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darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? Or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?"

It is not unlikely that these phylacteries of the Christians, though found among the heathen, as the Trullian Council intimates, were really derived and copied from the "tephilin" or phylacteries of the Jews. They were small slips of parchment, or vellum, on which certain portions of the law were written, enclosed in cases of black calf-skin, and tied about the forehead and left arm. The Jews considered them as a Divine ordinance, and founded their use of them on Exod. xiii. 9, and similar passages. The design of them was believed to be, first, to put them in mind of those precepts which they should constantly observe, and, secondly, to give them reverence and respect in the sight of the heathen. These were, however, afterwards degraded into instruments of superstition, and used as amulets or charms to drive away evil spirits. Lightfoot thinks it not unlikely that our Lord Himself wore the phylacteries, in accordance with the custom of the country, and that He condemned not the wearing of them, but the pride and self-sufficiency of the Pharisees, of which they were the conspicuous symbol. Be this as it may, superstition lies at the root and heart of Bibliomancy in all its forms. Lord Bacon well explains the radical defect of divination in his "Essay on Superstition," where he describes it as "the taking an aim at Divine matters by human, which cannot but breed mixture of imaginations."

WILLIAM COWAN.

ART. VIII.—THE "MORNING POST" HOME.

SEVERAL London societies are doing highly commendable work for the nation by rescuing boys and girls from vicious and criminal surroundings, and by reclaiming women who have become social outcasts, but comparatively little is done for those unhappy, despairing men who, through misfortune or their own folly, have been rendered homeless and reduced to the verge of starvation. The idea that a tramp is necessarily a rogue and beyond reclamation is far too prevalent. Certainly there are tramps who have no desire for work and refuse it when offered, but there are others, men without character and without friends, who would gladly avail themselves of an opportunity to earn an honest living. Many, despairing of this opportunity ever presenting itself, become in time habitual criminals. It is lamentable, but it cannot be considered surprising. What chance of obtaining work has a clerk discharged for dishonesty? For every vacant clerkship

advertised there are, at the very least, a score of applicants, and nineteen of them can produce testimonials. Is it likely that the advertiser will engage the twentieth man? The poor clerk may be willing to work and fully determined to be honest, but his one dishonourable act is a barrier which he tries in vain to surmount. A skilled workman may have committed a far greater crime, but, belonging to a class that is not too plentiful, he has little difficulty in obtaining employment; his work is considered of more importance than his character. But for want of work, the ex-clerk sinks lower and lower in the social scale and is driven to theft. It is very easy for anyone whose greatest hardship has been to miss one meal to declare that on no account should a man steal, but is he confident that he would resist the temptation if he and his family had been without food for thirty-six hours, and he saw that the only way to appease their hunger was by theft? Necessity makes many criminals, and it is one of the ironies of London life that, while every year hundreds of boys are removed from evil influence and trained to become good citizens, scores of men who have been brought up respectably are driven by want of work and food into the ranks of the criminal class. Stroll along the Embankment any night after the theatres have closed and you will see plenty of these human derelicts—the man willing to work and anxious to lead a respectable life sleeping side by side with the rogue, whom all the help in the world would fail to reclaim.

Nevertheless, the state of affairs on the Embankment is slowly but steadily improving. This is largely due to an article which appeared in the *Morning Post* about four years ago, describing the condition of the men who slept nightly on the Embankment, and urging that efforts should be made to reclaim them. In response to the article, the readers of that paper subscribed a sum of money for the starting of a Home for outcasts. The matter was placed in the hands of the Church Army, with the result that premises were taken in Millbank Street, Westminster, and opened as "The *Morning Post* Embankment Home." It was soon seen that the Home, which had sleeping accommodation for ten men, was destined to be a success, and a few months later it was found necessary to remove to its present premises at 59, Millbank Street. The Duke of Westminster opened the new Home in the presence of the late Bishop of London, and from that time, managed by the Church Army and financially supported by the readers of the *Morning Post*, it has been the means of restoring many outcast men to respectable and honest lives.

When the Home was started, and was unknown to the

men whom it sought to benefit, "Captain" Sims, the superintendent, went nightly to the Embankment and invited men whom he found sleeping there to return with him. Now, however, it is so well known and appreciated that they come of their own accord and ask for admission. Frequently they are told that all the beds, fifty in number, are occupied, and have to trudge off disappointed to pass the night on the Embankment seats. But occasionally there are one or two beds vacant when midnight arrives. Then the superintendent goes off to the Embankment and invites men to come and occupy them. He tells them that in return for their supper and bed they will have to chop six baskets of firewood, a task occupying about an hour and a half. The invitation is usually accepted promptly and thankfully, but sometimes on arriving at the Home a difficulty arises—a man refuses to have a bath. If he persists in his refusal he has to quit at once, but those who prefer dirt to cleanliness are small in number. When a new arrival has had a bath and supper he is shown to his bed. Every inmate has a small room to himself, and it must indeed be a joy to a poor fellow who has slept for several nights on the Embankment to find himself after a satisfying meal in a clean, comfortable, spring-mattress bed. In the morning the man can have breakfast, in payment for which he has to chop three baskets of firewood. By chopping another six he can obtain dinner, and for two more tea.

When I visited the Home I saw a schoolmaster, a barber, and a clerk hard at work with other men chopping wood. At times the variety of men to be found thus employed is striking. "Captain" Sims showed me the book, in which are entered the names, age, and calling of every inmate, and, glancing through it, I saw that a lawyer, a commercial traveller, a musician, a cigar merchant, and a draper's assistant had recently found shelter at the Home. Labourers, carmen, and clerks were numerous. The majority of these men attributed their downfall to drink. The particulars which some of them furnished were, no doubt, incorrect; but when a man describes himself as a lawyer, a schoolmaster, or a musician, there is little difficulty in discovering whether or not he is speaking the truth. Some of the men who vaguely describe themselves as labourers give false names in the hope of escaping the attention of the police. But assumed names do not throw the police off the scent, and occasionally one of the inmates is marched to the police-station for some crime which he committed before entering the Home. This is no disgrace to the institution. It is not a Home for respectable men only, but a shelter for any destitute man, irrespective of his character, nationality, or creed. It is a casual ward,

with the very important difference that it strives to better the condition of those whom it shelters. Some of the men have, unfortunately, no desire to be reclaimed, and a few are ungrateful enough to attempt to evade the task of wood-chopping allotted to them in return for the supper and bed which they have received.

There are, however, many men who not only do their work cheerfully and thoroughly, but are truly grateful for the timely help they have received. Here is an extract from a letter written by a former inmate to "Captain" Sims: "As you must remember, it is now nearly a twelvemonth ago that I was obliged to knock at the door of the *Morning Post* Home. . . . I was too weak to seek or obtain employment, but, nevertheless, I was taken into your Home after wandering the streets of London for nine consecutive nights; and the cup of tea I had the first night of my admission was the first I had tasted for nearly a week; but that is not all—you sent me to a neighbouring place for a day's work. I persevered there until I obtained regular employment, and am working there still at the present time; and notwithstanding having to leave work lately for seven weeks through an accident, the place was kept open for me, and my salary was even increased on my return. So in concluding this letter, let me only fervently wish that those Homes kept open by your society may long—ay, for ever—exist and flourish for the sake of suffering humanity. . . . I know by experience that untold good is being done daily and hourly by that estimable Church Army. Again thanking you as one of the many you have benefited and, so to speak, raised out of the mire."

Although wood-chopping is the task on which most of the inmates are employed, there is other work carried on at the Home. All the washing is done on the premises, and it is very rarely that an outside man has to be called in for any job. When possible a man is put to work at his ordinary trade, and all the cubicles have been erected by inmates. A complete set of furniture has been made in the Home, and many articles in use there testify to the inmates' cabinet-making skill. Some men are employed in folding, addressing, and distributing circulars, and anyone requiring work of this description done would be assisting a most deserving cause if he placed it in the hands of "Captain" Sims. The work is carefully supervised, and the management is hopeful of being able to extend it considerably. Clerks, messengers, and sandwichmen can always be obtained at the Home.

Since the outbreak of the war some fifty of the inmates have enlisted and gone to South Africa, many with the determination to remain, if possible, in that country when

their period of service expires. Unfortunately, the war has driven other men into the Home. When the reserves were called out many large employers of labour had the unusual experience of finding a difficulty in obtaining the class of men they desired, and were compelled to fill their vacancies with men of a type which at any other time they would on no account have employed. As a result, there were very few men in London willing to work who did not obtain employment. But as the reservists began to return and to take up the places which had been kept open for them, many of the temporary men found themselves once more out of work. Scores of men willing and eager to work descended step by step until, homeless and starving, they applied for admission to the *Morning Post* Home. But many of these applicants, men who in a time of national urgency had taken a humble but very necessary part in keeping at work the machinery of commercial life, failed to obtain admission, the Home being full. It is, however, hoped that before long the Home will have accommodation for many more inmates than at present, as 59, Millbank Street, being doomed by the London County Council's Embankment Improvement Scheme, the Church Army and the *Morning Post* are anxious to build new and larger premises.

One room in the present Home has been converted into a pretty little chapel and dedicated "to the honour and glory of God, in memory of Alice Beatrice, Lady Glenesk." Here morning and evening prayer is held daily, and every Thursday evening there is a service at which some of the neighbouring clergy officiate. Near-by is the common room, where the meals are cooked and eaten, and where the inmates, when they have finished their day's work, assemble to smoke their pipes and amuse themselves. For such as care for reading there is a well-stocked bookcase, and for those musically inclined there is a piano. Sometimes a visitor drops in to play and sing to them, but now and again it happens that there is an inmate who can perform with more or less skill. Indeed, not long ago, a dinner given to the inmates by a generous lady was followed by a concert in which many of the tramps, criminals, and deserving poor took a prominent part. A music-teacher, who had been raised by the Home from abject poverty and given a fresh start in life, formed a glee-party among the inmates, who sang, "Hail! Smiling Morn," and "Sweet and Low." Several men recited, but the event of the programme was an original recitation by an inmate, who related in blank verse the story of his downfall, his experiences in search of work, his nights on the Embankment, his introduction to the Home, and his return to a

respectable life. In the course of his recitation, which was highly eulogistic of the Church Army's social work, he declared that "a square meal is more than a tract, and a bed is better than a sermon." Another eulogy was delivered by an ex-inmate who had obtained employment in the City. In the course of his speech he mentioned that before the superintendent of the Home found him on the Embankment he had slept in the open air for twelve consecutive nights. "I felt," he said, "that the whole world was against me, and did not care what might become of me, but thanks be to God, who put it into the hearts of the readers of the *Morning Post* to help me and the like of me. They do not know what a great and noble work they have been doing for the outcast poor of London."

Many of the inmates having, by performing the task allotted them, paid for their supper, bed, and breakfast, go out into the streets, perhaps to return again at night. No man is, however, admitted more than two nights in succession and three in one week. But in the lodging-house part of the Home, which is separated from the casual side, fifteen men live week in and week out. These men perform the work given them, and the cost of their board and lodging is deducted from the money they earn. Of the balance, a shilling or so is, if they desire it, handed over to them to spend, and the remainder is put in the bank. Before a man has been in the lodging-house many weeks he almost invariably obtains employment, and the money he has saved is used to provide him with a suitable outfit. One man picked up destitute on the Embankment is now in the service of a peer, and another is in the employ of a well-known M.P. Wonderful, indeed, is the change which two or three months in the *Morning Post* Home makes in a man. A dirty-looking, ragged, hungry outcast is admitted to the casual side of the Home, and two or three months later he quits the lodging-house, respectably-dressed and in high spirits. Once more he feels a man, and is determined that the folly which caused his downfall shall not be repeated. The gratitude of one ex-inmate is expressed in the following letter: "I cannot but help being very thankful that by God's mercy my steps were directed to the Home in Millbank Street when I was utterly destitute. I was treated most kindly, and was soon, by the 'Captain's' influence, able to obtain a situation, where, thank God, I am doing very well. I shall ever feel most grateful for it, and trust others may be as fortunate as myself. I feel it my most earnest duty to show my employer and all I come in contact with that the confidence placed in me must be most faithfully kept."

Whenever a vacancy occurs in the lodging-house it is promptly filled up by transferring a man from the casual side. There are always plenty of candidates for the removal, as it is well understood by those who are anxious to rise in the world that admission to the lodging-house is an important step in the right direction. Unfortunately, the lodging-house has only accommodation for fifteen men, and therefore some have to bear disappointment. In the new Home there will be, it is hoped, ample accommodation both for casuals and lodgers. The institution has done so much good during its comparatively brief existence that every Londoner who takes an interest in the welfare of his poorer fellow-citizens must hope that it will not be long before the new premises are built and occupied.

HENRY CHARLES MOORE.



The Month.

THE "glorious first of June" found a successor in the first of June 1902, when the news of the Boer surrender reached England. On the following Sunday the King and Queen attended in state a public thanksgiving at St. Paul's, and a suitable form of service, approved by the Archbishops, was used throughout the country. These services happily relieved the feelings of many Churchmen who deplored the absence of any national humiliation before God during the continuance of the war. Despite the presence of a good deal of boisterous conduct, and, alas! much drunkenness in the streets of our great cities, the tidings of the end of the war were, upon the whole, received in a dignified and proper spirit. The sentiment of the nation towards the Boer, who now become a part of the Empire, has at once taken on a friendly tone, which promises well for the future of South Africa.

The Education Bill has occupied much of the attention of Parliament during the month. The Government have so far shown little tenderness towards amendments, especially such as in any way threatened the main principles of the measure. They have had, however, the assistance of the Irish members, whose reinforcements have made the Government majorities overwhelmingly great. The tone of Nonconformist opposition to the measure has in some degree moderated. The attempt to raise a strong feeling in the country against the measure has failed. But what hope could the promoters have had of doing anything in the face of current events? The public can hardly think of more than one thing at a time, and the news of peace, coming when the Coronation engrossed attention, left exceedingly little room for excitement over such a topic as Education.