

*Help the Hungry Children.*

**EMBEE HALL, PRESTON,**

Kindly lent and arranged by Messrs. Merigold Bros.,

**TUESDAY, DEC. 21st, 1909,**

At 2-30, 7-0 and 8-45.

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**HIGH-CLASS**  
**CINEMATOGRAPH**  
**ENTERTAINMENT**  
**AND**  
**CONCERT**

BY THE  
**Lyric Prize Choir and Male Voice Choir**

(First Prize Winners at Blackpool Festival, 1909).

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**ILLUSTRATED SONGS.**

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The whole of the Proceeds are in aid of the Shepherd Street Mission  
Free Dinners Fund.

**ADMISSION : 3d., 6d., and Reserved Seats, 1s.**

Tickets may be obtained from the Embee Hall, or at the "Guardian" Office.  
Ticket-holders admitted half-an-hour earlier.



## CHILDREN WAITING.

(BY OUR COMMISSIONER.)

Nothing is more certain than the fact that greater results could not be possibly accomplished with the same expenditure of moneys in any institution than those effected at the Shepherd-street Mission, Preston. Everybody connected with the place not only gives his time without thought of pay, but helps the work, month by month, financially. When once you get to work in the slums you cannot give it up. There is a sense of moral responsibility towards hungry children which you cannot throw off, and, moreover, you don't want to. The extreme need of scores of little lads and lasses in Preston does not altogether arise from the trade depression or through frost and severe weather conditions which throw the labourer out of work. Sickness among the poor bread earners dislocate little households, and plunge many families into poverty. In many cases either the father or mother is dead; or maybe both will be afflicted with illness, and are sat helpless by the handful of fire, with the acute agony of hearing their children asking for bread and being unable to give them a bite. The great humanitarian work which is being done by the Shepherd-street Mission ought to command the support of every person able to help, however little. I occasionally look in to see the system of feeding the hungry little ones. During the frosts of last week it was most painful to watch some of them come in, some in rags and tatters, blue, and shivering with the cold. One little mite

came in with his teeth chattering, and he had literally to be thawed at the stove before he could tackle his soup. The pint pots of thick pea and meat soup, with a big junk of bread, was the dinner of the children on the day of my visit, and the tables were all ready for them at five minutes past twelve. Over 300 were fed, and if those who send their pence to the "Lancashire Daily Post" Fund by way of help could only see the gratitude of the poor children they would feel a sense of the highest satisfaction which cannot be equalled. This is absolutely unsectarian. Children of all Churches come there and are fed. The only question asked is, "Are you hungry, my child? If you are, come and be seated." Very many of the children I found had had no breakfast. This was their first meal from the previous day. They had gone to bed supperless, and one half-famished girl who had to be the little mother of the home, for her mother was dead, could only whisper to me, so immersed was she in cold. She was hungry, had had no breakfast, and told me she had sharp pains in her chest; her lips were vermilion red, and her throat inflamed. I had her promptly seen to. She had four or five brothers and sisters at that table, and by a happy thought I asked her if there were any more at home, and she said, "Yes, sir, and they'll have nothing to eat." "Won't they," I said. "but they will, and quick!" And they had. It isn't a matter of feeding starving children, but they are clothed as well, as far as the parcels sent in allow. This is perishing weather.

Let the heads of households pull out old garments. They are now too shabby for Fishergate and Friargate or Ribbleton-lane, are they? Then send them to the Shepherd-street Mission, and they will soon warm the shivering little forms of children who have no care for fashion fads. I was never so much struck in my life with the recital of the Lord's Prayer as when at the mission room on Wednesday. A ragged little girl clasped her hands, closed her eyes, and raised her face with such intense fervour and reverence as to look absolutely seraphine in her invocation. When she uttered these words, "Give us this day our daily bread," the pathos and emotion of her tone was most touching and impressive. Who is going to answer that ragged child's prayer? A merry Christmas to you, poor children! We will do what we can to make it so.

Messrs. Merigold, of the Embee Hall, Preston, last evening most kindly consented to give a high-class cinematograph entertainment and concert next Tuesday week in aid of the "Lancashire Daily Post" fund for the dinners for poor children at the Shepherd-street Mission. The entire proceeds of both night entertainments, 7 to 8 30, and 8 45 to 10 15, will go towards the fund. Tickets may be had at the "Guardian" Office.

[Reprinted from the "Preston Guardian," Dec. 11th, 1909.]