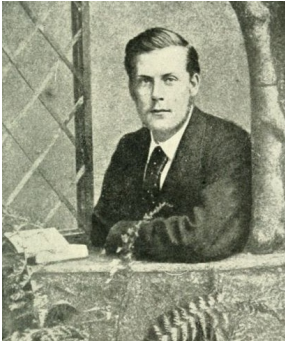


Frederick Charrington (1850-1936)



There was once a very rich young man called Frederick Charrington. His friends called him Fred. His parents were members of the Church of England. The firm they owned was in the poor part of London called the East End. It was a brewery. A brewery is a factory where beer is made. They were kind parents and did the best they could for their children. Fred worked in the brewery when he was old enough.

Fred thought he was a Christian because he had been baptised as a baby in the Church. A friend asked him to read John's gospel chapter three. Fred read it. He suddenly understood. He needed to be born again just like Nicodemus. Have you read John chapter three? Read it for yourself today. You will see what Fred found out. Fred confessed his sins and trusted in Jesus Christ. He was born again like Nicodemus.

Fred wanted to serve Jesus now. He began working with the ragged schools. These were places where very poor boys could come to hear the gospel and to learn to read. But then came something that changed his life. He was walking from the brewery where he worked to a slum. Here he was going to help with a ragged school meeting. It was held in an old, smelly loft over a stable.



On his way he passed a pub called The Rising Sun. You can see it in the picture. As he passed a poor lady came up to the door. Some ragged children were clinging to her skirts. Her husband was inside. He was spending all his wages drinking. He had become very drunk. She called out to him through the door, "Oh, Tom, do give me some money, the children are crying for bread."

The drunken man came through the doorway. He looked at her for a moment. Then he hit her and knocked her down into the gutter. Fred saw what happened. Then he looked up. Over the door of the pub was Fred's own name, Charrington, in big golden letters on the top of the pub. Can you see it, **CHARRINGTON**, written uphill on a slant in the picture? It was a pub belonging to his family's brewery. The profits of the

beer sold in this pub and others like it made his family rich. In a flash he realised what was happening. The brewery brewed beer. It sold it to poor men whose lives were miserable. They drank until they were drunk. Then they forgot their misery for a short while. They spent all their money. Their children and wives went hungry. The drink made them cruel and violent. The money was made by the brewery. Thousands and thousands of pounds. It made the Charrington family rich.

As he helped the poor lady up Fred thought, "Well, you have knocked your poor wife down, and with the same blow you have knocked me out of the brewery." He decided he would never work in the brewery any more. He would also give up all the money that would be his from the brewery business. He would not be a rich young man any more. But his conscience would not let him do anything else after what he had just seen.

Fred went to his father. He told him what had happened. "I am giving up my share in the brewery," he said. His father was angry and amazed. "This is foolish!" he said. "You cannot give up all your wealth. It is not the fault of the Brewery if men drink too much and become drunk. It is the fault of the drinker himself not the brewer."

Fred would not change his mind. He went on to spend his life doing nothing but missionary work in London's slums. He put up posters, handed out tracts, preached in any building he could find and in the open air on waste ground or in the park. God looked after him although he was no longer rich. He helped to feed thousands of poor people by providing Sunday teas for them along with a gospel service. God sent the money for him to build a huge hall and he filled it with poor people who came to hear the gospel and to have a good tea every week. He had turned down the brewery money but God provided everything he needed for the work of spreading the Gospel, feeding the poor, and helping the poor ragged children.