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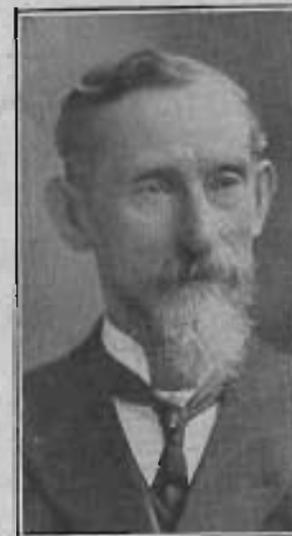
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on behalf of the work of Whitechapel Mission

*"Ye have the poor with you always, and
whenever ye will ye may do them good."*

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will be thankfully received by
no. 279, Whitechapel Road, London, E. 1.

HARVEY & SONS
PRINTERS

Whitechapel Mission
Methodist



THOMAS JACKSON

Oct. 16th, 1850
Oct. 5th, 1932

"He lived well and died living"



REPORT - 1932

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FOREWORD



Rev. W. Potter.

For the first time the Annual Report of the Whitechapel Mission appears without Thomas Jackson's familiar signature. The hand faltered and is still.

Almost to the close of his earthly career he was devising extensions of the Mission's work; for in this work he found refuge from all life's woes, even from death. Now that we see him no more, the work is not less his. The life of the founder throbs in the work of the Mission. As of yore, the mantle of the older prophet falls upon his successor.

When at seventy years of age Thomas Jackson felt the need of a colleague, the Missionary Committee of the Primitive Methodist Church unanimously designated the Rev. J. E. Thorp for the work.

Mr. Thorp's Ministry of twelve years has shown how wise was their choice. He now succeeds to the Superintendency of what the REV. C. ENSOR WALTERS recently described as "A GOOD MISSION, A REAL MISSION."

The unique type of Ministry exercised at Whitechapel is not a task for a novice, but requires expert fitness in the Superintendent. Mr. Thorp's native powers, disciplined by long experience, will enable him to extend and enrich his inheritance.

As one who knew Thomas Jackson very intimately and who knows Mr. Thorp well, I desire to assure all friends of the Whitechapel Mission that the aims of the founder will still rule in its administration. In the future, as in the past, Whitechapel will be the Mission for the unfortunate. Here the hungry will find bread; the shivering, fuel for a fire; the homeless, shelter; the erring, direction; and, above all, the poor will have the Gospel preached unto them.

WILLIAM POTTER.

Thomas Jackson was a great friend, ever loyal and true, and willing to the point of sacrifice to serve others, especially those who were privileged to be within the circle of his intimates. What memories some of us have of wise counsel given and service rendered, especially in our years of inexperience and times of acute difficulty. Again and again we have known him travel hundreds of miles, at great personal inconvenience, to serve a former colleague—or as a matter of fact any brother minister, and when on the ground how unstintingly he gave of his very best. Who ever knew a dull and flat meeting when this Whitechapel hero was the speaker? No one. What great times congregations and audiences all over this land have had when Thomas Jackson was pleading the cause of the poor. While in the quiet hours of his own life he must many times have carried a heavy heart, brooding over the wretched condition of the very poorest, amongst whom he elected to spend the 36 years of his Public Ministry, he never depressed others in talking about them, either privately or on the public platform. He had a wonderful and saving sense of humour, and wherever he went he radiated good cheer, and must have saved many a sad life from despair by his unvariable hopefulness and bracing sanity and common sense.

The more I think of this remarkable man, starting life in a poor home, only one day at school, going to work at the age of eight, and yet becoming one of the outstanding Ministers in our Church, rising by sheer merit to the President's Chair, leaving monuments of his great ministry in Churches and Benevolent Institutions to the value of many thousands of pounds, and above all in hosts of redeemed lives; the more we think of all this, the more are we amazed, and are led to joyfully exclaim, "There was a *man* sent from God whose name was Thomas Jackson."

We are glad of the privilege of paying this very imperfect tribute to one of the greatest servants of God and men we have ever known.

J. K. ELLWOOD.

THE WHITECHAPEL MISSION

A Cup of Cold Water

BY
REV. EDWIN W. SMITH.

WE understand when the King confers an honour upon an engineer who has planned and carried through a great irrigation scheme, which brings vivifying streams of water into a dry land. A desert has been turned into a garden, and every inhabitant has an abundant supply at his door: never again will his children cry in vain at night for a drink. It is a permanent boon, making possible a cleaner, more wholesome life for a whole population.

The giving of a cup of water seems a poor thing in comparison, a mere temporary relief to an individual. To us, who have cisterns and taps to hand, it appears, indeed, a trivial thing. Yet, to a traveller in the desert, sinking to the ground in the agony of thirst, a cup of cold water means the difference between life and death.

What we call the Social Problem is vast and perplexing. We are coming to see more clearly in these days how fundamentally unchristian our civilization is. No man can think, if he thinks at all, that the way in which millions of our fellows live is in accordance with the mind of Christ. The poverty, the cruelty, the misery, the vice, the squalor, are all signs that the Will of God is not yet done on earth as it is in heaven. Some day the Kingdom of God will come in England, and all these evils will vanish. The cleansing, revivifying streams of divine grace will sweep through our society. To that great end Christ calls His people to consecrate themselves in prayer and work. But, in thinking of the Paradise that is to be, He does not overlook the immediate needs of the individual. He gives His blessing to whomsoever gives a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, the most insignificant of His brethren. The cup stands for all the ministries which meet the present and pressing needs of men. The giving of the cup may appear to have little relation to the glorious



consummation; yet, it may bring salvation to a thirsty soul and every soul gained brings the Kingdom nearer.

These pages tell of some of the ministries of the cup in one of the neediest areas of England.

For Homeless and Friendless Boys

IF you go along that noble thoroughfare, the Whitechapel Road, you will come to the great London Hospital, and immediately opposite stands a tall building, labelled **The Working Lads' Institute**. It was founded by a number of philanthropists in the seventies of last century, but had fallen on evil times when Thomas Jackson acquired it in 1896.

In presenting the 56th Report of the Institute to the Annual Meeting in May, 1932, the last report which he prepared, Mr. Jackson said—



The Institute.

Committee remain true to the object for which the Institute was founded, namely, to provide means for healthy physical exercises, entertainments, and the encouragement of thrift, temperance and good conduct."

Thomas Jackson had not been long in possession of the building when he put up these words in large letters—

HOME FOR FRIENDLESS AND ORPHAN LADS.

That indicated an enlargement of the Institute's scope. It meant that Mr. Jackson was reaching out after one of the neediest and most pathetic of classes—the Homeless boys of England. As "*The East London Advertiser*" said recently, in commending the work of the Institute—

"The plight of the homeless lad in London is one which must excite pity among all who are able to appreciate what it means to be without a home and without friends. The temptations which he has to resist, the struggle against vice and crime, the risk of going wrong through lack of timely advice and example; these have to be faced by the lad who is thrown upon the world by force of circumstances."

In the name of Christ, Thomas Jackson offered his cup of cold water to these boys: a Home for the homeless, friendship for the friendless. So, in the course of years, he and his helpers, the Rev. J. E. Thorp and Mr. H. E. Kinchin, have exercised a ministry that is unique in Methodism.

SOME EXAMPLES **H**ERE is a lad of sixteen. You can see at once that he is a born rebel. He was unhappy at home, for his father married again, and he could not get on with his step-mother. He ran away. A kind lady found him one night wandering, roofless and hungry, upon the Thames Embankment, and got him admitted into a Hostel. He was turned out for quarrelling and fighting with other boys. One day the police arrested him for loitering about; the magistrate put him on probation, and he was placed in a Home. But, he got to fighting again and was dismissed. The Probation Officer of the Court turned to the Whitechapel Mission, and he was taken into the Institute, fed, clothed, housed, kept under observation. He is not a vicious lad; he is full of "beans," independent, a boy of some force of personality. What he needs is a healthy out-of-door life, where he can turn his natural pugnacity to better purposes than fighting. Under sympathetic, firm guidance he should make good. What can be done with him? Put him on a farm. And that is where he is going.

Here is another lad. He hails from one of those vile localities, the haunts of prowlers and thieves, where few children can escape contamination. He falls a victim to a gang of rascals, who are always keen upon making a tool of an innocent boy. One day they go off with a motor car that is not their own; they are captured, and the boy with them. The magistrate quickly perceives the true state of affairs. There was a time when a boy might be hanged for stealing a few shillings from the till; the law is wiser in these days, and will

It is not always easy to find work for the lads, especially in these days, but the Institute has been signally successful so far. Some go to jobs near by, and continue for a time to live in the Home; many are taken on by London restaurants and factories and shops; some go into private employment as servants. But, the great thing is the farm:

ON THE FARM One asks whether boys who have been brought up in a great city, rarely, if ever, seeing a cow or a field, and accustomed to the excitements of the crowded streets, are likely to be useful and happy on the land. The answer is, Yes—if they are caught young! The experiment has been made and proved successful.

Eleven years ago a well-known magistrate in the East End of London caused Mr. Thorp to be made guardian of a boy, who was brought before him. Mr. Thorp had spent ten years of his ministry in Devon, and it occurred to him to ask a friend to take this boy on to his farm there. The friend could not take him, but gave the name of another farmer, who might be willing. The boy was sent—and made good. Others followed. In course of time, farmers seeing what good material could come out of Whitechapel, got into the way of applying to the Institute when they wanted workers. Up to now, 160 boys have been placed on west-country farms, and on a moderate estimate 75 per cent. of them have made good.

Mr. Kinchin spends much of his time in keeping touch with the lads. This year he devoted his summer holiday to visiting the farms. During a fortnight's tour he interviewed 53 lads and 80 farmers. "In every case," he reports, "I found lads in good health, well fed and comfortable in their homes. . . . The visits have entailed heavy work, long journeys and expense, but I am certain that they were worth while. Every lad has been cheered by our interest in him. Every farmer has given us a cordial welcome, and asked for repeated visits."

Mr. Kinchin greatly appreciated the fine Christian influences that many of the lads are living under. He found five or six of them actively engaged as Sunday School Teachers, two were in training to be Local Preachers. He mentions one lad, who five years ago was sent to us by the Stepney Guardians. The poor weakling, as he then was, is now a strong healthy young man, a good worker, a great lover of cattle and birds, highly respected by all who know him, and a member of the local Congregational Church. Another was about to marry, and the farmer was putting a cottage at his

disposal, rating him a married man at full wage. Mr. Kinchin was greatly cheered by this tour. He secured several new openings as a result of his personal touch with the farmers.

Letters that come from these boys breathe a spirit of contentment. "Everything is all well, and I think farm-work is fine," one wrote. "It's good down in Devon, that I don't think I shall come back to London again. I have started milking cows, and I have already started working horses. I did chain harness work on Tuesday, and I shall have to start ploughing soon. The food is very good. It is much different to what I have been used to, but it is much better. Jack is getting along great, and he likes it as much as I. Mr. W. is very good to me, he treats me like a son . . ."

There can be little doubt that many, if not most, of these boys would have become habitual vagrants and criminals, but for the friendly hand stretched out to them. Now they are growing into self-respecting, honourable citizens.

During the past twelve months the calls to Police Courts and Prisons increased. The average age of the lads committed to us has been rather higher than usual. The type has been distinctly rougher and more difficult to deal with.

In the twelve months 120 lads were admitted into the Home. Of these, 30 had lost both parents, 26 had lost father, 15 had lost mother. Of the 120, all but two (who were mentally deficient) were placed in employment: 48 on farms, 24 in restaurants, 29 in shops and factories, 8 in private service, and 9 enlisted in the army.

In several instances, two, three, or four jobs were secured for the same lad—not necessarily because of his failure, but because the first jobs were temporary.

For Down-and-out Men

IN the last months of his life Thomas Jackson was carried in a chair down the stairs from his room in the Institute and across the broad Whitechapel Road to Brunswick Hall, the commodious premises, once a Congregational Church, which came into the possession of the Mission in 1906. This

is the centre of our evangelistic work. Beneath the Hall there is a large room used for the Sunday school as well as for various meetings during the week. On Sunday nights may be seen one of the most heart-moving spectacles on earth.

WHAT YOU SEE ON SUNDAY NIGHT

During the service one side of the Hall is occupied by men such as are not usually seen in any Church in England. At the close they file out and down the stairs into the room below. They are in rags, their faces, deeply engrained with dirt, are dull, expressionless. They shuffle along as if bereft of all hope and of all self-respect. Maxim Gorky might have classed them among his "creatures who once were men." Others are revealed at the first glance to belong to a better grade. Even in their desperate poverty they preserve some little dignity: they are as clean as men can be who wander about the streets. Some still carry the unmistakable marks of a military life; ask ex-service men to raise their hands and you will be surprised at their number. They are unemployed through no fault of their own; the victims of our industrial system. Thrown out of work, they have tramped from place to place vainly looking for a job. Ask this man, and he will tell you he is a ship-wright, one of the many cast adrift because of the decline in ship-building. Has he no relation to give him a bed and a meal? Yes, he has grown-up sons and daughters. Has he told them of his condition? A shake of the head is the answer. But why not? "I can't do that, sir; they have their own families. I'd rather give than take." Another will tell you that last night he slept in a casual ward. His face lights up when he says that at last, after so much searching, he has found work; has to be there, on the other side of London, at 6.30 to-morrow morning

Here they are, then: the down-and-outs. Next Sunday night they will be, Heaven knows where; and another distressful company of the same kind will take their place. What can we do for them? To restore to them the prerogatives of their manhood, in the form of home and work, lies beyond our power; but a cup of cold water in the name of Christ we can give, and will give gladly.

Mr. Thorp says kindly words of cheer, seeking to let them feel that they have some friends on earth and a friend in God. Then supper is served: good substantial slabs of bread—"door-steps"—and plenty of hot cocoa. You turn away your head; it is not decorous to watch men eat as some

of these eat. Supper eaten, or devoured, the least unfortunate produce little paper packets, which, when unfolded, reveal jag-ends of cigarettes picked out of the gutter; these are carefully dissected, put in a pipe or rolled in a piece of newspaper, and smoked. A whole cigarette, or a pipe of decent tobacco, they would welcome as one of God's best gifts. Soon, preparations for the night are made; there are no mattresses and no blankets, but the benches are pushed together to make platforms, and upon these, or upon the floor, the weary bodies sink to rest.

A watchman is on duty all night. Only once this year was there any disturbance, when two men started to quarrel. The men are only too content to go to sleep in this clean, warm room. In the morning they have breakfast, and then go out again to face the world, a little cheered, perhaps, and—we trust—with a sense that they are not so utterly forgotten by God and man as they had imagined.

During the months that the Shelter was open last year 10,538 destitute men received the Mission's hospitality.

The Cauldrons

ADJOINING the room we call the Shelter is a smaller room containing two huge cauldrons. These play their part in the Mission's activities—an indispensable part—for they shared in the preparation of the 22,771 FREE MEALS which were provided for the needy during the year. Poor things!—their days are numbered. Patched and repatched, they are now worn out after long and honourable service. Will not some reader of these lines give a pair of new cauldrons to the Mission?



Council—a block of them may contain the population of a small town. You catch glimpses of cosy interiors behind the lace curtains.

But go a little further from the Whitechapel Road and your heart sinks within you. What, you ask, is Christian England doing that she tolerates such foul dwellings for her children?

Little ones throng the dreary streets. The nearest playground is at a distance—for these, only the street. They greet us shyly, but Mr. Thorp is well-known. "When's the cinema?" they ask; for he runs a twice-weekly show for them during the winter, and they look forward to it. They join us in our stroll. "That's our park," says one, pointing through the rails to an open space between tall tenements. "we're going to have swings there"—but, alas, these are not yet ready. They stay outside as we enter a dark doorway and grope our way up a darker stairway.

A door opens and we enter a small room, where a young woman greets us with a smile of welcome. The atmosphere is stagnant; there is a smell about it that will haunt your nostrils for days to come. It is an amazingly small room—twelve feet by eight, perhaps—and there is another of the same size, with two beds in it, which take up almost all the space. And in these rooms the woman lives with her four children, the eldest of them being twelve years of age. She is pinched and prematurely old, as well she may be with insufficient food and a lack of fresh air. Once a year she may join the Mission's party for a day in the country; or she may be the Mission's guest for a week at the sea-side and see God's sea and God's woods, but for the rest of the year her outlook is over brick walls and tiled roofs. She cannot escape on Sundays, for the children must be looked after; on Monday afternoons she gets away to the cheerful place called Brunswick Hall. One begins to realise what the Women's Meeting, with its talk and laughter and cup of tea, means to these women. Her husband is a casual labourer at the docks; at present he is in hospital, and no wages are coming in. If he gets two days of work in the week he is fortunate, and at the best he will not earn much more than a pound. For these two rooms they pay 6s. 3d. a week. You make a rapid calculation in your mind—that leaves fourpence a day to feed and clothe each member of the family. How can it be done? The answer is, It can't be done: only by charity can these children be shod and clothed. **THAT IS WHERE THE BENEVOLENT ROOM OF THE MISSION COMES IN.** When you have read these words, go and turn out your

wardrobes and chests of drawers; there are sure to be things you do not really need, and our brothers and sisters here need them very much.

It is in such places that most of our people live—some of them indeed crowded seven or eight in one room.

FOR over five years Sister Margaret has moved about amongst them, ministering to their physical and spiritual needs. This is what she says about it:—"Attached to our Mission we have over 300 women who attend our three meetings in the week. They love to come. Life is for most of them so full of drabness, that they look to us to bring a bit of sunshine into it. Our meetings are always bright and cheery, and there is always the hand-shake which means so much to them. Truly, I wonder as I visit them that



A Happy Group at Southend

they can face up to their lot as they do. Many of them have learnt by coming to us that God is a present help in trouble, and they trust in Him. My heart aches often when I visit them, but it is a joy that they love to have me come. Many are always eager for me to pray, for, they say, things seem to go better after that. I visited one home recently, where on the Monday morning the woman had not one penny to start the week with: her husband was stricken with cancer, her daughter had not worked for two years; yet this dear soul said, "Well, Sister, I'm just doing as you tell us to do, leaving

it with Jesus." One of our women we are very proud of; though she has had to work to bring up her family in no easy way, she is called "the Bible Puncher" because she is not ashamed of telling people that she believes in Jesus. So I could go on.

THEIR ONLY HOLIDAY "We are grateful to God we can do what we are doing. Many would not be able to get away from their surroundings at all were it not for us. The day in the country for over 200 women is always looked forward to with joy, and our trip to Southend this year was really a glorious time, when we took about 180. WE SENT 57 FOR A WEEK'S HOLIDAY, FREE. It was the first holiday some ever had in their lives.

"So we go on instilling into our women and all who come to us the wonderful truths we believe in ourselves. We believe we are doing our share in making the East End of London sweeter and brighter than it used to be."

OTHER ACTIVITIES For the children there is the Sunday School. It is good to see them taking part in the Sunday morning service—when a child will tell a story, and four or five sing a chorus.



The Christmas Concert.

They have their Christmas Treats; and one day in summer about 200 of them are taken for an outing to Epping Forest.

For older boys and girls there are Summer Camps. Thirty Girls of the Life Brigade spent a week at Freckenham; and fifteen boys camped for a week at Cuffley, while a company of elder lads had a week at High Wycombe.

THE HOMES OF REST AT SOUTHBEND ACCOMMODATED 635 VISITORS, 57 OF THESE WERE WHITECHAPEL WOMEN, AND THESE, WITH 108 POOR WOMEN FROM OTHER PLACES, WERE GIVEN A FREE HOLIDAY.

For the men there is the Brotherhood, which meets on Wednesdays. The average attendance is 75, and they are given a free supper. They, too, have their outing to Epping Forest.

The poor have good tidings preached unto them. The Gospel of the Love of God is proclaimed Sunday by Sunday, and through the week. That is the best thing we have to offer to the people of Whitechapel: the saving power of Christ.

A GLANCE over the list of gifts at the end of this Report shows that these come from a wide area. Large donations are rare: the great majority are small, but none the less appreciated. We send our hearty thanks to all the donors. This is a time when the generosity of our friends is taxed heavily; we fully realise their position, but this winter is a particularly difficult one, and we appeal to all readers to sustain the work we are doing, even at the cost of extra sacrifice.

GIFTS FOR THE WORK

A lady missionary in Central Africa gathered about her the little girls of her school and told them what Jesus said about the cup of cold water. A few days later she watched the arrival of a party of carriers: they had marched a great distance with heavy loads, were fatigued, hot and thirsty. Then she saw her little girls come in procession, one behind the other, their little black bodies shining in the sun, and each one was balancing, in African fashion, a small pot of water on her head. With great gravity they knelt in line before the men, clapped their hands, and offered their gift. This was something new to the men: in other villages, when they asked for water, they were roughly told to draw for themselves. With African courtesy, they knelt before the girls, clapped their hands, and expressed their thanks. This is Christianity in action.

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water in My Name has done it unto Me."

THOMAS JACKSON MEMORIAL ROOMS



THE UNVEILING and OPENING

Will take place about the end of
JANUARY, 1933

£500 NEEDED

TO DEFRAY COST OF THIS MEMORIAL

Form of Bequest by Will

For the guidance of Friends, who may desire to bequeath money for the Rescue Home for Destitute Orphan Lads; the Homes of Rest, Southend-on-Sea; or the general work of the Whitechapel Mission, the following Form of Bequest is appended for their guidance:

I Give and Bequeath to the Superintendent, for the time being, of the Whitechapel Methodist Mission, 279, Whitechapel Road, London, E. 1, for the use of the said Mission, the Legacy or sum of £ (free of duty), and direct the said last mentioned Legacy or sum to be paid within twelve months after my decease from the proceeds of my real and personal estate, but primarily out of my personal estate, and the receipt of the Superintendent shall be sufficient discharge to my executors.

NOTE—The Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1891, enables Testators to give by Will for the benefit of any charitable use not only pecuniary Legacies, but also tenements and hereditaments of any tenure.

The Will must be signed by the Testator at the foot or end thereof in the presence of two independent Witnesses, who must sign their names, addresses, and occupations, at the same time, in his presence and the presence of each other.