

# Boys and Girls.

## How He Helped the Boys.

### THE STORY OF QUINTIN HOGG.

We find the following interesting sketch of Mr. Quintin Hogg, the founder of the London Polytechnic Institute, in the 'Union Gospel News' of Cleveland, Ohio:—

There is a man of wealth and character in London who has found the greatest delight of his life in helping poor boys and young men to an education of body, mind and spirit. This man is Quintin Hogg.

Mr. Hogg was brought up in a wealthy family in London, and received as boy and young man every advantage that money could buy. The world with its opportunities was before him, and there was a wide field open for the choice of a life work, a choice so momentous to any young man, and one bearing so much responsibility to a person of his talents and means.

Instead of entering one of the professions, or going into business when he left school,

of innocent recreation, not to speak of instruction, for the poor, ragged children, and he determined to take up some plan by which both these needs could be supplied to them.

In a place known as Pipemakers' Alley, near Bedford-Bury, inhabited almost entirely by Irish immigrants, he found on one of his rounds that among all the houses in the court there were only two bedsteads. The people were sleeping on bundles of rags and straw, old brandy cases and the like being used for tables and chairs.

Having never before been brought into actual contact with real poverty and want, he was greatly aroused by the misery which he saw, and felt that his life depended upon doing something to help the wretched little boys running about the streets.

His first effort was to get a couple of crossing sweepers, whom he picked up near Trafalgar square, and offer to teach them to read. Under one of the Adelphi Arches on the banks of the Thames, with two Bibles for reading books, and a tallow candle in an

all the necessary fittings. Disguised in this costume he went out two or three nights each week for about six months, blacking boots and sleeping out with the boys on barges, under tarpaulins, or in the so-called 'Punches Hole,' on a ledge of the Adelphi Arches, and elsewhere.

Mr. Hogg's father knew nothing about all this, and sometimes when the young man found these holes positively too bad to stay in on account of vermin, he would roll himself in a blanket and sleep on a table in the mission room.

His real object was to learn how the boys lived, what they ate, how much it cost them, and how they could best be reached. Sometimes he would go around Covent Garden Market and hold horses, or do any odd jobs which he saw other boys doing. No one can learn so much about a boy as his companions can.

The following winter the Ragged School began in real earnest, at first only as a day school. Mr. Hogg had rented, for the sum of twelve pounds a year, a room in Of Alley, off the Strand, which was used for a mission. Here he placed a very earnest woman in charge of the classes, and very soon she begged him to open the room on the evenings when it was not required for mission purposes, for the use of classes for the older boys.

Mr. Hogg did not feel called upon for this kind of work; however, he told the good woman that she might have the use of the room and the gas, but that she must undertake to keep the boys in order herself, as he could not promise any assistance in that line.

On the following Monday the evening school was opened. Mr. Hogg was ill in bed at home, when suddenly, about eight o'clock, the doorbell rang and a boy was ushered in. It was one of the older lads, living near the mission, who had come to beg Mr. Hogg to go down to the school at once. There was a fight among the boys, and the police interfering were being resisted and pelted with slates, etc.

Mr. Hogg scrambled into some clothes, and slipping on an overcoat as he ran through the hall, made all haste to the Ragged School. Arrived there, he found the whole school in an uproar. The boys had wrenched off the gas fixtures, and some were using them to strike the police, while others were defending themselves with slates; a large concourse of people were standing around, either looking on to see the fun, or helping in the fray.

Thinking first of the teacher, and being alarmed for her safety, Mr. Hogg ran into the darkened room, filled with struggling men and boys, and called to them to stop instantly and be quiet. To his amazement the riot was immediately quelled, and then he found out for the first time in his life that he had some kind of an instinct or faculty for the management of the older boys. The boys loved him because he loved them and showed that he did.

From that day for three years he scarcely missed the Ragged School for a single night. The class prospered wonderfully. The little room, which was only thirty feet long by twelve feet wide, soon became too small to accommodate the numbers who wished to attend, and the school had to be divided into two sections of sixty each, one coming from seven o'clock to 8.30, and the other from 8.30 to ten o'clock.

There Mr. Hogg sat between two classes, perched on the back of a form, eating his 'pint of thick and two doorsteps,' as the boys called coffee and bread and treacle, and taking one division at reading, and the oth-



QUINTIN HOGG, Esq.

he looked about him to see what he could do for the boys less fortunate than himself. As it was unnecessary for him to work for his own living, and as he appreciated that work is a necessity of life, he set about his task of helping other boys to fit themselves for the struggle.

He had a strongly religious nature, and felt that he must do something to bring the gospel first into the lives about him in the great city where there was little spiritual influence.

His first experience in religious work of any kind had been in holding a Bible class at Eton, which was attended by about half the boys in the house. After leaving Eton, in the beginning of the year 1864, he tried what he could do among the street boys of London.

Originally, his intention was to devote himself to mission work; but as he went about his district he was painfully struck with the utter absence of any possible means

empty beer bottle for illumination, was then started what in the course of a few years became the great Polytechnic Institute of London.

This first lesson had not progressed very far when a policeman appeared with his light at the end of the arch, and the boys disappeared in a twinkling, leaving the dazed teacher alone in the dark to meet the officer. The latter scrutinized him a moment by the light of his bull's eye, but concluded that there was no cause for arrest, and moved on.

Mr. Hogg thought his first essay rather unsuccessful, but was not discouraged by one failure. He determined to learn the language of the street gamin, and to ascertain their ways of life and real wants by getting down to them himself.

He went down to the New Cut, on the south side of the river, and bought a second-hand shoe-black's suit, a box with a strap to go over the shoulder, brushes, and