

## EIGHT MILES

By Deanna Storfie

Eight miles he would tramp  
Through the wind, cold and damp.  
Eight miles past the gin filled pubs,  
Where men stood holding rocks and clubs.  
Eight miles past misery and pain,  
Where children sat starving in the lane.  
Eight miles to London's shady East End  
Went the tall, dark preacher who loved them like a friend.  
Eight miles to share the Bible's good news,  
"There's a Savior who loves the poor and misused!  
He's Jesus and he died for both friend *and* foe."  
So, to these people William Booth did go!