

THE
DARKEST ENGLAND
GAZETTE.



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BRITISH CLUBS AND THEIR MEMBERS.

[See next page.]

BRITISH CLUBS AND THEIR MEMBERS.

"I am determined to put down these demoralising clubs," said a magistrate at Dublin, the other day, when a barman, secretary, and manager of a bogus drinking club were convicted on a charge of selling drink in unlicensed premises, and were sentenced, the barman and secretary to a month's imprisonment each, and the manager to pay a fine of £20.

Yes, that's all very good so far as it goes. Bogus clubs there are, in abundance, throughout the length and breadth of the land, where drunkenness and gambling are combined—(indeed, how seldom is it that they are not associates?)—veritable dens of infamy, and it would be well if the police displayed a little more activity even in this direction. But it is with the recognised, bona-fide club—the gentleman's club, the sportsman's club, the tradesman's club, the political club, the working-man's club, and such like—that we have now to deal; the club in whose premises the selling of drink is legally permitted on Sundays, as well as on week-days, and where, also, in scores of places in the Metropolis, as well as in all parts of the United Kingdom, gambling in various forms over

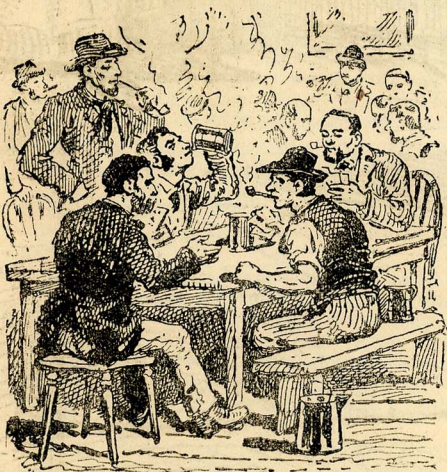
BILLIARDS, BAGATTELLE, SKITTLES,

dominoes, and, especially, cards, is nightly allowed, or is carried on contrary to bye-laws and regulations made and provided. Secret betting, too, under the roof of many an old-established social and political club, is indulged in by not a few of its members, and this form of gambling seems ever on the increase. Artful emissaries of the bookmaker—men whose cunning is only equalled by that of the professional thief and burglar—worm themselves into the club-house with ease, and ply their calling with great advantage to themselves. Especially is this the case in many working-men's, as well as in political clubs.

We know of at least one institution in the West of London in which a large proportion of the committee are betting men and bookmakers' agents, and our readers may well imagine what is the effect of their influence upon the members belonging to the club, who are almost wholly composed of clerks and artisans. Among the daily papers in the newsroom the one most eagerly scanned is that entirely devoted to sport, and the eager discussing over these columns relating to horse-racing are alone evidence of the gambling spirit which prevails in that club-house, and which finds its satisfaction in the laying of odds



A LADIES' CLUB.



A WORKMEN'S CLUB.

over every event of importance, the betting being carried on inside the building with that subtlety which escapes the observation of the innocent. And so it is in the playing of games at a thousand and one club-houses both in and out of the Metropolis. The notice, "Gambling

is strictly prohibited," and all manner of rules emanating from the officials in regard thereto, are affixed to the walls; but the evil continues to exist for all that.

If there is a desire to gamble that desire can be satisfied, and it is satisfied, not infrequently in places where the committee are in complete, or perhaps, only in half ignorance of what is taking place. In many respects there is little to choose between the bogus club and the club established under the authority of the law—it is a distinction almost without a difference. In many quarters, at any rate, the term "demoralising" will equally apply. The present club system is bad, radically bad, and it's a system that tends to a vast extent in damning the souls of thousands of men yearly. Indoor gambling has become a curse of the land, and it is by no means confined to the bogus clubs, and to those places about which we sometimes read, under the heading of "A Police Raid." Our whole club system is at the bottom of much of the evil, and that with all its so-called respectability. Of

THE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

we will here say but little. In the Metropolis the aristocrat has a big list of houses from which to make his selection, and many of these are altogether above suspicion. But there are others in which the inner life, the inner doings, will, in some respects, compare with those establishments which occasionally receive the attention of the police and the prosecution of Scotland Yard. The law says, "No!" and yet there are places where the aristocrat gambles, in some form or other, from morning till night, and throughout the night, if he sees fit, and does so with im-

smoke and drink over the topics of the day, imperial politics, and politics local, questions religious and questions secular, and subjects altogether multitudinous.

Thus, here and there, the members of the



A GAMBLING CLUB.

tradesmen's club are content to spend their evenings, and enjoy the payment of their subscriptions as they become due. But, far more often, the social construction of the club embraces all that Satanic machinery which never fails to delude and fascinate a considerable section of its members. Here, again, it is the introduction of games such as billiards, bagatelle, and cards, more especially, in association with drink—as a matter of course—that produces the mischief and causes ruin to the bodies and souls of men who frequent these houses. But it may be said, "Games such as those mentioned are surely harmless, if there be no gambling?" Ah! therein lies the kernel of the whole matter. Ask those men who are the most regular attendants at their club, and are nightly to be found in the billiard-room or the card-room, whether, openly or secretly, money is not at the bottom of their play? The majority, if they are honest, will give an affirmative reply. If a member suggests playing for "love," is not the answer only too common—"There's no fun in it"? To those who are really fond of billiards and cards, the "fun" and the fascination lay in the "shelling out," or the "pulling in"—popular phrases, are they not, even in the club-house?

(To be continued.)

A SOCIAL OFFICERS' MEETING AT OLD "272."

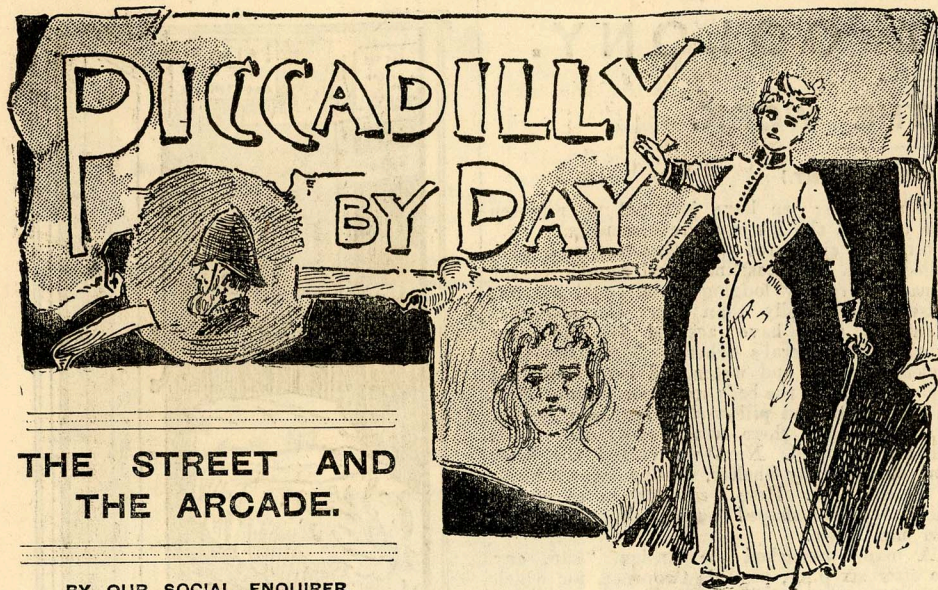
The occasion was a meeting of Social Wing officers who had received "farewell orders"—and who were yet in the dark as to where they were to be transferred. The energetic Commissioner Cadman presided, and to say this, is to say the meeting was bound to be "alive." After a "red-hot" prayer meeting, came a testimony time, alive with heart experiences from the officers of the various Shelters and Elevators and other institutions of the Social Wing.

Then followed a batch of testimonies from Headquarters' officers, whom the Commissioner described as fixtures who had come to weep with those who wept, and rejoice with those who rejoiced. Amongst others, Adjutant McLauchlan remarked that, as long as we had the consciousness that He was leading us, we were all right.

Then Commissioner Cadman rose. God, he said, was not an idle spectator. "Your Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The Light still shone on in the darkness, though the darkness comprehended it not. Sometimes, we seemed to come into great darkness, and the light couldn't be seen through it, but it shone on. ("Hallelujah!") Israel's darkness was gross darkness, that was darkness, if you like—darkness 144 times darker than ordinary darkness—(laughter and "Glory!")—a darkness that could be seen, but had to be felt. But just as then, so now—God lives—"Hallelujah!" and "Amen!"—and we live by faith in the Son of God. Job knew what darkness was, and Job cried, "Oh, God, hast Thou hidden Thyself from me?" but yet, his conclusion was, "I'll go forward! Thou knowest the way I take!" Talk about Stanley and "Darkest Africa," it was nothing to

JOB'S EXPLORATIONS IN THE DARKNESS—

but then, what rejoicing when he got through! No! God was not an idle spectator by any means. But He knew how to discipline us. Look at Moses, and the children of Israel. God didn't land them in Canaan at once; they would have turned Canaan into Egypt. He wiped out all the grumblers and lying people. Still, God cared for us individually. He let experience teach us, showed us our causes of failure. Personally, he (Commissioner Cadman) was not anxious; he was willing to go, or stay for another hundred years. He tried to finish up the day he lived, and then, if he forgot to waken up in time, he'd waken in eternity. This should be the spirit in which we all met life, and then we should be invincible.



THE STREET AND THE ARCADE.

BY OUR SOCIAL ENQUIRER.

Much has been said of Piccadilly under the blaze of gaslight, when the streets surge with wickedness, and those disgusting resorts of vice, which, as the "Daily Chronicle" recently remarked, are the successors of the infamous houses swept away some time since, are crowded with infamous men and wretched women. We have striven, from time to time, to impress our readers with a sense of the magnitude of the evil, and the absolute necessity, in view of the growing dangers to public morality, of resolutely dealing with it. Until the police wake up to the acute-



ness of the situation, and secure, as they may do, the amplest evidence necessary to the closing of some of the drinking establishments, we can scarcely expect much improvement.

Piccadilly by day, is, on the whole, not much better than by night. Early in the afternoon, women infest the Circus and its vicinity, and, as evening draws near, from the whole rabbit-warren of vice, in the streets off Shaftesbury Avenue, fashionably-dressed foreign women come forth to take their stand on Leicester Square, or on the recognised promenade for fallen Continental women. There is no mistaking their profession or purpose. The haggard faces, adroitly "got up" with rouge and powder, the flashy dress, and the hard, business-like manner so characteristic of the ladies who hail from Paris and Brussels, are all sufficient to betray the secret; but if this be insufficient, the looker-on has only to watch just a few moments, and there will be evidence enough. See that tall, evidently Parisian woman, with a black velvet toque thrown lazily on, and a fashionable little bonnet, tufted with a waving pink feather. She comes dashing out of a big public-house, in a rollicking style, hits a companion jocularly with an umbrella, and straightway seizes the first man she meets. There is another, a little person, apparently German, who



haunts the front of the London Pavilion Music Hall. A decent-looking man, who might be, perhaps, a commercial traveller or a Regent Street shop-walker, passes by; she is after him

like a shot, and angles with him for fully ten minutes. But "Georgie" is not to be had, and the little German has to seek other prey.

These are the types of women. There can be no question of mistake as to their design, and, though the unfortunate English women are not so abominably cold-blooded about the horrid business as the foreigners, they are on Piccadilly just as early, and with just as much energy. Between the St. James' Restaurant and the Circus, there are, at half-past three in the afternoon, at least a score of women, resplendent in brocades and heron-plumed hats, carefully touting as earnestly, if not as loudly, as at midnight, for customers. It is fashionable to call the latter "victims," but in point of fact, the man is as bad as the woman, and frequently far worse, though in the open day they seem a trifle ashamed of being recognised.

But, higher up Piccadilly is a resort which, though not available at night for a vice market, as it closes early, is, between four and five p.m., one of the most favourite resorts of the immoral of both sexes. It is well-known as Burlington Arcade, and is, practically, a narrow street roofed in from the weather, and lined by some sixty superbly-set-out shops. There may be seen, almost any afternoon, a large number of well-dressed women, whose weary-looking, painted faces, and methods of accosting, demonstrate very clearly the manner of business they have in hand. We counted, several times, as many as thirty, thirty-four forty-two, of these women actively engaged in promenading the Arcade and soliciting men with deftness rather than audacity. Police, there were none—at least, we saw none, and the market arrangements were most palpable. We are speaking within our absolute knowledge in saying that Burlington Arcade is a frequent resort of military men in particular. In passing, that is not to be wondered at, for it certainly seems that a military life is an incentive to vice.

Wherever our British soldiery are found in large numbers, there follow the women; "wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." The recent exposures of governmental protection of vice, and a ghastly catalogue of attendant shames in India, the lame and feeble apology of Lord Roberts for these breaches of the law, the existence of which he so long denied *in toto*, should be sufficient proof of the lamentable condition of our soldiery. Then, the recently-issued circular from "The Horse Guards," on immorality in British garrison towns, shows that the authorities are aware of the evil; but surely, the most miserable sight of all is to behold these gallant veterans, who, so feeble with age that they can scarcely totter down the Arcade, or stutter out blasphemy and filth, manage to allure girls, who might be their children, into the meshes of their licentious net.

As many of the women secure customers in the hellish traffic, they walk away arm-in-arm, but plenty more keep arriving until, just before five o'clock, there are, in the Arcade, at least fifty women of bad character, and about the same number of men. The business is, certainly, conducted in a somewhat quieter manner than at

night. There is not quite so much open clutching of the men, nor is there anything like the noise and obscenity, but it is there all the same. The solicitation is more artfully managed, but it is palpable, and as time goes on, some of the women grow desperate. One poor creature, in gold and black, with a petite figure and quick manner, accosted four men in six minutes; several others were nearly as bad, and, in short, Burlington Arcade is, in a quieter and more-carefully conducted way, the equivalent, in daylight to Piccadilly Circus. Drink is, of course, largely responsible for the traffic. The men, abandoned to the black passion of their hearts, need no stimulant; they are there with their elegant dress and besotted faces, but the women—the English girls, at any rate—cannot, apparently lost to feeling as they appear, face their degradation without first half-dazing their senses, and inspiring themselves with unnatural impudence by copious draughts from the brandy or whisky bottle. But for alcohol, they would not dare to face, day by day, the

unutterable shame of their position, and the happy stroke of British statesmanship that sweeps away the drink curse from the land, will certainly be open to the congratulation of having destroyed the greater part of the blight of immorality. Meantime, that immorality is increasing. Our devoted bands of Rescue workers have been gloriously successful in raising many sisters and daughters of England, who had fallen into the Piccadilly swine-trough; but whilst the great drinking-dens, palatial, and exquisitely-decorated and got-up—where, probably, as much immorality is arranged in one night as on all the Piccadilly streets put together—are winked at by the police, how can matters improve? We are aware that the guilty parties have wealth and influence on their side. They will find plenty of backers among all classes, for a desire to stand by what is devilish and vicious is not yet deceased; but so palpable are the facts, so clear is the transgression of the law, that, in common decency, the police ought to act. It is our business to



BURLINGTON ARCADE.

"cry aloud and spare not," to expose unsparingly these national abominations; but it is for the paid protectors of the public to wake up and act, and we heartily trust they may do so speedily, for so long has their somnolence lasted, that we may well commence to wonder whether the sleep is genuine or feigned. In any case, we invite the Vine Street police authorities to take action in the public interest.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS!!

THE PRESENT DEMAND for SERVANTS being so great, MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH invites those with good characters to apply, either personally or by letter, to The Situation Department, 259, Mare Street, Hackney, N.E.

BRISTOL CITY COLONY.

A SURVEY OF THE WORK.

[BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

"We met, 'twas in a crowd"—outside the first-class bar of the Bristol Food Depot. The "Gazette" man, intent, as usual, on useful informa-



ENSIGN ELBOURNE.

tion, had just sallied forth from his temporary home, at the famous establishment of the Melhuishes, when he noticed a small mob blocking the pavement of Castle Street. Their eager eyes and open mouths bespoke riveted attention, as they watched Ensign Elbourne, the Depot Manager, inscribing on his windows, with facile touch, by the aid of a brush and a saucer of whitening, the fascinating legend, "Beef-steak pudding with potatoes, fourpence."

"This is nothing," remarked the good-humoured Ensign, proceeding to garnish the whole shop front with taking announcements, "sometimes I've seen the crowd extend right across the street, so that the police have had to clear them away. Isn't that right, Captain?"

The young man appealed to solemnly confirmed the assertion, so we accepted it, suggesting that the next desirable step would be to ascertain whether the advertised victuals were worthy of so much fame. Accordingly, we descended into the lower depths of the establishment, where cunning hands were busily preparing tasty viands for the hungry. There are, be it noted, two branches of the food department at Bristol; one is on much the same model as the London food bars, and is the haunt of the poor man, whose study is to maintain existence on the merest pittance, and the other is a superior resort, on the lines of the orthodox restaurant. But the food is equally good and carefully cooked for either bar. There were tins of rice pudding and jam tart, neat arrays of steak puddings, hot joints and "curly" greens, all of first-class quality.

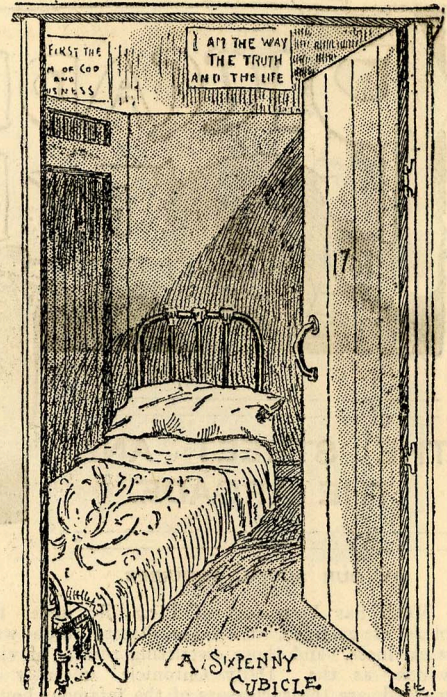
Upstairs, the building is quite a bewildering warren of bedrooms and dormitories. The demand for decent sleeping accommodation, clean and free from undesirable intrusion from the insect world, is sure to be considerable in a large city like Bristol, and as the excellence of the arrangements at our Castle Street institution gets to be wider known, the place is pretty sure to be crowded out. As it is, the number of beds has just been considerably increased.

seven of them; we have just put up nineteen more to meet the increased requirements."

"Superb," ejaculated the "Gazette" man who, pondering on the beastliness and squalor of the ordinary fourpenny lodging-house, could not but realise more vividly than ever the enormous advantages that have accrued to the poor through The General's Scheme. The floors were as clean as soap and water and hard scrubbing could make them, the beds were most comfortable, and the sheets and pillow-slips spotlessly white. In another room there were twenty more beds similarly arranged. Next we visited the bunk room, or twopenny Shelter, an unmitigated blessing to the poor. Here were fifty or so of the familiar egg-box-shaped bunks, fitted up with clean mattresses.

"A man," remarked the Ensign, "can, any time after six p.m., pay his twopenny, for which he also gets the use of the eating-room and the lavatory. He can have water and wash his clothes as well as himself, and can stay on the premises until seven a.m. next day. Then there are the cubicles, or sixpenny beds."

We inspected them also, and found them marvels of cleanliness. They consist of little apartments partitioned off from each other by seven-foot-high match-boarding, and it is simply astonishing to note the pride each occupant takes of his tiny room. One man had rigged up a little table and decorated it, apparently, with his choicest worldly possessions—to wit, a Testament, reel of cotton and needle, shaving materials, a box of Army matches, a pair of cuffs, bottle of hair-oil, and a purse, probably empty. The striking feature was the way in which these interesting articles were, with a couple of coloured prints, set out so as to make the cubicle as home-like as possible. Ensign Elbourne has, with the interests of the institution at heart,

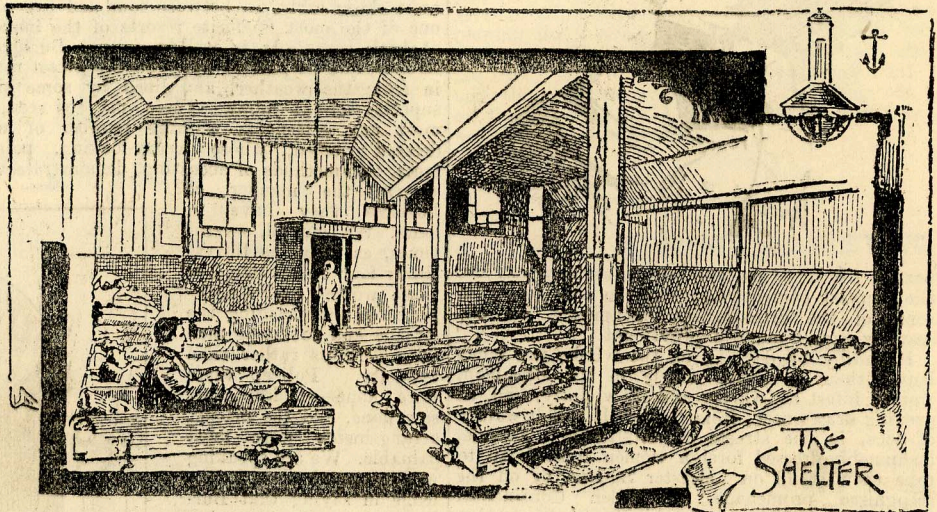


dispensable. Unless we are greatly mistaken, there is a wonderful future of usefulness in store for the Bristol "Castle" and its work.

DARKEST ENGLAND MEETINGS.

BY MAJOR ALICE LEWIS.

On Tuesday last I had the pleasure of addressing in the Salvation Army Citadel, Shipley, two large and deeply interested audiences on the above subject. The chairmen were, respectively



carried out personally, by the help of a hammer, nails, and a little timber, a number of improvements that have considerably added to the general comfort; he is anxious to get a little cocoanut matting and oilcloth to properly finish off the cubicles, and will be glad if any friend will send him a pound or two to effect the improvement. From the cubicles, opens out another room, containing seven more sixpenny beds, and upstairs is still another with nine beds.

It was, too, specially interesting to note that a general room has been fitted up specially for Sunday use as a reading-room, so that the men, instead of idling away the time, or haunting the streets, can make themselves comfortable by the fireside with some good literature, of which, by the way, Ensign Elbourne would gladly welcome gifts.

Coming downstairs, we pass the men's day-kitchen where they make their own tea, in pots loaned by the establishment, and cook their own food, if they so desire. In addition to all this, there are further extensive premises which, it is hoped, will be eventually utilised for men's prison-gate and police-court work, and altogether it was impossible to

B. Rycroft, Esq., supported by Messrs. W. Sykes and Mortimer, Captains Osborne and Patterson, etc., and W. Carter Best, Esq., supported by Messrs. Rycroft, Foster, Topham, and Fyfe, also Captains Osborne and Patterson. Mrs. Topham, local agent for the Grace-before-meat boxes, assisted by her brigade of helpers, enrolled forty-six new members of the Light Brigade, and could have enrolled others but the stock ran out. Capital collections.

On Wednesday, the Primitive Methodist Chapel, at Halifax, was filled with another sympathetic audience. The chairman was — Cook, Esq., supported by Captain Green, Captain and Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Topham, etc. Here, also, a good collection (over £5) was given, whilst the Misses Horsfall, Wood and Bunner, local agents for the Grace-before-meat boxes, assisted by their helpers, enrolled twenty-four new members of the Light Brigade.

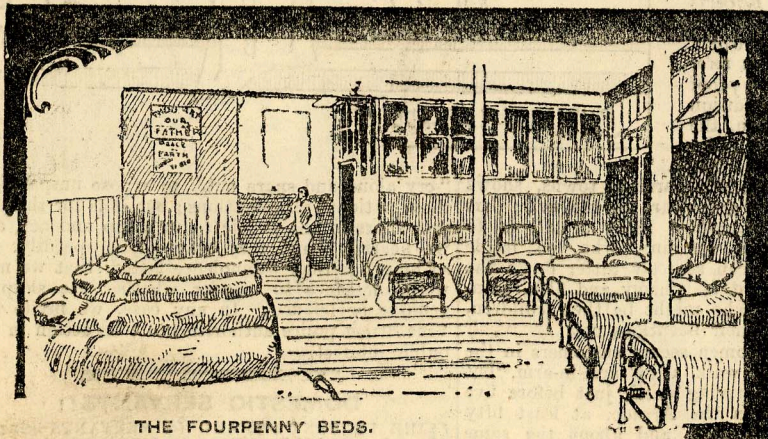
Sincere thanks are due to the F.O.s., Captains Patterson and Green, of Shipley and Halifax L., for the delightful arrangements made.

DARKEST ENGLAND MATCH AGENTS.

FURTHER LIST.

BRADFORD (Yorks).—Salvation Army Shelter, Peel Street, Leeds Road; G. H. Isith and Sons, 19 and 23, Smies Street.
BRAINTREE.—Co-operative Society.
BURNLEY.—J. Tomlinson, 110, Padiham Road.
BUTLEIGH (Som.).—Co-operative Society.
BLAINA (Mon.).—Co-operative Society.
BEDFORD.—Co-operative Society.
BINGLEY (Yorks).—Co-operative Society, Welington Street.
BARWELL (Near Hinckley, Leicestershire).—G. Clamp, Grocer, High Street.

(Further list next week.)



THE FOURPENNY BEDS.

"Here are the fourpenny beds," remarked the ever-cheery Ensign, opening the door of an airy and capacious dormitory, "there are eighty-

avoid the conclusion that the Social Work in Bristol is, by dint of hard work and careful, painstaking management, gradually becoming in-

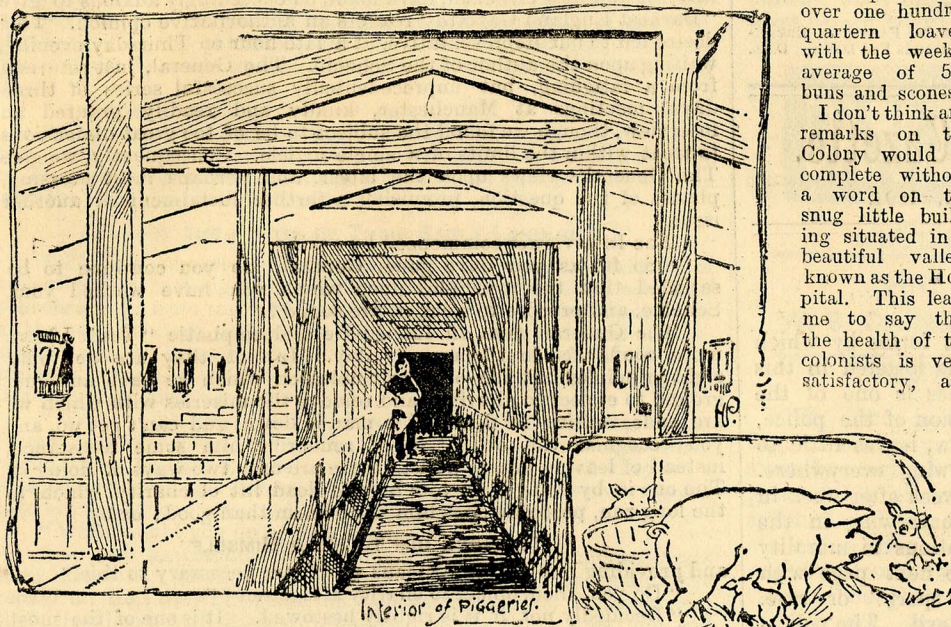
FARM COLONY NOTES.

THEN AND NOW.

(Concluded.)

BY ADJUTANT A. J. SMITH.

The prosperity of the locomotive traffic deserves a word, and it seems to indicate the



Interior of Piggeries.

general condition of the department, for a new siding has been added to the Wharf, so that Colony imports and exports can be loaded or unloaded right alongside, and Captain Gordon is, with his men, busy laying yet another branch line to Park Marsh, which is under cultivation for the market garden. The very latest bit of business in this department has been the chartering of a vessel to bring our coals direct from the North.

The Governor, Major Stitt, has received enquiries, through the post, as to the rabbits and their welfare. We have at the present about eight hundred tame ones, and have been breeding and selling them all through the cold weather with very few losses. We attribute the success of this to good bedding, which has been a considerable difficulty this winter owing to the scarcity of hay and straw. They are fed morning and night chiefly on swedes and oats, with a little green-stuff. In connection with the feeding we are cultivating a piece of land, and purpose growing, for their consumption, carrots, parsnips, swedes, and cabbage. The best breeding-time has just commenced, so that the eight hundred will in all probability be doubled in a short time. Although, says Mr. Snow, who looks after them, they do not require a strong light, warmth and fresh air are essential to success.

Early lambs and chickens are increasing rapidly. Special attention is at present being given to the spring sowing.

In connection with Brickyard No. 2, have just closed in with an order for between 400,000 and 500,000 bricks for a Government building, and the first two barge-loads, already delivered,

ARE HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.

Tile-making is a new wing to this department, and is steadily progressing.

From a little chat with the Colony baker, I discover that the average turn-out for our own daily consumption is over one hundred quatern loaves, with the weekly average of 500 buns and scones.

I don't think any remarks on the Colony would be complete without a word on the snug little building situated in a beautiful valley, known as the Hospital. This leads me to say that the health of the colonists is very satisfactory, and

and Now": "I like the place very well; I am

AWAY FROM THE CURSED DRINK!

it has been the cause of all my troubles. God alone knows where I should have been if it had not been for this," etc.

The following incident has an interesting side: A man, with whom we had had considerable trouble, and at length dismissed as incorrigible, on leaving made his way to (alas! that there are such places near!) a neighbouring public-house, where he entered into conversation with some of Her Majesty's soldiers, who spoke slightly of the Colony and everybody on it. This was too much for the ex-colonist who resented their remarks, challenged them to fight, but was outnumbered, and came off badly. The news of the melee travelled quickly to the Governor's ears, who dispatched two officers to the rescue. The following is from the "ex's" letter, received a few days later: "But, sir, I regard the incident as another proof, if proof were necessary, of the gentlemanly and Christian spirit in which you have always acted towards myself, and during my stay on the Colony. Indeed, I have a great deal to thank you all for. Had those fellows not been so cowardly as to use their feet and sticks, you would not have heard anything of the matter, as I consider myself too much of a man to bring into disrepute yourself, or any officer connected with the institution," etc.

Looking at things all round; backwards to the difficulties overcome, at our present surroundings, and the

PROSPECT OF GREATER PROSPERITY

that lies before us, we are encouraged to thank God and go forward, believing that it is yet better on before.

The arduous duties of Major Stitt, who has the piloting of every branch of this huge arm of the Army's work, seem ever to be on the increase, and if there is one more than another who believes in the "Better on before" for the Colony, it is the Governor, who pushes on, in spite of every difficulty, towards the inspiring goal.

the death-rate, perhaps, the lowest known, only four having died since the Colony was started.

Here is an extract from a colonist's letter, lying on the desk, which speaks for itself as to "Then

The BARRACKS Hadleigh Farm Colony.



WHAT CAN I DO?

"The use of tobacco frequently takes away the eyesight."—Professor Kirk.

Why do the people starve? The total yearly cost of European militarism is £328,000,000.

In the United Kingdom the large sum of nine-pence per head is annually given towards foreign missions.

"Nature is full of wrath against wrong-doing, and witnesses to a hell as much as the Bible."—Ruskin.

Talents misapplied.—A Frenchman has invented a new rifle; it fires explosive bullets with alarming rapidity.

Enquire Within!—"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to God's Word."

The working-classes of this country spend on intoxicating drink alone quite sufficient to enable them to live rent free.

"Indulgence in smoking, if the eye be the organ influenced, produces a difficulty and obstruction of vision."—Dr. Richardson.

From Saturday night till Monday morning, Mr. Gladstone puts away all business of a secular nature, and he will never travel on Sunday.

The Guildford Guardians recently discussed a local scandal. An inmate of the workhouse had been buried in a grave only fifteen (?) inches below the surface of the ground; but "he was only a pauper whom nobody owned."

In training! In 1893 no fewer than 2,378 children were taken up drunk in Liverpool. Of these, over one hundred were under ten years of age.

Earth has many a scene of sorrow. Take Dartford: A father has now been sent to jail for keeping his eight-year-old son chained up to a bedstead for three days and nights at a stretch.

"If everyone would see

To his own reformation,

How very easily

You might reform a nation!

The Paris correspondent of the "Daily News" points out that even France, the richest Continental nation, is beginning to stagger under her military burdens. Most of the European Powers this year will have to report a deficit when their annual financial budgets are produced.

Mr. James Greenwood, the well-known writer, says: "It would be interesting could it be ascertained how many of the number of domestic servants sent to prison year by year for robbing their employers, owe their downfall and disgrace to the machinations of the rascally trinket tallyman."

An American contemporary says: "Church raffles have created or fostered a taste for gambling that has led many a young man astray. When the patchwork bed-quilt is raffled off at so much a square, the devil's chaplain solemnly exclaims, 'Here endeth the first lesson—in gambling.'"

Fashion Cruelties.—Women who wear aigrettes of heron's plumes should be shocked when they hear that these feathers are obtainable only during the breeding season. The birds are shot after being driven off their nests containing young. The feathers are plucked from the still live bird, and the young are left to their fate,

England can learn something of Belgium, which with a dense population of 540 to the square mile, grows nine-tenths of the food it consumes.

Whose grievance? "Why, he's only a pauper whom nobody owns." The inmates of the Well Street Workhouse are complaining of having to use the same bath as the doctor's dog.

The question of the hour: The other Saturday, the Chief Rabbi preached from the text, "The righteous considereth the cause of the poor, but the wicked regardeth not to know it."

The Bench at Sunderland have had a case brought before them of a widow who has neglected her children through drink. The two children were aged twelve and eight years respectively. Their home was one small room, of which the window was out, and the door off its hinges, and it did not contain a vestige of furniture. There was no food, and the place was in a filthy condition.

The Townsville "Evening Star," commenting on the Sydney Shelter Work, says that Salvationists are giving practical proof of the faith that is in them by their works of charity and religion. They have done more to upraise the fallen, and give bread to the hungry than all the other churches put together, and in the very near future the world at large will be compelled to utter its praise of the admirable and self-denying labours of the Army.

Can nothing be done?—Lighthouse and light-ship keepers, from the nature of their noble calling, are terribly isolated from their fellow-men; especially is this true of those dwelling along the coasts of Labrador, Africa, and South Australia. Writes one: "It is ten months since my wife has seen a woman, and eight months since I have heard a sermon." Mail them some of our publications. Anti-Rut.

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The Darkest England Gazette.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1894.

THE WEEK.

GAMBLING.

The many and insidious forms by which the spirit of gambling is fostered in this country and the colonies is one of the ugliest signs of the time. The spasmodic action of the police, together with the abortive character of the law, leaves little to check the onward march of the evil. It is growing everywhere. The tales to which we are compelled to listen week after week in our Shelters and workshops are frequently harrowing in the extreme. The daily paper, with its lofty pretensions to morality and patriotism in one page, seethes in the next page with corrupting descriptions of some "game," "sport" or race. The young are easily impregnated with the evil. The police-court, the criminal's dock, the Army's Shelter tell the sequel. The daily Press is simply daily poison to thousands of our youth, and it is useless to expect an improvement until the Legislature enact strong restrictions upon the reports and forecasts of the leading "sports" upon which the gambling spirit feeds. As to the clubs, there is power enough in the arm of the law to make gambling and betting unendurable to its votaries, if the authorities were as much alive to their duty as when, for instance, the public is scared by some bomb explosion.

THE PROHIBITION
PLEBISCITE.

The victory for prohibition in the Province of Ontario, Canada, in gaining which the Salvation Army took a leading part, seems to have been a bigger achievement than was at first considered. Fuller advices now show that 81,730 was the majority for prohibition, not the total vote. Analysing this total it is found that the most overwhelming vote for prohibition was that given in the counties—that is, the rural districts—where the poll was sixty per cent. of the total vote, and showed 154,000 for and 83,800 against prohibition, a majority of 70,200, or almost two to one. In the cities and separated towns and districts about forty per cent. of the total vote was polled, and it showed 38,400 for prohibition, and 26,800 against, a majority of 11,600. The women polled thirty-five per cent. of their total vote, and were six to one in favour of prohibition. The grand total shows that fifty-eight per cent. of the electorate polled, and the vote was nineteen to eleven in favour of prohibition. The awakened interest will now be concentrated upon the action of the Government.

A WORTHY INDUSTRY.

The boot and shoe industry of the Home Colony, which affords employment for about a score of men, mostly reclaimed from the streets of London, is one which deserves a word from us. Besides meeting the needs of the officers and colonists, it is well adapted for doing a big "outside" trade, and thus still further provide most suitable work for a fair proportion of men who are transferred from the City to the Home Colony in the natural order of their social ascent. Commissioner Carleton, of the International Trade Department, states that the work produced by the factory is cheap and durable. It is, therefore, to be regretted that its development is hindered for the want of £200, which could be wisely expended on plant and machinery. A practical philanthropist will find in this a capital investment for his money, free of interest, of course. We give the factory our best wishes.

NATIONAL
REDEMPTION.

Italy has a charm for us. Her history, her people and productive powers lend colour to anything that pertains to the welfare of the peninsula. Her naval and military policy has, it is well-known, caused "burdens too grievous to be borne" to be put upon her, and we hail with pleasure the effort that is being made to redeem her National Debt. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced that the deficit for the financial year is estimated at £7,080,000, while the debt of the Treasury exceeds £20,000,000. To meet this critical state of affairs the Minister proposed new taxes, yielding some £4,000,000, and economies in the Government services to the amount of £1,800,000, beside the conversion of certain redeemable rentes. This is only a palliative, however, but all true friends of Italy will be thankful for small mercies.

THE SOCIAL SCHEME'S PROSPECTS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GENERAL.

Recent developments in the Social Scheme, originating fresh interest and new criticism, have made us exceedingly anxious to give "Darkest England Gazette" readers an authoritative opinion. This desire led to our Representative, at a late hour on Thursday evening, waiting upon the author of the Scheme. The General, just returned from a fatiguing, but unprecedentedly successful series of three days' meetings at Manchester, kindly and readily granted an interview, though we found the subject to be of too great dimensions to treat within the limits of a single article. Consequently, we give The General's views upon the latest, and, perhaps, most pressing, phases of the question, promising a further instalment in another issue.

The Interviewer commenced by asking, "So far as you have gone, General, do you continue to be satisfied that the principles upon which you have worked your Scheme, and propose to work it, are sound?"

The General gave an immediate and emphatic "Yes! I have more confidence in them every day. In fact, they are not only right principles but the only principles on which we have any just ground to expect to alleviate and remove the miseries with which we are endeavouring to deal. If a man is down, and can't get up, and you recognise the obligation of rendering him some assistance, instead of leaving him to perish, there are only two ways of doing it. The one is, by doing it for him by the dead lift of charity, which, in the long run, probably does him more harm than good; or by

TEACHING HIM TO HELP HIMSELF

and providing him with the means which are necessary to this."

"Do you, then, object to charity altogether?"

"Decidedly not, if it is rightly bestowed. It is one of the most beautiful and admirable instincts of the human soul to wish to remove misery and relieve distress. What I desire is, that charity should be directed into such channels and employed in such a manner as will do the largest amount of good to the greatest number of people, and in such a way as will be permanently beneficial to those assisted and to Society in general!"

"Then you consider, General, that what is required in order to accomplish the good desired is not more generosity, but a wiser direction of it?"

"That's it! The amount of money at present expended upon the relief of the destitute and the reclamation of the vicious would be amply sufficient not only for the amelioration of the misery but for the actual and lasting deliverance of the sufferers. For instance, I am quite satisfied that there is not a Poor Law Union in the land the amount of whose indoor and outdoor relief, if utilised on the principles that I am trying to work out at Hadleigh, would not alone be ample to meet the necessities of the destitute at the present hour, but which, in a very short time, would go far to

EXTINGUISH THE RACE OF PAUPERS

dependent upon it, besides providing funds equal to meet the social wreckage taking place in the community from time to time."

"You speak strongly, General; but you have been making a new experiment lately in this direction, I think?"

"Yes; we have commenced what I hope will prove to be a very general exodus from the workhouses to the land. The Camberwell Board of Guardians, who appear to be unusually energetic and enterprising, with the permission of the Local Government Board, have passed over to our care fifty of their able-bodied men-paupers. These are now at Hadleigh. It is rather early to speak definitely of the experiment, but, so far as we can judge, it is promising most hopefully."

"The common idea is that this class of men won't work. What has been your experience?"

"My answer to that question is the simple statement that the fifty men sent down are, with a few exceptions, at work on the Farm to-day, and can be seen by any who wish it, breaking up land for root-crops, tending the cattle, trenching and draining, making roads, turning clay for bricks, digging and planting in the market gardens and nursery grounds, hammering in the blacksmith's shop, stitching in the boot and shoe factory, and otherwise engaged."

"You intimate that there were some exceptions to this willingness to work?"

"Yes, nine out of the fifty returned to the Union. Of these, three were really ill and unequal to the work, and ought not to have been sent down; three others did not feel strong enough at the outset, and instead of holding on until the fresh air and wholesome food invigorated them, lost heart; while three of the others went off, just because they did not want to work at all, and," said the General, with strong emphasis, "that class never will work so long as they can find

PEOPLE SIMPLE ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM WITHOUT.

When Society says, 'If you won't work, you shan't eat!' then they will work, and not till then."

"Do you contemplate extending the system adopted in the Camberwell case?"

"Certainly. We are prepared to take a couple of hundred men at once, and at the present time several Boards of Guardians are negotiating with us to this end."

"Practically there is no limit to this method, General?"

"No. Seeing that these men can be made, with a little supplementary assistance at the onset, to earn their own livelihood, we can absorb both men and women as fast as they can be got ready."

RELIEF FOR THE RATEPAYER!

"Does not this mean the lifting from the shoulders of the poor Ratepayer the burden under which he groans long and loud—the ever-increasing Poor Rate?"

"Most certainly it does! All that is needed to effectually relieve him is the patient and systematic application of the Scheme, and the finding of a certain amount of capital to work it for a season. For instance, if we can take a man and meet his wants of food and raiment

and home; if we can strengthen him in his physical powers and train him in the exercise of them, so that he will be capable of performing the necessary labour, and then transport him ten thousand miles away, and that at a less, or very little greater, sum of money than he will cost in the workhouse for the time being, the deliverance of the Ratepayer from this burden is possible enough if he will only avail himself of it."

"But, General, does not a large part of the expenditure of the Poor Law system arise from the care of the children, the invalids and the old people?"

"No doubt it does; but if you abolish the pauper, you will abolish the pauper's children, and the present generation of children, if managed on the half-time plan, could, before they reach man and womanhood, be made to earn all that it cost the parish in their early days."

"And the old people?"

"Don't you see, if the old people had lived on their own little farm, and had their own little cottage and orchard, when they come to be past work they could sit in the chimney-corner while the son and the daughter looked after the place, and so

ENJOY THE FRUITS OF THEIR EARLY LABOURS."

"Truly a beautiful picture, General. Are not the friends of education now battling with the difficulty connected with the industrial schools arising from the fact that the boys and girls, when discharged at the age of sixteen, are simply carried away by friends and circumstances into all manner of evil, by which the good effects of their training, which in each case has cost the country, on an average, £200 or £300, are undone?"

"True. This very week a deputation has been waiting on the Home Secretary asking for an arrangement to be sanctioned which would allow the authorities to retain the children until they were eighteen years of age, unless it could be shown that they were going into circumstances favourable to morality and industry."

"What would you do in such a case?"

"As well as teaching them book-knowledge, I would so direct their instruction and I would so employ them that they should have repaid all that they have cost, as well as possess the ability to earn their livelihood with their own hands. At the same time, you will see that there would have been every chance for their characters being sufficiently formed and fixed for them to go forth and be good citizens, instead of going to join the Armies of Rascaldom, which is now commonly the case."

"To touch upon another aspect of the industrial side of your Scheme, General, has it provided any

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE 'OUT-OF-WORKS' IN THE CITY

as well as on the Farm?"

"We have at the present hour between six and seven hundred men in London alone for whom we provide daily sufficient employment to supply comfortably all their wants. In some cases we go beyond this. People whom we have taken up out of the streets, absolutely on the verge of starvation, are earning sums varying from fourteen to twenty shillings a week."

"What a pity, General, that you cannot at once widen operations in this direction!"

"Yes. If we could have some slight assistance similar to that granted us in the case of the fifty men on the Farm, we could find work for three or four hundred more immediately. But anyone will see at a glance that you cannot make these extensions without an enlargement of capital, and, unfortunately,

MY CAPITAL HAS LONG SINCE GIVEN OUT.

Notwithstanding, owing to the pressure of the necessity, I have been compelled, the last few weeks, to go a little further into debt, feeling sure that ultimately the public will recognise the wisdom of the plan and come to my assistance."

HELP FOR THE MARRIED.

"Up to the present, I think, General, you have only dealt with the single men?"

"Unfortunately that has been largely the case, but as an illustration of what could be done, we have now a man, his wife and five children on the Farm. The family had been in the workhouse for some months, and the husband begged the authorities to permit him to go out and find work, promising, as soon as he succeeded in his object, to come back and fetch his wife and children. They persistently refused his request, it being contrary to regulation, so, one day, sick of the business, he took them out on speculation, and travelled a considerable distance. Finally, he came to the gates of the Farm late one Sunday afternoon. They took him in, and he and his family are there to-day working and eating to their hearts' content, and earning all they cost. But still, to my great regret, we have not been able to do much for the married people. I have, however, just offered to find work for married men in the City if assistance can be given me equivalent to that afforded to the men on the Farm, and I will do the same to any extent on the land if I can have the necessary capital."

"To do something in the City would be a step in the direction of preventing that sorrowful business, the breaking up of the poor man's little home, which, according to the existing law, must be brought about before he can obtain relief?"

"Yes, that is the point in my mind. I think we could help the man round the corner by enabling him to pay his rent and giving him a trifle of money to keep the family going till better days, with but a small monetary subsidy from the Guardians."

"Then, General, there are the workless women."

"We are trying to do something for them, too. Mrs. Bramwell Booth has offered to take a number of women on the same conditions as we have taken the Camberwell men."

"And I understand you to say, General, that the Guardians can farm out, so to speak, their able-bodied paupers, at a less cost than they could maintain them within the walls of the Union, with the enormous advantage of knowing that they are being well-fed, industriously and usefully employed, instructed in some new methods of labour, and with a probability of their being taken off their hands for ever?"

"That is exactly what I do say!"

"Then obviously it is to the great advantage of the ratepayers to encourage the experiment that you are now making?"

"I have no doubt of it, seeing that they could do it with present, as well as prospective, benefits."

IS THE OVER-SEA COLONY SETTLED UPON?

"Kindly permit one question as to the Over-Sea Colony. Have you settled anything yet?"

"I can say nothing further than that enquiries are being steadily pushed forward by agents on the spot. I think you may say that I have practically decided upon the country, if I can obtain the land that is required, and make the necessary arrangements for that quarter of the globe, and I am hoping to be soon in a position to make the long-expected announcement. Meanwhile, I still plead for a little longer grace. If any of my friends are disposed to be impatient, all I have to say to them is, let them come and look at what we are doing!"



Mr. Caine is one of the most remarkable personalities of the day. Peculiarly English in vigorous outspokenness, and of a strongly practical turn of mind, Mr. Caine has devoted a large part of his life to efforts on behalf of the people's social and spiritual welfare. A gospel mission in Liverpool was opened by Mr. Caine when he was only eighteen years old, and since then, whilst a Member of Parliament, he has, in conjunction with Mrs. Caine, a daughter of the well-known Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, signalled his residence in London by the erection, in South London, of a mission-hall, which, under the name of



[From Photograph by Mr. A. Sachs, Bradford.]

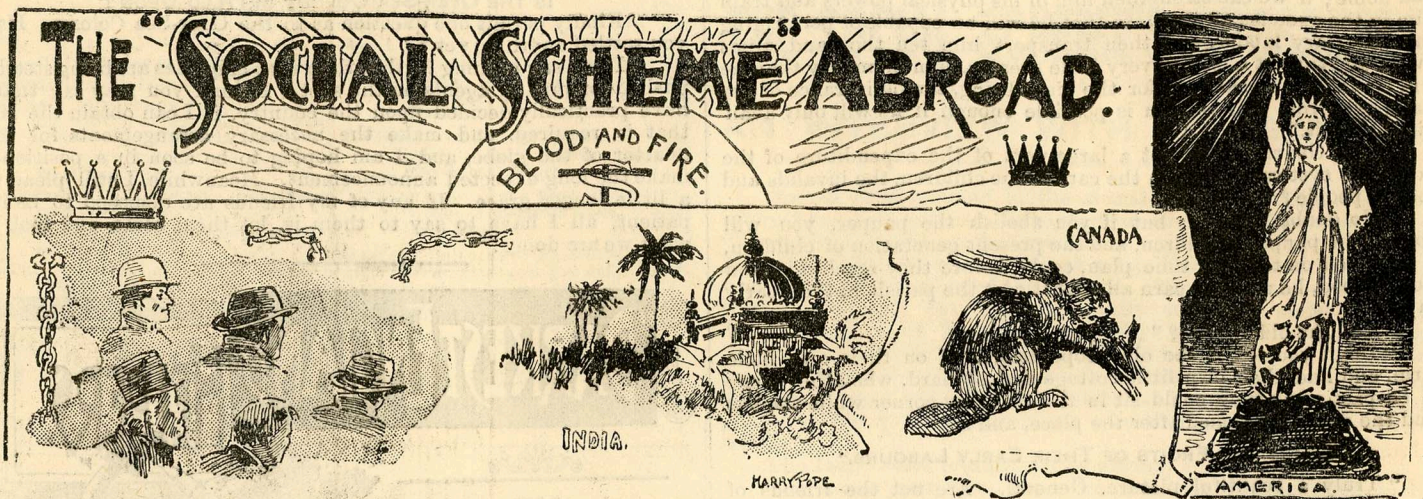
MR. W. S. CAINE, M.P.

Wheatsheaf Hall, has become one of the principal centres of religious work in the Metropolis. Mr. Caine's connection with political life has been chiefly marked by an unwavering support of temperance. He is, indeed, with, perhaps, the single exception of Sir Wilfred Lawson, the most stalwart of the anti-drink party, besides being president, or vice-president, of a number of temperance associations. No doubt his intense aversion to the evils consequent on the drink traffic and keen concern for the welfare of the poor have naturally caused him to have such a keen regard for the Darkest England Scheme.

Mr. Caine has, we believe, always noted the progress of the Scheme's operations with peculiar interest, and recently the following letter was, in reply to an invitation to a gathering of Social Officers, received from him:—

"I should just like to send one message to your workers, which I hope may cheer them, and that is, from close observation of the aggressive work of nearly all sections of the Christian Church, I am satisfied that during the last ten years they have all learned more from the methods and profited more by the zeal of Salvation Army workers than they have in any other way. I trust that this year will be one of great progress and achievement for your Social Wing, and that your officers will not be weary in well-doing. Wishing you all God-speed, yours very truly,

W. S. CAINE."



A power for good are the Social institutions established in Toronto by the Salvation Army. Those who are of the opinion that the only work done by this strong and growing Christian organisation are the street-corner meetings, are very much mistaken. They know very little of the great charitable work that is being carried on day and night, the year round.

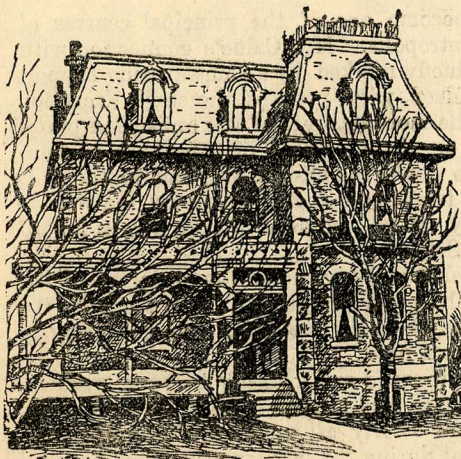
In company with Brigadier Barritt, who has charge of this work, I visited these institutions yesterday. The Brigadier himself has only had charge of these institutions for a few months, but, under his management, they have flourished, and are now in better organisation than ever.

WOMEN'S RESCUE HOME.

The Women's Rescue Home on Jameson Avenue was the first visited. I found fourteen girls in the Home, working in one large room at sewing and knitting machines. They looked contented and happy. An inspection of the place showed everything to be scrupulously clean. The girls are taken from the Mercer, or picked up other ways, and are supposed to stay six months, or until situations can be secured for them. They rise at six o'clock and breakfast at seven. From then until half-past nine they do housework. The workroom is entered at ten o'clock, and dinner is ready at quarter past twelve. Work is resumed at half-past one, until supper-time, at quarter past five. At half-past six a meeting is conducted. At eight o'clock prayers are held. All retire at half-past eight. The girls are not allowed to talk of their past lives among themselves.

THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER.

A large double house on Bleeker St. constitutes the Children's Shelter. There is accommodation for thirty. There were fourteen youngsters in the Shelter yesterday. I found about ten of them playing in a large room. The youngest was six weeks old, and the oldest eight years. The majority were two, three and four. New arrivals come every day or so, and some are adopted every now and then. Poor, little fatherless waifs, most of them were, but they were happy and contented in their childish innocence.



TORONTO RESCUE HOME.

One little two-year-old, who was brought to the Shelter two weeks after birth, told me her name was Maggie "Shelter." It may follow her

through life, that name, for it is all she has. The Shelter was perfect in arrangements, and the little rows of iron bedsteads were pretty with their snowy coverlets.

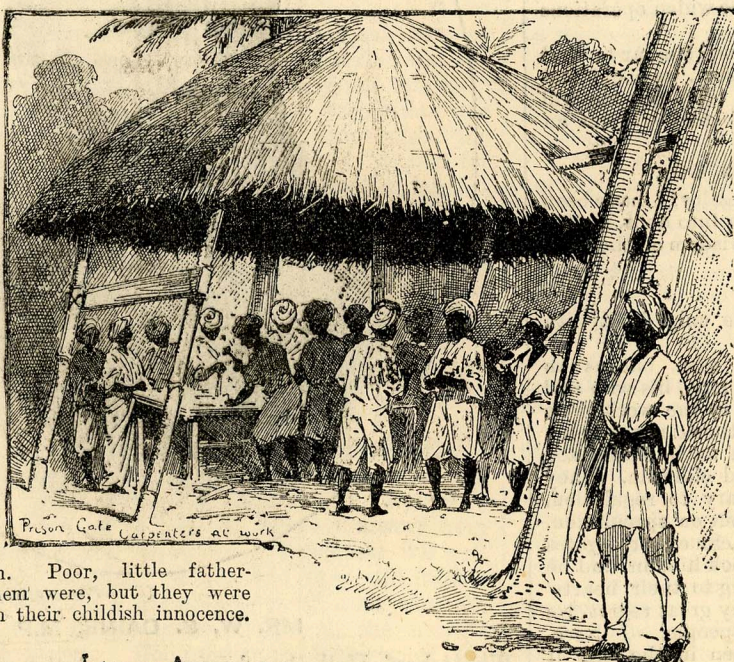
WHERE THE SICK GET WELL.

The Home for Tired Officers, given to the Salvation Army by Mr. Gooderham, was the next visited. It is in charge of a competent corps, and will accommodate forty. There are twelve patients there now. Here are where the tired and sick officers are cared for.

SAW WOOD AND LIVE.

On Wilton Avenue is the Working-man's Lifeboat, or hotel, and the Prison-Gate Home. It is in charge of Senator Macdonald's daughter, and is a most worthy institution. To the poor it is, indeed, a friend. Here the tramp, the reformed criminal, and the poor, through misfortune, or helpless through sickness, can, for the small sum of two cents, secure food, and for thirteen cents, supper and breakfast and a comfortable bed.

There is accommodation for 110. In connection with this a wood-yard is run. If a man has no money, he can split wood until he earns enough. Six men are employed constantly, and off and on, twenty and thirty are at work. No man is refused employment. The wood is sold and delivered over the city at prevailing rates. Every morning, an officer attends the police-



courts and extends a helping-hand to those who are needy and will accept.

A NOBLE WORK.

Perfect cleanliness and order characterises all these institutions. They are doing a great and noble work. Almost entirely do the Girls' Rescue Home and the Children's Shelter depend on donations for food. The officers work, in most cases, gratuitously. Sometimes the donations are of money, and then they get fifty cents or one dollar or two dollars a week. If there is nothing for them, they do their work just the same, and with a cheerfulness that betokens true Christianity.

LATEST FROM BUFFALO.

There are between forty and fifty mat-makers at our Buffalo Shelter, and seven men are occupied hawking the mats for sale. The Food and Shelter record is going up. Captain Laing reports to us the fact that an average of 1,300 men are lodged weekly, and 4,000 meals served in the same space of time. The Captain needs money to put the wood-yard and workshop in proper trim. A lady has just called and given us ten dollars for Social purposes; wanted, more to do likewise.



COMMANDANT H. H. BOOTH.

(Commander of the Army's Canadian Work.)

PRISON-GATE WORK IN CEYLON.

We are visiting now the two jails in Colombo, and trying to get the men to come to our Home and begin to live a better life; the Major is also trying to get our officers to send men from other jails in Ceylon.

Many will know that we are allowed to have a meeting inside the jail every Sunday. Three of the men who come to our meetings are doing terms of fifteen years, five years, and two and a-half years. One of them, a Singhalese, has given his heart to God through our meetings, and the other two are under conviction of sin.

Four new men, Buddhists, like most of the rest, have entered the Home this week. They were each met at the prison-gate; two of them had done three months each, the other two fifteen days each.

Seven of the old men have sought and professed to have found salvation this fortnight; their lives have been much better.

The work we have for the Home is the manufacture of furniture, and coolie work. We have turned out no less than forty-five pieces of furniture last month, almost all ordered. Amongst our buyers were the Australian circus proprietors, who bought nine chairs.

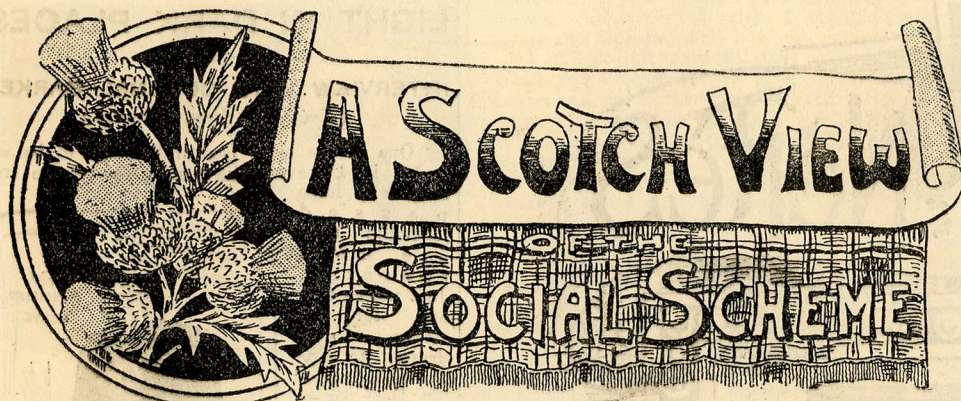
The more I see of the new land given by Government, the more I like it. To give our friends an idea of the size of it, we may say that the frontage is 250 yards on a main road, in the best part of Colombo. Two men have got their living from it by growing grass; besides this, there are several hundred cinnamon and other kinds of trees. We are getting our first crop of cinnamon from the new land. Diriyam.

IN THE LAND OF CANALS.

The figures for the Shelters and Food Depots in Holland, for one week are,

	Persons sheltered.	Meals supplied.
Amsterdam ...	523	1812
Rotterdam ...	308	1229
Dordrecht ...	115	446
Utrecht ...	365	1452
The Hague ...	336	1415
Rotterdam (city)...	386	1481

The Lord Mayor of Amsterdam, as Chairman of the Water Supply Committee, has lowered the price of the supply of water to our Night Shelter, and the Directors of the Amsterdam General Gas Factory have sent one hundred sacks of coke to the Shelter in that city.



BY WILLIAM R. BOGLE, HON. SEC. NATIONAL ANTI-GAMBLING LEAGUE (SCOTLAND).

With an intense sympathy towards every effort put forth to ameliorate the position of too many of our population who, as frequently from causes over which they must be said to have considerable control, as otherwise, I have always hailed with satisfaction any fresh attempt to deal with the "submerged," who seem to be always with us, in ever increasing numbers, notwithstanding all that has been and is being done for them. I have had opportunities in various directions of inspecting working schemes to elevate the masses, or, at all events, to attempt to make their lives more buoyant; but I have been loath to admit that in nearly every case, there has been a signal want of real success attending the efforts put forth, which have, alike, been disappointing to those operated on, and to those working the operation. Model buildings and model lodging-houses have been erected, and set a-going under the most favourable auspices, but with the result, too frequently, that, in the case of the former, they very soon became far from models of what was desirable, and in the case of the latter, nothing short of a modified system of police oversight maintained them in apparent decency and order. These remarks apply equally to public and private efforts in the directions indicated.

Now, after a careful inspection of the various departments of similar work which range themselves under the title of this article, I was not long in discovering a marked difference, and the cause was not far to seek. As an explanation of what I mean, let me describe, in a few words, my visit to the

EX-PRISONERS' HOME.

at 30, Argyle Square, King's Cross, London. Let me state, at the outset, that all my visits were made without any previous arrangement as to date or hour. I was simply provided with a pass from Headquarters, and left to myself to go when I willed. Under these circumstances, I presented myself at the Home, and was heartily welcomed by Ensign Symons, who is the perfect incarnation of happiness in mortal man, and whose whole body and soul are merged in the work he has laid to his hand.

In the first place, I was shown into a large room, which is partly used as a workroom, and when work is done, a recreation room. Mat-making is an important industry here, and I could examine them in various stages. When I entered the room, I found several young lads busy playing among themselves, seeing who could make the longest standing jump; they looked as bright and happy as possible. Some had passed through the hands of the Court, while others had been handed over to the care of the Army for reclamation

WITHOUT BEING BRANDED

as convicts. These latter came from the Channel Islands, where one of the magistrates does what he can in this way, having great faith in the Army Work. It was a Saturday night when I called, and the Home was quiet. Those inmates I saw, however, who were of all criminal grades, spoke, by their very appearance, of the gratitude they felt for the kindly manner they were treated here, when released from prison. There is nothing to remind a man of his past, and every possible inducement is given to all to lead a better life in the future. They are literally taken by the hand and treated in a confidential manner, and many a life-history is divulged to the Army officer, which would only be the more case-hardened under rougher treatment. There is no feeling of restraint; the men are free to come and go when they will, and are only subjected to such rules as are absolutely necessary to ensure decorum and good order. The Army officials recognise, in a most literal sense, that cleanliness is next to godliness, and an essential part of it, as nothing in the shape of dirt is to be found from beginning to end of the whole arrangements, and under such disadvantageous circumstances, sometimes that the reverse would not be a source of wonder; but I am bound to say that every nook and corner of the Army Work was marked by cleanliness above everything else, and these cleanly surroundings have, no doubt, a marked effect on the inmates, in encouraging a like state of matters with themselves, and, judging from what I saw in the cheapest lodging provided at

night shelters, at a penny a head, this good feature seems

LIKE A LITTLE LEAVEN

to leaven the whole lump, and smooth the way to the acceptance of other and higher blessings. In this Home, or elsewhere, a very plentiful supply of hot and cold water is provided, and everyone is expected to avail himself of it to keep his body clean and pure as a stepping-stone to other things, and it is satisfactory to note that as a rule the men soon begin to prize these things as veritable blessings.

With regard to the sleeping accommodation, it is divided into three grades. There is first the simple cubicle of wood, containing a mattress covered with American cloth, and filled with dry seaweed, with pillow of the same kind and a warm, woollen rug to cover all. These are placed in a large, well-ventilated and comfortably-heated apartment. The second stage of comfort, as I may call it, is that of an iron bedstead and bedding, in a room with probably six or eight others; and the third stage is a similar arrangement, with yet more privacy. Now, the test for the better places is not as in ordinary lodging-



MR. W. R. BOGLE.

houses—a higher rate of payment, but excellence in character during the residence under the roof of the Home. As a man evinces a desire to improve himself, he is encouraged in every possible way, and in that of his sleeping accommodation as one of them, and this is a feature which great stress is put upon, and every effort made to attain to it.

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Three months had passed away, and the little violet crocuses on the high, green banks opposite Lijah's cottage were beginning to peep into flower. The brimming brook poured its rushing waters under the rustic bridge and on to the flood-gates of the mill, and the sun's warm radiance flashed on the blossoms and gleamed across the wavelets with the promise of coming summer. By the window of the little upstairs room, in an old broken-down chair, sat Lijah, slowly recovering from a severe illness. The room was all bare, but for a simple pallet on which the old man had lain, and one or two of those old-fashioned, commonly-printed lithographs of Scripture-subjects, with which the rural districts of England were formerly flooded. Lijah's white face and drawn features told very plainly of the battle with hunger and death through which he had gone.

"You must have more to eat, Lijah!" cried Dr. Gargoye, "I'm a vegetarian myself—No flocks that range upon the hills, to slaughter I condemn—Porridge is good enough for any man, I maintain, and porridge will do you good; got any in the house?"

Lijah shook his head. There was nothing in the house. But for the little help Adam had been able to send and the kindness of neighbours they must all have starved, he said.

The doctor paused a minute and then cried, "No, no! they've not much to live on, they can't support you, poor creatures."

Dr. Gargoye was coming round. A continual course of attendance on the poor cottagers, the helots of British country life, had convinced him of the utter misery of the hand-to-mouth struggle for existence which constitutes the career of the modern descendants of the medieval yeoman.

"Send one of the children up to the Lodge, and I'll send you plenty down," said the doctor, as he went slowly downstairs. "Poor old Lijah," he muttered, "he's not fit to work again in this world; but what's to become of him? The old man has quietly and patiently plodded on, sacrificing his health and half-starving himself for the sake of his family, and now there's nothing before him but death and a pauper's funeral!"

"I've saved a bit o' money," said Mrs. Saunders, "enough to enable me to spend the rest of my days in peace, and praps a bit over to do good with. I've loved the old shop, but to stay here without poor Jake is almost more than I can bear."

The poor widow quickly made up her mind to hand over the business which, though not large, meant a fair living, to Adam.

"I shan't give it to you," she said, "that would not be good for you, perhaps; so you shall buy it and pay me by instalments."

Lijah lay once again on the little pallet, and the children stood by his side. Susan Jane, who mothered the rest to a surprising degree, took charge of Lijah, and came forward with a rice pudding. "Adam said, when he wrote and sent the money, you was to have rice pudding with eggs in it," said Sarah Jane, "and so you must. Adam will be here soon, won't he?"

Lijah smiled at the child, and feebly tried to swallow the food; but his strength was gone, and with a shaking hand he put down the dish. "No, no, Susan," he said; "your father's old before his time, and can't take it; nevertheless, thanks be to God for His goodness, the children can have it, bless 'em!"

"We've got plenty, father," replied Susan Jane; "there's bread-and-butter, and cheese, and—oh, all sorts."

"What's all sorts, Susie?"

"Why, little fishes in tins, with oil on 'em, and things like blackbeetles, but mother says they're French plums, and is good for us. And the squire, he's sent down a rabbit for you and says it's to be stewed, and he's sorry you're so bad, but he didn't know."

Lijah listened to the child's prattle with a keen delight. To see them all with sufficient to eat was an unwonted sight, and gladdened his heart. "But I shall not live to see them long," he thought, and the weariness of his movements confirmed it. He asked his wife, "What time would Adam come?" and was told, "By the eight o'clock train." Then he quietly fell asleep.

Adam was greeted with a universal shout of glee, suppressed as much as possible in view of the fact that Lijah was asleep.

"Hurrah!" he whispered, "Johnnie! hurrah, little Susan! I'm going to take you all away. Just wait till I've seen father, just wait, and then we'll put all the old things together, and be off in the morning. Hurrah!" And they all danced round the rickety old table, and shouted, "Hurrah!"

Adam quickly made his way upstairs to Lijah's room.

"Are you awake, father?" whispered Adam. "I've come to fetch you all away. Asleep," thought Adam, "fast asleep, tired out, no doubt. It's almost a shame to wake him; but how glad he'll be to know that his battle with poverty is over, "Father," said Adam, speaking louder, "father!"

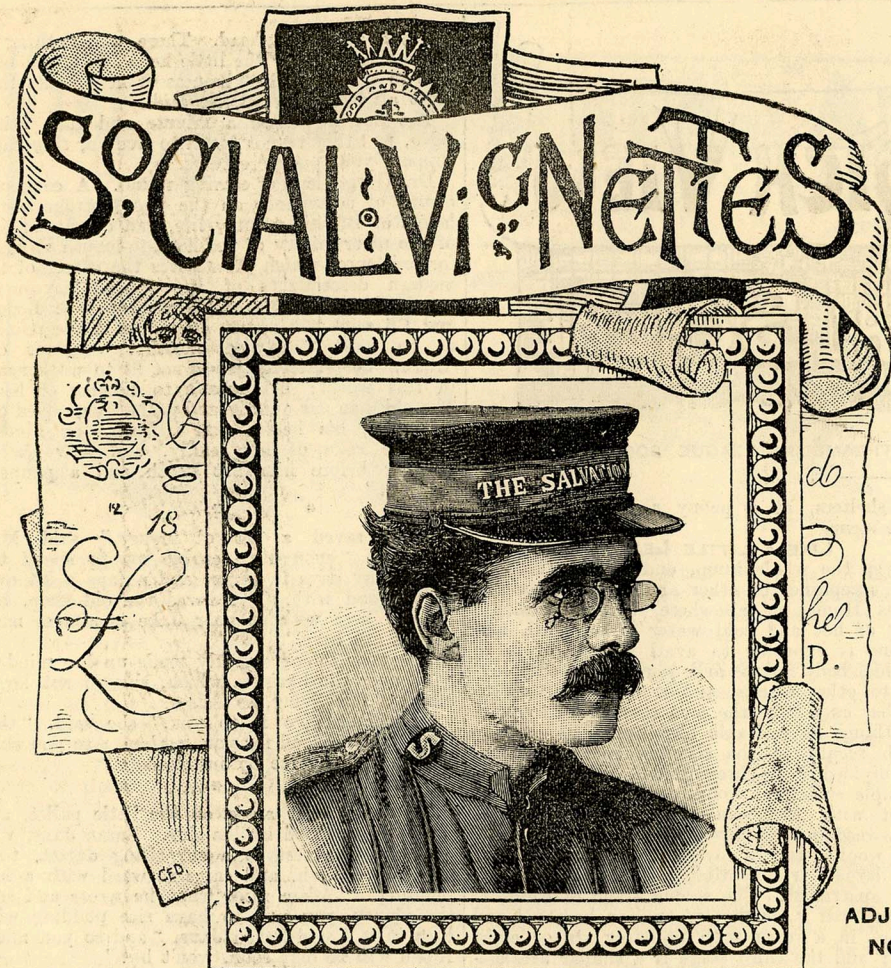
But Lijah did not speak. The worn face, always peaceful, wore an expression of perfect calm; the thin hair, white with trouble and sorrow, was lit up by the rays of the sun that glanced athwart the elm trees and sparkled into the little room like the halo of another world. Yet his lips moved, and Adam, bending over, caught the words of the soft whisper, "Going—going home—to God."

THE END.

MILLOM'S BOXES.

We are doing beautifully here with Grace-before-meat boxes; our energetic and hard-working agent, Brother Arthur White, is always devoted to them and pushes things energetically. One old man, over sixty, has during the past quarter given and collected from his friends 8s. 5d. Last autumn one of our soldiers was lying very ill and unable to work, so his wife prayed and asked the Lord to raise him up, and out of the money he would be able to earn she would put a shilling a fortnight into her Grace-before-meat box. God answered her prayer, and this quarter nine shillings was the sum handed over to the agent. Both husband and wife are close on seventy years of age. Milom will always be ready to do its best for poor Lazarus.

T. O. A. M.



ADJUTANT
NOBLE.

"Handsome is as handsome does!" Much more might we not say, "Noble is as noble does"? A "D. E. Gazette" man essayed to interview a noble-man. At the Rescue Headquarters he found a suitable subject, sitting "in the counting-house, counting out the money" like the king in the nursery rhyme.

"Have you much to spare?" asked the gazetteer.

"No, indeed!" the cashier answered. "We were never more in need."

"That will do for a commencement," thought the man of letters, "surely that deplorable fact will touch the hearts and unloosen the purse strings of the sympathetic. How highly ought they to

ESTEEM THE PRIVILEGE OF PAYING

for the support of such a noble undertaking as Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Rescue Work."

"Do you fancy you're doing much good here, Adjutant? Do you reckon you are personally reclaiming the fallen?" was the Clerkenwell Road man's next double-barrelled question.

"Certainly! Thank God! If I am not throwing the line to fish for them, I am helping to row the boat," replied the money man. "This work could not be carried on without cash, and the public's contributions could not be properly applied if there was no one to chronicle income and expenditure. Moreover, I have had opportunity to engage more directly in the work of rescue."

"Ah! that's what I wanted to know," said the interviewer eagerly. "Please tell me a story or two."

All the conversation that followed in that neat little match-boarded office cannot be reproduced, partly because it would be dangerously near monopolising a "Gazette," but principally because of its delicate character.

ADJUTANT NOBLE HAS BEEN CONSIDERABLY UTILISED TO DEAL WITH FALLEN MEN.

This is a very sore subject! As is well known, in connection with the social iniquity, the betrayed often suffers while the betrayers go scot-free. In attempting to bring the latter to justice, the Army are thoroughly alive to the danger there is of being used to blackmail innocent persons. "Affiliation work" requires the utmost caution and ability to see both sides of the question, and to be good judges of evidence. It is a very common occurrence for men against whom charges are made, to be found newly-married, and Adjutant Noble, or whoever has been sent to explain to them the nature of the incriminating evidence, then feels very timorous lest the young brides should learn of the nature of the business before their husbands have a chance to clear themselves of it.

Frequently, however, the young fellows not only own their guilt, but declare that the knowledge of the wrong they have done their jilted sweethearts has been distracting them, and that they have lived in continual fear of their young wives learning the facts. They, and also men longer married, and bachelors, too, are gratified when they find they can depend upon the Army's assistance to help them leave their sin-born troubles behind if they will

SIGN A LEGAL AGREEMENT

If,

however, they refuse to accept the Army's mediation, and the facts against them are clear, Mrs. Bramwell Booth, for the sake of the children, even more than for the mothers, has the case brought before the magistrates, and it is seldom, indeed, that any doubt afterwards ensues as to the full justice of her so doing. When they find the severer steps being taken, cowardly miscreants often acknowledge the falsity of previous protestations of innocence.

But the work of his own department now monopolises nearly all of Adjutant Noble's time. Our industries for women are looking up, and their finances require much supervision. The Adjutant has to pay frequent visits to the Laundry, Knitting and Bookbinding factories which, owing to their respective natures, have had to be located in different directions, and at considerable distances from the Rescue Headquarters.

The "Immediate Relief Fund" is also in the Rescue cashier's hands, and he personally distributes a considerable portion of it to families whose need and deservings have both been proved. For instance, through want of coals and food, consequent on her husband's long inability to procure work, a woman was found in bed starved almost to death, with a poor, little, two-months-old baby in her arms. Mrs. Noble (nee Captain Kate Paul) much enjoys looking after such cases. Formerly, she was the Paisley Corps' Prison Sergeant. On Sunday mornings she was allowed by the governor of the jail to

WALK DOWN THE PRISON CORRIDORS.

and talk through the grated cell windows to the prisoners within. Many of them were thus moved to repentance and dependence upon God. Sergeant Paul performed many good acts—such as getting them situations, appeasing the wrath of friends, etc.—preparatory to their regaining liberty and better using it. At the jail gates she met others on their release and steadied their renewed outside career.

Adjutant Noble has been fourteen months in the Rescue Work, but nearly seven years in the Army. Many times, while in the Field and on Divisional staffs, he felt drawn towards the "Rescue" through sundry small duties of a similar nature that came his way, but he never made this inclination known, and his call to "259" was a great surprise to him. "I have never been better pleased with my work, and never happier anywhere than here."

This is one of the blessed peculiarities of the Salvation Army Social Work that the posts where most technicality occurs, where a spirit of "office-dom," pure and simple, might come in, are in the hands of people whose hearts are as much devoted to humanity as are those whose work is of a more public character.

Other corps, please copy: In Hounslow the experiment is being tried of cutting the leaves of specimen copies of the "D. E. Gazette," sewing them down the middle, and placing the same on hairdressers' saloons, coffee taverns, and working-men's clubs, for the use of frequenters. The testimony is that the majority of frequenters had never before seen the paper, much less heard of phoshy-jaw, and other kindred evils which the Salvation Army combats.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

INTERVIEW WITH COLONEL BARKER.

(Concluded from last week.)

"One of the most beautiful things to be witnessed is, however, the letters we receive from men who have passed through; they are most touching. Just notice this one, for instance, addressed to Ensign Symons:—

"Dear Sir,—
It is with a grateful heart that I write this letter to thank you for what the "Bridge" has done for me. I cannot but help feeling glad when I think of the morning when I was spoken to, on leaving prison, by one of the Prison-Gate Brigade.

Although I twice refused to go with him,

HE STILL FOLLOWED ME UP,

and at the third invitation, I accepted, and, praise God! I have not regretted it. I was homeless, penniless and friendless, not caring where I went, or what became of me; but after having a good breakfast in the Home, I took courage, and now, praise God! the "Bridge" has safely carried me over the gulf. I have been restored to my wife and child, after a separation of eight months. I have got a situation and a home, which I should not have had but for your kindness in furnishing a room for me, and also paying a week's rent. I trust that God will spare your life, with that of your wife, for many years to come, and that you may both be the means of helping others on the road as you have me, and of also being the means of bringing them to the foot of the Cross. Kindly convey my best respects to the Captain for his kindness to me, and may the Lord always abundantly bless his soul! Accept my heartfelt gratitude to yourself.

"I am, one of the "Bridge's" converts," "A. T."

"Such is the kind of work our Prison-Gate Brigade continually carries on, and such, in my opinion, is the right way to get hold of the criminal classes.



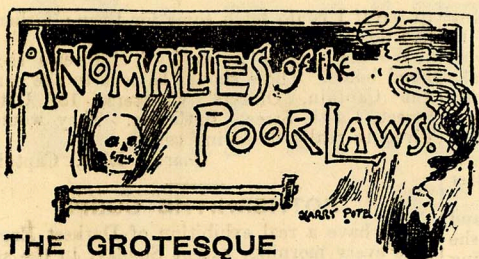
SACK MAKING.

They feel already that we are their friends, and the work is increasing by leaps and bounds. Although we extended our premises but recently, they are already insufficient for our purposes, and we trust to extend this blessed Samaritan effort until the hope of living a better life dawns in the hearts of all those whose home to-day is

within the walls of a jail. Colonel Barker sighed. It was not exactly a heart-broken sigh, but rather was one expressive of sorrow at the slowness of mankind to arrive at a knowledge of facts. The fashionably attired young damsel put down her costume journal and the little girl in the corner paused in a ferocious attack on a bag of oranges, and gazed apprehensively at the Colonel's stalwart figure as he folded his arms and solemnly proceeded:

"You should see the bundles of letters we are continually receiving at the 'Bridge,' from men who have been for long periods honestly earning their living. Those letters are among the most beautiful and precious documents the world can produce, for they are the loving, unprompted words of thanks from those whom God has enabled us to drag up out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay. This is the kind of thing I mean, in which the writer, whom we helped in a way very similarly to the case I have already mentioned, thanks us for finding him work, restoring him to his wife and family, and fitting them up in a little home.

"In this way," concluded Colonel Barker, as our train slowed into Swindon, "and on these lines, we mean, by the blessing of God, and with the public's support, to extend our work until every prisoner shall know that we are to be depended on to help him, if he is only desirous of doing better, both temporally and spiritually."



THE GROTESQUE REMOVAL LAWS.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

BY MR. H. R. GOGAY, GUARDIAN OF ST. SAVIOUR'S UNION.

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matthew xxv. 40.

CHAPTER VI.—THE PUT-EM-ALL-DOWN BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

"Dear me! I am exceedingly pained and surprised to hear this," remarked the Rev. Tork-and-nodo, seated in his half-library, half-study, the morning after the visit of Mr. Scaramouch to Mrs. Jack. "How we may be imposed upon! Here's Mr. Scaramouch, a most estimable man, a zealous and humane officer, and a good Christian, writes me that he visited the case in Helpmyself Cottages and found the woman a most abandoned character, inasmuch as she threatened to charge him with a criminal assault unless he made it worth her while to be silent. Really, the depth of depravity in human nature must be very great! I could have vouched for that woman's honesty and virtue anywhere. Dear, dear me; of course, after this, I can have nothing further to do with her. It is quite out of the question. I cannot allow my committee to be imposed upon by such a creature! I must, however, visit her again, and administer a little spiritual correction, warning her of the consequences of a persistence in her evil courses!"

Oh, man of love, charity and mercy, why hasten ye to judge the untried—to condemn on what the lawyers call an ex parte statement simply? And why did ye not, ere passing judgment on this fellow-creature, enquire, not only into the facts of this matter, but into the antecedents of this woman—this widowed mother of orphan children? It would have meant trouble and bother, oh, reverend sir, two very "nasty" words to have anything to do with!

Putting away Mr. Scaramouch's letter and the rest of his morning's correspondence, he departed on his errand of "spiritual correction."

He soon arrived at Helpmyself Cottages. Mrs. Wheelwright was at home, the landlady said, would he step upstairs?

With a gracious "Thank you!" and a beatific smile, the Rev. Adolphus walked upstairs and knocked at Mrs. Jack's door, as only parsons of his order know how. In answer to Mrs. Wheelwright's somewhat doleful "Come in," he opened the door and entered.

Poor Mrs. Wheelwright was hastily brushing away some tears that were gathering in her eyes, as the reverend gentleman approached her. She rose on his coming towards her.

"I am glad to see this chastened spirit, Mrs. Wheelwright; it augurs well for you. I was afraid I had to meet a hardened sinner whom nothing was able to soften or to lead into paths of morality and honesty."

Mrs. Wheelwright opened her eyes very wide at this, and asked the worthy vicar what he meant.

"Now, my good woman, you know very well to what I refer, and I am exceedingly sorry I was

mistaken in you when I just now saw you removing the traces of what I thought was remorse and repentance!"

"I still do not know to what you are alluding. What you are pleased to call 'the traces of remorse and repentance' were called forth by the memory of my late husband, who, had he been alive, would not have suffered any man to insult or degrade me."

"This woman is a very artful and designing creature, and I must be careful. Gracious!" as a thought glanced across his mind, "suppose she were to fix her evil eyes upon me! What would be said? How very indiscreet to come alone! Would that I had brought Miss Primsour with me; she would have been a veritable breastplate to shield me from the poisoned arrows of this Jezebel!"

"Woman, I have come here in virtue of my holy office to warn you to flee from the wrath to come! Yesterday, when that good man, Mr. Scaramouch, came here on his errand of mercy and charity, you took advantage of your sex, prompted by an evil mind, to attempt to black-mail him, and threatened to ruin him unless he complied with your infamous proposal."

"Monstrous!" exclaimed Lillie. "The villain most grossly insulted me with his odious proposals and attempted to assault me, and would have succeeded had I not called for help."

"Fie for shame! fie for shame! How can you? How—can—you be so very wicked? I must not stop to have my ears polluted with so much that is horrible. I have come here, as I have said, in discharge of my duty, and it is to tell you that after your evil conduct of yesterday, I am not able to recommend you to the ladies of my committee. They have never come in contact with such as you; they are pure and good, and must not be defiled. You must seek elsewhere for the assistance you say you want. Good morning!"

Mrs. Wheelwright turned sick at heart. A dizziness came over her; she reeled and fell heavily to the floor, seeing which the reverend gentleman hurried downstairs and out of the house, fearing this was some new development in evil on the part of Mrs. Wheelwright.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. . . . But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn and took care of him."

Mrs. Wheelwright's health was fast giving way under the accumulations of trials which she had had to bear during the last few years. This last trouble was almost too much for her. What had she done that such treatment on the part of these two men should be meted out to her by them? The one she only asked for work; the other's assistance she did not even seek or desire.

"For whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have."—Luke viii. 18. The words of Scripture would, indeed, seem to be verified in this case.

Day after day, she went forth into the world to seek that work which refused to be found. Her health was made an excuse in one place, whilst in another, references were required before the work could be entrusted to her. As a last resource, she went back to the mantle work, feeling it must be this, or she and her children must starve. She went and saw the manager of her old firm, and obtained some work.

It was apparent to all who saw her that she could not continue at this heavy work, and unless she obtained some light employment, her little children would soon be motherless.

(To be continued.)

ELEVEN DAYS' SOCIAL TOUR THROUGH NORTH WALES.

North Wales may be considered by many hard to work, owing to the difficulty of the language, and I admit it was with fear that I arranged to conduct nine Social lantern meetings in connection with my tour, in case they should prove to be "failures" on account of being unable to speak in the Welsh tongue. However, acting upon the old adage, "Nothing venture, nothing have," I sallied forth loaded with lantern and slides. Visited every corps in North Wales, in connection with the Grace-before-meat boxes, and had lantern meetings at Rhoslanerchrugog, Wrexham, Cefn, Blaenau Festiniog, Bethesda, Holyhead, Carnarvon, Pwllheli and Aberystwith, showing our Social Work in operation to, in all, 5,000 people, who were simply delighted with the blessed work being done. Nearly every barracks was packed, and, to my relief, everywhere I was well understood, with one or two slight exceptions.

Many of the people were astonished at the progress our Social Scheme is making, and left the meetings apparently in greater love with our noble Army than ever. These North Wales' people love The General and the Army with a warm and passionate love, whilst their especial love for the poor and destitute, with a desire to help, is evident from the fact that they gave us, as a total from meetings and boxes, £51.

We considerably increased our number of box-holders, and we have already, throughout the North Wales Division, twenty-four local agents working hard to assist the dear General in rescuing the destitute and fallen, together with over 750 people who are now the happy possessors of the little "Social Missionary Box," and do not fail to drop their "coppers in the slot" for the same object.

Any person in North Wales desiring a box, shall be quickly supplied, if a post-card be sent to 13, Camp Hill, Birmingham.

God bless the North Wales people much! They intend doing right nobly this next quarter. "Benedgedig!" W. Streton, Adjutant.

POOR MAN'S LAWYER.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

DISINHERITED, HARD-UP, AND OTHERS.—These Chancery cases nearly always prove to be bogus. We cannot attempt to help fight out vague cases.

FINE OAK.—Unless the plots have been separately owned for over twenty years without the overhanging branches being objected to, you can be made to lop them off.

TEMPO.—A case of throwing good money after bad.

DISTRESSED.—You cannot acquire the custody of your grandchild unless you can prove to a magistrate that the father is not a fit man to keep her.

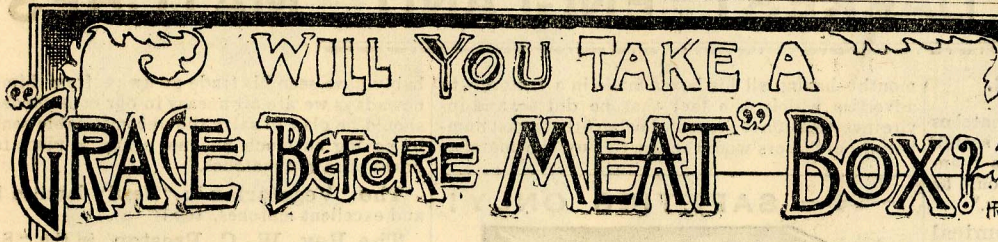
ANTI-GAMBLING.—It is certainly illegal for him to book bets on the highway, but it is difficult for you to proceed. Agitate the manager of the works, the superintendent of police, and the local Vigilance Society.

SOLDIER.—The clause in the agreement is void, therefore you are at liberty to engage in business without incurring any penalty.

JUNCTION.—Ask police magistrate's clerk for Lodgers' Goods Protection Act forms.

GRANDFATHER and P. W. P.—We cannot add anything to advice already given. Send particulars to Hereford Town Clerk.

P. H.—Apply to Judge at opening of next County Court, and move for an injunction, preventing further proceedings. Ask for order to recover the half-guinea you lately paid through ignorance.



We are anxious that all our readers should kindly remember to place their Grace-before-meat boxes on their dinner-table and drop a halfpenny therein regularly. It is so difficult to realise the awful conditions under which many of our fellow-creatures live, unless in some way one is amongst them. However, the fact remains that masses of poor creatures, many of whom have never had the right-hand of fellowship held out to them, are struggling from hour to hour for a bit of bread and some kind of roof to shelter them. You cannot, perhaps, send along a large donation, but you may take a Grace-before-meat box into which yourself and friends, from time to time, can drop a coin, so that when, in conjunction with many others, your box is opened at the end of three months by an authorised agent, these small sums put together will prove a substantial increase to the funds of the Darkest England Social Scheme. It is so hard, through lack of funds, to have to curtail work, or to have to refuse the sorrowful strugglers who clamour for admission to Shelter and Factories. Oh, do help us! If you have not already got one of these little boxes, kindly drop a post-card to Major Lewis, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., when one shall be immediately supplied you.

To BOX-HOLDERS!—If your box is overdue, and has not been opened, please send a post-card and it shall be attended to.

LIGHT BRIGADE DISTRICT AGENTS' TOURS, FROM MARCH 3RD TO 11TH.

CAPTAIN TRENHAIL.—Stonesfield, Sat., and Sun., March 3rd and 4th; Woodstock, Mon., 5th; Kiddlington, Tues., 6th; Oxford, Wed., 7th; Brill, Thurs., 8th; Whitchurch, Fri., 9th; Fenny Stratford, Sat., 10th.

CAPTAIN WILSHAW.—Manchester I., Mon., March 5th; Openshaw, Tues., 6th; Harpurhey and Cheetham Hill, Wed., 7th; Little Lever, Thurs., 8th; Tyldesley, Fri., 9th; Walkden, Sat., 10th.

CAPTAIN COTTRILL.—Glasgow, Sun. and Mon., March 4th and 5th; Paisley I., Tues., 6th; Hamilton, Wed., 7th; Saltcoats, Fri., 9th; Kilmarnock, Sat., 10th.

ADJUTANT STRETON.—Longton, Sat., Sun. and Mon. (lantern meeting), March 3rd, 4th and 5th; Hanley, Tues., 6th (lantern meeting); Cradley, Sat., 10th.

CAPTAIN OSBORNE.—Grange-town, Sat., March 3rd; Middlesbrough, Sun., 4th; Guisborough and Whitby, Mon., 5th; Thirsk, Tues., 6th; Easingwold, Wed., 7th; Knaresborough, Thurs., 8th; Tadcaster, Fri., 9th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GAPE.—Derby, Wed., March 7th; Wirksworth and Bakewell, Thurs., 8th; Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Firth, Fri., 9th; New Mills, Glossop and Eckington, Sat., 10th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN DARRACOTT.—Stroud, Sat. and Sun., March 3rd and 4th; Tewkesbury, Mon., 5th; Cheltenham, Tues., 6th; Weston-super-Mare, Sat. and Sun., 10th and 11th.

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN DARRACOTT.—Wimborne, Sat. and Sun., March 3rd and 4th; Poole, Mon., 5th; Bourne Valley, Tues., 6th; Portland and Weymouth, Wed., 7th; Weston-super-Mare, Sat. and Sun., 10th and 11th.

THE CHILDREN'S FARTHING BREAKFASTS.

THOUSANDS FED DAILY.

CAMBERWELL.

"Captain, can't you give me a breakfast?"
"Captain, father's out of work, and mother's ill, and I didn't have anything to eat at all yesterday, I would like some cocoa."



"Baby's so sick, Captain, may I take my roll home?"

And so we could multiply the cases where children are sent to our farthing breakfasts by mothers who have nothing in the cupboard for them; but are able to find the farthing that is necessary to give their little ones a good breakfast.

Our hall from half-past seven to nine every morning is full. We don't provide tables, but each child is given its breakfast on a form, and often we find a little girl of ten, who brings two mere babies, sitting on the floor, one on each knee, feeding them.

We have three children who have come regularly to the breakfasts for three winters. The eldest, who is twelve years old, tells us that

FATHER IS NEVER IN WORK,

and that mother earns all the money, when she can get work. Another boy, who tells us he is fourteen, but does not look more than eleven, says that his father won't give him any food, because he is old enough to work. His face is pinched and white, and he says he is "always hungry." A very respectably-dressed girl of perhaps fifteen came up to the Senior barracks' door last Monday night and asked, "Whether the breakfasts were for big girls?"

"Yes," we said, asking at the same time how old the big girls were.



"You see," she whispered, "it's me. I haven't any father or mother, but I live with my uncle and aunt. But uncle hasn't had any work for weeks, and I thought if I could come to the breakfasts, it would save them buying it. But how much should I have to pay?"

On being told that she would only have to pay a farthing, her face brightened, and she said,

"THAT'S FINE, I'LL BE THERE!"

We have several whole families who come as regularly as can be. The barracks are right opposite what are known as "The Blocks," and poverty and starvation abound. We average every morning 230 breakfasts, and very many of the children are unable to pay even the farthing.

Captain Foster would be glad to receive any children's left-off clothing; everything will be acceptable. We have children who come with no stockings on, and boots that must make their feet ache, and many of them have only frocks on, through which you can see their poor little bodies. A bright, curly-headed little fellow has been coming for two weeks with one foot bound up. On asking him what was the matter with it, his face flushed crimson, and he said,

"Well, I haven't got very good boots, and mother couldn't get me new ones, because she hadn't any money. I think I've got something in it, because it's all swollen and blistered, and it does hurt."

Through these breakfasts, we have been able to get at the children's parents. Many of them who would never come into the barracks have come to thank us for giving the children such a good breakfast. Very many of the children come and just drink their cocoa and take the roll home. A tiny mite of six eats half and puts the other in his pocket to take home to baby.

Our hearts often ache as we look on the different homes represented, and we long to be able to do something more for them. We do need your help! Think of our poor little ones when you are at your own breakfast-table, and give as the Lord has given to you, for, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, My little ones, ye did it unto Me."

G. F.

BATTERSEA I. CORPS.

One feature about these is that the children having once had a breakfast, need no second in-



vation to come again! A quarter past seven finds them waiting for their tea and buns; then their next anxiety is to be sure of a ticket for the following day. Those friends who have helped us by sending their farthings would, I am sure, feel truly gratified to see the little hands stretched out for the rolls and jam, which some devour very greedily, while others save a bit for dinner, which we wrap up for them in a piece of "War Cry," or "Young Soldier," to take to school. Last week, there were 918 served in four days.

A small girl who was standing outside, looking very disconsolate, was asked if she had had her breakfast. "No, ma'am," she replied, "I've not a farthing." We gave her a breakfast, and she went away happy; but returned as the place was being cleared at nine o'clock, saying, "Please am I too late for some more? There's four more at home hungry, and they are crying, so I came

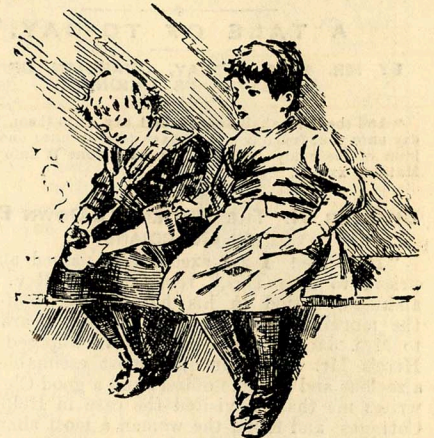
to see if I could fetch some for them; father has had no work for a long time."

We are greatly in need of children's second-hand boots. These should be sent to the care of the Captain, Officers' Quarters, 13, Octavia Street, Castle Street, Battersea. They would be given to really deserving cases.

Charles Ellis, Captain.

ROTHERHITHE CORPS.

We have a real exhibition of Darkest England here every morning, except Sunday, in the shape of 250 poor children, many of them ragged,



shoeless and bareheaded, coming to the barracks for farthing breakfasts. Captain Murfitt and his band of helpers cheerfully attend to these children, many of whom would have to go to school without breakfast were it not for the help and sympathy of friends who contribute to the funds of this movement.

W. B. Pittman, Local Light Brigade Agent.

CONSECRATION.

TUNE—"Anything for Jesus;" or, "Onward, Christian soldiers." ("B.B.," No. 76; "B.J.," No. 35.)

Jesus, precious Saviour! Thou hast saved my soul,
From sin's foul corruption made me fully whole;
Every hour I'll serve Thee, whate'er may befall,
Till in heaven I crown Thee King and Lord of all.

CHORUS.

All my heart I give Thee,
Day by day, come what may:
All my life I give Thee,
Dying men to save.

From the lowly manger I will follow Thee,
In the desert and the strife near Thee I will be;
E'en the sufferings of the cross I will gladly bear,
And with Thee in heaven I a crown shall wear.

In the toils and conflicts faithful I will be,
All things I will gladly bear, they'll be good for me,
To be a saviour of mankind, slaves of sin to bring,
Give me holy courage, mighty, mighty King.

Precious souls are dying, nerve me for the fight,
Help me spread the glorious news—liberty and light;
Fiercer gets the contest, Satan's power shall fall,
Then on earth I'll crown Thee, glorious Lord of all.

POOREST OF THE POOR FUND.

Mrs. Strangeman, China, £1 10s.

CHILDREN'S BREAKFAST FUND.

Birmingham Breakfast Fund.—H. Hyam, Manchester 2s. 6d.; S. H., Clifton, 5s.; "Shopmate" of Harry Davey, Exeter, 2s.

USE ONLY "DARKEST ENGLAND" MATCHES!

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS.

The "Star":—"Darkest England matches bring brightness to sweated workers and scotch the phosphor fiend. They are Raising the Standard of comfort in the East End, and should be helped, at least, by every real sound reformer."

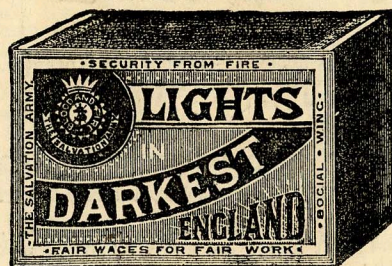
An Eminent Lecturer on Chemical Technology in one of our Colleges, writes:—"The sticks or stems of the Salvation Army matches BURN LIKE WAX. They surpass all others in this particular, and in that of ease of ignition."

The "Metropolitan" (the official organ of Local Government Boards and Vestries throughout London), says:—"I have just seen some specimens of the Salvation Army boxes of safety matches. My household will in future use no other. This is real good work in Darkest England, for the establishment of a home industry is a benefit all round."

Miss Black, in the "English Illustrated Magazine":—"The directors of the Salvation Army established a match-making factory with the avowed object of paying better prices to the box-makers. . . . If any employer were to pay 4½d. a gross for his match-boxes from the first of next

month—having all his boxes made in a factory—to advertise widely the fact that he did so, and invite investigation to prove it, I believe that a vast number of purchasers would refuse to buy the matches

SAFETIES ONLY!



SAFETIES ONLY!

of any other maker, English or foreign, and would gladly pay the double price that they now pay for every box of matches. Ten years ago—even two years ago—public feeling was not much aroused on these matters, and any such employer would pro-

bably have seen his trade go away from him; but nowadays we are all uneasy in our consciences, and should be glad to salve the uncomfortable sensation by paying as much as one penny a piece for our boxes of safety matches."

The "Vegetarian": "Neatly labelled boxes, and excellent matches, too!"

The Rev. W. C. Preston, in the "Sunday Magazine," writes:—"The cry has recently gone up from the white slaves employed in the manufacture of phosphorus matches; and from the Social Wing of The Salvation Army has been sent a merciful and practical response. I was on the point of writing a merciful and effective response, but it is effective only within limits, and can deal with but a very small part of the evil that calls for redress, simply because the public persist in using matches the manufacture of which entails upon those who are engaged in it incalculable suffering and certain death. If even a small part of the agony which the poor girls and women employed in the phosphorus match manufacture endure could be made known to the people of this land, and if they could know the lives that are sacrificed, it is probable that nothing but stern necessity would induce any but the most callous-hearted to use another match of this description."

OF MOST OILMEN AND GROCERS, OR DIRECT FROM COMMISSIONER CADMAN, 272, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, LONDON, E.

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