

## Institution Workers.

BENJAMIN WAUGH,  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO  
CHILDREN.

THE WORLD OF FORGOTTEN CHILDREN.

"Do you hear the children weeping, O! my brothers,  
Ere the sorrow comes with years."—E. BROWNING.

THERE are two men in England at the present time whose whole thoughts, time, and life appear to be given up to the cause of helpless little ones—the one to the out-casts of society, who have neither home nor friends; the other to children who have homes, often good ones, but who are the victims of cruel injustice at their own parents' hands—I mean Dr. Barnardo and Benjamin Waugh. The latter, who forms the subject of my present sketch, was ably described by a well-known Cardinal as follows: "He is like the healthy breath of a sea-breeze." He is even more than this: "He is like the slender filament in the electric lamp, that glows incandescent when the current is turned on. He is a human filament, white hot with the passion of love for little children. He lives for them to the exclusion of all else; he will ultimately die for them. To rescue the poor helpless wee mites of our civilised savagery is his one aim and object." It was out of his love, his endless pity for the utter helplessness of children who know no father's or mother's care that the Society, known as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, was born. He has made it, he is the Director—in a word he is the Society itself.

Anxious to include this large-hearted, noble man among the series of our Institution workers, I

called on him not long since, and was very kindly made welcome. "I am a Yorkshireman," said Benjamin Waugh, "although I have little of the characteristic physique of my countrymen, as I am very small. I was born of Puritan parents, Independents of the old school, who differ somewhat widely from the modern Congregationalist. My mother was a most sweet and saintly woman, full of tenderness and passion for children. Perhaps I inherited her feelings as regards them."

Certainly Mr. Waugh appears to have the mother soul dwelling in him more than any man, probably

more than many women. He is gentleness and love personified when amongst his own little ones, or with the babies at the shelter, yet he is a power to be dreaded by the baby farmer or the inhuman parents of the helpless young. Then his wrath breaks forth like a thunderstorm, and woe betide the wretch who looks for any mercy at the hands of Benjamin Waugh if he have ill-treated his helpless child. Well, too, do these monsters know this, as the following story will show:—A constable, when visiting his little starved girl in the Hospital to which she had been taken, was informed that his child's deposition had been taken, and that he was going to be prosecuted. "Who

by?" he asked "The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children," was the answer. The man exclaimed, "Good God! I am done for then." Yet who can wonder that Mr. Waugh's anger is roused, when he tells only a few of the many hundreds of cases of diabolical cruelty practised systematically on little tiny things by their own natural or unnatural protectors, which have come to his knowledge. One or two will suffice; they make the blood curdle and run cold.

"These are the kind of evils our Society tries to



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