sunbeam, brings light into the darkest recesses of suffering, misery, and want. Yes; and there are now such abodes round the Tower; habitations of the poor, where pestilence and hunger lay many upon hay and straw beds in sickness and weakness, prisoners most of them without hope. Then again there are hospitals, into which thousands of the afflicted are yearly admitted for treatment, and in which many spend weary weeks and months in languishing pain and sorrow. Others, where sufferers from burning fever or contagious disease are alone admitted, who in those lazar houses are shut away from every friend, while startled by the frequent approach of the king of terrors to the sufferers around them. Surely in no places are the feet of those who bring glad tidings more blessed than in those haunts of misery and prison houses of the diseased. And there are holy men and women who count not their lives dear unto them in the effort to cheer these sufferers who sit in darkness with the light of life.

During the late formidable outbreak of small-pox, a volunteer was required for service in that grand old three-decker, the *Dreadnought*. To passengers upon the Thames she for many years has had an interest next to the Tower itself, because she was always manned by fearless sailors, and as a part of Nelson's fleet brought fame to the admiral, and honour and safety to old

England. After earning her wreaths of victory, she did better service still as an "hospital for seamen of all nations"; at the commencement of the epidemic, her friendly fighting decks and cabins were set apart for seamen thus afflicted. Her hammocks and beds were soon filled with sufferers, and request was made for a Christian visitor to console them and to point to Him whose "name salvation is." When the request was made known to a brave regiment in the mighty army of our Lord, and the question asked, "Who will go?" a ready response was made by one of the missionaries,—"Here am I: send me." For quite four months he almost lived on board, but was graciously preserved. "I am," he wrote, "called to witness most trying scenes, and the nausea to which I am exposed frequently produces sickness. Before leaving the ship I always change my clothes, as I have a particular dress for this work. One beautiful summer morning in the month of June I visited its worst part, and there found a poor man at the point of death, a mass of corruption. I made known to him that message of salvation with which I was entrusted, but before I had concluded a short prayer he was in the presence of his God. I then hastened to inhale the passing breeze from the open porthole, and was glad to stand there to suppress my rising emotion. Oh, the contrast between the outside and the in! Within all seemed misery and suffering; without all was calm, joyous, and beautiful. A Sabbath rest was on the river, and while the bells of the neighbouring churches were harmoniously chiming I was for the moment riveted to the scene; the brilliant sunbeams and the gentle zephyrs were playing on the ripples of old Father Thames, and tinting them with

rainbow hues. But I turned away to speak to another sufferer, who accosted me with the words, 'Those Sabbath bells : how they remind me of home, when as a boy I used to attend the house of God!' I spoke to him and to others words of faithfulness and mercy, and I felt at the moment that if I had refused the embassy then, the very planks of the old battle ship would have cried out against me, and that her 120 guns, long since removed, would have raised their thunderous booms in angry protest against my lack of sympathy with its present inmates. The *Dreadnought* man-of-war at once became a Bethel to me, and I gladly spent the rest of the day there, ministering spiritual consolation to the suffering and the dying."

While thus employed among afflicted sailors from all nations, two of his fellow-workers were ministering in like manner to sufferers on shore, both of whom became infected but recovered. One of them wrote : "Upwards of three hundred cases of small-pox have come under my notice during the year, and I have visited every case. Not a house escaped the pestilence. My work for months has been chiefly among the dying and the dead. In some cases the very features were lost, and persons well known to me previously could not be recognised. There were twenty deaths in one street in one week. The evening classes had to be given up ; the Bible class had to be discontinued ; and the attendance at the infant school was reduced to a third."

On ordinary districts the death rate is very high, the result no doubt of poverty, neglect, and over crowding ; while in the lower parts of the city misery

and disease often assume fearful proportions. It thus occurs that the visitor usually has a long sick list in his pocket, and many of them devote a day a week to this branch of their work alone. As in trouble they are the chief advisers of the people, so in sickness they are the first sent for. And then it often occurs that friendship formed through years of visitation, especially where spiritual good has resulted, leads to anxious visiting through long and painful illnesses. It was certainly so with my friend Junks, whose acquaintance was thus made.

With the good Book in hand, I one day ascended the staircase of a house to whose inmates I was sent that they might be brought to a knowledge of salvation. He lived upon the upper floor, with a lodger in the opposite room. As the ladies are concerned in domestic arrangements, we, for their information, state that the narrow landing was equally divided into two parts: upon these were the buckets of water, brooms, and other little articles kept in such places by the respectable poor. Upon tapping at the door, it was opened by a short man, of intellectual countenance, wearing a shoemaker's apron, but holding an art-painter's brush in one hand, and a rough, home-made pallet in the other. Before him was a strip of canvas, partly painted, no doubt the side slip of a low theatre. The question, which he put sharply, as though fully occupied with his work, led to the following conversation and its result.

"What do you want with me, sir?"

"I am a missionary, come to make the acquaintance of yourself and neighbours."

"Then you shan't come into my place, as I belong



"NATURE HAS THE CURVE, THE LINE, AND THE EXPRESSION OF BEAUTY."

Page 247.

to the 'New Moral World,' and hate priestcraft and its lies."

"But the Bible is not priestcraft!"

"It is," the man exclaimed, with an expression of uncontrollable anger, and pointing to the bucket of water, continued, "if you come to my room again I will throw that over you."

As the opposite door had been opened by a man whose appearance and needle and thimble indicated him to be a slop tailor, we were glad to accept his civil request to step in for a minute. This man was very communicative concerning himself, and said that "he was awful poor, and had no clothes fit for Sunday, and had not for thirteen years attended Divine worship." He however excused himself by saying that "he was not so bad as his opposite neighbour, who had a good Sunday suit, as he made lots of money by shoemaking, and by painting for the 'penny gaff,' and by keeping the books of a club of infidel men." He was not offended by plain speaking as regarded his neglect of Divine worship, and his acquaintance was fairly made.

During the next few months many visits were paid to the tailor, but we confess to inexperience at that time in the art of visiting, and to a timid glancing at the bucket of water. An opportunity to speak to the "artist" was desired, and it occurred one summer afternoon. He was seated with his door open, daubing a piece of canvas, and the abrupt remark was ventured:

"You would improve that picture by throwing a light shade between the trees; and then the tree to the right is too stiff and heavy: nature has the curve,

the line and the expression of beauty. Besides, she would not leave the trunk of the tree uncovered by moss or ivy, and might scatter ferns under its shade."

"I was never taught this kind of thing," observed the man, "as I am a shoemaker, and only took to painting to oblige the gaff people, and I make up bits of songs for them."

This led to a pleasant chat, which removed any fear that remained of the bucket of water, and made way for another visit.

The man was this time seated at his last, and his wife and daughter of fifteen were both absent. "I didn't like," he observed, "to talk about religion before my girl, as she has never been corrupted by the Christian system; and as my views are red republican, I am dead against priest and king."

"But you, of course, acknowledge almighty God?"

"Not I! It's just as you said about the trees: it's nature that has production in herself, and adapts herself to physical necessities. I once wrote and read a lecture at a freethinking club, about nature as opposed to a supernatural being; so on this matter I am a match for one here and there, I can tell you."

This last remark was uttered good naturedly, and gave opportunity for the reply:

"Well, but some men, by close observation, see more in nature than others, just as you would paint trees more perfectly if you had time and opportunity for a closer study of them. Thus some of us are able to see greater things than others in the book of nature. We, Christians, maintain that among the inspired writers of the Bible there were good natural

philosophers; the one, for instance, who wrote the words, 'the invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead.'"

At first the man did not grasp the full meaning of the words, though deeply arrested by them. The hated Bible was therefore produced, and the passage with part of its context slowly read. He evidently felt somewhat irate at being thus instructed, but he was for the first time brought under the influence of the Book, the entrance of whose words giveth light.

Quite a year had passed, during which the visitor frequently replied to the infidel, and reasoned with him out of the Scriptures. "I see," he observed one day, "that you have Volney's 'Ruins of Empires' among your books; and I should like to read it, but can only do so on one condition,—it is that you read the four Gospels, and we will then converse about the difficulties we may meet with."

This was agreed to, and many conversations followed the readings. As one result, he became interested in the gospel stories, and charmed with the character of the *Lord Jesus*. The bitterness of his opposition gave way, and he listened to appeals concerning his own spiritual necessities. One day he surprised his friend by saying with confusion: "My views are quite changed, sir, and I see it all true about the predictions and the coming and the death and the resurrection of the Lord Jesus; only I can't pray."

"But, my good friend, you ought to pray for faith, for pardon, and for the Holy Spirit to guide you into all truth."

"Yes," he replied with feeling: "I know it, and so does my wife; but as you often say we must be saved from our sins, and the truth is we were only married in the 'New Moral World' style. My mates at the debating club gave us a supper; and then we promised to be kind and good to each other for life; and then our health was drunk with three cheers for each of us, and we were married. We have of late been unhappy about it, but nothing could be done, as we were in the dark, and hated religion and parsons, and had no thought of meeting in heaven. And now, sir, can you help us?"

There was a choking in the throat, and tearfulness in the eyes of both, as the question was asked; but the answer brought brightness into each countenance and thanks from their lips.

Next morning the rector of the parish and the lay agent entered the scene painter's room, and received from his lips a clear acknowledgment of his faith in God and belief in the holy Scriptures. Arrangements were made for their marriage, and for three Sundays they, as devout worshippers, listened to their banns. On the succeeding Monday their friend acted as father, and his wife, at their request, as bridesmaid, and the ceremony was reverently gone through. After this, the party returned home to a frugal breakfast, and then the family altar was set up in the room of the converted infidels. Before then they had never bent their knees together in prayer, and as far as we know they failed not daily to do so afterwards. The man's confession of his Lord was bold and clear, and in proof of his sincerity he gave up the, to him, lucrative business of painting for the gaff. "I can't,"

he once observed, "handle the devil's money, not I after receiving boundless mercy: the poor boys and girls are ruined there, and I will have nothing to do with the place." To his father in the gospel he showed true affection. One day, quite four years after the change, he handed him a piece of canvas, rudely tacked upon a frame, with some trees painted on it, and observed: "That remark you made to me, sir, about the beauty of the trees, was the first step in my salvation. It set me thinking rightly, and destroyed my bad feeling to religious men: so I have painted you a copy of it as an expression of my gratitude." It was accepted, and kept, until the colours faded, among memorials of Christian work.

Nearly ten years of Christian friendship, (and what more deep than that?) had passed, when "the painter" (for as an infidel he prided himself in the title or calling, and his friends indulged him in it) was laid aside for many months by his old enemy, chest disease. During this illness he was frequently visited, and that with pleasure, as his faith increased daily and his hope of glory brightened. There was a sweet calmness in the voice, and an expression of delicious peace in the face, as he said to his friend who one morning paid him an early visit: "I have had a bad night; so ill, but so happy. The heavenly port will soon be gained." A second visit was made late in the afternoon, when waking from a doze he smiled upon his friend and whispered:

"A crown of glory just before,
And Jesus waiting there;
A heavenly gale to waft me o'er:
What has the saint to fear?"

After this there was some battling with the last enemy, as three days passed before "victory through the blood of the Lamb" was calmly uttered, and then he joined the multitude redeemed from the earth.

Blessing came from this bereavement to the widow and daughter, as they so fully surrendered themselves to God as to say in all its depth of meaning, "*My hope is in Christ.*" The mother long after triumphed in the great Victor's name, and the child became established in the faith and hope of the gospel.

The early missionaries, in compliance with the rule which required them "to do good to the people by every means in their power," very soon busied themselves in obtaining letters of admission to hospitals for their poor friends when ill. They frequently assisted at their removal to those shelters of mercy, and often visited them when there. In this way the value of their labours became known to the authorities of the various metropolitan hospitals, and applications were made for agents to be set apart to visit several of these institutions. Among the first to apply was the board of the Fever Hospital. They stated that though hundreds of fever-stricken patients entered their wards yearly, several dying daily, yet no minister of religion entered the pestilent house for the purpose of pointing the stricken ones to the great Sin Bearer. A volunteer from the ranks of the mission, a strong Scotchman, a Presbyterian, offered himself, and for sixteen years faced the danger of the pestilence that walketh in darkness. During his first year one medical officer and three nurses took typhoid fever and died, while several others were

attacked and in danger for some time. At the end of his thirteenth year of labour he wrote :

This has been by far the most hazardous and arduous year I have spent here in connection with my mission, as will be very apparent if I refer to a few facts. The large influx of patients, as compared with previous years, has been something remarkable. We have had as many as 250 patients at one time ; about double our ordinary number. Indeed we have been overcrowded to such an extent that beds have had to be made up, from one end to the other, in the middle of the wards. I have seen in one case four children, and several times three, lying in one bed, across, not lengthways ; and we frequently have had two adults in a bed. In fact, so great has been the overcrowding that it has been found necessary to erect a temporary ward at the back of the hospital, to accommodate sixty patients.

Let the reader picture to himself a missionary visiting the hospital, walking down the wards of these chambers of death, and seeing a dead fever patient lying on many of the beds. He returns sorrowing home, to renew his visits the next day, and again finds each bed occupied by fresh patients in various stages of fever. He speaks to one, gives a tract to another, reads, converses, and prays with a third. He is here rejected by a Romanist or a Jew ; there eagerly sought for by some poor penitent, perhaps from our streets, or from jail. Here a deist sneers at him ; there a poor demented one screams or raves. He goes to his home once more, a saddened man, to return next day to his visits of mercy, and to his horror finds again lying on many fresh beds in every ward a dead man, woman, or child. Judge, if you can, such a missionary's feelings ; and yet the sober truth must be told. This would be scarcely in excess of the number I have actually thus more or less visited, and who have died during the past year.

There has been a larger proportion than usual of cases of scarlet fever, inducing putridity. I have had the peculiar taste on my palate for days together, and have been obliged to take medicine to get rid of it. Several of our nurses have died during the year, and as many as three medical men were down with fever at one time, one of whom is only now slowly recovering from a third attack. Is it not a mercy and a wonder indeed that I should have been spared ?

The good man, however, went fearlessly on for three years longer, entering every morning and spending the day reading, speaking, and praying with each patient. His habit of living was simple and careful, because as a good soldier he hardened himself to resist the danger. He several times became slightly infected, but was soon restored to his duties. Avoided through fear by friends and neighbours, he lived an isolated life of mercy, daily winning souls for Christ, comforting the afflicted, and corresponding with his converts and hospital acquaintance who were scattered through the city and country. While actively employed he was taken ill, sunk gradually, and entered with holy joy into glory, there to join many to whom he ministered during their affliction on earth. For devotion to duty and daring courage Kains was worthy when here to receive a Victoria cross; but he has entered the presence of the great King who giveth to every man according as his work shall be.

As the oldest fortress in the kingdom, the Tower seems to link army and military institutions to itself, and we therefore pass to the veterans of Chelsea College, many of whom during their long service have manned its hoary bulwarks. If Greenwich Hospital was admired of foreigners because of the honour and care bestowed upon our old warriors of the sea, Chelsea College, the home of our valiant old soldiers, is worthy of equal admiration. Nothing there is left undone which is calculated to comfort and meet the wishes of the veterans. A palace to live in, good food, good clothing, good beds, tobacco to smoke, and the best medical attendance. This was always the case; and yet those who have known the place

for twenty-five years are conscious of a marked improvement in the conduct and happiness of the aged men; and this to a great extent has resulted from the casual visit about that time of a genial son of Erin, who had been placed on the staff of the London City Mission. His district was near the college, and he went to see a veteran whose acquaintance he had made. This led to many friendships, frequent visits, and efforts for the good of the old soldiers. There was certainly a necessity for this, as the vice of drunkenness was then exceedingly prevalent; twice a year the painful sight of the old and infirm men, singly and in groups, staggering about the streets, distressed their best friends. It was a saying among them that they had the *scarlet* or *blue fever*; the first period was when they sold their *red*, and the second their *blue*, clothes. These seasons of drunkenness told badly upon them for months after, and their new friend determined to resist the evil.

These endeavours brought the missionary to the notice of the good chaplain and other friends of the veterans, and request was made for his appointment under the superintendence of the reverend gentleman. This was complied with, and ever since the men have had a religious friend of their own, and the chaplain a zealous and respectful lay helper. As in other cases, the appointment led to a variety of efforts for the spiritual and temporal good of the visited. As arranged by the chaplain, the six ground floor wards, reserved for the most helpless, such as men with crutches or wooden legs, the blind, or paralytic, were brought under daily visitation. Meetings were then established which drew the men from

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bars and taprooms frequented by them during open hours. We attended one of these meetings, and have a vivid recollection of the pleasant sight. Two hundred and seventy veterans were present, their ages ranging from sixty to ninety years. Nearly all were more or less infirm, and not a few had crutches, wooden legs, or scars, which told of bravery and battles won. It was pleasing at tea to hear their stories of gallant attack or defence, and better still at the meeting which followed to watch their efforts to sing, their reverence at prayer, and the breathless attention with which they drank in gospel words of peace and hope. We have also had the pleasure to attend their weekly afternoon Bible class, and were taken by surprise to find quite fifty veterans round their missionary, with spectacles set and large-print Bibles (the gift of a lady) before them. As the subject (our Lord walking on the sea) was commented upon, it became evident that many "old disciples" were in that company.

In addition to these frequent social and religious meetings, a savings bank was established, and the power of personal friendship was felt among the men. These efforts, added to the constant and faithful ministrations of the chaplain and the instruction of a Christian lady, with addresses from devout officers and men of rank, have effected marked good. For some years the times of the *scarlet* and *blue* fevers have passed in sober quietness and Christian exercise, while "the painful passage to the pleasant port" is daily made cheerful to veterans leaving the church militant for the church triumphant. About eighty of these within the college yearly lay down their mortal

bodies ; and we have watched with solemn and grateful interest the veteran missionary (for he is now in his seventy-sixth year) praying with holy fervour beside the bed of his dying comrades.

We now turn to the London Hospital, an institution which gathers its thousands of patients from many and many a mile of poor habitations round the Tower. That dark brick building, of vast extent, is always bright and cheerful within, because its directors, its medical staff, its chaplain, and its nurses pass life in one united and loving effort to minister to the sick poor by removing or relieving their sufferings. Like other large institutions in the mighty city they sustain an auxiliary helper of great value to the patients and to the chaplain under whose superintendence he is placed. This missionary is a punctual man, as his entrance into the hospital has for years indicated the exact time of the morning. He is an Englishman, of heavy frame, with firm tread, and thoughtful, benign expression of countenance ; and he is also a man of deep Christian sympathies and of the higher Christian life. His whole bearing is in accordance with the words he once uttered : " constantly visiting sick people, and witnessing much of the sorrows and sufferings of the patients, reminds me very frequently of the Divine injunction, ' Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' "

That the importance and blessing of this work may be understood we give extracts from the missionary's journal for one Sabbath day.

Sunday. Commenced this morning as usual at ten o'clock in Mellish ward, where I held three services, reading a chapter from the Bible as a lesson, which was followed by a few of the

prayers from the Prayer-Book, making a short but instructive service. These are read loud enough for every patient in the ward to hear, and as distinctly and solemnly as the circumstances of the patients and the worship of Almighty God demand. They were listened to most attentively. Several I observed with their hands together, their eyes closed, and their lips moving, which the stillness of the wards rendered most impressive. The nurses also sat down, and when in each ward the service was ended a simultaneous "thank you" came from all parts of the ward.

I then went into the ophthalmic wards, and read a service in each of them, the only difference being that the epistle and gospel, which are rather shorter than the lessons, were read. My Roman Catholic friends here take much interest in the services and in hearing the Scriptures read, and one poor woman was especially delighted with this opportunity of worshipping God.

Victor ward was the next I went to. There were eleven patients here, and all in bed. Most of them are mothers with young families, and they suffer greatly. They need sympathy and cheerful consolation. The service was followed with expressions of thanks.

The next was held in Mary ward, and by standing in the centre I can read to the patients in both the wards at the same time, making one service do for the two. This economy of time is of great importance; but there were twenty patients present, all in bed.

I next entered the Gloster wards, which like the Mellish are for men suffering from accident. In these there are always a considerable number confined to their beds. There were more than sixty this morning, and it is necessary that all should distinctly hear the services. The conduct of the sufferers was devout and respectful.

The house surgeon was engaged in Devonshire ward, and I therefore passed on to the operation wards and east attics. These are small rooms compared to the others, but the patients require special attention.

To economise time as well as to make the service a little more appropriate, for the patients in these wards are undergoing more than ordinary suffering, I read a suitable psalm as well as the usual prayers. It is necessary, even in telling such

poor sufferers of the way of mercy, to read and speak to them in the gentlest and most sympathetic manner. One of them said to me as well as he could manage to speak, this morning: "I like you to read to me. There was a time when I knew all them prayers by heart, and could also repeat many psalms and passages of Scripture. I learned them all when I went to school, though I had forgotten them. Your reading brings them all to my remembrance as fresh as ever. I like to hear them now." His tears prevented him saying any more.

This poor man came in with a shattered frame, his right arm broken, and his right leg had to be amputated. He has since died. He was under visitation for several weeks, and I am not without hope in his death.

In another room were three young men; one has lost a leg, another his foot, and the other has had his knee joint removed. He is said to be a Roman Catholic, but the interest he showed indicated his desire to be a Christian, and I might add as much of the other patients.

The poor woman suffering from hernia in the other ward was equally interesting. A little more than a week ago I was fetched from home one night to visit this patient. She afterwards rallied (and let me now add, as she has since died, that I hope the visits paid to her on her last sick bed were of some use; I am sure they were a comfort to her). There was a strong impression on my mind that my simple efforts in these wards this morning were blessed to the patients.

Having finished my work here, I returned to Devonshire ward; the nurse met me, and said: "They were so sorry the doctor was there, and they were afraid you would not come this morning."

There were sixteen patients here, and all of them in bed. Several of them had been admitted since last Sunday, but there was perfect quietness and good attention during the service. Those who could turned their faces toward me. Three of the young men are from the West Indies, and two of them are trying to live to God. There is also a gipsy. All were interested, and I left the ward with much satisfaction.

After service hours I left the hospital, and returned about five o'clock, when the visitors had left. I first held a service at each desk in the Charlotte wards. It was of course dark, and therefore the effect of the services on the patients could not be observed as in the morning, but all were quiet and attentive.

I then proceeded to Harrison ward, and held two services, reading them as distinctly as I could. I find in this work among the sick and dying, that the Bible, when devoutly read, has a charm of its own, and an attraction peculiar to itself; and I can truly say that I never get on so well with the patients as when I read the Bible to them.

The west attic came next in my way; there were only two services here to-night, but there are usually three or four. In the largest of these wards, where the unfortunates are put (and to-night there were fourteen of them) I read the middle part of Romans iii., with the usual prayer. I took advantage of not having quite so much to do up here, and spent the time in applying the passage to them, especially noticing the lost state of all by nature, and the merciful provision God has made for us in Jesus Christ. Let me add that I never visit the ward but I have the attention of all the patients, many of whom show deep emotion.

I next went into Davis ward, in which were eleven patients, nine in bed. These men expressed deep gratitude for the visit.

In George's ward there were twelve patients, and in Baker's thirteen; while I held two services in the Sophia and Talbot wards. Notwithstanding the fatigue incurred, it affords me great satisfaction that every patient in the hospital confined to the wards by affliction, and not able to go to the chapel, is thus brought under the sound of the Word of God and prayer, on the Lord's day.

This being the first Sunday in the month, I had the privilege of receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the hospital chapel after evening service. The attendance was good, and it was a quiet and refreshing season. When the service was over I accompanied the chaplain into four wards, and he administered the Lord's Supper to eight persons who were not able to walk to chapel. One of them is a native of Bombay, and was here brought to a knowledge of the Christian religion.

A blind man for the second time commemorated the dying of the Lord Jesus. Soon after he became a patient I discovered his fondness for hearing the Bible read. I have therefore read it to him as often as I could, and conversed about his best interests.

Another recipient was a young man with a gangrene foot, and his sufferings were painful and trying to himself and others,

For a long time he was visited daily with most encouraging results. His gratitude seemed to know no bounds, for he said they were a great comfort to him, and I am sure that seeking his conversion was a real pleasure to myself. He gave evidence of a change of heart, and after a while was led to receive the Lord's Supper, which was on each occasion a means of grace to him. It was a blessed day of Christian labour, and I hope with these communicants and other patients to spend a long sabbath in the dear Redeemer's presence.

Such is the simple record of one Sunday spent in hospital visitation; but it faintly represents the good accomplished among the suffering, the decayed, and dying poor.

The directors of this hospital have given many proofs of esteem for their missionary, not the least of which occurred the other day, when he completed his seventeenth year of service. They then by an unanimous vote made him a life governor of the charity, a great mark of respect, which will increase his power for good.

The managers of Guy's Hospital support two city missionaries to visit their sick; and thousands of the inmates of the vast metropolitan workhouses are thus ministered to. The visitor to one of these writes: "The sick and infirm under my visitation average 1,200, and the able bodied 590: namely, men 360, women 230, with many casuals nightly. The number of deaths during the year were 488, all visited by me, and 154 of them received consolation at their last moments."

With us who have shared in the happy toil memory has pleasant records, and none more pleasant than a visit to a workhouse with a guardian of the poor. We wished to see the young woman Ellen, who was in the ward of the dying or hopelessly afflicted. She

was a pauper born and bred, and had been sent to service from the workhouse school. The mistress who had taken her out of the house was a drunkard and oppressor, and the health of the poor quiet girl was destroyed by long hours and heavy toil. When unable to work any longer, she was turned into the street, where we met with her, and returned her to the workhouse. During her long illness the missionary had fixed her attention upon the saving truths of the Bible, and she was led into the liberty of a child of God. While seated at her side, we noticed the affectionate words and loving bearing of her nurse, a middle aged woman of hard features, and inquired concerning her.

"She," whispered the guardian, "is a trophy of grace; why she was called the 'queen of the swearers!'"

"Tell me about her."

"Well, she was one of the worst women in London, and this is her parish, and she has often been in the house. Her behaviour was generally bad, and her language so vile that the inmates called her the 'queen of the swearers.' For this vice and violence she was often placed in the refractory ward. One day the missionary entered and found sixteen women picking oakum. Their attention was secured while he read the parable of the prodigal son and commented upon it. When he spoke of the loving heart of our heavenly Father, and His willingness to receive them, she with several others was moved to tears. When admitted back to her ward I was told that she 'had turned glumpy,' and had 'left off swearing.' I therefore one morning addressed her cheerfully, and inquired if she was well."



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"No," she replied, "I ain't, as I am wretched and can't sleep. Oh! I have been as wicked as a devil; will God forgive me?"

"He will: there is free boundless mercy to sinners who believe on the crucified Jesus, and ask the Father for mercy in His name."

This blessed assurance was given to her at various times in the words of many scriptures, until her interest in the plan of mercy was made plain, and she was enabled in simple faith to cast herself at the foot of the cross. The change in her was so striking that the inmates listened with wonder as words of praise and Christian kindness dropped from her lips. The medical officer noticed her altered conduct, and as a nurse of Christian feeling and patience was required, recommended her for the office; and this accounts for our making her acquaintance at the death-bed of Ellen. Yes, it was her death-bed, for a few days after the fatal screen was placed round her; and the reclaimed "queen of the swearers" kissed the brow of the sufferer, and repeated her saying to the dying, "*Look to Jesus, darling, you are only undressing for glory.*" There were intervals of consciousness, during one of which she said: "Do, nurse dear, bring the Bible and read the nineteenth of John, about our blessed Lord being crucified for us."

The book was brought, and a few verses read, when she feebly whispered:

"That will do, nurse; I shall want the Bible no more, as I shall soon see the Lord Jesus as He is, and adore Him for His mercy to poor me."

The nurse kissed the cold hand, and knelt in prayer at her side; after which the redeemed soul passed into

the haven of the blessed : and then the Christian nurse went to continue her blessed calling of comforting and guiding her pauper charge to the Saviour and Sustainer of the poor and afflicted.

These converts and helpers of the missionaries are many, and increase in number, but there are still homes of misery, curative institutions, and infirmaries for the aged poor, unblessed with this class of visitation. Oh! ye disciples of the Lord who in affliction have realized the strong consolations and holy joy of the Divine Spirit witnessing with your spirits of interest in the covenant of unchanging love, be it yours to sustain and increase this "testimony of Jesus," until each poor sufferer in homes of wretchedness, in hospitals and infirmaries, shall find joy and solace in the sweet name of Him who in the night of His agony, and during the day of His passion, bore their sins and ours in His own body, and wrought out for us and them eternal salvation. Yes; let us by holy zeal and self denial aim to be workers together with Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, until the sin-stricken within our city, the diseased and the aged without hope, shall be renewed in the spirit of their minds, sanctified, and made ready to "undress for glory."



Helpers, Friends, and Foes.

How happily the working days
In this dear service fly :
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful, gathered home,
A joyful company
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servant be.

CHAPTER X.

IS A TRUE AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE CASTLE PALACE, CALLED BRIDEWELL: ITS FORMER AND PRESENT INTEREST.—BISHOP RIDLEY'S REQUEST.—RAISING THE STONE OF HELP.—THE FIVE B'S.—LADY POWER.—INNER LIFE OF THE MISSION.—THE INFIDEL AND MARBLE.—AN OLD FOE NEWLY ARMED.—REQUESTS FROM A VICAR, A MINISTER, AND A WORKING MAN.—KEY NOTE FOR THE CELESTIAL ANTHEM.

HELPERS, FRIENDS, AND FOES.

“These forty years the Lord thy God hath been with thee.”—
DEUTERONOMY ii. 7.



THAT the township of Bridewell in the city of London has a history and an interest co-existent with the grand old Tower itself was proved very recently, when excavations were being made for the foundation of the house in which we write. Old walls were then laid bare, of such massive strength as to point to Roman origin, and though much of the ancient concrete was removed the new building is supported upon part of it. City

records show that very early in our history there was a castle upon its site, and in 1087 William I. gave of its material towards the building of St. Paul's Cathedral. Henry VIII. at enormous cost rebuilt the castle palace, and furnished it for a royal residence. It soon however fell into disuse and decay, and so remained until Ridley, Bishop of London, conceived the idea of securing it in the interest of the friendless and criminal poor of his diocese. For this purpose he addressed a letter to the king's secretary, commencing with the words: "Good Mr. Cecil,—I must be a suitor to you in our good Master Christ's cause. The matter is, sir, alas! He (His poor) has lain too long abroad (as you know), without lodging, in the streets of London, both hungry, naked, and cold;" and adds: "there is a wide, large empty house of the king's majesty's, called Bridewell, which would do wonderfully well to lodge Christ in. Surely I have such a good opinion of the king's majesty, that if Christ had such faithful and hearty friends, who would heartily speak for Him, He should undoubtedly speed at the king's majesty's hands." This application succeeded; and in 1551 the palace was granted, "for correcting and reclaiming idle, loose vagrants, finding them work, and training up boys to several useful trades." In this way the royal house and its precinct was occupied, until totally destroyed by the dreadful fire in 1666. Within a few years, however, it was rebuilt in a style adapted for its purpose, and it served as a shelter "for indigent citizens, for art-masters and their apprentices of several trades, and as a prison for thieves, vagrants, pickpockets, and incorrigible and disobedient servants." These were

obliged to pick hemp, and, if the nature of the offence required it, to undergo the correction of whipping.

With certain changes in administration Bridewell continued as a refuge and house of correction for several centuries; but changes in poor law relief and prison discipline rendered its use unnecessary, while the Thames embankment and the rebuilding of that part of London required that the old prison should be levelled, and the historic site once again cleared. This was done under a board of city commissioners, who were receiving tenders for unoccupied space, when an elect lady who was acquainted with the necessity of convenient premises for the use of the London City Mission, offered to head a subscription list with a gift of £500 if a new mission house could be erected. This offer was responded to, members of the committee subscribing among themselves the munificent sum of £3932, the remainder being generously added by friends of the mission. From its foundation the offices of the society had been in Red Lion Square, a first floor being at first taken; and when the number of agents had reached sixty, No. 8a was secured and occupied for many years. But when their number had increased to four hundred, with ten officers, the inconvenience for want of space became a serious difficulty. It was also felt that a more central position, commanding the metropolitan railway system, the river, and south London, was desirable. In the new premises these and other important conditions are met, and it is admirable as a rallying point for missionaries who labour in all parts of the mighty city. And so old Bridewell is again associated with the poor, the vagrant, and the criminal; not only as in ancient times

for those within the walls, but for the vast metropolis itself. And then it is not now a shelter for the vagrant, and a prison with mill and whipping post, but a centre into which the sympathies of British Christians for the ungodly of every shade of character within their capital is gathered ; and from whence, as from a fountain, that sympathy is diffused by a powerful agency into every part of the modern Babylon.

It was on May day, 1874, that the London City Mission House, in the township of Bridewell, Blackfriars, was opened with a solemn service of praise and prayer. The lecture room and library were well filled with ladies and gentlemen who represented the holy zeal of all the churches. Prebendary Cadman and the Rev. Dr. Stoughton offered thanksgiving and prayer; the Scriptures being read by the Rev. J. Garwood and Rev. J. Robinson. The treasurer, Joseph Hoare, Esq., then made a statement concerning the rise and progress of the society, after which the Earl of Shaftesbury, who presided, delivered a powerful address upon London and its mission. He remarked "that when everything was growing around, and when we have houses ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion, it would not be right to leave two such associations as the Bible Society and London City Mission to grovel in the mire and dark recesses in which they had begun their blessed operations." His lordship (who made his first speech in the interest of the poor in 1829, or six years before the mission was formed) in warm and eloquent language traced the change which had passed over London through the exertions of the mission and such organizations, urging all associated with the society to renewed dedication to the



THE MISSION HOUSE.

service of the Saviour ; and then, with the benediction, a service of deep devotion and interest was closed.

A few days after the whole body of missionaries united in praise within their new meeting hall, and earnest intercession was made for a gracious outpouring of Divine influences upon the people of London. This was followed by a tea which the committee gave to the workmen who built the house, each of whom was presented with a handsome Bible. Ninety-six men, including labourers and skilled mechanics, were present, and when assembled in the Missionaries' Hall, their demeanour was quiet and at prayer reverent. Nearly all joined in singing the hymn, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," and they listened with profound attention to the kindly words of Mr. H. Mayo, who presided, and to the powerful address of Mr. George Williams. We give an epitome of this speech, as showing the practical knowledge and tact possessed by the committee of which he is a member, and from the union of which with the devoted zeal of their staff of missionaries such immense good has resulted to the working men of London.

He commenced by stating the importance of what was spoken on such occasions being remembered, and referred to the artificial aids to memory which some had devised with the design of rendering more easy the retention of important truths. This was accomplished by the employment of symbols, or familiar objects, with which the truths should be associated.

He should venture on some such plan that evening, and as the hands with which they had erected the building had each five fingers, he would give them five key words for the remembrance of what he was about to say ; and all of these five key words should begin with one and the same letter : they should be five B's.

I. BIBLE.—Mr. Williams then referred to the precious Book which was about to be presented to them ; adverted to its won-

drous contents, its value as a history, as a book of poetry ; but far above all, as the guide given by God to man, to conduct him safe through this world, and to bring him at the last to heaven. He then pressed upon the men that they should be guided by its directions at all times, and that they should carefully and prayerfully read the precious Book as they journeyed through this evil world.

2. BROTHERS.—This word would show them the feeling with which those assembled were regarded by the society. Those who dwelt in the house, and those who built it, were all one. They might differ in many outward particulars, but they were all without distinction in the sight of God, had one Maker, one Saviour, one Sanctifier ; and for all the same reward was prepared. Poor and rich had alike immortal souls, which were of like value, and both were intended to be joint members of one happy society and fellowship here, and to dwell together hereafter, without distinction of rank, in heaven.

3. BUILDING.—And here I must be careful what I say, for all of you know more about building than I do. But I wish to assure you, in the name of the committee, that while we occupy the comfortable and convenient and comely house which you have built for us, we do not wish to forget those who erected it. He then referred to the importance of a building having a good foundation, as he had no doubt the new mission house had ; and so in building for eternity, the foundation should first be looked to. He reminded them that Christ alone was the sure foundation, and that which was not built on Him would prove but hay and stubble when storms arose and troubles came.

4. BANK.—Here Mr. Williams stated that he rather took for granted that they were all wanting to make money, and that they knew how to prize a £5 note when they could obtain one. He hoped also that the bank was not a strange word to any of them, but that they took care to lay by for a rainy day, and to make provision for old age and for their wives and families ; especially was this desirable when they were young and prosperous. He would desire to urge on them that they paid frequent visits to the savings bank, to put in there what could be spared from their earnings, rather than to waste it in drink or in worldly pleasures ; and then went on to say that if it was important to provide for old age, it was still more important to provide for that which succeeded old age and which was eternal in its duration,

hoping that all their care was not for the body and for time, but that they looked forward to eternity and the welfare of their souls.

5. BLESSING.—This was the little finger, the fifth word to which he would allude, the last B on which he would speak. And then Mr. Williams adverted to the great Bible promises given to all, and especially to the great reward prepared for all the faithful. Heaven was like Noah's ark in its safety, when destruction was on every side. Blessed indeed were they who were at the last shut in there by the Lord. But they must remember that all who built the ark of old did not enter it; they only built it. Not one of them was wise enough to secure an admission there. Noah and his household alone were saved in the ark, and all its builders refused to enter it, and were therefore destroyed in the flood. So they had built a large and spacious house for a society whose special object it was to save souls, the souls especially of those in their own rank of life. But they may have helped to build a house to aid in carrying out this great design, and yet, like Noah's builders, they may have neglected to secure safety for themselves. Mr. Williams then put before the men the fearfulness of such a circumstance, and concluded by pressing earnestly on them all that they should especially receive those inestimable blessings which the society was formed to impart. He expressed to them the pleasure with which their attendance that evening was accompanied on the part of the society, and trusted that his five B's would be long remembered by them.

And now that the society is established in the new Bridewell home, which we have raised as an "Ebenezer," it is well from it to look back upon all the way the Lord has led us, that we may praise the triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, for His manifold and great mercies.

Under the Divine direction the instruments and means used have been various and mighty; but chief among them has been, and is, the deep sympathy and ministering of Christian ladies. By them the beauty of holiness and peace, in the constitution of the mission, was first appreciated; and that flow of affection for their

Lord which has not ceased to well forth since the day of Calvary, that holy union with Christ in His sufferings and the purposes of His grace which has continued through the ages, found ground and scope for activity in this union of Christians. Ladies of Dublin and Glasgow gave generous support to its founder in the days of his helpless poverty. When after weeks of effort no man of influence sanctioned the project, ladies of London upheld the feeble hands, and displayed an interest so deep that David Nasmith was glad to hurry past their doors to avoid anxious inquiries as to success. As soon as the society existed some ladies of Hampstead formed themselves into a committee to implore blessings upon the work and to raise support for a missionary ; and ladies of other parts promptly organized themselves for the like purpose, so that there are now seventy of these "guilds" of ladies in various parts of the United Kingdom and its capital, who with us plead and toil for the poor. They delight themselves in the labour of love ; and from "honourable women not a few" in Belgravia to the county work-basket committee, they are bound together by a holy bond, and with numerous lady collectors are chief supporters of the work, and are for London a "sisterhood of mercy."

This "lady power" is felt very deep down into the work itself, as there is scarcely a missionary who is not personally aided and encouraged in his duties by some godly woman, the rector's or minister's lady, the wife of his superintendent, or some other sympathiser with the poor. But while many have given efficiency to effort upon individual districts, Mrs. Huish (whose lamented husband acted as local superintendent to a missionary) conferred a gracious act upon the whole

body, and substantial benefit, by generously presenting a set of freehold cottages at Ventnor, value £3000, to the Society. To her the condition of impaired health so general among missionaries, resulting from visiting in foul districts and hourly contact with contagious diseases, was well known; and she therefore presented them with a sanctum in this delightful watering place. The Rev. P. B. Power, by writing that charming paper "on repairing and keeping in repair of city missionaries," elicited much sympathy for those exposed and tried servants in the gospel, and has secured a considerable sum as an endowment fund. For this beneficence the whole body of missionaries are increasingly grateful.

And here it must be recorded that the committee itself has received consideration in the anxieties of their government and heavy responsibilities from these devoted friends. The lady for instance who headed the subscription list for new premises generously gave another £500 as an investment in payment of ground rent, that their undiminished income might support the work; the last of a long succession of gracious services rendered to them by those loving disciples of the risen Lord, "ministering women!"

The confidence of helpers charged with the pastoral office has been of steady growth, and is both hearty and generous. At first their numbers were few indeed, but they have increased with the progress of the society, so that at the present time quite four hundred clergymen, including bishops and other dignitaries of the Established Church and an equal number of Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Wesleyan and other ministers, are connected with it. They examine its candidates, advocate its claims, subscribe to or preach in aid of its funds, and in

other ways render effective aid. To them a debt of gratitude is due which can only be repaid by a daily adding of living stones to all the churches.

And then among the laity helpers have been numerous and devoted. Money, and time when more precious than money, have been lavishly bestowed. Men whose time in business can only be obtained by minutes devote hours weekly to the conduct of the mission's affairs, while giving hundreds and even thousands of pounds to its support. To these are linked many workers and contributors of every class and condition of life, down to poor disciples who of their penury cast mites into the treasury. In these matters our ledger tells a story of interest, as with the gift of a hundred pounds from a merchant a shilling from an errand boy is entered; and with large donations from persons of rank entries of shillings from working men, and pence from the aged in almshouses, are made. Yes; this union of gracious souls of every order and state of life is very beautiful, and in the midst of covetousness and mammon worship speaks the existence of a Christianity of primitive purity and of zeal for the accomplishment of the Divine purpose in human redemption.

If we here digress to express commendation of our brethren in this holy enterprise it is that Divine grace may be magnified. Perhaps a more severe test of the higher spiritual life and moral integrity of a large body of men could not be made than that to which they are subjected. Led to an attack upon the kingdom of the devil, with all the powers of hell arrayed against them, exposed to the deadening influence of utter indifference to Divine truth and contamination from the corrupt and abominable, and yet called to the "wearisome moil" of

spending life in a polluted and depressing atmosphere, bearing testimony often amidst crushing discouragements to an unrighteous and gainsaying people ; that in this real and unceasing conflict with the powers of darkness some should suffer spiritual loss, and one and another at long intervals should be sorely wounded is no matter of surprise, the wonder is the rarity of a fall : that so many keep the whole armour securely fixed, and the shield uplifted, and the sword in constant use, is matter for thanksgiving. We have watched the daily walk of some of those warriors who, for ten, twenty, and even thirty years have kept their garments unspotted, growing in grace and power. We have known many who at the end of the conflict have unbuckled their armour at the great Captain's bidding, and with the shout of victory to His adorable name joined the vast throng who wear the unfading wreath.

There can be no doubt but that the inner life of the society is helpful to holiness and activity. Upon the morning of the New Year the committee, missionaries, and officers meet for a service of renewed dedication to God, when they are addressed by a distinguished divine. Every month they meet in divisions of a hundred, for prayer, and to hear a practical address from the Rev. John Robinson. In the summer some member of committee 'spreads a feast for them at his country seat. The day is spent in joyous intercourse and relaxation, and is closed by a meeting in which distinguished ministers and laymen take part. This was commenced twenty-three years ago by the late Captain Trotter, and was continued up to last summer, when Mr. George Hanbury received the mission. That was a high day and to be remembered for the beauty

and power of the addresses delivered by Canon Ryle and Mr. Robert Hanbury, who though in his seventy-eighth year spoke with vigour and with the wisdom that cometh from above. In the winter Mr. R. C. L. Bevan and Mr. George Williams give a tea to the missionaries and their wives, after which a service of praise and prayer is held, and speeches made calculated to strengthen the bonds of holy union and to promote Christian activity. These are the more public influences for good ; but the missionaries individually are indebted to a local superintendent. Each man is thus united to a clergyman, minister, or godly layman resident near his district ; and in this way 448 Christian men of the upper classes are united in the great work. They advise, encourage and pray with their missionaries ; and to these helpers, under God, is due a large share of the success attained.

And here it is a duty to acknowledge the benefits conferred by others. The Bible and Tract Societies and Ragged School Union have done nobly by the mission, but many other associations of Christians have rendered generous aid. The Reformatory and Refuge Union, the Society for the Rescue of Young Women and Children, and like institutions have enabled the missionaries to deliver thousands of men, women, and children from lives of sin ; while Scripture readers and Bible women have acted with us in the spirit of Christian fellowship and made us debtors to all. With such full co-operation much has been done to bring the restoring influence of Christ's religion to bear upon the myriads of souls in the wilds of London, and the blessing has been granted in fertilizing showers.

There is however much to be accomplished in this

the greatest city the world ever saw, sufficient to arouse the universal church and cause her to put on the mantle of power and act valiantly in the name of her all-conquering Lord. Upwards of one million immortal beings are separated from their God, absenting themselves from His worship. For them nine hundred folds and nine hundred shepherds are required, with an addition of two hundred missionaries and other evangelizing forces.

The Celtic word, "Llyn-demas," from which the word London is derived, means "town of ships," and this is still expressive of its maritime importance. Ships of every land bring men of every race and belief, so that upwards of one hundred thousand foreigners are scattered throughout its seven hundred square miles of habitation. To influence them is to influence the world for Christ. Its criminals, drunkards, and paupers would each form large cities, while its Jews would more than people Jerusalem. To this vast concourse of human beings there is a yearly increase so large that twenty-eight miles of new streets and nine thousand new houses have yearly to be added to the city of cities. Beneficent legislation and compulsory education have diminished squalor and improved the social condition of the masses, while Christian effort has upraised multitudes by gathering them to pastoral care and to cottage meetings. But after all these are only positions occupied in the enemy's country, precious indeed to those gathered, and valuable as a basis from which the church can operate and effect yet greater conquests.

To some extent, the foe has changed his front, and is now using extended education and other blessings in resistance to the gospel. Infidelity in its various forms

is assuming a power over the masses which it never occupied before. The deism of Paine, vulgar objections to the Divine records, largely exists with republican opinions, but a more polished resistance to revealed truth is descending from schools of "modern thought" to the artisan classes, and threatens to involve them in a vortex of ruin. The freethinking press, though retaining much of its former abuse and venom, now writes "philosophy falsely so called," and from the facts and partly ascertained facts of scientific research and the theories of men of scientific name they forge poisoned arrows. They reason that a God is not needed for the universe, as it came into its present state through the combination, under its own laws, of its primal atoms; that man was not created but was developed from the lowest forms of sea organism and vegetable life, through creeping things and monkeydom to his present high estate, "his thought phosphorus, his soul complex nerves"; and being such his will is his only moral standard, his end being absorption into the "infinite azure of existence." This black atheism is spreading, and can only be met by sound Bible teaching. The other day a missionary entered a public house, and was as is frequently the case received by a large group of working men with utterances of derision against revealed truth, and jests against the Deity. One man inquired :

"How can God see everything when the world is round? He might if it was flat."

"Did ever you play at marbles when you were a boy?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes! of course."

"Then if you held a marble in your hand could you

not see nearly all over it, and by a slight movement see the remainder?"

"Why, yes."

"Well then, Almighty God, who is high in the heavens, looks down upon the earth. He created and upon the thousands of starry worlds which are as marbles in His hand."

The man was silenced, and the whole company gathered more closely to the Christian teacher while he from the Scriptures explained the existence and terrible majesty of Jehovah, and showed them that the Lord Jesus was the express image of His person and manifestation of Divine love to man. The jesting sceptic and several of his friends left with their instructor, and after a further conversation upon the truth which saves received suitable tracts and parted with expressions of gratitude.

But it is not the unbelieving only who sow tares among the unchristianized myriads, but the power also whose "workings are after the manner of Satan" is fearfully active. That word of blasphemy against high heaven which was recently uttered by a mortal man while thunder pealed over the Vatican, "I am infallible;" which means, "Possessing the Divine attributes of infallibility and unerrability, I as God sit as such in His temple;" this last terrible lie of Rome is with a purpose, and that object is not only the subjecting of kings and governments to the apostasy but it is a chain forged for the democracy of the world. In our country and capital the corrupting and subjecting influence descends very much (as with modern scepticism) from a section of the upper classes to the lowest of the people. While the greater number of Romanists

in the city are ignorant and superstitious Irish and foreigners, the native population are acted upon by priests who have apostatised from the church of their fathers, while perverted laymen and women of position give themselves and their unbounded wealth to Romanizing efforts. These conduct the literary work of Rome; from the "Catholic Truth Society," which prepares and circulates tracts in subtle defence of invented doctrines, to the reviews and lighter class of writing. Others endeavour to turn the educated from the apostolic faith, while unceasing efforts are made to gain proselytes among the people. A confraternity of "the Holy Family of men" has been formed in Commercial Road East, which numbers 690 members, and another is in course of formation on Tower Hill.

"I can't let you in to read to me," said a woman to an evangelist who approached her door, "as that wretch Henry VIII. made up your religion."

"Did he write the Bible?" inquired the visitor.

"I should think not," she replied laughing.

"Well then, he did not make up my religion, as it is in the Bible only."

Here the husband interposed with the remark: "You should hear the priest who converted us, and the sisters, talk; they would prove to you that the pope is infallible, as Christ built His church on holy Peter. So we Catholics have a heavenly guide on earth who can't make a mistake, as he represents Jesus Christ in everything he does, and speaks for Him and must be obeyed by everybody who hopes to be saved."

"Christ said to Peter," was the reply, "'get thee behind Me, Satan, for thou savourest not the things that be of God.' But some of His last words to His

disciples were: 'If I go away I will send the Holy Ghost the Comforter, who shall guide you into all truth.' We therefore who believe on the Lord Jesus are guided in religion by His words and the Holy Spirit given unto us; and we reject the popes knowing that they are erring and sinful men like ourselves."

This led to a long conversation, during which the visitor took a seat in their room and instructed them out of the Scriptures. A friendship was thus formed which enabled the visitor to bring the man and his wife under the restoring influence of the written Word.

This teaching from house to house, this close grappling with the enemy, is the only way to save from the destroyer. His wiles are many; as in addition to his two great weapons, infidelity and popery, there are ritualism (the sapper and miner for Rome), spiritualism, and many other developments of evil. To reclaim precious souls from these, and to effect the salvation of the *million of non-worshippers*, it is as needful as ever to "go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in" to the gospel feast. In his application for two missionaries a clergyman in the Tower Hamlets has written the committee as follows:

"Having been appointed by the Bishop of London to this vicarage, I beg to solicit the aid which your valuable society affords, to enable me to work the parish efficiently.

"I desire to call your attention to the following facts:

"1. The population is over 16,000. There are no wealthy residents, and few large tradesmen. The majority are mechanics and labourers, respectable poor.

"2. The income of my benefice, exclusive of pew rents (at present nil), is estimated at £163 per annum.

"3. At present there can be scarcely said to be a congregation from whom I could raise funds for any purpose.

"I request therefore that, considering the urgent need, you will regard the case of my parish as exceptional, and that for two years your society will undertake the whole expense of two energetic labourers, after which time I trust I shall be able to contribute whatever annual payment you may require of me, hoping of course that in so poor a parish you will make the burden upon me as light as possible.

"I ask for *two* men now, but shall hope ere long to appeal to you for an increase in the number, *five* being required to visit the whole parish properly."

The minister of a Congregational church farther east, in making like application, said: "Well-to-do people have left this neighbourhood for the suburbs, and the poor only attend my chapel; publicans alone keep a servant. Working men and women are my Sunday-school teachers, but I cannot obtain enough of them. Whole streets of people neglect religion, and many live sinful lives. I am desirous that a good missionary should be appointed to these, but we are so poor that only a few pounds could be raised toward his support."

Even devout men among the working classes join in the same cry for help. A journeyman fishmonger has written us from the city side of the Tower as follows:

"I am anxious to call your attention to the neighbourhood of Billingsgate market, and the necessity that exists there for missionary effort.

"1. *The place wants it.* Drunkenness is there; blasphemy and infidelity are rampant; while brazen de-

pravity, of young and old alike, and unmentionable vileness in words and deeds are delighted in.

"2. *The world needs it.* Many from these parts go to distant parts of the country as well as to other lands. If Christianized, would they not dispel some of its darkness, remedy some of its evils, and scatter the blessings of the gospel?

"3. *The country wants it.* Many of these degraded beings are young persons, with a life's history before them. At present they are the nation's weakness, but if converted would become the nation's strength. How happy that nation whose people is God's people, whose homes are holy and happy, and who are living on earth as citizens of heaven!

"4. *The church wants it.* 'Part of God's host have crossed the flood, and part are crossing now.' Fresh witnesses for Christ are required daily. Frequent conversions is the expression of the church's strength in the Holy Ghost. Here is a field white unto the harvest.

"5. *And, beyond all, the Saviour wants it.* For every one of these men, however bad and abandoned, the bitter agonies of His passion were endured. For all of them He has love in His heart, work in His cause, and room in His heaven.

"This is a people brought up amidst coarse manners, impure language, and scenes of drunkenness. The only knowledge many of them have of God is such as they derive from the blasphemies with which they insult Him, and their only idea of eternity from the scoffs with which they deride it. We need with these a systematic missionary effort of a civilizing and evangelizing character; and I therefore humbly but earnestly

ask the sympathy and aid of your society on behalf of the people among whom I earn my daily bread."

Shall pastors and lay brethren in the midst of their abounding labours be unheeded in their cry for help, while an organization exists adapted for their necessities, with abundant proofs that it has the blessing of the triune God? If the church in this matter has heavy responsibility, there is nothing wanting but the will. Men impelled by holy zeal, whose simple necessities have only to be met, are willing to consecrate their lives to the self denying and dangerous labours. Wealth has been so lavished by the great Giver upon church and nation that many who now withhold their hands might with ease be added to the list of those who possess the joy of supporting a missionary to five hundred families, while the offerings of the many would soon complete the number necessary to evangelize the "city of provinces." Upon this, the fortieth anniversary of the day on which the mission was formed, we raise an ascription of praise to Almighty God for the wonders of grace He has wrought by the instrumentality, and we devoutly ask for a yet larger manifestation of His favour. To Him only belongeth the goodness and the mercy, for He is the Lord Jehovah, our present and everlasting strength. Yes, ye who are in covenant with Him, let us laud and magnify His name together for harmonising and using His people in this confederacy for extending the Redeemer's work. Let the people who believe that all God's billows of wrath on account of sin rolled over the Lord Jesus and buried Him in the judgment of death, in order that no wrath, no condemnation, might come upon a sinner who believes upon Him the Saviour, let such

be thrilled into the life of prayer and holy activity. Your Lord became incarnate that He might "preach the gospel to the poor," and make a full atonement for every soul of man. His compassion has embraced you with its present peace and joyous anticipations; therefore in holy obedience and gratitude rally to the standard of the Lord of Hosts, that the plenitude of sovereign grace may be known throughout and within the lower depths of the empire city. You are privileged even now to commence that everlasting song to which it is your high destiny to give increased volume in the vast temple of the New Jerusalem: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive *power*, and *riches*, and *wisdom*, and *strength*, and *honour*, and *glory*, and *blessing*."





APPENDIX.

THE LONDON CITY MISSION.

COMMITTEE.

Treasurer.—Joseph Hoare, Esq.

Secretaries.

Rev. John Garwood, M.A.

Rev. Josiah Miller, M.A.

Auditors.

J. Herbert Tritton, Esq.

E. Brodie Hoare, Esq.

Arbuthnot, Geo., Esq.
Avery, J. Gould, Esq.
Barclay, J. Gurney, Esq.
Bevan, R. C. L., Esq.
Bevan, Francis A., Esq.
Buxton, J. H., Esq.
Chapman, Alfred D., Esq.
Charles, Robert, Esq.
Clarke, Frederick, Esq.
Coles, William, Esq.
Denny, T. A., Esq.
Ellice, William, Esq.
Fox, Chas. Douglas, Esq.
Hanbury, George, Esq.
Hull, W. D., Esq.
Kinnaird, Hon. A., M.P.

Lycett, Sir Francis.
M'Arthur, W., Esq., M.P.
Marten, C. H.
Maynard, Henry, Esq.
Morris, H., Esq.
Noel, Hon. Henry.
Pocock; T., Esq.
Robarts, Henry, Esq.
Rudall, John, Esq.
Sheppard, John Geo., Esq.
Smith, Basil Woodd, Esq.
Snell, John, Esq.
Tritton, C. Ernest, Esq.
Trotter, Stuart, Esq.
Watson, J., Esq.
Williams, George, Esq.

Examiners of Missionaries.

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 Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D.
 Rev. S. Bardsley, M.A.
 Rev. W. H. Chapman, M.A.
 Rev. W. B. Carpenter.
 Rev. Frederick Cox, M.A.
 Rev. John Edmond, M.A.
 Rev. A. T. Edwards, M.A.
 Rev. R. B. Girdlestone, M.A.
 Rev. J. G. Gregory, M.A.
 Rev. Robert Halley, D.D.
 Rev. J. C. Harrison.
 Rev. W. G. Lewis.

Rev. Peter Lorimer, D.D.
 Rev. John Matheson, M.A.
 Rev. A. McMillan, B.A.
 Rev. Capel Molyneux, M.A.
 Rev. Thomas Nolan, B.D.
 Rev. G. W. Olver.
 Rev. G. Perks, M.A.
 Rev. Aubrey C. Price, M.A.
 Rev. Robert Redpath, M.A.
 Rev. Henry Sharpe.
 Rev. Gervase Smith, M.A.
 Rev. G. H. Stanton, M.A.
 Rev. G. W. Weldon, M.A.

Rev. Benjamin Gregory.

Country Secretary for the South.—Rev. Francis Tyrrell, B.A.

Country Secretary for the North.

Mr. Francis Palin, Parkgate, Neston, Cheshire.

District Secretary.—*West (portion of) and North London.*

Mr. Charles M. Sawell.

District Secretary.—*South London.*—Mr. J. R. Phillips.

District Secretary.—*West (portion of) and East London.*

Mr. J. M. Weylland.

Accountant.—Mr. Thomas R. Marrison.

General Superintendents of Missionaries.

T. B. Brooke, Esq. Captain Charleton. Captain H. J. R. Lowe.
J. Rennie, Esq.

CONSTITUTION.

I. The name—"The London City Mission."

II. The object of this Institution is to extend the knowledge of the Gospel among the inhabitants of London and its vicinity (especially the poor), without any reference to denominational distinctions or the peculiarities of Church Government.

III. To effect this object, Missionaries of approved character and qualifications, who shall give themselves entirely to the work, shall be employed and paid by the Institution. Their duty shall be to visit from house to house in the respective districts that shall be assigned to them, read the Scriptures, engage in religious conversation, and urge those who are living in the neglect of religion to observe the Sabbath and to attend public worship. They shall also see that all persons possess the Scriptures, shall distribute approved religious tracts, and aid in obtaining Scriptural education for the children of the poor. By the approval of the Committee, they shall hold meetings for reading and expounding the Scriptures and prayer, and shall adopt such other means as the Committee may think necessary for the accomplishment of the Mission.

IV. As the object of the Mission is to extend the knowledge of the Gospel, it is a fundamental law that the following doctrines be prominently taught by the Agents and publications of the Mission. They are given, "not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth."* "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."† "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."‡ "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."§ "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin."|| "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."¶ "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name

* 1 Cor. ii. 13.

§ John iii. 3.

† Rom. iii. 23.

|| 1 John i. 7.

‡ John i. 1, 14.

¶ Rom. v. 1.

under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."* "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."† "Ye are sanctified—by the Spirit of our God."‡

V. The general business of the London City Mission shall be conducted by a Committee, consisting of an equal number of members of the Established Church and of Dissenters; and the Examiners of Missionaries shall consist of an equal number of Clergymen and Dissenting Ministers, all of whom, with the Treasurers, Secretaries, and Auditors, shall be members of the Committee *ex officio*.

VI. Persons subscribing one guinea annually; every donor of £10; an executor on the payment of a legacy of £50 and upwards; and Clergymen of the Established Church and Dissenting Ministers, as representatives of their congregations, who subscribe or collect for the Mission the sum of £5 annually, shall be members of the Institution.

VII. A General Meeting shall be held annually in May (and oftener if necessary) to appoint the office-bearers, and receive a report of the proceedings of the Mission and of the state of the funds. All matters proposed shall be determined by the majority of the members present. The meeting shall be opened and concluded by prayer, and the president for the day shall sign the Minutes of the proceedings. In connection with the Annual Meeting, one Sermon or more shall be preached, of which due notice shall be given.

VIII. The funds of the Mission, arising from donations, legacies, subscriptions, collections, etc., shall be expended, under the direction of the Committee, upon the salaries of Missionaries, the purchase of tracts, and in meeting all necessary charges in conducting the business of the Mission.

IX. That no alteration be made in this Constitution, except at an Annual Meeting, or General Meeting, especially convened by the Committee, upon a requisition stating the nature of the alteration, signed by fifty of the members, and to be held within twenty-one days of the receipt of such requisition.

* Acts iv. 12.

† Heb. xii. 14.

‡ I Cor. vi. 11.

COUNSELS AND INSTRUCTIONS TO MISSIONARIES.

I. Visit the people of your district, so far as they are accessible, for the purpose of bringing them to an acquaintance with the way of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, and of doing them all the spiritual good in your power.

II. Read a portion of the Scriptures, and offer prayer, if practicable, in every house or room you visit ; if impracticable, introduce into your conversation as much of the Scriptures as possible. Let your reading and speaking bear principally on the fundamental doctrines of the depravity of man, justification by faith alone, and the necessity of a change of heart and holiness of life. Inculcate on all persons the importance of possessing a copy of the Bible, and of searching it diligently for instruction as a revelation from God.

III. Urge upon all persons you visit the necessity of attending the public worship of God. You should name churches and chapels in the neighbourhood where the gospel of Christ is faithfully preached, and leave them to make the particular selection that shall be most in accordance with their own views.

IV. Avoid all unnecessary controversy upon religious subjects. Do not interfere with the peculiar opinions of any individual respecting Church government. Carefully avoid all topics of an irritating tendency, and seek by a simple manifestation of the truth to commend yourself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. Studiously avoid all subjects of a political nature, as altogether foreign to the purpose of your visit.

V. Urge on parents the duty of training up their children in the fear of God, and of procuring for them week-day and Sunday-school instruction. Point out, as occasion may require, their relative duties, and faithfully but prudently reprove open vice, such as swearing, intemperance, and the profanation of the Sabbath.

VI. Endeavour to hold one or more meetings every week in your district, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures, exhortation, and prayer. Let these exercises be brief, the whole service need not exceed one hour, and do not undertake more than two meetings a-week without the permission of the Secretaries.

VII. Write in your journal daily the proceedings of each day, observing the strictest accuracy in all your entries, and submit it weekly to your Local Superintendent.

VIII. It is expected by the Committee that, under ordinary circumstances, you attend Divine service on Sunday. They also expect that you will regularly receive the Lord's Supper once a month, except you are a member of a church where it is less frequently administered.

IX. Devote yourself entirely to the work of the Mission, and consider yourself as withdrawn from all secular employment. Conduct yourself in such a manner as will prove to all persons that you are in earnest in seeking the spiritual welfare of your district. Be humble, courteous, and affectionate. Constantly realize your own obligations to the Saviour. Go to your district in a spirit of prayer, and with an earnest desire that every person you visit may be brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Your work is of infinite importance; you have to deal with immortal souls, many of whom may never hear the Gospel but from you, and their eternal condition may be determined by the reception or rejection of the message which you deliver to them. Be courageous, be faithful; keep the Lord Jesus continually before your own mind, and commend Him and His great salvation to the people. Be watchful and exemplary in every part of your conduct, public, and private. "Owe no man anything." Go forth daily to your work with your heart lifted up to God for the assistance and direction of His Holy Spirit, and relying upon His promise for that wisdom and strength which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay or resist. Let the glory of God and the salvation of souls be your chief, your only end.

X. The Committee attach much importance to the Saturday morning devotional service, held in the Lecture room, at the Mission House. Allow nothing that is avoidable to interfere with your attendance. Your sufficiency is of God. You are nothing and can do nothing, but as you are enriched by the grace of His Holy Spirit. You need counsel and encouragement, and your fellowship with your brethren in prayer and the exposition of the Word of God will refresh and animate you in your work.

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