

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

THE Annual Meeting of Dr. Barnardo's Homes always serves to quicken the interest of the people of England in the work that Dr. Barnardo has been carrying on day in and day out for over thirty years.

Of the daily toil, the daily trials, the daily disappointments—borne only by fulness of faith in the cause, and in Him whose cause it is—which fill so large a part of the life of the Founder and Director, the people of England know little, if anything; but they do not fail to grasp the significance of the annual demonstration which fills London's largest public hall from floor to topmost gallery—that an irresistible force is kept in unceasing activity fighting the battle of childhood in need.

While Dr. Barnardo has made this work peculiarly his own—in the methods by which he carries it on and in the success which has attended his efforts—it is, nevertheless, the cause of every man, of every woman in the land, of England itself. The conviction that this is so has been steadily growing stronger and stronger in the public mind. Nothing has served to demonstrate this more forcibly than the presence of the Heir to the Throne at the last annual meeting, and the speech which His Royal Highness delivered on that occasion in which he referred to the Homes as the "National Institution."

It is to the ever-widening belief in the "national" character of Dr. Barnardo's work, coupled with the presence of England's future sovereign, that was doubtless due the fact that the thirtieth annual meeting attracted the attention of the public and of the press in a degree exceeding even that of last year. Many of the leading journals have allotted considerable space to the claims of Dr. Barnardo's Institutions upon all who have the welfare of their country at heart; but the most interesting, and certainly the most comprehensive, of such contributions is "A Character Sketch of Dr. Barnardo," by the editor of the *Review of Reviews*. Mr. Stead, one of the most capable and influential journalists and critics of the day, required no less than eighteen pages of his magazine in which to trace the course of Dr. Barnardo's work from its inception thirty years ago when "a disused donkey stable" was its headquarters, up to to-day, when it necessitates the maintenance of eighty-five separate institutions at a cost of £150,000; and the last annual meeting in connection with which is described as

"a magnificent tribute to a magnificent work, one of the most distinctive of the glories of modern England."

The article is replete with interest from the opening line unto the last; the individuality of the subject of the sketch; incidents which have occurred and difficulties which have arisen in the course of Dr. Barnardo's labours; comparisons of Dr. Barnardo's methods with those of the State; what Dr. Barnardo has accomplished, and what he might accomplish were he accorded a larger measure of support: one and all are written in a manner that ensures the closest attention of the reader. Interesting, and, at times, startling, facts and pungent argument loom large in every paragraph; and we only regret that we cannot present the article in

full to our readers. The entire space of two issues of UPS AND DOWNS would, however, be required for that purpose, and we must perforce content ourselves with reproducing a few of the many good things which the editor of the *Review of Reviews* has served up in the character sketch of one whose name is held in reverence and affection by each and all of us

"When quite a youth Dr. Barnardo came under deep conviction of sin, experienced the change called conversion, and in the first ardour of his zeal he resolved to dedicate himself to the cause of Chinese missions. Desiring to attain medical knowledge as well as theological training, he came to London, and entered himself as student at the London Hospital. He had hardly commenced working when the cholera broke out. A wild stampede took place, leaving ample room for volunteers. Dr. Barnardo, although then only a raw student, volun-

James Jervis was a little lad of the London streets; from him Dr. Barnardo first learned of the terrible and appalling need there was of the work to which, since the night he met James, his life has been devoted.

"The Chinese must seek other missionaries; his work lay nearer home. But what could be done, and how could he do it? It seemed indeed a forlorn enough task. But the seed had been sown, and the Sower who could employ Jim Jervis as His messenger could provide for the rest. Speaking of this long afterwards, Dr. Barnardo said:—

"I knew no one then who could render me any help in the rescue and care of these boys. I was, comparatively speaking, friendless and unknown in London myself; but our Heavenly Father, who feeds the hungry ravens, and whose open hand supplies the young lions when they roar, heard the prayer of my heart, and gradually the way opened to accomplish the work I had set before me. I asked Him, if it was His holy will, to permit me to provide a shelter for such poor children, and to give me the wisdom needed to seek them out during the hours of darkness, and to bring them in to learn of God, of Christ, of heaven."

"The answer was not long in coming. Some weeks afterwards, at a dinner at a great man's house, an opportunity occurring, he spoke warmly of what he had seen and knew. His host and his fellow guests, among whom were Lord Shaftesbury and many of the best philanthropists in London, were incredulous; but an hour's tour of investigation under the guidance of Dr. Barnardo, undertaken there and then, and incredulity vanished . . .

"After thus having proved his case, Dr. Barnardo was not long in getting to his life-work. He says:—

"As may well be imagined, I began in a very small way. A little house in a mean street was first opened for some twenty-five boys. We did the repairs ourselves. Many a happy hour was spent in whitewashing the walls and ceilings, scrubbing the floors, and otherwise putting what seemed to me at that time a veritable mansion for capaciousness into suitable condition for the reception of my first family. Then I spent two whole nights upon the streets of London, cast my net upon the 'right side of the ship,' and brought to shore twenty-five homeless lads, all willing and eager to accept such help as I could give them."

"Thus had Jim's message from the Lord borne the fruit whereto it was appointed. Dr. Barnardo had found his vocation. The Home was born. The little one has now become a thousand, and in place of twenty-five homeless boys he has now 5,000 boys and girls in his Homes."

Of those of different religious opinions from Dr. Barnardo who have sought to impede him in his work, because, forsooth, his hand was ever ready to lift up Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Romanist; and of those of the same faith (!) as Dr. Barnardo who have, nevertheless, been only too willing to join in the hue and cry of

"down him," Mr. Stead speaks in condemnation with characteristic candour. To refuse food and shelter to a hungry, homeless lad (and *when he could get neither elsewhere*) because his lost or dead parents belonged, or did not belong, to any one particular sect would verily be a reduction of denominationalism not only to absurdity, but to gross inhumanity; and it is not a small measure of scorn and ridicule that is heaped by Mr. Stead upon those who could suppose that considerations of the kind would have the weight of a single hair with one who so thoroughly believes that

" . . . All mankind's concern is Charity," no matter how much

"In Faith and Hope the world will disagree."

We would be loth to give place here to anything savouring of sectarianism, but it is necessary to a just appreciation of Dr. Bar-



DR. BARNARDO TO-DAY.
From a photo taken at the Boys' Home Studio.

teered for cholera service. His offer was eagerly accepted, and he began the house-to-house visitation of the East end poor, which gave him so deep an insight into the conditions of their life. He did not spare himself in those days. He says:—

"Devoting my days mainly to attendance at the hospital and dissecting-room, and most of my evenings to needful study, I nevertheless reserved two nights a week which I called my free nights, and which, as well as the whole of Sunday, were given up to the conduct of a ragged school, situated in a room in the heart of squalid Stepney."

"That was how he came to be in the way with James Jervis, the messenger of the Lord."

"There were other medical students associated with Barnardo in the ragged school work. The school was held in a disused donkey stable. It was worse even than the 'small chamber' where,

"friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor unlearned young man.
The place was dark, unfurnished and mean,
Yet there the freedom of a race began."