

THE
WHITECHAPEL HERALD.

MARCH,

A LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

1919.

Whitechapel Primitive Methodist Mission.

Centres: 1.—Brunswick Hall. 2.—Working Lads' Institute & Home. 3.—Home of Rest, Southend-on-Sea.

Superintendent—REV. THOMAS JACKSON, 279, Whitechapel Road, London, E. 1.

“A Friend in Need is a Friend indeed.”

When the Newspapers reported that thousands of Soldiers arriving at night in London were unable to procure beds and had to sleep on door steps and be homeless for the night, the Whitechapel Mission offered, through the Y.M.C.A., sleeping accommodation for 130 men per night.

From December 7th to January 31st, 1919, the Working Lads' Institute & Brunswick Hall were transformed into a
Soldiers' Hostel.

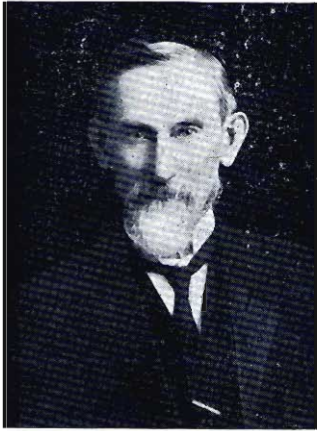


Mr. Jackson and West Indians.

Upwards of 600 soldiers have been accommodated at the Institute and Brunswick Hall. These represent English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Canadians, Americans, Newfoundlanders, New Zealanders, Australians, South Africans, East and West Indians.

To all parts of the British Empire will be carried pleasant memories of the hospitality of Whitechapel Primitive Methodist Mission by our brave Tommies.

Superintendent's Notes.



THANK You.

In the Annual Report of Whitechapel Mission issued last December we invited our friends and subscribers to rally to our support, and a most generous response followed. Our

forty-second Christmas in East London Slumland was rendered the happiest we have experienced, by the many tokens of sympathy and confidence sent by friends. We were delighted with the wide-spread interest indicated for our personal health and welfare, and the appreciation shown for the labours of Mrs. Jackson, the writer, and the Mission Staff. The assurance of the prayers and best wishes of so many of our kind supporters was a splendid tonic to us, and most cheerfully and with all our heart we tender to one and all *our best thanks*.

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CHRISTMAS Chimes our Friends gave us.

—It was a delightful experience reading the letters our friends sent with their donations during the Christmas Season. We give a few samples. "I have pleasure in sending you cheque, value £1/0/8, proceeds of a Bran Pie."—Weobley Sunday School. "My dear Mother passed away suddenly a few months ago, I am sending you 5/- that I intended spending on a present for her."—L.H. "I send you £1 as a thank-offering that our two dear sons have come through this dreadful war unwounded."—One interested. "The Report is grand.

I have enjoyed reading it and it's good to know you are young in heart, hopeful in spirit, and vigorous in limb. Please find P.O. 6/-."—B.V., 74 years of age. "For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labours of love, which you have shewed towards His Name, in that ye have ministered and do minister to those needy ones for whom Christ died."—Rev. H. and Mrs. P. "Your great war work is not against flesh and blood, but it is beautiful in its mercy, its healing, and its binding up of wounds. Cheque enclosed, 10/6."—Rev. W. J. "I've just read through your report, and when I had finished, I said to my wife and daughter K.—I would like to send Mr. Jackson 10/-, and they at once made it up to a guinea."—W.S.T. "You will not mind my Xmas. gift (£1) being early. It would have come had you not sent a reminder. Wishing you joy and success."—W.F.J. "On behalf of the Primary Dept. of the P.M.S.S., Hassett Street, Bedford, we are forwarding this small box of toys. Our children, who are all under 8½ years, send their love and best wishes." "Mother said to me, Cissy, I am sure Rev. Jackson would be pleased if we sent a donation, though we cannot send much. So mother, my youngest sister, and I are sending one shilling each."—C.T. "Wife and I desire to have a finger in your great work and so am enclosing our usual sub. of two guineas."—J.C.W. "Your report grows more interesting year by year." "Even the signing of peace will not obviate such work as you are doing." "Please accept a small gift as an acknowledgment of blessings received." "Go on, and God bless you." "You were evidently born for the work." "Father, 88 years, is still interested in your work." "The Chickerell Congregational friends had a special service, which was addressed by an Australian Soldier, who knew something of your work. Collection, £2/10/- for your Mission."—H.W. The foregoing samples of our correspondence will

help readers of the W. Herald to understand why Xmas., 1918, was so happy to us.

BLINDED in the War. While a number of our people are sorrowing over the loss of those dear to them who have fallen on the battle-field, others have relatives who have been blinded, and this has helped to deepen their sympathy with the effort Sir Arthur Pearson is making to raise a fund of a quarter of a million for the benefit of the children of soldiers and sailors blinded in the war. The proposal to raise by an effort at Christmas £10 for the fund was taken up most heartily by our people, who gave and collected, chiefly in coppers, the desired sum of £10.

TOMMIES sleeping on door steps.—Early in the month of December last, the newspapers gave most distressing accounts of soldiers who upon arrival in London from abroad could not procure a bed or lodgings and had to spend the night in the streets, sleeping on door steps as best they could in the cold and rain. An appeal was made to the public for additional beds. We responded promptly to the appeal by offering to provide, with a little additional help, for 130 men per night at the Institute and Brunswick Hall. The offer was accepted, and on December 7th the first soldier to arrive as our lodger was a Canadian. Then followed others whose destination was in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, Newfoundland, United States of America, New Zealand, Australia, East Indies, West Indies, and South Africa. Upwards of 600 men enjoyed the shelter and comfort provided by our Mission. One, who is expecting to enter College shortly for training as a Church of England Missionary, was pleasingly surprised at seeing in the room at the Institute where he slept, in large size, artistically painted on the wall, the text "*What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk*

humbly with thy God." He was even more surprised, but highly pleased, when informed that the artistic work he so much admired was done by a man, who, when he first came in contact with our Mission was clothed in rags, starving, and homeless, and was given cast-off clothing, food, and admitted to Brunswick Hall free night shelter. The first night he spent with us became the turning point in his career, and he went forward and upward to self-support, self-improvement, and a Christian life. As an expression of his gratitude for what had been done for him, he designed and painted that beautiful Motto. "Remarkable, remarkable," exclaimed our prospective Clergyman.



Father Christmas arrives.

FATHER Christmas.

Whatever illusion or delusion adults think they have discovered in the popular Father Christmas, with his snow-white hair, ruddy cheeks, patriarchal beard, scarlet cloak, sack of toys, and wonderful hat; there was

no mistaking the signs of his continued popularity. When he made his appearance on three separate occasions last Xmas. in Brunswick Hall to 800 of the poorest children in East London, there was given him a welcome that for loud cheers and excitement could not easily be surpassed. Little ones who had felt the pinch of hunger, whose limited clothing was only an apology for pretending to keep them warm, and

some whose feet were without boots or stockings, were so charmed with the appearance of Father Christmas that privation and



What a flash-light revealed

chilblains were for a time forgotten, and the previous night's dreams (for waifs have dreams) seemed to have come true and were about to be fulfilled. Prior to the entrance of the venerable visitor, a street arab, to show that he knew better than to be "taken in" like the other kiddies, said to a lad sitting next to him, "Garn, there ain't no Father Christmas, its Mr. ———dressed up in Petticoat Lane togs." "Shut up," was the reply, "Ain't Father Christmas got long whiskers and a red nose, and Mr. ———ain't." That settled the question of the genuineness of the personality of the distinguished visitor.

Before he actually appeared, however, a few items had to be cleared off the programme for the occasion. The story old, yet ever new, of the Bethlehem shepherds watching their flocks by night, the Angels' song, the little baby in the manger, had to be re-told; the hymns,

"Hark, the herald angels sing," &c., also

"Once in royal David's city,

"Stood a lowly cattle shed," &c.

Then followed solos and recitations by juveniles, which were loudly applauded, then messages from supposed *fairies* had to be given by Mr. ———who informed the excited audience that the tea would be a good one, and

there would be real cake for each guest. This last item was a most popular one. Then followed details of toys, Xmas. cards, real silver sixpences, as substitutes for oranges, apples, and sweets, with mince pies and rock cakes added. The gramophone took part creditably, but when the sound of the toy drums and trumpets was heard, telling of the approach of Father Christmas with his attendants in their fancy paper adornments, the remainder of the programme had to be *taken as read*, and all eyes and not a few astonished open mouths were focussed upon the wonderful visitor robed in scarlet and white and with a smile on his ruddy face that *never came off*.

He wished them all "A Happy Christmas," a chorus of responses replied, "Same to you, old Father Christmas, and many of them." The writer and his worthy band of helpers had weary limbs and strained nerves as their share of the waifs' treats, but they had also the



This is how we enjoyed our Christmas Treat.

happy reflection that in hundreds of slum homes little tongues would tell, and interested ears would listen, to the wonderful story of Father Christmas' visit to Brunswick Hall, in December, 1918.

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**A NEW Year's Greeting from
 the New Forest.**—What great

things can be done, when there is a warm heart, a resolute purpose, and a willing mind; active faith and practical sympathy "laugh at impossibility and cry it shall be done." A village, with its small, but neat, Primitive Methodist Chapel, in the New Forest, known as Cadnam in the Romsey Circuit, has no millionaire in it but there are a few noble souls, led by enthusiastic Mrs. Snook, assisted by juveniles, including Sylvia and Algie Snook, Misses Booth, Dovey, Masterman, Judd, Master Laurence and others. A tea and entertainment were provided, the proceeds of which were given to Whitechapel Mission for a New Year's tea and treat for 300 waifs and strays. The sum of £12 was sent to us as the result, and on February 13th there was great rejoicing in Brunswick Hall. The scene was in strange contrast to the sylvan glades in the New Forest, but it had a charm and delight that will be placed to the credit of that New Forest village and its generous helpers.

FOR Love of me.—One of our colleagues on the Whitechapel Board of Guardians, a lady who is doing a splendid work amongst the poor and broken women of the East End of London, and who is in fullest sympathy with our work, has kindly supplied me with the following verses, of (to us,) an unknown author. They may help to hearten some of our teachers in their difficult tasks in the Master's service.

The ground is hard and thick with seed
And roots of intertwining weed;
The sky is grey, the wind is chill:
I ask of thee keep ploughing still,

For love of me.

It may be much reward must wait
Till thou hast passed the pearly gate,
It may be other hands will reap
Where thou art ploughing furrows deep,

For love of me.

I ask of thee keep ploughing still
With hopeful heart and steadfast will,
Unheeding worldly praise or blame,
Thy motive evermore the same,

For love of me

If feet should tire, and heart should ache,
Yet ever keep thy love awake
With thought of how thy Saviour came,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
For love of thee.

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THAT Door-Step did it.—One of the most recent illustrations of the working of the Holy Spirit by simple means was supplied us the other day. I had occasion to visit a large business establishment in the city and not knowing in what part of the premises the office was I was seeking, enquired of the official who was in uniform. Having been directed by him where to go, he added, "You don't remember me, Mr. Jackson." I had to admit that I had not that pleasure. "Do you remember," said he, "some few years ago when you gave an address to the homeless men in your night shelter, you spoke to the men about the useful and welcome door steps (bread and jam) you were pleased to supply them with. You said there was one door step you warned us against touching, and that was the publican's door step, and pleaded with us to give up drink and sin and accept Christ, the Friend and Saviour of publicans and sinners. I was one of those men whose hunger made your bread door steps very welcome. That night I resolved, God helping me, I would never touch drink again and trust Christ for the pardon of all my sins. I have kept my resolve, and by the grace of God, I am striving to lead a straight, clean life, and can rejoice in the possession of a happy home and a good situation. It was that door step you talked about that did it." What can we do better than keep sowing the Gospel seed beside all waters.

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THE Penny Dinners.—With exception of the intervals during school holidays, we have continued to supply slum children, five days weekly, with a good dinner for a penny for the past two years. The total number of



meals supplied is **sixty-eight thousand**. This result will add an additional and not an insignificant item to the record of our Mission's work. The dinners were commenced at a time of great need, and of national peril, and intended to benefit a section of our slum population, least able to cope with the difficulties

of high prices and scarcity of food. Such extensive and prolonged activities have been rendered possible by the generous gift of an anonymous donor of £50, when the work was commenced, and by the hearty support our friends have given. We hope to continue the dinners until next Easter, when we trust the improved conditions will justify us in suspending them for the summer months. It will be a welcome relief to our devoted staff of workers if this can be done.

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A **N Old Incident Rehearsed.**—A visitor to the Penny Dinners at Brunswick Hall, when watching the children coming down a short, but rather steep, flight of steps into the Schoolroom, observed a small boy carrying a still smaller boy on his back with difficulty. Upon reaching the bottom of the flight, he deposited the little one on the floor with evident signs that he had got free from a heavy load. The gentleman visitor was much impressed with the kind and considerate act of the boy, and patting him on the back, said, "That was a heavy burden for you to carry, my little man." Looking up at the stranger with surprise, mingled with something akin to disgust, he said, "Garn, it ain't no burden, he's my buvver (brother)." The stranger carried away with him that day not only a mental picture of some 300 mites having a good meal,

but also a secret of successful and continuous service for Christ in slumland. The flotsam and jetsam of our city become less repellent and unattractive when regarded from the view point, not simply as burdens, but as brethren. When we turn from the spectacle of social and moral ruin that vice and sin have wrought to the sublime purpose of the Son of God in coming into the world, and the possibilities the grace of God reveal, then the remembrance of brotherhood quickens daily duty, discovers and embraces opportunity, puts sunshine into unpleasant tasks, and adds to rescue work the melody and refrain—

*"None need perish,
All may live, for Christ hath died."*

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R **ECONSTRUCTION.**—The blessed word, *Mesopotamia*, will have to look out or it will soon have to give place to the blessed word, *reconstruction*. It would seem to us as though some prominent ministers and others in the churches have made it their "meat and drink" to speculate, talk, and write about reconstruction. The church is passing through a crisis; her methods are obsolete; her ordinances unattractive; her ministrations commonplace and feeble; and her attraction and authority superseded. We waste none of our time in attending Conventions, Conferences, Councils, or Committees, to listen to such doleful dirges. One such Convention was held in East London the other day. The day was a bitterly cold one, the room in which some score ministers and laymen assembled was not heated, and while a Doctor of Divinity, from the West End, was deploring the coldness of the churches and their lack of attractiveness, the audience sat shivering with cold in their top coats. It did not occur to this representative of the "Church in danger fraternity" that the exercise of practical common sense was of prior importance to reconstruction discussion. An effective heating apparatus will attract, a

refrigerator will repel. We preached a few mornings ago in an East End Church where the thermometer was registering 14 degrees of frost. One of the gallery windows was partially open, being out of repair, several panes of glass were broken, through which the frosty air freely entered; two small and defective gas stoves, that might have made a perceptible impression on the temperature of a small vestry, seemed to mock the half-frozen preacher and shivering small congregation. What would common sense and respect for the House of God suggest was the type of reconstruction needed there, and in all similar places of worship? We venture to affirm not a Conference, but the carpenter and glazier; not a Convention, but the hot water engineer; not a Council, but several women scrubbers with hot water, soap, and soda. In this respect, also, we must remember that "Judgment must begin at the House of God." We understand that some kind of proposal has been made by an association to our Connexional authorities to hand over to it some of our Chapels, described as derelicts, in East London. The pretention is that such association will make better and more successful use of them. Judged by some samples known to us, the so-called better use would consist of smoking, games, sing-songs, and amateur theatricals. That would be reconstruction with a vengeance. It would extinguish our Church's witness and life where at present they may be feeble; and be sufficiently sad to call from their graves the godly men and women, who toiled so arduously and sacrificed so generously of their limited means to rear our Chapels and establish Primitive Methodism in one of the most difficult areas of the Metropolis. Surely this shall never be allowed to come to pass. What we need in East London to meet the demands of the situation and times is more spade work, and financial aid that will enable more agents to be employed. Think of our borough of

Stepney with adjoining districts, embracing a population of nearly one million, and our Connexion being only represented by the Whitechapel Mission. Well we pray, "O Lord, revive Thy work."

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Sapper Wm. Jackson.

THE boys coming home. We have been pleased to welcome back a number of our boys of the one hundred and fifty on our Roll of Honour. They have not only survived the risks of battle, but have also "Kept the faith" and are beginning to take their places in the ranks of our Mission workers. In the list we are thankful to include our youngest son, who was seriously wounded at Cambrai in October, but has made a good recovery and is now in the Homeland. In a future number of the "Herald" we hope to give interesting details of our brave boys.

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PURTON Endeavour's splendid repeat.—For many years the late Mr. Sweeper, of Purton, Wilts., took a deep interest in our work, and was not only an annual subscriber but interested others in our Mission. After a long and honoured association with Primitive Methodism he entered the Saints' Homeland. Purton Primitive Methodist interest did not cease with his departure, however. Brothers Wheeler and Iles, the Christian Endeavourers and other friends, continue to show sympathy with our effort, and the latest contribution, consisting of sixteen sacks of vegetables, has delighted our staff of helpers, and hundreds of our poor and needy neighbours. Well done, Purton Primitives, and many thanks to you.

SUCCESSORS to Dorcas. We have many lady friends who collect and repair cast-off garments and also make new ones for our Mission, and we greatly appreciate such kindly help. From Mrs. Hook, of Surbiton, Mrs. Bennett, of Tideswell, Miss Hitchman, of Walthamstow, and Alderman Kiley, M.P., we received most generous contributions of Clothing and Toys for Christmas distribution that were of exceptionally valuable help to us. The gift of 600 farthings, sent by Mrs. Hook for Cripples, gave a delightful surprise to the Cripples' Christmas party. Gifts of cash, coal, vegetables, and clothing were made to many needy families, which afforded seasonable cheer and help. The poor women had a meat tea; the men, a Christmas dinner; the Institute lads, their treat; and in hundreds of slum homes the activities of our Mission and Staff were the means of giving a little comfort and happiness. The work of the past Christmas was rendered more pleasurable by having the assistance of a number of our boys, who were home on leave from the front.

THAT Beautiful Home. A lady who takes a great interest in the girl life of the East End, and with whom we have occasionally been able to co-operate effectively, recently applied to us to take several very needy and worthy cases into the Home of Rest, at Southend, with a view to their restoration to health. When making the application, she said, "that beautiful Home of yours, at Southend, is a real haven of rest and Bethesda of healing, and the blessing of hundreds of grateful visitors abides upon it." We are pleased to say that 575 visitors have shared the accommodation of the Home of Rest during the past year, and some very

worthy and needy cases have been befriended. Notwithstanding the greatly increased cost of provisions and all domestic commodities, owing to the excellent management, the Home has had a much better financial year than was expected, and we anticipate that the audit after March 31st will shew a balance on the right side. Recent visitors include some Primitive Methodists from Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Notts., whose residence for a few weeks at Southend has proved very beneficial to their health. One of the Yorkshire friends said he had no idea of Primitive Methodism having such a splendid Home. He suggested that it needed to be better known and should be well advertised. We informed him that our difficulty was not to get visitors but to accommodate those who applied. As we cannot enlarge the present Home, it may be that *Home of Rest Number Two* may make its appearance some day not far hence.

JUST a Reminder. We received a mild, but friendly, rebuke the other day from a subscriber, that his name had not appeared in our last years subscription list owing to our fault in not reminding him. We pointed out to him that unless specially requested we did not feel we had a claim to remind any one personally of their omission. There are a considerable number of friends who have in previous years sent us contributions, but from whom we have, as yet, not received any donation this year. May we remind such friends that our books have to close for audit on March 31st, so should they wish their names to be included in "*Our subscribers Roll of Honour*," they must please *hurry up*.

THOMAS JACKSON.