

# **WORK AMONG THE LOST**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649442348

Work Among the Lost by Ellice Hopkins

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Cover @ 2017

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**ELLICE HOPKINS**

**WORK AMONG  
THE LOST**





The Albion Hill Home for Female Penitents.

WORK AMONG THE LOST.

BY THE  
AUTHOR OF "HOME THOUGHTS FOR MOTHERS  
AND MOTHERS' MEETINGS."



LONDON:  
WILLIAM MACINTOSH,  
24, PATERNOSTER-RROW.  
1870.

141. k. 365.

## PREFACE.

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THE lady whose remarkable work and whose slowly-learned experience of sixteen years is recorded in the following pages, wishes to state distinctly that she has allowed this account to be published during her lifetime, because she desires to hold herself responsible for the truth of the statements with regard to the working of the Home of which she is the Lady Superintendent, and because she can answer any inquiries addressed to her, either by those who are engaged, or who are desirous of engaging, in work among the lost, as well as invite them to examine for themselves, into the working of the Albion Hill Home.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the whole profits of the sale of this little book will go to the Home.

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## WORK AMONG THE LOST.

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### CHAPTER I.

WE know of no more beautiful analogy in God's works than a seed presents, nor one more helpful and hopeful to all workers for God. From the silvery-winged seed that floats like a fairy star through the blue air of autumn, rising and setting at the wayward will of the light breeze, to the glossy acorn with its roughly chased cup which patters down through the golden leaves, and was the prize and delight of our childhood, how infinitely varied are they in their outward forms, yet all alike in this, that they possess a secret germ of life, which only waits for the proper conditions to unfold itself and spring up after its kind in bud, and leaf, and bough, and blossom, and fruit. Gather one such seed, and let it lie in the palm of your hand. What mighty results lie folded up within the insignificant and apparently inanimate thing; what intricate laws of self-development, what 'organs of reproduction taking hold on eternity,' what a wealth of delicately cut leaves in endless succession, what strength of timber to be

fashioned hereafter into the roof-tree of some human home, or form the heart of oak of some English man-of-war ; and all lying curled up in the palm of one's hand !

And again, what a marvellous inexhaustible wealth of seed-life does Nature produce. Our composite English language, with its power of expressing nice shades of meaning, enables us to make a distinction which is impossible in German or French—the distinction between prodigality and squandering. Now there is the utmost prodigality in the production of seeds in nature, but no squandering. Though we find

Of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear,

yet so great is the struggle for existence which is always going on, and so great the difficulty of securing all the conditions necessary for germination, that the fifty seeds must often be sown in order that the one may be brought to bear. Did Nature do as so many Christian workers do—did she sow only the one seed which was likely to germinate, did she withhold her bountiful hand from scattering the forty-nine seeds which perish, because she could not see the use of it, did she only work where she was sure of direct results—the whole vegetable world would perish.

Once more, how marvellous is the vitality of the germ of some seeds ; what long patience has God instilled into

His works ; what a power of waiting, of biding His time and theirs. Most of us know about the mummy-wheat, the few shrivelled old seeds which fell out of a small vase originally found in an Egyptian mummy-pit, and accidentally broken by the librarian of the British Museum, and which, when planted by him, sprang up, after its 3,000 years' sleep, as fresh and living as if it had sprung from the golden ears of last autumn's harvest fields. And it is a curious fact, that in some parts of America, when the primeval pine forests are first cut down, should the land so cleared be not at once taken into cultivation, a crop of oak immediately springs up, although there are no oak trees in the neighbourhood. Long ago there must have been a struggle between the two trees, in which the sombre pine remained master of the ground. But the oak laid his nursling in the earth, and the patient acorn bided its time, till the land was strewn with fragrant pine boughs, and the ground was once more exposed to the sun and dew, and the fresh rain ; when, after probably more than a thousand years' waiting, at once it sprang into life and beauty.

Now I want to bring home to those who are workers for God—man, woman, or child—on however small or large a scale, this deep hopeful analogy which exists between seed and all living, faithful, prayerful work for God. To those who are tempted to withhold their hand because