

## Londonderry.

BY EMMA SCHILLING.

How slow, how slow, the vessel moves !  
Haste ye, oh, haste, ye winds !  
Blow ye o'er sea, and mount, and vail ;  
Haste ere it be of no avail.  
Arise, arise ; your circuit make ;  
Blow for brave Londonderry's sake.  
Onward brave, bark, and steady,  
For hearts and hands, though brave, are ready  
Now to die, if we but fail ;  
Haste, haste, brave bark, 'twill yet avail !  
Awake, but for one hour, oh gale !  
We're little use if thou dost fail.  
Dash, dash, ye waves, the shore you laved !  
Londonderry must be saved.

The Stuart army is without ;  
The road is guarded by their scout.  
The river's blocked, and so it may ;  
We'll find through James's block a way !  
James Stuart and his hirelings, too,  
E're setting sun shall deeply rue  
The day they marched this northern way,  
To meet an Orangeman in fray.  
And thus a loyal captain spake ;  
And every effort did he make  
To save that city of renown,  
To save brave Londonderry town.

As wind and waves obey the will  
Of their Almighty Maker still,  
As when on Galilee's broad lake  
To these same elements he spake ;  
So now they rise, at his command,  
To aid a faithful seaman's hand.

Along the Northern coast they bear,  
And tide and breeze alike are fair ;  
Now 'twix the river's banks they steer,  
When lo ! the wind begins to veer.  
Northward, northward tends the gale,  
As soon a north wind fills their sail.  
Up the river fast they go,  
And strike the block a heavy blow,  
But with the force thereof rebound,  
And now the ship's keel grates the ground ;  
But soon they loose her from the shore,  
And to their work they set once more.  
Regaining speed they give a stroke,  
And lo ! the accursed boom is broke ;  
And now through waters calm they glide,  
And reach the valiant city's side.

King James looked on in wild amaze,  
To see his work of weeks and days  
Destroyed in one short hour to be,  
And set the doomed city free.  
But ere the sun descended west,  
That day, of every day the best,  
Saw James's men in full retreat,  
Acknowledging entire defeat,  
His fate decreed, his doom was sealed,  
No royal sceptre could he wield.

The men of Derry overthrew  
As great a tyrant Britain knew.

## SKETCH OF WILLIAM GOODERHAM'S LIFE.

THE *Faithful Witness* of October 6th, 1888, contained the following sketch of Mr. Wm. Gooderham, whose death is so greatly lamented: Mr. William Gooderham, whose name is well known throughout the Dominion as a Christian philanthropist, was born in the village of Scole, in the county of Norfolk, England, on April 14th, 1824. He is one of a family of twelve—six boys and six girls. When William was eight years of age his father emigrated to America and took up his residence in Toronto (then York), where he entered business. William did not, however, feel drawn to the business in which the father had embarked, and when about eighteen years of age he started from home to earn a livelihood for himself. He entered into the service of a merchant in Rochester, N. Y., and his visit to that city was fraught with the deepest interest to him, for there in 1842 he was led to see himself a sinner and to accept of

Jesus Christ as a Saviour. For several years he walked in the light, and was found ever at the work of striving to lead others to a knowledge of the truth. But unhappily his love grew cold, and for many years he lived as most men live who seek to advance worldly interests. In speaking of this time, he ever expresses his regret that he allowed temporal things to take the place of spiritual, and, while during those years he prospered in business and rapidly accumulated a large fortune, still he says, "I count that much of my life has been a failure."

For many years past he has laboured unceasingly and devotedly for the Master. His one motto seems to be, "Redeeming the time," or more literally, "Buying up opportunities," and those opportunities are never allowed to pass unimproved.

Mr. Gooderham was never weary in well-doing, but was ever ready to extend a helping hand to any who might be in need. He was a living example of what a Christian worker should be—sowing beside all waters—for it mattered not where he was travelling, by land or water, walking the streets or seated in the street cars, he was sure to find some person to whom, ere he separated from them, he had spoken a word for the Master. In this work God has greatly owned his labours to the conversion of souls. To the inmates of the hospital his visits (with his quartette of singers, two boys and girls) came as gleams of sunshine, and as he told in his own special way the "old, old story," several have been won as trophies of Divine grace, and have either passed away rejoicing or have come forth with restored health and renewed life to tell what the Lord hath done for them. In this and many other ways he was a living example to others as to how they should walk, and we believe that for generations after he was called away, his memory will be blessed, and his works will follow him.

The latest act of benevolence and wise expenditure of money was the erection of the beautiful building of the Toronto Christian Institute at a cost of \$25,000.

While holding unswerving allegiance to the Church of his choice (Methodist), he was a man of most liberal views, believing that true religion is hedged in by no sectarian prejudices, and willingly assisted to the utmost of his power, alike by personal effort and by liberal contributions, all efforts to advance the interests of mankind; and he laboured with all irrespective of creed.

There are few churches in the City of Toronto in the pulpits or upon the platforms of which he has not stood, and to the congregations of which he was not a welcome speaker.

Of his wealth he gave with no stinted hand to help every good cause, and with his money, as with his influence, he knew no sect. The mission field found in him a warm supporter, and at his own expense he maintained seven men in the mission field—some labouring in India, others among the Indians of the North-West, and one in the South Sea Islands.

When Mr. Hudson Taylor recently visited Canada, he decided to organize and maintain a Canadian Board of Advisers, to which Board should be entrusted the selection of associates for the China field, and the first name on said Board was that of the subject of our sketch.

Although retired from active business life, Mr. Gooderham's counsel and valued experience was much sought after, and therefore we were not astonished to find his name upon the list of officers of several of the largest financial institutions. But where his name appears, there he was sure to be found when duty called, for his rule in business, as

in his church work, was, not to lend his name simply, but to fulfil faithfully any duty which the connection entered into might demand.

It is refreshing in these days, when there appears to be an almost universal race for riches to find such men as the subject of our sketch looking upon themselves merely as stewards of the Lord's money.

## BAD COMPANY.

A young lady of sixteen, who had been piously brought up, was invited to a party, at which certain persons of undisguised infidel sentiments were expected to be present.

Her father objected to her going.

"I know, papa," she said, "that they speak against the Bible and against Jesus; but you can be quite sure that they will do me no harm. I will be in the room where they are; I can't help that; but I shall not allow them to affect me in the least."

"My child," said her father, inventing an excuse for the sudden request, "my work can't be interrupted; I have need of a coal; will you be kind enough to fetch me one?"

"Do you want a live coal?" she asked.

"No; one that is dead—burnt out," was the answer.

The coal was brought. The young lady had brought it in her hand.

"Didn't it burn you, child?" asked the father.

"Why, no, papa. How could it? It's dead!"

"Of course it couldn't. But look at your hand, Florence."

"O papa! how black my fingers are. I must go and wash them right away."

"Wait a moment, Flossie," said her father; "here is a little lesson for you while you are washing them. It is this: Companionship with the wicked and worldly may not necessarily burn you and destroy you, but it will certainly soil you. Remember what the apostle says as long as you live: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

## A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

In a railway car a man about sixty years old came to sit beside me. He had heard me lecture the evening before on temperance. "I am master of a ship," said he, "and have just returned from my fiftieth voyage across the Atlantic. About thirty years ago I was a sot—shipped while dead drunk, and was carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain asked me, 'Do you remember your mother?' I told him she died before I could remember. 'Well,' said he, 'when I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune. My boy, she said, I don't know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea; but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards. Now, promise me you'll never drink a drop of liquor.' He said, 'I laid my hand in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, and have seen the worst kind of life and men. They laughed at me as a milk-sop, and wanted to know if I was a coward. But when they offered me liquor I saw my mother's pleading face, and never drank a drop. It has been my sheet-anchor; I owe all to that. Would you like to take that pledge?' said he."

My companion took it; and he added, "It has saved me. I have a fine ship, a wife and children at home, and, I have helped others."

That earnest mother saved two men to virtue and usefulness—how many more! He who sees all can alone tell.