

and the dark cellars and garrets where wretched men and women, and almost as wretched children, drag out a miserable existence, revealed as

‘ They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,’

there is “ a great gulf fixed.” Little wonder if the eyes that look hungrily from the dens of St. Giles’ and the Seven Dials to the beautiful homes and parks where “ noble lords and ladies ride,” should often kindle with the baleful fire of jealous hatred and sullen despair, the certain inspiration of Chartism and Nihilism.

Into this *Inferno*, of which it might almost be written, “ *Abandon hope, all ye who enter here,*” many pitying eyes have looked, and ministering angels have descended, laden with Christian hope and consolation. And yet, on the mass, but little impression has been made by all the “ Missions ” which Christian philanthropy has instituted. Into this gloom and misery, nearly twenty years ago, one man, fired with the ardour of a Red-Cross Knight, looked, and as he looked in ineffable pity, there dawned upon him the conception of a new crusade against these powers of darkness,—a crusade to be fought with no mortal weapons, but with certain pieces of armour described in an ancient Book, the “ breastplate of righteousness,” the “ gospel of peace,” the “ sword of the Spirit,” and all used in the unconquerable and unfailing might of Christian love. These alone were to be the only weapons for either offence or defence. Even where, opposed by physical violence, the crusaders should have to march through mob-fire of mud and stones; accompanied by hootings and re-