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will take our internal foes a long time in the digging. Nay, even from the ranks of the "Catholic" movement, men of transparent candour and unquestioned learning, like the late universally lamented Rev. Dr. Mozley, may arise to lead back to the sober doctrinal standards and chaste Ritual of our Mother Church, the children now dazed and dazzled transitorily by plausible perversions and sensational ceremonies. To the candid study of such leaders, to the generous criticism of loyal Churchmen, to the warm reception of his fellow-labourers and followers, Bishop Ryle may commit his work, in the firm belief that the principles he so ably enforces will stand the test of time and eternity.

C. T. PORTER.

ART. IV.—PASTORAL AID IN OUR TOWNS.

IT is not everyone who has had the privilege of being born within the sound of Bow Bells; and those who can remember the days when legal and even fashionable society in London centred around the British Museum, close to St. Giles's and Seven Dials, are rapidly decreasing in numbers. The youth of the present generation amongst the wealthier classes in the Metropolis no doubt congratulate themselves upon the great Westward movement that has removed their homes so far from the noise and squalor of their poorer fellow-townsmen; and few of them, perhaps, think how much they have lost in not having had the poor at their doors, in those happy days when childhood's love notices neither caste nor rags nor dirt, but clings to every fellow-creature in distress, and recognises all as brothers and sisters. To come across the poorer classes late in life, when natural love has been cooled by the vanity of youth, or choked by business engagements and caste prejudices, is quite a different thing.

But if the Upper Ten amongst young London of to-day know little of their poorer London neighbours, still less do they or their fellows in the rural population know personally of the workers in our great industrial centres.

Since railways have made it so easy for men of means to live in pleasant suburban spots, far from the noise and dirt of great manufactories, how few of their children have had the opportunity, in the romance of boyhood, of wandering amidst the toiling multitudes of the black country, with its ever-rolling wheels and chains and engines, its blazing furnaces and thundering forges; or of mixing with the mill-workers and factory-hands in our Northern towns; of knowing them by name, and in their homes; of learning to look upon them not merely as

the great machinery of our commercial prosperity, but as living men and women and children, with lives and hearts and thoughts like other human beings.

It is much to be regretted that the young people of whom we have been speaking should have lost these early associations, not only on account of their value in preparing mind and body for the great struggle of life, but still more for the sake of those Christian sympathies which personal contact with suffering and hardship can alone develop.

Nothing could be more disastrous to our social welfare as a people, than that the present separation between the classes should continue to extend; and yet it becomes daily more difficult to prevent it, and to draw together those whom the increase of wealth and the rapidity of the locomotive have been steadily removing from contact with each other.

Separation of residence between the rich and poor has not only produced an abnormal state of things in Society generally, but in a great measure has affected the work of the Christian Church.

On the one hand we have thousands of persons brought up in sound Christian doctrine, with health and money and all that is necessary to make them useful in the work of mercy; and on the other, masses of human beings in temporal want and spiritual destitution. Yet, partly from ignorance and partly from the habits of society, these two classes are living practically unknown to each other: the one longing for something to do, and the other sighing for help.

It is in the midst of this that the interest and romance of Foreign Missions has to some extent absorbed the sympathies of those who have felt the need of an outlet; and whilst every Christian person must rejoice in the great increase of Foreign Mission work, it can scarcely be doubted that our home necessities have been a little overlooked.

The rapid development of geographical research has year by year made us acquainted with countries and tribes and races hitherto unknown and forgotten, whilst commercial enterprise, assisted by rapidity of communication, and pressed on by the ever-increasing needs of our growing population, has broken down barriers which in our boyhood closed more than half of the heathen world. No wonder that the Christian Church has been moved to its very heart by the cry for help from abroad!

The decay of the Mahometan Empire which so long hung as a great cloud between the East and West, the spread of civilization in America, the opening of Africa and China and Japan, have come so suddenly upon us, that every branch of Christians has had room to select its own part of the world for missionary enterprise, and the public at home have found their

liberal contributions and ready help go but a little way towards the evangelization of the world.

It is worth while to look a little more closely at what has been happening at home. The immediate result of the invention of steam was to enrich all classes of the community, and so great an increase of wealth has probably never occurred in the history of the human race. Up to the year 1873, with short intervals of depression, our prosperity in England was continuous.

The opening of foreign markets, with the increased demand for every kind of manufacture, has had the effect of centralizing the population of this and other countries in the cities, and the rapid introduction of machinery into agriculture has contributed to this result.

The consequence has been an increased crowding of population around the manufacturing centres, and an immense increase of numbers in our town parishes, particularly of the working classes.

So long as our prosperity continued, the difficulty of dealing with this population was not so much noticed; but now that a reaction of something more than a temporary nature has set in, we are beginning to realize the situation. The steam engine has taken some years to outrun the accumulated necessities of the world. The producer has at last overtaken the consumer, and there seems little prospect of the increase of population and civilization ever again outstripping the rapidity of production. The effect, naturally, is a general depression, which as it can no longer find relief by sending the working classes back to agriculture, must in the necessity of things reduce the wealth of the manufacturing classes—placing thousands among the town populations in great difficulty as to earning a livelihood, and but for the cheapness of food would no doubt reduce them within a dangerous proximity of starvation.

It is not difficult to see that this state of things has a direct bearing upon the subject before us. Christian England seems at last awakening to the fact that something must be done. Fashionable "slumming" must at least have opened the eyes of some of its worshippers; but if this were the whole result of newspaper articles, and eloquent pamphlets, it would be poor indeed. What we need is that, as soon as possible, one half of the world should know how the other half lives, what its needs are, and what is being done to supply them; and then that the men whose lives are given up to the great Home Mission work should have their hands strengthened and their hearts encouraged by the redoubled efforts of the whole Christian Church.

Let us now turn for a moment to the scenes amongst which they work.

Few things are so calculated to promote serious thought in the mind of an intelligent and Christian person as the visible increase of population within the last twenty or even ten years in London and the other large towns of the kingdom. An evening hour in the Mile End Road will give a stranger more food for thought than, perhaps, any sight in London. The unceasing rattle of vehicles; the continuous hum of human voices; the never-lessening crowd of men and women hurrying along the footways, the busy shops where every conceivable thing is sold at inconceivably low prices; the numberless gin-palaces, beer-shops, theatres, waxwork exhibitions, and penny gaffs; the rows of pawnbrokers and marine store dealers' shops; the hucksters' stalls and barrows, where all the worn and rusty remnants of modern civilization seem to find purchasers; the Cheap Jacks and costermongers, peep-shows and telescopes, and a thousand other things that contribute to the hurrying life and amusement of an enormous struggling population—these give but a passing view of life in the more thickly populated parts of the Metropolis, a scene repeated on a smaller scale and with but slight variations in every great centre of population in the country.

Such scenes cannot fail to bring the thought, "How is it possible for Christian philanthropic effort *upon its present scale* to keep pace with the temporal and spiritual necessities of so vast and preoccupied a multitude?" And who can resist the conclusion that our present Home Missionary work in the Church of England, and in all the churches combined, is wholly and utterly inadequate to the necessity of the situation? No wonder the overworked clergy and Christian workers cry out for help!

Let us probe the scene a little more deeply, and see what is meant by the temporal and spiritual necessities of the crowd around us. That respectably dressed man that passed is a shopkeeper. He takes hard views of life; his customers are not always to be trusted; their notions of the rights of property are somewhat loose, and their hands are often restrained rather by the fear of discovery than by any moral or religious motives. Many of them are ever ready to deceive him, and perhaps he is not over-scrupulous with them. Habit is second nature, and conscience becomes dull. Sharp dealing grows into dishonesty, and sin drives good thoughts from the mind until a man becomes a hard, grasping, irreligious, money-making machine. This man wants help; who is to help him? Those two men who pushed past, shoulder to shoulder, were pickpockets. A hoarding, behind which some building is going on, narrows the width of the footway, and as the passers-by draw closer together

at this point, they find an opportunity of plying their occupation. One of them was brought up amongst criminals, and the other was left on the streets when his parents died, and was soon entrapped into the same society. These men want help; who is to help them?

Over there is a poor widow who supports her three little children by such odds and ends of work as she can get—full of labour, care, and anxiety; never a day ahead of her needs, and often days behind. She wants comfort, poor thing. Who is to give it her? That rough-looking girl is a factory-hand; she can hold her own for vulgar repartee with any of the young men of her own class; but there is little enough of the grace of womanhood about her, and she wants something done for her; she might be made a very different creature. Who is to do it? This poor, besotted fool, who has just come tumbling out of the gin-palace, with those rough, violent fellows, leaving the best part of his week's earnings behind him, is an artisan—a capital workman, but a slave to drink. When he is sober, his poor wife's misery, and the sight of their starvelings of children often touch his heart, and he vows he will never get drunk again; but his good resolutions go for nothing, and as sure as pay-day comes round he finds his way into the midst of the brawling, inane crowd that are attracted to the gin-palace by the music and gas and drink and company. This man wants a friend to help him; who is it to be?

There is a man of a very different stamp! Too much of a man to sell his soul for drink, but his trouble is that he cannot be sure he has a soul at all, or that there is a God; and keenly alive to the inequalities of fortune and the inconsistencies of many who profess to be religious, he is fain to study the infidel literature of the day and to dub himself an Agnostic, to throw in his lot with pot-house politicians, and fast become a danger to himself and others. Who is to put him right?

That is a casual dock labourer over there, all rags and bones. He spends the winter between the casual ward and the refuge, with an occasional night in a common lodging-house, when he chances to pick up a shilling at the docks, wharves, or markets. Almost anyone here will tell you that he is past all help; that these dock labourers are the very lowest dregs of society, and the sooner he is dead the better. What! Is it not some one's duty to attend to him? and whose?

And here is a poor boy. His widowed mother died last year. He cannot speak of her without tears in his eyes, for he has had bitter experience of the world since then. It is almost a miracle that he is not now a thief; but he has honestly supported himself ever since her death—he scarce knows how—holding people's horses, and occasionally, when he has capital

enough, buying watercresses and lettuces for sale. He cannot afford a lodging, but sleeps amongst a heap of old timber. Who is responsible for this boy?

Ask these questions in the fashionable circles of society; ask them in the middle classes; ask them of the working-man, and the answer will be, "Go to the parson. It is his duty, not mine; that is what parsons are for!"

We do not admit it. We cannot deceive ourselves to the extent of supposing that a nation can throw its responsibilities upon the shoulders of a few self-sacrificing, devoted men; and yet who can disguise from himself the fact that, with comparatively trifling exceptions, the clergy and Nonconformist ministers and lay-workers in all our large towns are left almost unaided by the public, and but poorly supported by a large body of Church members, to combat the hydra-headed monster of neglect, corruption, and sin that is hurrying on its too ready victims to destruction.

Is it not time that we, the laity of the Church of Christ, and of the Church of England as the largest and most powerful section of that Church in this country, should come to the rescue?

Do not let us be satisfied with the thought that the great united efforts of to-day to stimulate the masses by some unusual and attractive means, such as special missions, large meetings, eloquent and earnest addresses, are all that is needed! In some sense these movements increase the embarrassment, if there are no adequate means of permanently cultivating the impressions then received. The solid and most enduring work of the Church after all must be done by the unremitting labours of those who day by day, week by week, month by month, and year by year, are pressing home the gospel truths from the pulpit and in the home, and, by precept and example, leading thousands in the Master's footsteps.

Consider what a clergyman has on his hands.

In the first place, the house-to-house visitation principally, and often almost entirely, devolves upon the Church of England. Then, in addition to all the individual requirements to be provided for, of which we have selected a few examples, he has to do something for all the different bodies of persons in his parish. There are the police, the omnibus and tram and cab-drivers, the roadmen, and often operatives of particular classes. In addition to this there are Sunday and other schools, fathers, mothers, and prayer meetings, Bible-classes, indoor and outdoor services, associations for young men and young women, temperance and other societies, to be attended to; and, in addition, sermons to be prepared every week, and addresses given from time to time, thus ab-

sorbing what few hours an overworked man might fairly devote to relaxation.

We venture to think that one great cause of our pastoral work having fallen so grievously behind the necessities of our vast population is, that numbers of these noble, earnest men are being daily forgotten in the midst of louder-sounding but not more pressing claims; and this condition of affairs never demanded more than it now does the attention of the Christian public.

Let us go to Falcon Court in Fleet Street, and take a few cases from the books of the Church Pastoral Aid Society by way of example. Here is an organization the object of which is to supplement with grants of money the salaries of curates and lay-helpers in large town parishes; the greatest help an overworked clergyman, struggling with the necessities of a great population, can desire.

We find a clergyman appealing for a grant of £35 towards the salary of a curate in a new mining district in Wales, with a present population of between 3,000 and 4,000, which will soon amount to 10,000 on account of the opening of new collieries. He says there are large numbers of the present population made up of Churchmen, and he has received a petition signed by 270 adults praying him to provide them with religious services according to the forms of the Church of England. Another, single-handed in a poor parish in Birmingham, with a population of 4,500, and an income of £200 per annum but no house, begs for help towards a curate's stipend. As also does another with a parish of 5,000, and an income of £160 per annum and no house.

A grant towards a third curate in a parish of 20,000 souls is urgently asked for, the Society already contributing £120 per annum towards the stipends of two curates. A similar grant is asked for in a London parish of 7,500 persons and no curate at all. A very low seaport parish with a population of 6,000, and 25,000 emigrants annually passing through it, needs a curate. Another vicar, almost prostrate with low-fever from overwork single-handed amongst 8,000 operatives, pleads piteously for help.

An incumbent of a district in the Midlands, with an income of £256 per annum and a parsonage, asks for £40 towards a curate's stipend, and says of his population of 4,000: "All are colliers, and very poor at the present time; the moral tone of the place is very low indeed."

Take, again, some Northern cases. One incumbent with £295 per annum and a parsonage, but no curate, has a population of about 9,000, of whom he says: "The inhabitants are all operatives; or small shopkeepers dependent on weekly

wages. In consequence of the poverty of the place the calls on me are almost overwhelming." Another clergyman, whose income is only £50, and no parsonage, house or curate, describes his population as being "5,000, increasing very fast—working people, engaged at the wire trade, fustian, and every kind of petty hawking." This is missionary work indeed, and in a district which the applicant describes as having had *no Sunday or day schools.*

An applicant for help from a district in the Liverpool Diocese states his population to be 6,214, composed chiefly of labouring people, a large number of houses of ill fame, and some shopkeepers. This gentleman has no curate to help him. From the same diocese comes an appeal by a minister whose income amounts to £150 per annum with a parsonage, in the midst of a population of 5,000, consisting of manufactory, mining and agricultural persons; amongst whom, he states, there is only one influential resident. He asks for £20 per annum for two years towards a second curate.

Another clergyman in an extremely poor parish of 5,500, says that the only local help available is that of one lady, a Unitarian gentleman, and a Congregationalist. And without further multiplying cases, we will only mention an applicant from a great Northern shipbuilding centre, who has one curate in a population of between 10,000 and 11,000, which he thus describes: "No gentry in the parish—only about eight or ten families of a middle-class position, some clerks and small shopkeepers—rest all working people, some extremely low and destitute."

Such cases, taken from a daily increasing number of similar applications, speak for themselves, and show that, in spite of the work of the sister Society and the numerous Diocesan funds which have sprung up, the clergy of the Church of England are greatly in need of help from the laity to enable them to cope with the necessities of the people.

It is, however, refreshing to turn to the testimony in the records of the same Society as to the value of the work done by the very large number of curates and lay-helpers already on its books.

One vicar writes:

The good work at our Mission Room is going on steadily; it is truly a light in a dark place, for the people in the neighbourhood are very poor and indifferent to spiritual teaching.

Another says:

Be so good as to express to the Committee my grateful thanks for their continued grant; without it I don't know what I could do, except fly from the place.

Another writes:

I am thankful to be able to record the earnest and diligent labours of

my curate and lay assistant. It is not easy to visit all the population of 10,000 souls, but we have long visited our people on system.

And after stating, what is no doubt the fact, that the house-visitation is left almost entirely to the clergy of the Established Church, he says:

It is clear, therefore, that but for the aid of the Church Pastoral Aid Society many of our people would live and die without any religious instruction.

A Yorkshire incumbent in a parish of 10,000 souls states that when he went there twenty-six years ago there was no church, no school, no parsonage, no endowment: nothing but a grant of £60 a year by the Church Pastoral Aid Society. "I consider, therefore," he says, "that the Society is the founder of the parish and the whole of its organization, and to its aid the parish owes its all, as regards its machinery." There is now church, vicarage, school, and endowment of £300 per annum, in addition to a grant from the Society of £70 a year towards the salary of a lay assistant.

This case gives rise to another consideration which often escapes attention: the matter of endowments. The old mother parishes have been constantly throwing off new parishes and districts, the necessity for which has filled our Statute Book with chapters, sections and provisoes. But in one respect the Legislature has been unable to assist, and whilst the public have looked to the new incumbents for the same temporal and spiritual help they have learned to expect in the old parishes, they too frequently forget that, in the absence of endowment, the work that is done is due in a great measure to pinching self-denial in the incumbent's home, or the expenditure of his private means upon the work of his church.

These new districts are of recent growth, and are, so to speak, outside the Church's endowments. The population they contain often consists almost entirely of working people, who can only contribute to a very limited extent to religious work.

It is not an uncommon thing for applicants to the Society, particularly from the Northern districts, to state that hardly any person in the parish keeps a domestic servant, and we must leave the public to imagine the difficulty of keeping the religious work of a parish going under such circumstances.

To a certain extent the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have endeavoured to remedy this state of things by supplementing grants made by this and other societies; but even their funds are not inexhaustible, and the burden must fall upon the already overtaxed incumbents, unless the laity come forward to help them. In a large number of cases the Church Pastoral Aid Society has been the only friend through whom a vicar has been able to earn the assistance of the Commissioners.

As we look at the bundle of letters lying before us similar to those already cited, full of gratitude for help given, we can only thank God, and hope that the increased services, house-to-house visitations, and mission-rooms established by the help of the Society, resulting as they are described in largely increased interest in spiritual things—in the increase of the number of baptisms, candidates for Confirmation, and attendants at the Holy Communion — may be still further supplemented a hundred-fold.

In times of distress and depression such as our country is now enduring, discontent with all its fellow-evils is rife amongst us; and it is worthy the consideration of all thoughtful and patriotic persons what steps are most necessary to leaven the masses with moral and religious principles. But to those who believe that the only cure for all our national sin and unhappiness is the spread of the Gospel, the subject has a claim not only of duty but of love.

It cannot be right that cases such as those above mentioned should meet with the constant answer from this and kindred Societies, "We are most willing, but quite unable to help you;" and we venture to think that it is only necessary to make our fellow-Churchmen aware of this constant cry for help to secure a ready and liberal response.

W. F. A. Archibald.

Art. V.—CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.

No. VI.—Little Mike.

THE life of a London "Arab," before the introduction of Board Schools, presented features of degradation which, from their extreme deformity, almost surpassed the boundaries of belief. From the earliest moment in which his surroundings could afford him the least opportunity for reflection, sin in its most repulsive aspects presented itself to his opening mind. He seldom, if ever, went to school. All day he wandered about the streets, always in company with boys similarly circumstanced; and at night, when he did not return home, he managed to find a resting-place sometimes in a low lodging-house, sometimes, if in the summer, in a snug corner of one of the parks, or under an archway, and sometimes in the inside of a "four-wheeler," which was regarded as a great luxury in the way of "apartments." His clothes were scanty, his food precarious, and his life a scene of almost endless variety in