

floor and tower there will also be a number of rooms, to be used for various meetings. The shops in the front of the building will be let, and the rents devoted to the working expenses of the building.

The work of the mission has already been conducted in five buildings—the two chapels, Bermondsey Town Hall, Newington Baths (Sunday afternoon services), and John Street Mission Schools. These will still be kept on, and the Central Hall will break new ground, and so will add to the sum total of Christian enterprise in the midst of this large population. When the new building is opened, there will be sitting accommodation in the various branches of the mission for 8,000 people. The success of the work of Messrs. Hopkins and Meakin hitherto gives great hope that this extension will be equally fruitful of good results.

The cost of the erection of the new hall will be nearly £30,000, contributions towards which will be thankfully received by Revs. J. H. Hopkins and H. T. Meakin, 12, Chapel Place, Long Lane, London, S.E.; or by the treasurer, Rev. Walford Green, The Centenary Hall, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

REV. JOSEPH H. HOPKINS.

Superintendent of Southwark Wesleyan Mission.

It was in the remote parish of Meifod, Montgomeryshire, that Joseph Hopkins first saw the light. At the age of nineteen we find the young man, who had by that time moved to Oswestry, entering earnestly on the duties of a local preacher; and for the space of two years he faithfully applied himself to this preparatory service, finding an ample outlet for his Welsh fervor of speech and his burning zeal for the salvation of men. In 1868 he was a successful candidate for the sacred office of the ministry among the Wesleyan Methodists. As one of the youngest candidates, he was placed on the president's list of reserve, there being no opening in the college that year. In this capacity he was sent down to Girvan, in Ayrshire, on a somewhat trying and apparently hopeless errand. He was commissioned to reopen a chapel that had been three times closed as a failure. Mr. Hopkins found the membership of this existing little Scottish society to consist of three old men, all of them over seventy years of age. The first Sunday morning service was a somewhat discouraging one; but at the evening service the young preacher experienced the joy of harvest in the definite spiritual decision of seven persons. Three of these converts were young men, who, in their turn, became local preachers. So manifestly did the seal of Divine approval rest on Mr. Hopkins's ministry at Girvan, that when he left, at the end of a year, there was a vigorous society of eighty members, and it has flourished ever since. This experience, of course, confirmed the young candidate in the resolve to make the preaching of the Gospel his life-work.

After leaving college, Mr. Hopkins was appointed to Crewe. Here he passed three successful years, and in 1875 he was moved to Rochdale. An outstanding feature of his work there was the promotion of a remarkable spiritual revival at Littleborough, where he resided. The whole village felt the influence of this visitation, to an extent that had been unknown for thirty years. As a result, over 250 souls were added to the church. The important town of Bradford was the next scene of Mr. Hopkins's labors. During his term of service the church under his charge in Otley Road in-

creased its membership by more than 300. His influence for good was felt in the town in many ways. In 1881 he was appointed to York, where he had the oversight of a small society that met in a day-school. There was an understanding that if the school-building grew too small, a needed chapel would be built. The school was crowded out, and the chapel was built, with accommodation for 900 people; it is now the rallying-ground of a large and active society. From York Mr. Hopkins was passed to Gravel Lane, Manchester, where he labored in word and doctrine for three years, having conversions Sunday after Sunday. In 1888 Mr. Hopkins came, by appointment of Conference, to Barry Road, East Dulwich—a church which, it may be remembered, was for some time the scene of the ministry of Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. At Barry Road Mr. Hopkins's devoted labors were received with wide acceptance and crowned with manifest success. The society was much enlarged as to numbers, and the spirituality of the church quickened.

When the London Wesleyan Mission resolved to create a new centre of the Forward Movement in the densely-peopled and spiritually-needy district of Southwark, Mr. Hopkins was invited there, and, after much prayerful deliberation, he was convinced that the call to this ministry was clearly from God. With a brave heart Mr. Hopkins threw himself into the surrounding forces of evil, and God has blessed him of a truth. During the ten years he has been in charge of this work, it has constantly grown, not a Sunday having passed without conversions to Christ, and whereas in 1889 there was only a membership of 415, now there are 1,744, which fact alone constitutes one of the most remarkable spiritual developments London has seen.—'Christian Herald.'

The Duty of Making People Like You.

(By Anna F. Burnham, in 'Wellspring'.)

There are people who feel that it is a sin to care to be 'popular' in the common meaning of the word. We cannot agree with them.

'What difference does it make whether people like you?' queries gruff Harry Blunt defiantly. 'Do right, as near as you can, and let the world wag!'

That sort of speech has a ring of honesty about it that is very attractive. Sincerity is a splendid virtue. We all love to see any one 'side with truth,' even to the extent of 'sharing her wretched crust.' It somehow seems a very fine thing to mount a high hobby-horse, and prance about defiantly by the roadside, shouting, 'Good-by, proud world!' and going about our own wilful business. The question is, is it as fine as it looks?

There is a phrase of the 'benediction' as we hear it in most of our churches two or three times a week that always sinks deep into my heart and sets me longing for its realization in myself and others: 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all; do you suppose that means only forgiveness and peace with God, and such gifts of grace (or goodness) as we commonly ask for through Christ our Lord? I do not. I love to believe that the dispositions and manners of Christ, if we may so speak are also intended. What lovely ways he had! So winning was he all through his wondrous childhood that there is a special verse in the gospels to tell about it. He grew in favor with God and man. Of course when he grew older and had foes to fight, the foe did not love him. But even then his voice

and look would often conquer. The truth is, roughness and rudeness are not Christ-like, and the ideal Christian is everywhere the gentle man.

There are two or three secrets of personal liking or popularity, if you want that word, which are always safe and right to use, and almost always effective. We are taking it for granted that it is best to have people like you, as a rule; that it does make a difference, Harry, in the great issues and the critical moments of life; let us go further and say that it is your duty to make people like you, rather than the other thing, whenever it can be honestly done. For their own good you must try to win and please them. Don't you know that hating hurts? It shrive's a soul all up, burns it, wizens it, withers all the life out of it. Then don't make it easy for other people to hate you, or your ways, which amounts in the end to about the same thing. Another reason is that by just so much as you are true and noble-minded and one who means to stand up for principle in this world where Daniels aren't plenty, your disagreeableness (if that must be counted in with your good qualities) hinders and spoils all your efforts. An unpleasant way goes against all goodness. It makes it hard for us to love that which is lovable. No fear that winsomeness will make you the less valiant. A soldier does not fight the better for having specks of rust on his armor.

As for the secrets or receipts mentioned above, it will be enough to mention one or two of them, and ask you to look out for others along the same line. You will all expect me to begin to talk about doing kindnesses, saying pleasant things, and other forms of active goodness. Those are all delightful ways, but something else comes first. A great many disagreeable people are fairly burdensome in their kindness. What would I have you do then? Just beware of unkindnesses. Take care not to say the unpleasant thing whenever it can possibly be avoided. See to it that none of your actions incommode any one else, or make them wish you elsewhere. Try this negative sort of goodness for a day or a week, and report results. See if you do not find the big and little wheels of life go much more easily.

One Step.

(By Frances Bent Dillingham.)

Before the baby's round, blue eyes
A high, unmounted steep appears,
As up the stairs he looks through tears,
While all his new-born courage dies.
One tottering foot he thrusts at last
Forth from his wide-hemmed robe of white;
Lo! mother clasps his small hand tight,
And now the foremost step is past.
But one short step at one short time,
But one step at a time, my dear,
The mother's tender voice I hear
As baby learns the way to climb.
Before me lifts eternal space
Through which, from earth to stars, I
see
A pathway infinite. Ah me!
How I shall faint a further pace!
I set one heavy foot before;
Behold! One weary step is won.
He held my hand, He led me on,
Whose upward aid is evermore.
But one short step at one short time,
But one step at a time, my dear,
The Father's tender voice is near
To teach his little child to climb.
—C. E. World.