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### MR. CHARRINGTON AND HIS WORK IN LONDON.

Frederick Nicholas Charrington was born in the Bow Road, in East End of London, on February 4th, 1850, and is now, therefore, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. Frederick Charrington, who was a partner in the well-known brewing firm of Messrs. Charrington, Head & Co., of Stepney. The large brewery is (next to the London Hospital), the most striking building in the Mile End Road.

There is no doubt that Mr. Charrington's influence among the people is largely due to the kind of romantic interest with which they regard him, for he has made sacrifices for conscience sake and the Gospel's such as we rarely hear of in these days.

At an early age he was placed at a school in Brighton. From the queen of watering-places he went to Marlborough, and afterwards went to Brighton College.

After leaving school, Mr. Charrington went for a Continental tour visiting the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and travelled through Switzerland and Italy. His father now offered to send him to either Oxford or Cambridge University, but this he declined, and commenced learning the business at once by becoming a pupil of Neville, Reed, & Co., brewers to the Queen, at Windsor, where he took up his abode with the Rev. John Stone, curate of the parish.

After remaining at Windsor for twelve months, Mr. Charrington entered his father's brewery in the East End of London. Soon after this he accompanied his parents on another tour on the Continent, and on this occasion he met with Mr. William Rainsford, (Rev. W. S. Rainsford now of New York,) son of the Rev. Marcus Rainsford, of Belgrave Chapel. They travelled in company on the return journey, during which Mr. Charrington invited his young friend to visit him at his father's house at Wimbledon. During this visit Mr. Rainsford spoke to Mr. Charrington about his soul, and plainly asked him if he knew he was saved. Mr. Charrington protested against such a subject being brought up. Mr. Rainsford, however, pressed home the question, and made Mr. Charrington promise he would read John 3: when alone by himself. The next night Mr. Charrington fulfilled his promise, and read the chapter. As he read, the light came, and he now looks back to that hour as the one when he received the truth, and became a believer in the Lord Jesus.

Mr. Charrington now became possessed with new desires and ideas. He first spoke to an old school-fellow, Mr. Archibald Grahame, a young lawyer, who was converted at school. "Christ died for us," argued Mr. Charrington; "and we ought to

do something for Him." He at once joined some friends who were conducting evangelistic services among a lot of rough boys gathered in a hay loft. In this and similar work he engaged for some years.

Up to this time Mr. Charrington had remained in the brewery, but momentous changes were at hand. He was now heart and soul in his new work, but his conscience was not at rest. Wherever he went he saw his father's name in connection with the firm printed on large signboards and posts over the various public-houses. He began to witness sights that touched his heart. He saw drunken fathers, gin-drinking mothers, ill-used children, whose worst enemies were those whom God designed to be their natural protectors. There might seem to be light, warmth, and cordials within, but brawls and fights spoiled the glitter; and then above all he read "Charrington, Head, and Co.'s Entire." In addition to this, the

pects, without asking what the consequences would be, and he was allowed to retire in quietness, but he withdrew from the brewery without a halfpenny. Though much disturbed by his son's extraordinary choice, Mr. Charrington, senior, subsequently made him a small allowance, on which he lived and worked for three years. At the end of that time, the father died, and on his deathbed assured his son, not only of his affection, but of his warm approval of the course he had taken. By a provision in his father's will, Mr. Charrington was again offered a share in the brewery or else a sum sufficient to maintain him in comfort for life, and he accepted the latter; but as his fortune is not at all equal to the demands which his mission work makes upon him, he has to a considerable extent to rely upon the sympathy and support of the Christian public. Not only has Mr. Charrington made great sacrifices for conscience sake and

name under which Mr. Charrington's work is conducted,) includes Boys' Mission and Home in Hertford Place, of which more than one thousand boys have received the benefit, many of them being orphans; East End Conference Hall; Bonner Lane Hall, now in the hands of the Rev. T. B. Stephenson; the Foresters' Music Hall, which holds three thousand persons; Princes Street Hall, Wapping; Wilton's Music Hall; Lusby's Music Hall; Gloucester Hall, &c. There are also Sunday Schools, Band of Hope, Provident Club, Mothers' Meetings, Dorcas Meetings, &c.

In the year 1877 a Hall was erected. It was opened in April of the same year, and although it had a seating capacity of nearly 2,000 it soon became too small, and a larger building has been erected. The "Great Assembly Hall" as this new structure is called will seat about 5,000 and it is almost invariably filled. When we consider that this Hall is open every night, and that this great congregation is composed almost entirely of working people, it must be most cheering to any Christian heart, or to any one striving for the welfare of his fellow-creatures. The question, "How can we reach the masses?" is here most fully answered; it being, on Sunday nights, no uncommon occurrence for hundreds, if not thousands, to be sent away for want of room.

The late Lord Shaftesbury wrote of Mr. Charrington and his work, "This is a great and mighty work. I can only say that I rejoice to think that such a work as this is to be extended, and well does our friend Charrington deserve it. No man living, in my estimation, is more worthy of success for the devotion of his heart, the perseverance of his character, the magnificence of his object, and the way in which he has labored by day and by night until he has completed this great issue.—Faithful Witness.



FREDERICK N. CHARRINGTON.

boys and lads were continually asking him questions about the drink that were not at all likely to make his conscience more at ease; his visitations to the homes of the poor revealed a state of things that he had never dreamed existed; and he began to feel that he was pulling down with one hand what he was building up with the other.

The crisis came. Mr. Charrington told his father that he could have nothing more to do with the business of the brewery. This decision came so unexpectedly that it was a great blow to the family. At once he renounced his trade, with its golden pros-

the Gospel, but he has also been called to suffer. Standing in front of a certain music hall distributing tracts and warning young men of the peril of such places, he was roughly seized by two policemen and dragged off to Bethnal Green Police Station, where he was locked up for the night. Brought before the magistrate at Worship Street the next morning, he was immediately discharged, the magistrate stating that the prosecutor had laid himself open to an action for false imprisonment. In addition to open-air preaching and house-to-house visitation, the Tower Hamlets Mission (the

IN A TALK with a Southern (United States) manufacturer, says the Hon. J. B. Finch, I asked him if he was a Prohibitionist. He said, "I am." I said, "Why?" He said, "Look at these mills;" and I didn't have far to look in any particular direction, for he owned the largest cotton mills of the South. "Now," said he, "look up that street, where there are over one hundred grog-shops. I find that the ability of the workmen to do their work is taken away. In these streets are places that rob them of their money, nerve and muscle, degrade their intelligence, ruin their producing capacity, and make them comparatively worthless to me. When it reaches that, my mills or the grog-shops must go, and I prefer that it shall be the grog-shop."

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