

a year, usually in the autumn, a special effort was made by means of a two-weeks' mission to gather in outsiders, men and women who belonged to no place of worship. Our workers would go into the public houses night after night, and into the streets, and bring them into the Mission Hall. At such times we children were allowed occasionally to go with our father to the evening meeting. How well my memory takes me back to one night in November, when he took me with him. The Mission Hall was crowded, many of the poor men and women from the streets having come in. I sat at the back of the hall with some of our friends, while my father went on to the platform with the missionary. I remember nothing of the sermon, except that through it all I heard the voice of God speaking straight to my heart. But I do remember one of the hymns that we sang. It was an old-fashioned hymn, perhaps not one that might seem likely to interest a child.

"Free from the law, O happy condition,  
Jesus has bled and there is remission;  
Cursed by the law, and bruised by the fall,  
Christ hath redeemed us once for all."

"I looked about at the faces of the people as we sang. Many were there amongst our workers, whose lives in the past had been as bruised and wretched as some of those whom they had brought from the public-houses that night. But Christ had