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The VANGUARD was published during the stirring years of 1863 and 1864 in the form of a magazine. It was devoted to expert discussion of the liquor question and the many matters thereto related. Prohibition workers found it a "mine" of information, and many of them desired to have its articles put into a form adapted for permanent use and reference.

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The Liquor Traffic in Different Countries—Legislation Relating to the Liquor Traffic;—The Working of High License;—Prohibition in the Northwest;—Prohibition in Maine;—Prohibition in Kansas;—Prohibition in Pitcairn Island;—The Canada Temperance Act;—Local Option;—The Scott Act and Drunkenness;—The Gothenburg System;—The Question of Jurisdiction;—Constitutional Prohibition in the United States;—The Plebiscite Movement;—The Plebiscite Returns;—The Drink Bill of Canada;—The Drink Bill of Great Britain;—The Drink Bill of the United States;—The Drink Bill of Christendom;—The Indirect Cost of the Liquor Traffic;—Drink and Mortality;—Alcohol in Medicine;—Beer Drinking and its Results;—Drunkenness and Crime in Canada;—Drunkenness and Crime in the United States;—Drunkenness and Crime in Great Britain;—Drunkenness and Crime in other Countries;—The French Treaty;—Beer and Light Wines;—Adulteration of Liquors;—The Revenue Question;—The Compensation Question;—The Liberty Question;—Bible Wines;—Total Abstinence and Longevity;—The Catholic Church and the Temperance Question.

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F. S. SPENCE,
51 Confederation Life Building,
Toronto, Canada

RAM'S HORN APHORISMS.

Woe unto them, is God's red light waving at the edge of the bottomless pit. It is a warning; not a decree of vengeance.

There is as much of God's love in a warning as there is in a promise.

The man who begins by drinking some time, may end by having to drink all the time.

Better stay in bed all day than get up early in the morning to drink.

The man who serves the devil has to begin his day's work before breakfast.

Wine opens the damper to let all the fires of evil in a man burn.

There is no sin that a man inflamed with wine may not commit.

When a man gets up early in the morning to drink, he is apt to spend the day in doing nothing else.

Whoever forms the drink habit gives the devil a mortgage on his sleep.

The sparkle in the wine is made by one of the devil's sharpest teeth.

When the devil would run his claws clear through a man and clinch them on the other side, he makes him believe that moderate drinking won't hurt him.

A brewer's horse fares better than a drunkard's child.

Appetite for drink is the devil's iron chain on the drunkard's neck.

If angels know what the saloons are doing, it must puzzle them to understand why God holds the judgment back.

Many a man puts his family in the dark to help the saloon pay its gas bill.

High up among the things written on the gates of hell is "Sacred Concert."

Every moderate drinker is leading an army of boys towards the pit.

The easiest time to let drink alone is before the first drink is taken.

Bridget starts her fire with coal oil. The devil uses alcohol.

If there is joy in heaven when a sinner repents, what happens when a boy goes into a saloon?

If you would teach children to hate drink, give them the first lesson before they leave the cradle.

The first glass has the most poison in it.

A drunkard's throat has no bottom to it.

The devil agrees with the man who claims he can drink or let it alone.—*Ram's Horn.*

MAKE USE OF EVERY MEMBER.

The vaunted fraternity and equality of our Order not only give members—rich and poor, old and young, learned and unlearned—equal rights, but demand that each one's special gift be used. It is not always easy to determine the special talent of this Brother or the possible capacity of that Sister. The matter may require study, and the officers for the quarter, especially the C. T., should go out of their way to find and develop it. They must not be daunted by refusals. If these are due to shyness, that must be gently overcome; if to haughtiness or stand-offishness, a few mouthfuls of anger and disgust must be swallowed; if given without a reason, allowance must be made for the fact that possibly the wrong kind of service has been sought, and another attempt should be made. It is probably correct to say that each member can serve in some way—by acting on a committee, by writing letters, by reading a paper, or asking a question, as well as by better-known methods of elocution, speech and music. Happy and prosperous will be the Lodge all of whose members are thus brought into requisition; nor is there any surer way of retaining their active interest.—*John Stewart in Watchword.*

"The Hall of the Y.M.C.A. was crowded last night to its utmost capacity, and long before eight o'clock seats had ceased to be obtainable. Rev. J. H. Hector gave an intensely interesting history of his own life. The pathos of the story at times touched the hearts of the audience with sadness, but the inimitable and original humor which marked most of the lectures, kept them in a constant ripple of mirth, and the flash of native wit which ever and anon illustrated the dark picture fairly convulsed the listeners with laughter."—*Tacoma Ledger.*

"THE BLACK KNIGHT."

Rev. Mr. Hector has now recovered from the severe illness which interfered with his work for a time. He has had a remarkably successful tour in the Maritime Provinces, where he has many invitations to return. In the meantime he will likely spend the month of March in Ontario. Already a large number of applications for his lectures have been made. Those who wish to secure him should apply immediately.



REV. J. H. HECTOR.

Is one of the most remarkable men of the present day. His life story surpasses any romance in its startling realities. Left an orphan at an early age, he passed a youth of vicissitude, hardship and privation such as few have experienced. Later on he fought in some of the fiercest struggles of the great American war, and was five times frightfully wounded, so that his survival was almost miraculous. Subsequently as an engine driver he had many a perilous experience; but he came through all to be a converted man, an earnest Christian, a successful minister of the Gospel, and one of the most effective advocates of prohibition and other moral reforms.

Mr. Hector is a full-blooded negro of superb physique and great natural abilities, to which, despite all difficulties, he has added a self-education which must compel admiration. As an orator he is a phenomenon, carrying his audience along with him by a tornado of eloquence, humor and pathos that is fairly irresistible. His originality, wit, readiness of repartee and intense earnestness, quickly open the way for the shafts of truth which he hurls with consummate tact and telling force.

Everywhere he goes he captures the hearts of the people, rouses their sympathies, appeals to their best nature and purest motives, and does them good. Everybody should hear as many as possible of his wonderful sermons and lectures.

Subjoined are a few specimen press notes of his work:

PRESS OPINIONS.

A FEW OF MANY SIMILAR NOTICES.

"His remarks were gems of wit, humor, logic and eloquence."—*Troy Daily News.*

"For an hour and a half he held his hearers spell-bound, now eliciting bursts of laughter, and again bringing them almost to tears with his pathetic incidents. He is full of fun and wit and his portrayal of ludicrous scenes was so real that one could almost imagine being present with the narrator."—*Valley Echo.*

"The rev. gentleman is as full of wit, humor and sound logic as an egg is full of meat. It is certainly a rare treat to listen to such a speaker. His lecture of nearly two hours duration

seemed but a few minutes."—*Elmhurst Chronicle.*

"His speech was irresistible in its eloquence and pathos."—*Toronto Globe.*

"The speaker's power and logic were unanswerable, and at times his flights of eloquence were beyond the power of pen to describe. In our opinion Mr. Hector has but a few equals as a convincing orator. Besides all the praise we have for him, we know him to be a grand christian gentleman of the highest type"—*Rogersford Bulletin.*

"It is safe to say that the Tabernacle never held a more delighted audience than the one that last evening heard the colored orator, Rev. J. H. Hector. Mr. H. possesses that ready wit and humor that always please. The incidents of his life were presented in a manner that led his audience from one round of laughter to another until, as one gentleman said, his sides fairly ached."—*Portland Oregonian.*

"Seldom has so large a congregation—somewhere about two thousand—attended a morning service in St. James' Church as yesterday greeted the Rev. J. H. Hector, the Black Knight. The sermon was an extraordinary pulpit effort and greatly affected the large assemblage which listened, was inspired, amused, thrilled and almost caused to weep in unison."—*Montreal Witness.*

"The lecture delivered yesterday afternoon by Rev. J. H. Hector, the celebrated colored prohibition orator from California, was a masterly, eloquent and convincing arraignment of the liquor traffic. The audience, the largest of the season, were at one time thrilled by the flow of language which fell from the lips of the speaker, and at others convulsed with laughter by his epigrams, sallies and witticisms. He is a splendid specimen of the race to which he belongs, being powerfully built and showing to great advantage a cultured mien and deportment while thundering forth invective against what he terms worse slavery than that which prevailed in the South."—*Toronto Mail.*

Rev. Mr. Hector, popularly known as the "Black Knight," is open for engagements during the coming fall and winter. His time is already filling up fast, applications should be made at once. For terms, dates &c., address

F. S. SPENCE,

51 Confederation Life Buildings,
Toronto.

"THE BLACK KNIGHT."

BY C. A. INGRAHAM.

He followed where the roisterers go,
And felt the avenging rod,
And heard his curse from Heaven pronounced
As blindly on he trod;

But God leaned down from His great throne
And to the Negro spoke,
And Hector heard his tender voice,
And into light awoke.

"Take from me now this maddening thirst
And I will serve Thee well;
Cut loose the chain of appetite
That drags me down to hell."

He prayed and with the Lord prevailed,
And in His favor grew,
Fulfilled the promise made to Him,
And went His herald true.

Then rang his voice o'er all the land,
And thousands felt the spell
Of ardent words that sparkled wit,
And melted, where they fell,

The stony heart's indifference
To mirth and mingled tear,
That glittering in Love's coronet
As precious gems appear.

That soul were cold that heard his voice,
And felt not God was there,
In majesty beside the black,
And with His arm made bare;

Plead on, great Hector, noble knight—
Your skin is black indeed,
But white your sympathetic heart
And quick to throb and bleed

In sorrow for the multitude
Sunk deep in sin's disgrace,
Speak ever 'gainst accursed rum
And save our suffering race.

—*The Pioneer.*