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# WESLEYAN CITY MISSION

PRESIDENT:  
REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

## ANNUAL REPORT. 1871.

THE THIRD year of the benevolent and popular labours of this mission having closed with Sept. 1871, the Committee issue their Annual Report, with thankfulness to their friends and sincere gratitude to the Inspirer of every good and perfect gift, who hath directed and blessed the design of his servants.

The evidences of conversion and the believer's victory over death and the grave, securing through the past year in direct connexion with the mission labours, evince the special and abiding regard of the Saviour and Judge of all, whose solemn and salutary words are refreshing as a spring in the desert: "I was sick and ye visited me;" "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Secluded intellectual selfishness, the nurse of vanity, death of the spiritual affections, and deliberate violation of a pledged oath to seek after the sheep of Christ's flock scattered abroad, induces a ministry barren of saving results, while pastoral visitation conducted with prayerful wisdom and earnest love, receives the cheering witnesses of Christ's ability to forgive and save on the stormy waters of life, and when the wrecking billow of sin gathers its final strength to hurl the praying, trusting and departing spirit into the dark abyss. To the affectionate offices of the Missionary-pastor, D. Farrell, Hagerman St., E. Ernest, Richmond St. West, T. Greer, Sumach St., and S. Hall, Adelaide St. West, first responded in the sympathies of grace, professing the assurance of salvation by faith and the peaceful hope of eternal joys through the merit of Christ.

Two years before D. Farrell exchanged mortality for life, his sister, Mrs. Patterson, died rejoicing in Christ Jesus, a ripe fruit of this mission gathered to the feast above. This opened the pathway to his confiding attention, while instruction was imparted to his mind and prayer made to God for him. Months of spiritual darkness yet of gently dawning light marked his affliction. The day star from on high at length arose, and it was delightfully strange to perceive its radiance. The proud, self-willed hater of the ways of God, gave thanks for the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, exhorted his family to walk in the ways of Christ, and professed his certainty of being for ever with the Lord. He often broke the silence of his last night on earth by the audible expression of his inwrought effectual conviction of that truth, "The blood of Jesus

Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." A similar ministry of instruction, faith and prayer was afforded to S. Hall during the lengthened period of her decline. With a heart clinging to beloved earthly objects, she was slow to appropriate the promises of grace; to launch her spirit from its rest on the sands of time and commit it to the peaceful bright ocean of the love of Christ appeared difficult; but the shadows fled away; prayer and contemplation brought confidence. "He will save me" became the language of her trusting heart, and with this testimony she passed within the veil.

To direct the attention of those who love souls to the sick and dying has been a branch of mission duty conscientiously discharged and esteemed a privilege. J. Marshall and M. Sparks resided west of Spadina Avenue and were discovered by the Mission in a state of suffering. They and their friends, strangers to experimental religion, required the aid of spiritual counsel and sympathy. They were brought under the notice of those who, by the blessing of God, led them to the sinners only hope,—the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and in one saving grace shone with peculiar lustre. To others in the City, General Hospital and Yorkville who died in the Lord, the services of this mission were promptly given in common with various servants of Christ.

The General Hospital has received a large amount of service. With scores of the patients prayer has been offered, kind enquiries and religious converse gently and indiscriminately addressed to the sufferers, and well chosen tracts presented. In every ward, to every willing recipient, these kindnesses were cheerfully shewn and arrangements made to perform funeral services to the deceased when required. Six sermons were delivered in the lecture room to the assembled convalescents on Sabbath afternoons. While these lines are writing, S. Bassett, who two years since received in the weekly meeting the prayerful exhortations of the Missionary Pastor, lies an inmate in a ward, happy in a Saviour's love, softly dropping her clay tabernacle and on the wing for heaven. Sudden and appalling shades of death falling on the inebriate and septic imparting a ghastly horror to their departure, present a dread contrast to the peaceful scenes above narrated. One who recently died in the General Hospital replied in the early part of the evening of his