



# Salvation Army International Heritage Centre



'Lost and Found in London' was the first serial story to appear in the *Darkest England Gazette* (DEG), a weekly periodical concerned with the social work of The Salvation Army. It was published in issues 7–15, from 12 August until 7 October.

The pseudonymous author, 'Glow-Worm', may be John Hollins, the treasurer of The Salvation Army's 'Slum Corps' in Newcastle and a regular contributor to the *Gazette* as well as the author of the final serial story to appear in the periodical, 'Joe Angus'.

12 August 1893 (DEG No. 7)

## **Lost and Found in London.**

BY GLOW-WORM.

### **Chapter I. – Family Division.**

"Ye're no gaan to meray that man, are ye, mither?"

"What for no, Tibbie? "

"Faither has nae sae lang been in his grave."

"Lang or short, what hae ye to do with it? I don't believe ye're faither would hae objectit. He left me, puir man, with you and these three weans to feed and claithe and educate, and here I am wi' the Midsummer rent no' paid arid without a bawbee to meet the winter's peats. I dinna want nane o' your haverings, Tibbie. I look upon Rob Lang's proposal as an act o' Divine Providence! " and Mrs. McCulloch sat down in the well-worn, ribbony arm-chair with an angry scowl resting upon her somewhat hardened and expressionless countenance.

The daughter might be described as unmoved by her mother's declaration, and yet she was, apparently under the control of an impulsive and emotional nature, for she proceeded, "If ye dae marry Rob Lang, mither, I'll no' live here!"

"What ye—do my ears betray me?"

"No, mither, I dinna want no row; but I've made my mind up. I'll gang back to service and work for my living."

"Ye speak, Tibbie, as if you had charge of the Universe. Is this what I've brought ye up to? Na, na, my lass; it's no you I'll consult."

There was an outward calm for a minute, although the tension of suppressed feeling on the one side and anger on the other was terribly visible in the eyes of mother and daughter.

"Mither," said Tibbie McCulloch, breaking the painful silence, "I'm your daughter, and hope I ken my place. I'm no perfect and wouldna like to say I'm a Christian, although I've just got my communicants' ticket; but dae ye ken the character of Rob Lang? The company he keeps, the brawls he gets mixed up wi', and the books he reads—?" But the remainder of her sentence was lost in a violent exhibition of temper.

"Take that ye young and impudent hissy," cried Mrs. McCulloch, slapping her daughter with open hand upon her burning face, and sending her reeling against the water-pail in the corner near the door of the miserable room. Whether the girl had just reason or not for her bold denunciations of the said Robert Lang, we do not know, but she was evidently sincerely persuaded that the step her mother was about to take was one that would lead to the unhappiest of sequels, for in an instant she regained her composure.

"Rob Lang, mither," she said with a strange deliberation, "is no a good man, and ye'll find it oot. His language at our ain fireside has no been decent. I'll leave this hoose this morn."

"That ye will, ye reckless ne'er-do-well! What wi' School Boards and books and associations, the young women o' this generation are losing a' respect for parental authority. My lass, I'll take you at your word. This will be ye're last nicht under this roof. I'm no gaen to hae' my will debatit wi' sich a piece o' counter-maciousness as you. Gang off to Lunden to ye're aunts ye hae sich work with. No a penny piece o' ye're service bawbees will I touch, sair as I need it. The morn is coach-day. Gang ye're ways. I'll hae Rob Lang, he's fond o' his dram, and may be no sae genteel as some. But he's got a creditable record among his neebours, and means weel. You will only be in the way, Tibbie. There's an end on it, for oor marriage day is fixed."

The above was the substance of a conversation within one of the few thatched cottages that dot the slopes of one of the famous locks in the South-West of Scotland.

The proposed marriage of widow McCulloch and Robert Lang was the talk of the neighbourhood, her husband having only been dead three months, a man respected generally his sobriety and quietude. There was nothing remarkable in his wife's character. They were simple, unambitious folks, contented to live upon a sterile piece of land, and the few pounds per annum he received for "managing a pair of horses" on Lord Angus' estate.

Accordingly, the gossiping section of the community made a great point of the mystery – for a mystery it was – why Robert Lang, a horse-dealer, should marry a poor widow with three encumbrances. It was a shock to the neighbourhood, and in proportion to the disfavour with which it was received was the sympathy toward the daughter, whose views were equally clear and pronounced. She had had two "places," was highly spoken of, and had recently become thoughtful and "disposed to religion."

The night after the scene described, Tibbie bade good-bye to her mother. The parting was not, however, of the nature that might have been expected. The mother's heart softened meanwhile, and, as the two stood ready for the coach and heard the sound of its massive wheels rolling over the stony brae that led past the cottage, Mrs. McCulloch said, "Forgee me, my bairn, for what I did last nicht. Shall we pair as we ought to dee?"

"Yes, mither. I'll say nae mair about it. Perhaps it's for baith oor guid we should be apart. I'll try and be good and work hard, and send you what money I can spare oot o' my wages."

Then, turning to each of her three brothers and bidding them be kind to their mother, she stepped inside the coach and was gone.

Drawing her tartan plaid around her, and rubbing with its fringes the mist that gathered in her eyes, with a fond look at the thatched cottage, she bowed her head unphilosophically to the inevitable. Hers was a strange expedition, undertaken without a spark of the romantic to enliven its contemplation. All she recollects about the journey to Glasgow, from whence she took what she called "the fast train" to London, was the moon peeping above the hill, and throwing its bonnie hues upon the still waters of the loch. She thought she saw her "faither's face" as in a looking-glass shine through the ball of gold in the skies upon her.

Hot tears covered her cheeks, and she let slip a sob and a sigh, and wondered why God, if He was good, did not keep her father longer in this world to prevent bad Robert Lang marrying her mother, and giving occasion for all the country-side to talk.

*(To be continued.)*

19 August 1893 (*DEG* No. 8)

[OUR SERIAL STORY.]

### **Lost and Found in London.**

#### **Chapter II. – Lost.**

TIBBIE McCULLOCH'S journey was uneventful, only that she seemed to be swiftly leaving an old and entering a new world. Looking back upon it now, however, she wonders how she could have undertaken it. She had never seen the aunt to whom she was going. All she knew was that she was in need of a general servant, and lived in a big house, near a park, with gardens and trees and lochs. To see London and live there would be well, anything was better than staying at home with Rob Lang for a step-father. Her directions simply consisted of her aunt's address, at which she scarcely looked, having sent the following telegram (which cost, as her mother reckoned, "the terrible outlay of one shillin' and twopence, besides the carrier's shillin" ) : –

Mrs. Gilmour,

11, Little James Street,

Edgware Road, London.

Tibbie will take the place. Meet the morn's train at eight o'clock. Tibbie has a box.

Fortunately, Mrs. Gilmour succeeded in giving the above an intelligent interpretation; and met her niece next morning.

Mrs. Gilmour is a remarkable lady. By dint of industry, foresight and perseverance she has risen from maid-of-all-work to a position of independence, maintaining a character for sterling honesty and kindness of heart. She was interested in the arrival of her young niece, more especially as the news had reached her that her sister, Mrs. McCulloch, was soon to marry again a worthless and characterless horse-dealer. If she could but save the eldest child from the general wreck, which was inevitable, she would be thankful. Tibbie was, therefore, heartily welcomed to Mrs. Gilmour's London home.

"You will take it easy to-day, Tibbie," she began at the breakfast-table, looking with pride upon the bonnie, rosy, healthy cheeks of the lassie fresh from the slopes of a Highland loch; added to all the charm of an innocency that was so rare to be met with in her surroundings.

"We must call you Lizzie in London."

"What for, auntie? I've aye been called Tibbie."

"When you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do,' is not a motto of mine; but it has a bearing upon your circumstances. Tibbie would be Greek to a Londoner; Lizzie is politer."

"It maun be right, if you say so, auntie."

"That does not please me. Have a mind of your own. Tibbie is not your Christian name. You were christened Elizabeth. Tibbie is a vulgar perversion of your name."

"I didna ken that afore."

"Perhaps not. You are but young, and have much to learn."

"But you are tired, Lizzie; we'll not sermonise. You've been travelling all night. Tomorrow your work will begin in earnest. If you choose, you can take a walk in the afternoon in the park; it will give you a peep into the life of this great and wicked city, for I am sorry to tell you that people here are not to be judged either by their looks or their apparel. Be careful, and don't stop out long."

Lizzie McCulloch – as we will now call her – had no desire to carry out the kind wishes of her thoughtful aunt, but rather to study the many wonderful sights of the house which she described as "'fu' o" rooms."

But, strong as she was, the exciting episode and the long journey proved too much for her, and we soon find her in the little room appointed for her use, fast asleep. How long she remained there she does not exactly know, but she was suddenly roused, by the ringing of a bell, from a dream in which she seemed to live her life over again – from the time she went to "school on the brae " till the night when the angry words of her mother decided her future career.

After tea, she obliged her aunt with the stroll in the park. She left the few shillings she had saved in her aunt's care, and merrily sauntered into Edgware Road, forgetting, however, to fix her memory upon the locality or to take with her the narrow slip of paper containing the address. Somehow the beauties of Hyde Park had no attraction for Lizzie McCulloch. The newsboys and ice-cream carts and the multifarious fraternity of that order were objects of far more attention than the grey-

horsed phaeton with Lord and Lady This, or the lady rider as she galloped forward as though the heiress of all she surveyed. No, she was a poor peasant's girl, and for such as were of the same rank – poor – she had a big, warm heart.

*(To be continued.)*

26 August 1893 (*DEG* No. 9)

[OUR SERIAL STORY.]

### **Lost and Found in London.**

#### **Chapter II. – Lost (*Continued*).**

YES, Lizzie was deeply interested in the poor. The drunken-looking individual, who, according to a label hung round his neck, was deaf and dumb, blind, or had lost his sight in a cavalry action or coal mine explosion, as the case might be, aroused her intense sympathies, whilst the crowd of fruit, toy and bootlace vendors, claimed her custom with eagerness.

"They were a' so excitit," she afterwards remarked, "about gettin' their bawbee things sold, that I wished I had ta'en some more money with me, and yet when I parted with a copper or two they didna seem so thankful as I thocht they might hae showed."

But here is a crowd. Everybody is moving towards it. Lizzie follows and soon gets mixed in the multitude. What's up?

"I tell you what it is," shouts the speaker, whose words are greeted with occasional applause, "the solution of the problem must begin with a gospel of destruction. You cannot have re-construction without destruction, (Cheers.) My next point is, who are to be exponents of this gospel? I turn to you – the working-men. You have little to lose and much to gain. In fact, whichever way the wind turns we are –."

"Thief! thief!" yells a voice, followed by a roar from the motley throng. "I've had my pocket picked." The speaker turns the incident to his advantage. "And why have we thieves? How is it that in this free country our liberty is menaced in its stronghold – in this, the people's restrum? It is – and I say it with deliberation, ladies and gentlemen – because society has starved its best servants and drunk their blood and eaten their flesh. (Tremendous cheering.) At the same time it is no business of ours to advocate at present the organised appropriation of the dormant wealth of the country, so take care of your pockets, ladies and gentlemen, We are in the West End!" (Laughter and cheers.)

"What can the man mean?" thought Lizzie McCulloch, almost unconsciously putting her hand to her pocket, to find, to her utter astonishment, that her little purse and the few coppers she intended to give to the poor old woman with the broom at the Marble Arch were gone!

She squeezed her way into the path, simultaneously with which the speaker and his followers, preceded by a standard-bearer, marched out of the park into Oxford Street, evidently on their way to some other conclave of their fellows. Lizzie McCulloch, with her aunt's words ringing in her ears, "Be careful. London is a wicked city," followed the flag, first to the left and then to the right, till the crowd got less and Lizzie realised that she had gone too far.

"Can you no tell me whaur my aunt lives, Mistress Gilmour?" she asked the first person nearest to her.

Her speech was so pronouncedly broad, and her question so vague, that the person addressed only smiled and passed on with the remark, "I cannot speak German, miss; ask the policeman."

"Asking a policeman" was advice she was not disposed to accept. She had never spoken to the "man in buttons" in her life. She was a respectable girl! So she walked on and on, but instead of getting nearer to the woman with the broom, she seemed to be getting farther away. What was she to do? She searched her pocket, and to her horror discovered that the slip of paper with her aunt's address was not there. She left it on her little dressing-table. What was it? "James Road," "Ware Road," was it that? No. She repeated her question to others, who were more sympathetic, but the advice they gave, based as it was on an imperfect direction, only served to magnify her distress and deepen her dilemma. What should she do? Her purse was gone. She had no money, no guide to her aunt's, and there, in the busy streets of the "wicked city" with so many people and yet not one to help her, where could she go, and what could she do? She was lost! When the awful thought forced itself upon her mind, her lips quivered and her blood seemed to stop flowing in her veins. Her limbs refused to do her bidding, and her will paralysed with a strange, uncontrollable fear, she could do nothing but scream, as she reached forward to the pillar of a portico, and cried, "Oh, God, I'm lost, and lost in London!"

*(To be continued.)*

2 September 1893 (*DEG* No. 10)

**Lost and Found in London.**

### Chapter III. – Despair.

How long Lizzie McCulloch lay by the pillar of the portico she has no knowledge. "I told you she was drunk. Take her away from this, I tell you. My back-door is not going to be the sleeping-place of them sort."

This was the commanding order of a beery-faced and portly individual to the policeman on the beat. The order was promptly executed.

"Now, then, you've slept yourself sober by this, miss. Get up, and be gone," and seizing her by the arm he lifted her on to her feet, and was about to give her a push forward, when poor Lizzie, with that courage and boldness of which she had given ample proof when she refused to countenance her mother's marriage by living at home, said, "I'm no the lassie ye tak' me for, sir. I'm no drunk; I'm only dazed. I've lost my way in London, and if ye're gentlemen you'll put me richt. I dinna ken the taste o' spirits, and I'm member o' the Band o' Hope. Can you no' tell me where my aunt, Mrs. Gilmour, lives?"

Incredulous smiles played upon the features of the two men. Mr. Boniface winked to the policeman, the mysterious meaning of which seemed to be highly relished.

"She's clever for a young 'un, ain't she? You meant your 'uncle,' didn't you?" the policeman appreciating the hit.

"Are your hearts like the steenes, sirs? I hinna been twa days in London. I came to fill a place in my aunt's in –. Oh, but I forget the address, and am without a freen or—"

"None of your cadging here. Clear off, or I will lock you up. Now, then, I tell you – go on – go on," and Lizzie McCulloch was driven before the scowling policeman – terror-stricken and heart-broken.

A few yards brought her into one of London's busiest thoroughfares. The sight which it presented had a strange effect upon her mind. She felt carried irresistibly as if by a whirlpool of humanity. It is true she walked, but for what and where, she did not know. Was she in a dream or was she, by some unaccountable force, being led into a region of darkness as a punishment for her leaving her mother? Did she do right to leave home? Was it a sister's part to leave her brothers and sisters alone to struggle with what she believed would be their terrible fate? Was all this a judgment upon her? God was angry over her heartless conduct. He had forsaken her, and now. She was left, like Cain that the Shorter Catechism spoke of, to wander the face of the earth. She would soon die. Hours had now passed away since she tasted any food,

and although there were thousands and tens of thousands of people passing by, none knew or cared for her. The crowded streets, the lighted windows, and the hub and bustle around her only served to make her feel all the more sure that she was alone. Who was she? – a peasant's daughter, poor and ignorant. She would not be missed. She had done nothing to merit anyone helping her. No; she was lost, and she would soon be carried to some dark river or would fall down and die.

She ventured to stand for a few minutes at one of the corners, and gaze upon the scene. With a wish which was father to the thought, she fancied the lady just stepping off the tram was her aunt come to look for her, but the policeman eying her suspiciously, as she thought, Lizzie crossed to the other side, without daring to look a second time at the lady's movements. In short, she spoke condemnation to her own heart. She verily believed herself guilty – a sort of first offender, and it was only a question of time when she would be discovered and banished for her offence.

Then, she would walk on again, and her emotions would undergo a change of tone and inspire her with a dull, yet pleasant hope that all would come right. She would be found and be taken to her aunt's, and wear fine dresses, and be like one of the vast throng around her, full of life and enjoyment. But this hope was only a momentary one. It would give place to a sudden rebound of feeling, and she would look up through the hazy mantle of fog and see the faint glimmer of a star and say to herself: "The Lord that keepeth the stars fra falling will surely no let me lie doon and die here."

She would then pray to God for deliverance, but with a faith that was not strong enough to last the long hours which she tramped the busy streets of London. God had forsaken her. He was not cruel. It was her that deserved His anger, and with this conclusion she abandoned herself to the feelings of despair that lashed her trembling frame, and paced the pavements of what seemed to her to be the way of death.

*(To be continued.)*

9 September 1893 (*DEG* No. 11)

[OUR SERIAL STORY.]

**LOST AND FOUND IN LONDON.**

**CHAPTER III. – SEARCH PARTIES.**

The non-return of Lizzie McCulloch from her afternoon's stroll in the Park created alarm at 11, Little James' Street. Mrs. Gilmour – usually cool and self-possessed – grew so anxious that she declined to go to the tea-table until she, at least, went down to the Marble Arch. Mr. Gilmour, who had not seen the "girl with a foreign tongue," as the housekeeper described her, protested against any disturbance in the domestic order of the house.

"She is captivated with the beauties of the park, Margaret – or admiring young men. The sight is strange. Be patient. Her sudden development of 'late hours' will give you the desirable opportunity, at the start, of teaching her ladyship the regulations of this establishment."

"I am grieved to hear such sarcasm from you, George. You do not know Lizzie McCulloch."

"Nor you, my dear."

"I have had the advantage of a personal interview with the girl."

"Appearances again!"

"Not entirely; although I rarely allow first impressions to guide my judgment. You must remember that I knew her father, her manner of life, and the minister who, at my instigation, has made her the subject of much care for years. No, George, I must go in search of the girl, and at once. A stranger in London, to say nothing of a girl of Lizzie's age and simplicity, is soon spotted by the vultures of the streets. How foolish I was to let her go alone! I must atone for my neglect. I will soon be back, George. Be sure and –"

Mr. Gilmour stopped short the sentence. "You will not be able to keep the engagement you made with the Aird's. We agreed to go and hear that sermon upon 'Pity's Mistakes.' It is not every night one has the chance of hearing Dr. Flamerod."

"Apologise to the Aird's, George. You can jot down the points of the sermon and read them over to me on my return. Meantime, you can moralise upon the mistake my pity, for once, is leading me into. The breaking of an engagement is serious. But while you are listening to the sermon, I may, you know, be practising it. Since you became a Guardian of the Poor – ha, ha! – I declare you seem to have got weary of the doctrine of pity. But perhaps Boards of Guardians don't know what pity means. When we get the franchise we'll teach them it! So I'll condone with you on the grounds of the company you've been keeping of late! "

"My sarcasm, I fear, has been contagious! Margaret, go! I hope you will soon find the girl."

"That's right, now. I think I shall. She may have simply forgot the address. Ta, ta; be sure and not forget Dr. Flamerod's points."

Mrs. Gilmour went out into Edgware Road – search party number one.

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"The problem is no nearer solution, Harriet. That is my deliberate summing-up."

"But you don't imply by that that all our marching and singing and pleading with God and men have failed to touch some hearts to-day? Why, what do you make of the woman who stood by our ring to-night on Clerkenwell Square and wept over her misspent life? Then, there was that poor wreck – almost without a mind of his own, I grant – the young man who serves behind the bar of the ale-shop. God's Spirit must have worked mightily upon his conscience. A confession such as he made to-night is the beginning of new heart and brain to him. Are not these encouragements? I will not deny that Jesus Christ makes slow progress in that neighbourhood. The church has no ready answer for the doubter – even mission halls soon lose their attractiveness as a set-off against the blazing gin-palaces; and as for the thousand and one makeshifts for pleasant hours, and so forth, they are simply illusionising the minds of the masses. We are on the right path, William. At any rate, we will surely go further along its track, until we find among the lost in London some more hearts that must be groaning for real friendship and lasting peace. Sink or swim, I'll risk everything for Jesus."

"And so will I, Harriet. You don't doubt my consecration for a moment, I hope? "

"Certainly not; but I doubt the wisdom of bending your reason to the solution of self-raised problems. Ours is to follow Christ."

"But if His salvation, Harriet, is the answer to the sorrows of the poor, and the way out of the mists of mankind, how is it – this is my question – that so comparatively few embrace Him?"

"Settle first, is His salvation the answer? If it is, what are the conditions of its realization? Or, rather, how are you to proclaim it so that the disposition to conform to the conditions will be created? I contend that the reason so comparatively few fall down and worship Christ is because He is made to appear one-sided. He loathes and abhors and will not countenance unrighteousness in any shape or form, among

rich or poor. You have to force this home *first*. The Christ of all-Love is also the Christ of all-Law."

We need not prolong the conversation. It is sufficiently clear to disclose the identity of the speakers. Two Salvation Army officers – man and wife – were, after a day's toiling in the purlieus of Clerkenwell, returning to their home far up in North London. Reviewing the events of the day, the above was the substance of their talk. It had been a weary day. A scorching sun had added to its burdens. Then, goaded on by the hatred of the class whose traffic was in danger, some youths had found pleasure in inflicting pain upon the brave little band of whom these officers were the leaders. They were tired and exhausted. They were in the contemplative mood; one almost inclined, having planted the seed of life, to rake up the earth and discover whether it had taken root. The other was for letting it remain, but both had hearts abounding in pity for the poor, the suffering and the lost. Their lives were consecrated to that end. Were they making what Dr. Flamerod would call a mistake? We shall see.

They had just cleared the "Angel" corner, with its busses and tram-cars, be vies of loose women, and illuminated sweet and tobacco shops – all in full swing this Sunday night – when a fresh-coloured, plain-dressed young woman arrested the attention of the officer's wife.

"I think the girl that has just passed us, William, is crying. Did you observe her?"

"No; where is she?"

"That's her, with the Scottish plaid, just turning round. Look! there she is! There's another girl, too, trying to induce her –"

"Perhaps into the public-house."

"Likely. We'll go back, shall we, and watch?"

We may stop her; at any rate, we'll speak a word to her about her soul."

"It's getting late, but I agree."

They walked on – search party number two.

*(To be continued.)*

16 September 1893 (*DEG* No. 12)

[OUR SERIAL STORY.]

**LOST AND FOUND IN LONDON.**

**CHAPTER IV. – FRIENDS AND FRIENDS**

The two officers overheard part of the conversation that went on between the lassie with the tartan plaid and the women (whose gay attire left no doubt as to their calling).

"Lost yer aunt, hev ye? I can find yer an uncle, old girl. You'll fetch the hupper ten! Come on, Miss Not-Painted-Cheeks. I've got a tanner, and Bess has fo'pince, and we kin liquor up all round on that."

"I don't know what you mean," replied the lassie. "I didn't see my uncle. I only want my aunt; and, oh – if you only knew how I feel, you would tell me what to do."

Bursting into a loud laugh, which extorted a rebuke from the corner policeman, Bess put her arm round the waist of the wanderer, and said, "Look 'ere, softie. You does as I tells ye. I'll put you all right. You aint got a copper or a friend in London. That's the situation, aint it?"

"No, lady; I've got some money at my aunt's, and she is a friend."

"Turn it up. What's the good uv sayin' ye've got any tin, when yer don't knows where yer aunt is? Yer lost – that's whit yer are, and I can put ye on th' way to good luck. Your face will be your fortune. I can introduce you to a gentleman as will make you a lady and give you an easy life. Now, what do you think of that? Ain't I a friend? Ain't I, Beatrice!"

"I should think so – only she will have to go with us. There's no use cryin' over spilt milk. It's all square, Miss Tartan, don't whimper. Now, for a drink, all three – a quart each – in this public-house!"

"Public-house!" shrieked Lizzie McCulloch; "I'll no gang inside that, if I have to die first. No! – if you canna tell me what to do – I'll walk on and trust my Maker."

"Yer won't now – that's what Bess Bilton says," and gripping the hand of the defenceless girl she dragged her off the pavement, with the evident intention of escaping the gaze of the crowd, and more particularly the eye of the policeman.

"Let me alone!" Lizzie McCulloch cried, only to be dragged nearer the opposite and darker side of the thoroughfare.

It was a dangerous game these London gaieties were playing, and they evidently knew it.

"What's up with the wench?" someone queried.

"Drunk!" yelled Bess.

"I'm nae drunk," the lass replied, making a desperate effort to clear herself from the grasp of her so-called friends.

"No, you are not drunk, my girl," said The Army officer, who had dexterously succeeded in overhearing the substance of the above conversation without arousing the suspicions of the seducers. He and his wife were thoroughly convinced that a grave crime was about to be perpetrated – an innocent, pure and helpless girl dragged, against her will, into the gulf of a life of shame. Turning to "Bess" – blotched and debauched, whose eyes resembled balls of fire – the silent speakers of hate and inhumanity – the officer authoritatively demanded the release of the girl. That, however, was an easier thing to demand than to succeed in obtaining.

*(To be continued.)*

23 September 1893 (*DEG* No. 13)

[OUR SERIAL STORY.]

### **LOST AND FOUND IN LONDON.**

#### **CHAPTER V. – THE VULTURES FOILED.**

When the Captain charged down upon Bess in the manner described, little did he imagine the retort he would receive. Bess was, and is now, for aught we know, the terror of the "Devil's mile," as Upper Street, Islington, is still called by the "oldest inhabitants."

Her beguiling art had raised her among her peers to the dignity of a street queen. She was the ruling spirit of the moment, for how long no one would predict. The eddies of a fast life abound with dangerous creeks. One unsuccessful plunge might for ever banish her name and her fame. The plundering habits which so rapidly form in her class lead to exploits not always successful. Once defeated, the thirst for revenge is insatiable. Bess was just at this stage of her career. She had met her match and undergone an enforced retirement entirely foreign to her disposition. Bess took badly to Pentonville, and vowed that she would "pay the lot out" with coin of her own manufacturing. She would make it warm for the police, and warm for everybody that sought to oppose or meddle with her plans. The day she left H. M's. room of silence Bess declared war. Society was against her, and she was against Society.

When The Salvation Army officer so peremptorily demanded the release of the subject of this narrative – dazed and distracted Lizzie McCulloch – Bess threw down the glove with an, "Oh, it's the bloomin' Salvation Army that wants the girl! That's it, is it? Then you ain't going to have her. I'll save her, and give her a tambourine – eh,

Beatrice, my girl, won't I? – and put her up for the next Lord Mayor's show. Be horf, ye screamers, or I'll chuck that ere scoop-headed mate of yourn in the gutter. Now, be horf."

Capt. Worth did not go off. His duty was now clear. There was no longer any doubt in his mind as to the foul purpose of these two women. An innocent, helpless girl was in danger. Whether to call a policeman, appeal to the girl, or by the "soft answer which turneth away wrath," he was in doubts. One thing was plain. Lizzie McCulloch was a stranger to both women, whose character and traffic were equally unknown. She must be saved.

Convinced as to his duty, his next and immediate consideration was how to succeed. He wisely resolved upon seizing the "bull by the horns." "Release that woman," he sternly addressed the girl's captor, "I charge you with attempting her destruction. I and my wife have overheard all the conversation, and it will be well for you now, when there is no need of resorting to other means, to let the girl go free. Let her at least do what she wants to do – walk on and trust to her Maker."

Lizzie McCulloch, who had up to this viewed the Salvationists with as much suspicion as she had done her would-be friends with horror, mustered courage to cry out, "Yes, let me go free. God has no left me, sinner as I am. I ha'e dane naething that i' wrang. I dinna ken wha ye are, but oh! if ye be Christians, and ken what it is to feel for a puir lassie who has lost her way, tak me whaur I'm maist likely to get soon back to my aunt's in –." But where Lizzie's mind was still in the dark.

"Most cheerfully, come with us. It is Sunday, but it will be no violation of the day to use a tram, for the last one will go in a few minutes. I know friends with whom you can stay for the night. They will make enquiries as to your aunt in the morning. Take my wife's arm and follow me."

Suiting his action to his kindly invitation, The Salvation Army officer stepped toward Lizzie McCulloch; but, in less time than it will take to describe it, Capt. Worth received a blow on the head from Bess. "Take that!" she yelled, with such a volley of abuse as only is invented for displays of this order.

With that readiness and appreciation for anything out of the common for which London is characteristic, a crowd ran from doors, pavements and streets. A row, with Salvationists playing leading parts is a rare treat, and on this particular occasion it was aggravated by the popular feeling in favour of Bess and her companion.

"Give 'em another warm'un on the right, Bess!" shouted one man, whose familiarity of tone indicated only too clearly the class of birds with whom he kept company.

"Roast the other side, Bess," said another.

Capt. Worth retained his patience, and his wife – accustomed to street brawls of all orders – was in no way disconcerted. "My sister, do you wish to go with us or go with these women? If you say with us, then come on."

"She'll stay with us, Mrs. Sermon-toffer. That's a settler."

"She will not."

"She will."

"She will not. You're taking that girl against her will into a life of shame, and she will not go while I can protect her."

This declaration of war led to immediate hostilities. Bess's eyes flashed, and a torrent of the filthiest and most abusive language imaginable acted like a war-whoop upon cannibals. Bess's kind, so plentiful at this hour of the night and at this part of London, came from all directions, accentuating the disorder.

"Bess is on the job again, I declare," said a flash-dressed "beauty."

"And got the 'War Cry' in tow; what a lark," said another, adding to the hilarity.

But Bess was in no merry mood. She meant holding fast to her tartan-plaided prey. The ferocious part of her nature was now master. The night's drinking had its inevitable effect, now that some object, with an affinity to the disposition it created, was dazzling before her maddened brain. She flew at William Worth, the officer, like a famishing tiger of the jungle. With that strange inconsistency, however, which so frequently characterises a London mob, she was intercepted by several of her own class. "Draw it mild, Bess; the fellow ain't done anythink. We won't let him have the kid."

"Let me go," she cried, struggling, in the grasp of half-a-dozen women.

How long this might have continued and what would have been the issue we can only surmise; but the situation underwent a sudden transformation upon Constable B474 appearing on the scene.

"Now, then, what's up here?"

"Them hollering Salvationists wants to kidnap this 'ere pal of ours, and we are a-defending of ourselves."

"It is not true, Mr. Officer," asserted William Worth. "This girl has no friends. She lost her way this afternoon, and was being induced to enter the 'Angel' against her will,

when I interfered and offered to direct her when the row arose. I've already been assaulted by –"

"He's a liar!" interrupted Bess.

"One of these women. I'm quite prepared to leave the girl in your care, Mr. Officer, or if she prefers I will undertake to see her safely accommodated with friends to-night. Whatever you or the girl decide I will abide by. But, be assured that these women meant ruin to that helpless woman. Fortunately, I and my wife were in time to prevent it."

Happily this bold speech was not heard by many save the officer. The din was so deafening—the laughing, joking and blasphemy. The policeman, whose sagacity enabled him at once to see the bearings of the rabble – turned to the girl who was most pitiful to behold. "Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"To my aunt's!"

"Where is that?"

"I've no got her address, sir."

The policeman smiled, "You are making a mistake, I think. She's got no aunt."

"I'm convinced she has. You can see how terrified the poor thing is. You can easily perceive, too, she is not drunk, and that plaid and that dress and that face of hers, no less than her speech, are all strange to this part."

"Well, if you like to take the risk, it is yours, not mine. Now then, miss, who will you go with, these people, or these women who say you are their pal?"

"I'll gang with that lady, sir, if she will but tak' me oot o' this."

"That I will, my dear," and without a moment's further delay Harriet Worth and Lizzie McCulloch were clasped in each other's arms, at the sight of which the hurricane of ribaldry, set in motion by "Queen Bess," reached a climax.

*(To be continued.)*

30 September 1893 (*DEG* No. 14)

### **LOST AND FOUND IN LONDON.**

For a few minutes the task of reaching the tram was an arduous one. The crowd was unsympathetic, and the originators, reinforced by the "Angel" bullies, who are never absent – night or day – from their corner rendezvous, sustained a jostling and hustling assault. But brave Harriet Worth kept close to the constable, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of beholding the drinking, blood-thirsty crowd from the

vantage of the tram. The wild scene, however, which reminded her so much of pictures of bad men and women that lived in great cities, she had seen at school, proved too much for Lizzie McCulloch. When she took her seat in the tram it was observed that she was very pale. The cheeks, so bright a few minutes previously, were now cold and apparently lifeless. Was she dead, or was it only a faint?

## CHAPTER VI. – FAILURE AND FAITH.

We ought here to return to Mrs. Gilmour, whom the reader will remember abandoned her Sunday evening engagement and went in search of her young niece, Lizzie McCulloch. Mrs. Gilmour traversed the entire park, questioned the keepers and policemen, but none of them had seen the "girl with a tartan plaid, white straw hat and red merino dress." So she returned to the Marble Arch, and while looking in vain for the object of her quest among the passers-by, she observed, emerging from one of the streets on the left leading into Edgware Road, a moving crowd.

She made for it, but had not gone half-a-dozen yards when she halted. It was only The Salvation Army on parade. They would do nothing for her! Little did she know! Still, Mrs. Gilmour would watch them. Perhaps Lizzie may have been attracted by its band. There was no saying what girls unused to London would do. She hastened forward, and being in no critical spirit, listened to as well as looked at The Army procession, as the soldiers, five in file, rolled out the refrain of a hymn, which in younger years was familiar to her.

"Hark, the Gospel news is sounding,  
Christ has suffered on the tree."

In the few minutes, nay, almost seconds, which were required for The Army to clear the corner, Mrs. Gilmour's opinion of it, if opinion it might be defined, changed. She actually heard and saw nothing objectionable. She expected to see women dance, timbrels fly, and the drummer try to break someone's head. How could any other notion formulate in her mind? It was that of Mr. Gilmour's, and *then* the "Standard," her favourite paper, never had a good word to say about this singular people. But, behold-here they were with all their pageantry, and not a thing about them could she see to condemn. If anything there was that about the carriage, movement, and order of this West-End regiment that exhibited a simplicity, earnestness and reality which she had never imagined could pertain to a street demonstration.

Turning to a policeman who had been directing his attention to the passage of the procession into the main thoroughfare, and who was viewing composedly the tail end of it wheel into the road, Mrs. Gilmour repeated her now all-absorbing question, "Did you notice a girl?" &c.

"Was her brogue rather broad – Scottie?" the policeman asked.

"Yes; very pronounced."

"Well, a girl did speak to a gentleman close by here a couple of hours ago, answering to the description. She wanted to find an aunt whose address she had lost, she said, or something to that effect, but as she could not give the slightest information as to her aunt's house, or the street, he advised her tell her case to the nearest police-officer."

"Oh, that is Lizzie; that's her. Where did she go?" said Mrs. Gilmour, a ray of hope entering her heart.

"That I can't tell."

"But how did you know?"

"Well, the gentleman was so impressed with the suspicious look the girl gave when the word 'policeman' was used that he actually mentioned the circumstance to me."

"I see through it. Poor Lizzie McCulloch was frightened. This girl is my niece. She came from Scotland yesterday, and foolishly went into the Park this afternoon without the address, or marking her way, and has been unable to identify my house. What shall I do?"

"Go to the station, I should suggest; or you can give me the particulars, and I will hand them in. We will communicate with the other stations, and should any officer discover her, we can send her to your address. I shall get relieved presently."

Mrs. Gilmour complied with the suggestion; but, cherishing the hope that her lost niece might be still hovering about the neighbourhood, she resumed her independent search, after thanking the obliging policeman, and noting the wisdom of her instinctiveness.

The Army crowd had given her at least a clue, but how slender and how small she gradually learned. Her search was in vain. Her expedition had failed, but not her resolution or her faith. She resolved to set her husband to follow up the particulars gleaned from the policeman. Lizzie McCulloch was alive, that was certain; she was lost, and she would and must be found.

With the Press and police, and persistent effort, that would only be a matter of a few more hours' seeking. Mrs. Gilmour remembered there was one thing she ought to do above all others. It ought to have been first instead of the last step; but, as a rule it is the last adopted when distress and storm overtake humanity, especially the intelligent and thinking portion. It is one of those acts which are considered, as was the great Adviser of it Himself, foolish to the philosophically-trained mind.

Laws should determine action, and only those laws that are supported by the teaching of reason and science. This act, some wiseacres contend, violates and goes in the teeth of this teaching. The Gilmours had for some time back oscillated in their belief as to its value; aye, even the prudence of prayer – for that was the exercise Mrs. Gilmour was impelled to take. Prayers were part of the family duties; but *prayer*, crying to God, as her heart prompted her now to do, was another thing. She reasoned out the prompting. What would her husband think of it? The clue she had that night succeeded in discovering could be called an answer to prayer. Then, had she not prospered since she came to London-gradually risen from penury to plenty through her own exertion? What would praying do? Was not this a time for action instead of prayer? There was no reason why she should look ludicrous and raise controversy by suggesting a method which was dying out, and yet her spirit strove for liberty to tell out her burden before the Throne of Heavenly Grace. Was that a sign of weakness or strength?

Mrs. Gilmour was pre-eminently a woman of decision and she was no wobbler. "Robert, what do you think? Shall we ask God to help us in this matter? Shall we pray over it?"

Robert Gilmour looked sheepish, and his answer was given with neither alacrity nor naturalness. "Pray! pray! if you like, my dear, *if* it is any good."

And they did pray. We will not attempt an analysis of its matter or of its spirit. We will only remark that the problem before them seemed less dark, and the burden of the sorrow less heavy, and when Mrs. Gilmour reclined on the couch for a short rest, her mind dwelt almost as much upon the Edgware Road procession of Salvation singers as it did upon Lizzie McCulloch's probable fruitless wanderings on the streets of London.

*(To be concluded next week.)*

7 October 1893 (*DEG* No. 15)

## LOST AND FOUND IN LONDON.

### CHAPTER VII. – FOUND.

Next morning, as Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour sat at breakfast they entered upon a conversational review of their previous night's efforts to find their missing niece, Lizzie McCulloch. Though unwilling to acknowledge it, Mrs. Gilmour was smarting under a sense of failure.

"I do not see that you could have done more, my dear," said Mr. Gilmour, picking up his morning's newspaper to see if the advertisement lodged the night before as to his niece was properly inserted, "All right; this in all the morning papers, and, with the police at work, ought to solve the mystery. I shall go down to the city, but if anything occurs about which you want help, telephone me."

"Yes, Robert, I will, although I am not so certain that we have exhausted the measures we might have adopted. You have more faith in the police and the Press than I have."

"What other agency would you employ?"

"My own wits, Robert, and a few willing, obedient women if I had them at my command. Men are too callous and unimaginative, save and except when their reputation and business are at stake."

"I do believe, my dear, that I have made a discovery."

"What?"

"That you are qualifying for public declamation by using me as an object-lesson."

Mrs. Gilmour did not resist the temptation to imitate her husband's smile, and the subject dropped.

Breakfast over, and Mr. Gilmour gone to business, Mrs. Gilmour was left to her reflections. This was the day she had planned for giving Lizzie a practical initiation into her duties as servant. Where could she have gone to? Mrs. Gilmour went to her niece's empty room. There was no evidence in it of premeditation. Her purse, with her small fortune, lay by the side of her Bible. Her trunk, unlocked, left but one impression – that Lizzie McCulloch was a good, innocent and unsuspecting girl, and in proportion as these unmistakable signs confirmed Mrs. Gilmour's judgment accordingly, so was her grief.

She opened her niece's Bible where marked by a Sunday-school ticket, and her eye fell upon this comfort, "In all thy ways acknowledge the Lord, and He will direct thy paths." Had she done so? She was not sure.

\* \* \*

The door-bell rang.

"A strange man wants to see you, ma'm," said the servant.

"A strange man, Sarah. What do you mean? "

"A man in uniform!"

"Oh! a policeman."

"Oh! no; a postman, I think."

"Show him into my room. I hope he brings tidings about Lizzie."

"The strange man" was neither policeman nor postman; to Mrs. Gilmour's surprise, and yet curious delight, he was a Salvation Army Captain.

"Seeing an advertisement in to-day's papers as to your lost niece, I have been instructed to inform you that two of our officers, I am glad to say, found her last night!"

"Found, sir, and alive – and where? " ejaculated Mrs. Gilmour with feelings, and in a manner better imagined than described.

"Alive and well, madam, and to God be all the praise. The way our officers discovered her is remarkable; in fact, as I came along here I could not help believing that she was found in answer to prayer."

"Answer to prayer – whose prayers?"

"That I don't know, probably your niece's, or – well, it does not matter *whose!* God is good. The main thing, madam, is to believe, you know."

This was indeed a "strange man." Sarah was right, and as he told the story, already familiar to our readers – of Lizzie's wanderings, her narrow escape of falling into one of the vilest traps in London; of the struggle in the streets, and the ultimate and heroic rescue – a story re-told, by the way, with a simplicity and tenderness, mingled with moralisations upon the goodness and grace of God, with which a Salvationist's speech is more or less flavoured, Mrs. Gilmour did not know which to express her deepest wonder at – the brave and skilful feat of the officers, or their religion, so entirely different to her own.

"Now that I know the coast is clear, I'll go and fetch your niece here. She is among friends, I assure you, who will not allow her to mourn over the past."

"What have I to pay the officers for finding her?"

"Nothing; they draw their salary from heaven; they don't want payment. All we want is, your sympathy and prayers in our work. You can give as much of that as you like, for they are not so common. We leave it to you. We have a big and difficult job in hand. Our Rescue and other Homes are open night and day to take the wanderers in, madam, and we point them to Jesus; but they take keeping, and we can't get houses and gas for nothing. But, hallelujah! the Lord has aye provided for us. Shall we pray, madam?"

"I have no objection, whatever, sir," replied Mrs. Gilmour, her heart, she afterwards confessed, beating with desire to ask questions about prayer, and a host of kindred subjects. She felt that she was in the presence of a man whose religion was his meat and drink, not a code of intellectualisms.

\* \* \*

The sequel to this scene may be summed-up thus a holy, happy re-union.

"Dinna be angry wi' me, auntie," said Lizzie, as she burst into tears, recounting the horrible attack the night before. "I'm sae thankful for one thing a boon a' others, and that is for the lesson I've learned to trust God. As The Army folks sang this mornin' the bonnie hymn,

'All I have I am bringing to Thee,'

I seemed like a birdie let oot o' its cage. I caught a glimpse of my Saviour. I've trusted the Lord to forgiee all my sins and keep me by His grace – I'll work for yea' the happier and truer, auntie. Oh, the Lord, He is good to those that put their trust in Him, is He no?"

"Lizzie, my girl, you have brought hope and life to my heart. I, too, have learned something since Saturday night. I've learned to pray and believe. If it is not inconsistent, I rejoice in your being lost and found. Let us both thank God and trust Him to the end of our days."

\* \* \*

The Gilmours, thus so strangely introduced to The Salvation Army, are, it is needless to add, numbered among its truest friends, and have always a kind word and a helping-hand to give to the organisation that sent its "strange man" with the happy news that the lost was found.

[THE END.]

**The Salvation Army International Heritage Centre,  
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