## save the children.

(The Cheltenham Branch of the Brit sh Women's I'emperanco Association has adopend and issued pledes cards, ther (hilhern to tho public house.)

II Indastill anen worship gods, Lake Kali, liam, mad sil:
Ind even gods of wood athl stone Thates that can bever live.
In other landx, and Inrael tso, They worshipped Baal as sire Amt Moloch gram, with eatel rltes And chldren hurnt is firo
We make winnis as larad did, But, lest we think tno ill of them, let as tirst look at home.

Mammon and Bacchas are not dead, Snr even! growing olit,
If we may julge trom what men dronk, And thangs they do for gold.
Where Moloch elaime a single child, Barchus silhs toll a scern, dil they should most adore

Love, honour, conscience, wifo and chal,
All, all a - drowned in drmak; lureak, Ind never stong, to tisink.
We sere it all, yet aid by law
Tha valupire demon brmk hal some bily sharen on getmore gold

He sing " Bratama rales the waves" And thank we're free mon all;
ut chey Druk und Gollaves,

## YOUNG MEN.

A man in Hartford, Conn., came home trunk. IIs little boy, from three and at half to four years of age, ran forward to meet his father. Had that father nestling in his bosom wout have been mest seizing bosom; but he was drunk houlder seing the little fellow by the houlder, he hifed him right over has tory window through osh the second -ory window, through sash, glass and moked up the por boy welh the Moked up the poor boy, with both his highs broken. When man is Irunk le does not know what he is about : he hous dethroned reason. And so, whether rumkenness runkenness-whether you hold your sides with merriment, or the marrow ber that drunkenness is dehasing blight mis, blastinis, scathing milhewing and rumbing to overythin, that is bright oble and beautiful that is bright
oble and beauthat
Young men, let me say to you_what nawful risk you run! Dud you ever wake up in the morning, and wonder how you got into your bed? Bid you for the life of you what you did lavt night? Down on your knees, down on your knees to night, amd thank Goit, that as you staggered forth, int knowing your guardian angel from you in that hour, and leave you to phunge into utter ruin,
Why, what is it to get drunk? Here s one case that I knew : and many of gorgeous wediling, a ge ud werding. fifteen hundred dollars was the priec paid for the flowers. sent expressly from tew york. The house had been en larged for the dancing. A fast young It was a gorgeous wedding very merry and jolly, plenty of wine ; but the bride rooun rot drunk and with his clenched ist, two hours after they had heen narried, he struck his bride in the mouth. "Ilush! hush! don't say any thing about it; don't let it get abroad Hush! hush! it is only known to those here. He was drunk, and did not know what he was doung; cover it up." they did. Ho went on his werlding excursion. Six weeks afterwards he got lrunk again, and drew a pistol on the wife that loved him. She felt her life was rot safe, and went back to her 'loronto, in Canada. He sot drunk
again, killed a policeman, was thied, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, in less than minety days after his wedding. Government, and he is now in Kingston Penitentiary for lif.. Threo diunks Three times intoxicated! Uh, young men, if God has spared you, and rou hase ever bean druak in your lives, down on your knees. and, in the grath. tule of your souls, declare that you will nover again touch that which dothrones renson!
There are those or us who have come out of the fire, those of us who are scarred and bruisel, those who will never the what we might have been hat vara after year rolls on, and hrings us nearer und nearor to the onl, what would we not give, brethren, conld we wipe out our record !
On! That Awfit Recom, young every day. Ion hegin in the morning witha clean page, jerfectly clean, anti at nipht it is -meared, and smadgen, over and think it is rone. No! You can lever wipe out a word of your record.
You eats never bint out a stain nor erase
one. No sir! l'no are making your ecorl.
What agramd thing it is to be a young man, ent out with life : il before 'on, to make of it what rou choose, just ns
you chone - to mouli it as you will- to anke vour hfos just what you pleaso 10 make vona her ju4t what yon pleaso to
make it! How.
How many of you, roung men, are going wrong? And you know you atr gong wiong. I never knew a man
fong wrong who was not aware of ging wrong who was not aware of it. tomp wone! You do not hear them thetend it, never-gut oxense it." "Oh,
it will all cone right in the eni." What "t will all come right in the enci." What
will? "1h, voung men must sow then
" will" "oh, roung men must sows then
wild nats." Yes, and they must ren!
too. "It will he all the same a hundred years hence. What will iwo diver, ing lines go on widening to all eternity There is no cross-cut If you begin right till you come back with hleeding eet, and torn Hesh, and streaming tears. and broken heart. Ami many a min the beginning! So many go into ruin with all of life betore them.
You are like a switchman, as we call im. on the railway. Here comes thr locomotive and the train of cars, freig! ate
with human life, hopes, and happines and your hand is on the switch Yni an turn that train on to the main you can curn it down the the sidmy, you can turn it lown the bank; but when it has passed by, your control ove nother such opportunity, and ouno nother such opportunity, and oppor by day. By and bassing you day by day, day oor Churchill did on his death-bad "dil Courchill did on his death-bed. What a fool I have been! What a
Young man, is that to be the end of your hife, with all ith prospects and
its bright hopes? Joln B. Gough.

## IT SOUNDED AWFUL.

- temperanee lecturer was preachine on his favorite theme. "Now, boys when ask you a question you must not
be atraid to speak ap and answer me. When you look around and see all those ne houses, farms and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now.
Your fathers own them, do they not? "Yes, sir," shouted a humired voices "Where will your fathers he in twenty "Dens"
"Deal," sionted the boys
That's reght, . Ind whon will own the "Woperty then?

L's boys," shouted the urchins.
Right. Now tell me, did you eve in going along the street notice the
drunkards lounging around the publicdrunkards lounging around the public-
house door wating for some one to treat house d
"Yes, sir, lots of them.
"Well, where will they be in twonty years froun now?
"Dead," exclaimed the boys
And who will be the drunkurde "U's boys."
Everybody was thunderstruck. It true-League Journal.

## A GREAT OFFER.

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