

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

Take courage, temperance workers !
 You shall not suffer wreck
 While up to God the people's prayers
 Are rising from your deck.
 Wait cheerily temperance workers,
 For daylight and for land ;
 The breath of God is in your sail,
 Your rudder in His hand !

Sail on ! sail on ! deep freighted
 With blessings and with hopes ;
 The good of old with shadowy hands,
 Are pulling at your ropes.
 Behind you, holy martyrs
 Uplift the palm and crown ;
 Before you, unborn ages send
 Their benedictions down.

Courage ! your work is holy,
 God's errands never fail !
 Sweep on through storm and darkness,
 The thunder and the hail !
 Work on ! sail on ! the morning comes,
 The port you yet shall win ;
 And all the bells of God shall ring
 The ship of temperance in.

—John G. Whittier.

MISS MACPHERSON ON THE DRUNKARDS' CHILDREN.

A nine days' Blue Ribbon Gospel Temperance Mission has been held at Clapton Park Chapel, in which many prominent advocates have taken part. The meetings have all been largely attended, particularly that on Friday last, when Miss Annie Macpherson, of the Home of Industry, was announced to give an address on the subject of "The Drunkards' Children of our great city ; or, Help better than Pity."

The meeting was presided over by Mr. BENJAMIN WHITWORTH, M. P., who said he knew of no question that ought to interest those more who were really anxious for the spread of the kingdom of Christ than the one before the meeting to-night. Strong drink was a stumbling-block to every good movement in this country, but unfortunately the habit of drinking had become so rooted that it had required fifty years of agitation to gain the position already reached. He had never had a doubt in his mind as to being in the right path, nor had he yet met a person who regretted becoming a total abstainer. On the contrary, he had met thousands who had regretted that they had not become abstainers earlier in life. No one could doubt but that the blessing of the Almighty was on our efforts, because we were doing the very thing that would bring the people of this country to acknowledge the true principles of religion. (Cheers.)

Mr. E. J. KENNEDY, in the course of a very able address, said that he had had ten years' experience of total abstinence, and he could recommend it with the same earnestness as the chairman, though not from the same standpoint of time.

Miss MACPHERSON said that the last speaker had touched all their hearts—(cheers)—and the chairman had covered an even wider range. She appeared before them as having just returned from her thirtieth voyage from Canada. She had travelled some 2,000 miles, and never once been asked to take even a glass of wine ; neither did she see anything of the kind upon the tables of the persons with whom she stayed. Having travelled for the love she had for these children of our great city some 150,000 miles in all, and as personal experience had been the order of the evening, the meeting would pardon her if she honestly and truly stated, as before our loving Father, that not one spoonful in all these voyages, though often in weakness, and often with that "sinking" feeling to which the last speaker had just alluded, had she tasted of intoxicating drinks. If she were sick, a

little gruel and a good dose of sleep soon brought her round. (Cheers.) In view of the present state of things, it behoved us all to abstain, for the world would feel our influence if it would not follow our example. Let every person think this matter out and be fully persuaded in his own mind. She had spent twenty years in the East of London, and, having received the call to her work from God, the means to carry it on had never been wanting. A life of faith in the Son of God had answered all her needs. Her work had shown her that the poorest and even the most criminal could be moved by the touch of human kindness. Tell them the story of the Prodigal Son, and it would melt them. She remembered calling a meeting in George-yard, Whitechapel, where George Holland had laboured for thirty years, and when one of the thieves tried to steal her handkerchief he was roughly handled by the other thieves about him. She asked how many children in the meeting were fatherless and motherless, and twenty-one stood up, with scarcely a rag to cover them. Drunkenness was the great cause of this state of things, and one little fellow told a dreadful story of how his father had so saturated himself with spirit that he had ignited himself and was burned to death (spontaneous combustion). This little fellow had wandered the streets in terror, living as best he could, but a year or more ago she saw him in Canada—one of a thousand children whom she had passed through her Home of Industry. The cases of these children were not all alike. The history and circumstances of each one differed. There were now 3,701 of them in the colonies, and about 600 were married. On her last visit she had the pleasure of seeing in one meeting ten of these children grown up who had been sent out to Canada, and three of them were married. One was a deacon of a church, and all of them were Sunday-school teachers and leaders in the prayer-meeting. There were two sets of sisters who were all engaged to be married and would have homes of their own. She demanded that the Canadian Government should visit these children, and they reported to the British Government that ninety-eight out of every 100 were doing well. (Cheers.) The street children of London stood in great dread of the police. Here was the case of John Gray, which was typical of many others. "Have you a father?" "No." "Have you a mother?" "No; she died a year ago." "What do you do to live?" "I sell water-cress, but I'm terrified out of my life by the police." "But you have a clean shirt on—how did you get that?" And then it came out that an old woman who kept a barrow in the street took his shirt from him, that hadn't been washed for three months before, and washed it in a tin pot by the side of her stall at regular intervals. (Cheers.) Talk of what the rich did for the poor—rather talk of what the poor did for each other. (Cheers.) She (Miss Macpherson) said to him—"John, I will help you; I will be a mother to you." He lived with her for a time, and then went out to Canada, and this summer, on Dominion Day, John rushed up to her with the words on his lips, "Oh! my more than mother!" (Applause.) The way to soothe the "bitter cry of outcast London" was not by bricks and mortar or in English fashion to launch out money recklessly, but to go and search out individual cases of distress and deal with them upon their own merits. Let each Christian do that, and not trust the work to a committee. The time was coming when Parliament would have to look at social questions. (Cheers.) Think of the widows of London. How did they live? Search them out; learn their circumstances and relieve their wants. Drink in the great majority of cases had robbed these women of their husbands, and brought them to the direst penury. She saw a boy one night with feeble voice trying to sell matches in the Whitechapel-road. She asked him his history, and in a few words it was this:—The widow, his mother, was overworked, became ill and destitute. Llewellyn was told by a boy how, by selling matches, he could more than double the money he spent in buying them. He took the last threepence they had and made elevenpence of it. Llewellyn was sent to Canada, and was now a farmer. He had written home, "Come, mother to me. I have a home for you, and I can now support you. You need labour no more for the bread that perisheth." (Cheers.) She had seen that sort of thing repeated a hundred times. Alas! the story was far too frequent that it was the mother who drank, and so cast her offspring amongst all the perils of the streets. Only the other day she had asked the superintendent of a police station to let her look into the cells, and what did she see? One woman dead drunk upon the stone pavement; in the next cell another; and when she opened the wicket of the third cell, the woman who was in it said, in a maudlin voice, "Is that my baby crying?" Think of her husband—at home with no comfort to meet him after his