

THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

As shown by careful calculations published in the Vanguard, the Canadian Dominion has an average annual expenditure for strong drink of about THIRTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS. This is the amount paid for the liquor by the consumer. If we were to take into calculation the indirect cost to the country through the loss of time and other losses and expenses, the result of drinking, the bill would be swelled to nearly three times the sum named.

Dealing however, with only this actual outlay by drinkers, we have to consider an expenditure, the termination of which would increase the prosperity of our country to a marvellous extent. "Hard times" may always be taken as the result of a number of causes operating together, the liquor traffic being one cause continually at work. If that were abolished there would be an increase of wealth that would probably put us, even under present circumstances, in a position far more prosperous than any we have yet occupied. It must be borne in mind that it has been demonstrated that money spent in drink means invariably so much diminution of the actual wealth of the country.

As illustrative of the great relief which might be secured from a stoppage of this drink expenditure, the following calculation is submitted. The thirty-two million dollars would establish in the occupation of farming, on fewer than FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE families, taking them destitute and equipping everyone with the following outfit.

1 Cleared farm of 100 acres, with dwelling house, barn, stabling and all equipments, worth.....	\$5,000 00
1 Team of horses.....	150 00
5 Cows at \$40 each.....	200 00
20 Sheep at \$5 each.....	100 00
5 Pigs at \$5 each.....	25 00
Poultry, ducks, geese and turkeys.....	15 00
1 Heavy waggon.....	80 00
1 Sleigh.....	40 00
1 Farm cart.....	40 00
1 Plough.....	40 00
1 Set of harrows.....	40 00
1 Combined mower and reaper.....	150 00
1 Horse rake.....	40 00
Other tools and implements.....	25 00
1 Set team harness.....	40 00
1 Set plough harness.....	20 00
1 Set cart harness.....	20 00
1 Cooking stove fully furnished.....	45 00
1 Self feeder coal heater.....	30 00
1 Carpet.....	35 00
1 Carpet.....	25 00
1 Carpet.....	20 00
1 Set dining room furniture.....	40 00
1 Parlor set.....	100 00
1 Bedroom set.....	40 00
1 Bedroom set.....	30 00
1 Bedroom set.....	25 00
Crockery, cutlery, linen, bedding, curtains, blinds, kitchen utensils and other miscellaneous furnishings.....	70 00
1 Book case.....	15 00
100 Volumes standard books.....	100 00
Cash capital to start work with.....	900 00
Total.....	\$7,500 00

If there is any one thing meaner than another, it is the bartering of public morals for a price. Such is the licensed saloon. *National Liberator.*

The saloon is sometimes called "the poor man's club." It is literally. It "clubs" him into the gutter and jail. But it don't stop there. It is laid on the backs of his helpless family without mercy. On their shoulders rests the curse of the saloon. Are you voting for it?—*Morris County Journal.*

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MARRIED TO A DRUNKARD.

She arose suddenly in the meeting, and spoke as follows: "Married to a drunkard? Yes; I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I am talking to the girls."

We all turned and looked at her. She was a wan woman, with dark, sad eyes, and white hair placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard I reached the acme of misery," she continued. "I was young, and oh, so happy! I married the man I loved, and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it—knew it, but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it unless she has a drunkard in her family; then, perhaps, she knows how deeply the iron enters the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard—whether father, husband, brother or son. Girls, believe me, when I tell you that to marry a drunkard, to love a drunkard, is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know. I have gained that fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white? It turned white in a night; 'bleached by sorrow,' as Marie Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the snows of seventy rest upon my head, and upon

my heart. Ah! I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with unutterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned, he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely little girls and a boy. Here her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days; he had kept away from his home. One night I was seated beside my sick boy; the two little girls were sleeping in the next room, while beyond was another room into which I heard my husband go as he entered the house. The room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically, but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength, and, throwing myself with all my force against the door, the lock gave way and the door flew open. Oh, the sight! the terrible sight!" she wailed out in a voice that haunts me now; and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them it was whiter and sadder than ever.

"Delirium tremens! You have never seen it, girls; God grant that you never may. My husband stood beside the bed, his eyes gleaming with insanity, and in his hand a large knife. 'Take them away!' he screamed. 'The horrible things; they are crawling all over me! Take them away, I say!' and he flourished the knife in the air. Regardless of danger, I rushed to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There lay my children, covered with their life-blood, slain by their own father! For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac at my side—the man who had brought me all the woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wallings filled the air. The servants heard me and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them, he suddenly drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained the bodies of my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind was so shattered that I knew no one."

She ceased! Our eyes were riveted upon her wan face. Some of the women present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to resume her story.

"For two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck. Then I recovered from the shock, and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited upon the child, and six months ago my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and as I, his loving mother, stood and saw the sod heaped over him, I said, 'Thank God! I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard,' and I turned into my desolate home a childless woman—one upon whom the hand of God had rested heavily.

"Girls, it is you I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine; do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him! So much the worse for you; for, married to him, the greater will be your misery because of your love. You will marry and then reform him, you say. Ah! a woman sadly over-rates her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no match for the giant demon 'drink,' when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you, too. It is to save you, girls, from the sorrows that wrecked my happiness that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it; and I have a message to bear to every girl in America—never marry a drunkard!"

I can see her now, as she stood there amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing, and her frame quivering with emotion, as she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out, and we never saw her again. Her words, 'stily spoken,' were not without effect, however, and because of them there is one girl single now.—*From Touching Incidents.*

WHAT A FALL.

A minister of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home, for the first time in his life, intoxicated, and his boy met him upon his doorstep, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me, "I spent the night in that house, I went out, bared my brow, that the night dew might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hill. There was his child dead! There was his wife in convulsions, and he asleep: A man of thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple, where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and his wife on the brink of the grave! Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must stay until he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, 'What is the matter? Where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way! I will see my boy.' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a wild shriek, 'Ah my child!' That minister said further to me, "One year after he was brought from the lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in the city of Boston. Now tell me what rum will not do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and Godlike in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, and hellish. Why are we not to fight till the day of our death?—*J. B. Gough.*

There is one thing that is worse than a tax on income—it is a tax on public morals. The saloon must go.—*Ram's Horn.*

The man who for party forsakes principles goes down, and all the armed battalions of God march over him.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Liquor dealers have dollars at stake; Christian men have souls at stake. Which are the most valuable?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The man who says "Our Father" from the depth of his heart will never be found standing with his foot on his brother's neck.—*Pacific Ensign.*

It will be very hard to draw the line between reputable and disreputable saloons, or to say which is most dangerous. They must all go.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Garnishing the tombs of the prophets has always been safer business than fighting prosperous iniquity or supporting the prophets of to-day.—*Vineyard (N.J.) Outlook.*

High license is a device of the devil patented by the politicians to coin buzzard dollars to lay on the eyes of dead consciences to make the corpse look respectable.—*Sam Small.*

"Is this the way to the poorhouse?" asked one man of another, as he pointed in a certain direction. "No, but this is," answered the other, pointing to a whiskey flask sticking out of the inquirer's pocket.—*Westerly Tribune.*

It is not so much for the sake of women as for the sake of men that women need the ballot. Men have made a mess of governing the world, they have filled it with drinking saloons and standing armies.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

The old-fashioned temperance pledge, spread it on every platform, on every pulpit, and on every communion table. There are thousands of people who, having made a promise, will keep it till the day of judgment.—*T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.*

The time is ripe for a new campaign in opposition to the evil that is cursing more homes and destroying more souls than any other one evil in our country. The cradle of our temperance reform was in the church of Christ; and all of its most effective triumphs have been wrought through moral power, whether that power was exerted in diminishing the drinking custom or in dealing blows for the suppression of the dramshops. An appeal is now made to the churches to open a fresh warfare against the bottle wherever found—in the social circle, on the household board, or on the counter of the saloons.—*T. L. Cugler, D.D.*