

THE CAMP FIRE.

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A NEW PLAN OF WISE WORK FOR RICH RESULTS.

BY W.C.T.U.'S--YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES -- TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS -- AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS GENERALLY.

[We carried prohibition in Maine by sowing the land knee-deep with literature.—NEAL DOW.]

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IT WORKS.

The savings banks of Cambridge, Mass., give testimony as follows: "The last year under saloons there were \$140,000 of new deposits. The next year under prohibition \$688,000. The last year under saloons 591 new accounts were opened in the savings banks, while in the first year under no license 928 were opened."—National W.C.T.U. Bulletin.

RUN DOWN.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

"DEAR BEN:

"I wish I were a sea-anemone or a fresh-water polype. Then, a railway accident would be a trifle. Come and see me—or what's left of me.

Yours,
"Joe."

What was left of Joe—he had lost an arm—was in the hospital; laid peacefully in one of many straight white beds in a row.

"Tell me all about it, old fellow," said Ben, almost crushing the one remaining hand in his warm and hearty grasp. Joe was able now to see visitors.

"I don't remember much," answered Joe. "To me it was only a crash and a darkness. Another man jumped from the car; he was hurt, but not so badly as I, and he didn't lose consciousness at all. He was in the next bed to mine for a month or two. He said it looked to him exactly as if the two engines, each with one fiery eye like a Cyclops, rushed upon each other, sprang up in the air and grappled as if fighting. Then there was a smash, and cars were piled on top of cars."

"It does sound queer," said Ben, "but I've heard other fellows say the same thing, that the engines looked just like living creatures rushing at each other in a rage. Old man this is hard lines for you!"

Joe smiled the pathetic smile of utter languor and weakness. "I feel safe now, Ben. You know how it used to be."

Ben did know. Joe's father had been a drunkard, so had his grandfather, and perhaps the line went farther back still. In his childhood there had been the continual smell, sight, taste of whiskey; only his mother's prayers and tears protecting him. When he was older, and left home, he found every bargain sealed with a drink, and every merry-making enlivened by drinking, every friendship vowing faith with a drink—at every street-corner, in every hotel—well, the world had not been a safe place for him!

Poor Joe! As he was to discover, too late, it was not safe to be ill. In this hospital, some of the prescriptions contained opiates and stimulants, and the dormant desire was reawakened. The first week that followed his departure saw a relapse into old habits. It looked bad for a man just out of the jaws of death, said one of the doctors, who had given the very prescription that had stirred the old thirst to life. *Am I my brother's keeper?*

Joe struggled back once more. He even obtained work, chiefly through his mother's efforts. His business was to take him South for several months. He had a talk with his employer before he left.

"Don't trust me any more than you must," he said bitterly. "I don't trust myself."

"I trust you all the more because you distrust yourself," said the old merchant kindly.

"Yes I distrust myself," thought Joe sadly as he went away, "but that is not enough. If I could also compel myself. What is that I read the other day? *Self-constraint is true liberty.* There is nothing more true than that."

Unfortunately, Joe arrived in New Orleans about Christmas. He had promised Ben's brother, who was recently married, that he would pay him a visit. He was very kindly received, and everything went smoothly until Christmas day. Marie, the hostess, who was to have a dinner-party.

Returning from early communion, a lovely picture of glowing health and happiness, she met her sister Nita just at the door.

"Come in, Nita, I want to show you how nice everything looks in the hall. See the holly and the evergreen from the North—is it not Christmas-like? And these colonial punch-bowls. I think they are perfect. Take a glass of egg-nog, Nita, or would you rather have apple-toddy? They are made of

old Virginia recipes, as old as the punch-bowls themselves."

"But, Marie, dear, I thought Joe was staying here?"

"Well, what of that? And Marie's voice grew a little sharp.

"Don't you remember his mother's letter, Marie, how she begged you not to let him be tempted in your house?"

"Yes, I thought it was a very inconsiderate letter. If her son cannot stand temptation, he need not go into the world. See, Nita, dear, it would take away all the jollity, all the good cheer, if I gave up this. It is very selfish of the mother to think of nothing but her wishes."

"Selfish? Oh, Marie!" and Nita's eyes fell on the prayer-book in Marie's hand. *Thy brother, for whom Christ died.* This whisper of conscience came to Marie from the communion-feast, but she thrust it resolutely aside.

"No, Nita, I can't change anything now, and if our guest has any appreciation for us, he will not throw a chill over everything by being different from other people. It's only for one day, after all."

Joe caught the words as he came in, as he showed by the quick, painful flush, and Marie was not sorry to have him see what she expected.

Only for one day! It did the work effectually, however, and Joe again broke his earnest resolve, made with such desire, such hope, such determination.

He returned home as soon as it was possible. He was no longer physically strong, and illness always followed close upon indulgence.

He looked like a wreck, indeed, when he walked into his mother's room. All the light of hope had gone out of his eyes; he had a cowed and crushed expression that cut his mother to the heart.

"My dear boy," said she, "I know all. You must not reproach yourself too much. You were betrayed. Ben's brother wrote him all about it, and said it was entirely his own fault, not yours."

Joe smiled drearily. "I was to blame, too. But that does not help me now. It is all my miserable, miserable weakness. I cannot go into the way of temptation any more. But oh, mother," and his voice had a despairing, hunted ring in it, "where can I go, and not be tempted?"

"My child," said his mother, "stay with me. At least you will be safe. And you will get work again. Do not despair."

So a small house was rented, and the mother began housekeeping again. It was a quiet little home, and their life was very simple, arranged on the most frugal and economical methods, but it was a very happy one, for there was an abundance of love in the small household, and, as Joe thought with thankfulness whenever he entered it in the evening, it was *safe*.

But he could not stay always in this quiet haven. He was the bread-winner of the establishment; he must get work. His mother's restricted income was not sufficient for more than one.

The merchant, his mother's friend, who had sent him South, was willing to try him again.

"I am willing to do anything that you can trust me with after what has passed—sweep, dust, anything that I can do with one arm."

The old man put his hand on his shoulder kindly.

"You were quick at figures at school, weren't you? I think I remember that you were. In that case, I can give you a better job than dusting." Joe said he had done that sort of work easily, but was not in practice.

"Never mind about that. It suits my purpose all the better. My old clerk, Mr. Courtney, is going to leave me because his eyesight is failing. It is a great mortification to have to give up his work. I would like to give you the place, but I want you to work with him two or three months, and learn his ways. You need not be too quick about learning," he added, with a laugh. "Only be as gentle and

patient with the old man as possible, Joe. But I can trust you, I know."

Joe did his work so well that he gained the old clerk's heart completely. If anything could have comforted him, it would have been this delicate appreciation of his faithful service.

Joe himself felt fully compensated for the small trials of patience when the old merchant thanked him on the day Mr. Courtney left.

"I was afraid he would have to go with a sore heart, Joe, but it's all right. He says he is entirely satisfied with his successor."

Three years followed peaceful, serene years in which the mother's face seemed to lose half of its wrinkles, and grow quite young again.

Joe's experience in New Orleans at Christmas had taught him profound humility. He no longer dared go into temptation. Necessarily, his social life was a very restricted one. Perhaps there was more intimacy between the Courtneys and himself than with any other family. By an odd coincidence, the Courtney household consisted of only father and daughter, as his own did, of mother and son, and they were very congenial in habit and taste. It was a delight to both parties, though the mother rejoiced with trembling,—when Joe and Mary Courtney were betrothed.

It was just at the end of the third year that the fire broke out in the warehouse where Joe worked. In spite of his one arm, he did much to save the building, and was well-nigh exhausted when he left it, assured of its safety.

He knew that the Courtneys had heard of the fire, and stopped a moment to let them know about it.

"How pale and exhausted you look!" exclaimed Mary, and running out of the room, she returned with a glass of cordial.

Joe refused it, but even his old friend urged him.

"I can tell by your voice how worn out you are. In this case you only take it as a medicine."

Joe, seeing Mary's anxiety, yielded, and for a little while felt revived. But the stimulant lost its effect before he got home, and he tried another drink, and another.

The old result followed. He did not reach home until dawn, and had taken severe cold in spite of drinking. Pneumonia set in, and the case pronounced hopeless.

Then for the first time a smile returned to Joe's face.

"Mother," he said, "don't grieve. I am so weary of struggling and falling. I am so glad to have it over."

"But you never went willingly into danger," said Ben. "Dear old boy, your will was never conquered. If you had only had a chance."

A man without an enemy in the world, yet hunted down, pursued, entrapped, under the guise of business, friendship, and love.

"Oh," said his mother bitterly when the end came, "if people would only think—would only think—of the evil they do so lightly!"—Y. T. Banner.

THE SCOTT ACT.

A correspondent of the *Charlottetown Guardian*, writing from Georgetown, P. E. I., says: "The following rum shops have been closed here lately, and their owners driven into exile. Fade Lavers 'skipped' to New Glasgow, N.S., leaving behind a Scott Act fine of \$50 and costs or two months in jail. Mrs. O'Connor, his mother-in-law, after serving one month in jail, retired to the same place, leaving behind her a fine of \$50 and costs or two months. Robert Sentiner, their 'trustee' friend, was also compelled to seek a change of air in the same city of refuge, leaving behind him a Scott Act fine to mourn his loss. Maurice Kehoe has also been driven out of the business and is now following the useful and honorable calling of a house joiner. The owner of the 'Dominion House' voluntary retired from the business, and is now keeping a temperance hotel."