

## The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL  
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF  
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

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NOTE.—It is proposed to make this the cheapest Temperance paper in the world, taking into consideration its size, the matter it contains and the price at which it is published.

Every friend of temperance is earnestly requested to assist in this effort by subscribing and by sending in facts or arguments that might be of interest or use to our workers.

The editor will be thankful for correspondence upon any topic connected with the temperance reform. Our limited space will compel condensation. No letter for publication should contain more than two hundred words—if shorter, still better.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1898

### THE CRISIS.

The date for the plebiscite is fixed. Voting will take place on September 20th next. In a few weeks this campaign, on which so much depends, will be over.

The electors of the Dominion of Canada are called upon to say whether they desire the Liquor Traffic continued under local sanction or prohibited by law. This question is asked by a Parliament that has unquestioned power to prohibit and that must obey the behests of the electorate, for it is that electorate's creature and servant.

The leader of the House of Commons has declared that the people's expressed will shall direct the Government's action. We needed no such pledge. Parliament dare not disobey. A vote in this contest means defeat and destruction for the traffic in strong drink.

What an issue! This traffic has been growing rich and powerful for centuries at the cost of the people's degradation and loss. It has behind it such a career of sin and ruin and cruelty and crime as no pen can record. Its greatest work of woe has been wrought among the weak and innocent, who have cried in vain for deliverance from its remorseless tyranny.

Now the Christian manhood of Canada is given a supreme opportunity to strike this tyrant down. We are asked by the Parliament, that wields the sword of authority and power, to say whether or not that sword is to fall on the neck of this hourly evil and end forever its reign of violence and crime.

Will any lover of humanity, will any professed servant of God, fail us at this crisis? Can any man who hates evil and loves righteousness stand silent when the nation makes her united reply to the solemn question that is asked?

### TEMPTATION.

Over twenty years ago, Mr. E. King Dodds, then the professional champion of the Liquor Traffic, was a strong advocate of the theory that the temptation to drink, furnished by the license system, was an indirect aid to the development of moral character. Later this doctrine was supported by the Rev. G. J. Low, of Almonte, a clergyman, whose utterances were hailed with applause in many bar-rooms, and whose deliverances were made part of the regular campaign literature of the anti-temperance party. Rev. Principal Grant not long ago fell into line with the other worthies named, and also deprecated the effort to abolish legal temptation to indulgence in intoxi-

cants. Is there any soundness in this teaching of these famous men?

No one imagines that temptation strengthens the character of those who yield to it. It can only benefit those who resist. It weakens and injures those who give way. Many do give way. Those who successfully resist are those who are strongest and safest, who need the discipline least. No one will deny the fact that the Liquor Traffic ruins and curses thousands. It cannot exist without this terrible result. Is it not cruelly heartless to propose to further develop the character of those already strong, at the cost of the degradation and moral destruction of those who are imperiled and weak?

It is not only those who yield to the temptation who are sorely injured by it. Innocent and helpless dependents suffer unutterable woe because of it. Timid women are cruelly abused, children are sacrificed almost by wholesale, to the soulless greed of those who are building themselves fortunes at this fearful cost. How the fattening parasites must chuckle to hear the proud Pharisees defend the disgraceful debauchery, because of some moral ennoblement which it is fancied these Pharisees may gain from the temptation that leads to the brutality and sin.

Of all the sophistries invented to excuse this vile traffic of human invention, the meanest is surely the blasphemous absurdity that this degrading system is a part of the divine plan for making man stronger and better. It is the meanest, because it is the most heartless avowal that has been made of utter disregard for those who ought to have the most consideration. No true man would entertain the idea of permitting this slaughter of bodies and souls for his personal advantage.

### FARMERS!

Our yearly drink bill in Canada is over \$10,000,000.

A large part of that money is spent by people who are suffering for want of the flour and vegetables and fruit and meat and dairy products that come from your farm.

If prohibition becomes law, you will get a share of the vast amount of money that is now worse than wasted; and the people who get your products will be just that much better off.

Prohibition pays! Think it out.

### AN APPEAL.

We specially recommend to all our readers the full page article headed, "An Appeal." It is issued by the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance, but it applies equally to all the provinces of the Dominion. The only difference to be made in provinces other than Ontario is that correspondence should in each case be addressed to the Secretary of the Provincial Executive Committee. Workers in different provinces will therefore address their letters making inquiries, to the persons named below.

#### NOVA SCOTIA.

W. S. Sanders, Halifax.

#### NEW BRUNSWICK.

Rev. George W. Fisher, Fairville.

#### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

J. E. Matthews, Charlottetown

#### QUEBEC.

J. H. Carson, Montreal.

#### ONTARIO.

F. S. Spence, Toronto.

#### MANITOBA.

Rev. J. M. A. Spence, Winnipeg.

#### NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

W. McE. Evans, Medicine Hat.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

P. C. L. Harris, Vancouver.

## Selections.

### THE TEMPERANCE HOSTS.

The temperance hosts are moving on  
For God and Truth and Right,  
With trust unflinching in the power  
Of Great Jehovah's might.

The Lord of Justice, as of yore,  
Shall battle for the weak,  
And they who heed not duty's voice  
Shall hear His thunders speak.

The temperance hosts shall, in His  
strength,  
Let every captive go,  
Expel the demon from the land,  
And heal the Nation's woe.

Thus bravely shall these marshalled  
hosts  
Do battle for the right;  
From vict'ry unto vict'ry rise,  
And conquer in His might.  
—M. E. Sertosa, in *Union Signal*.

### THE WEARY CURSE OF RUM.

BY JOEL SWARTZ, D.D.

We hear, until our hearts grow dumb,  
Of all the ruin wrought by rum;  
Men plead in prayer and speech and song

Against this endless world-wide wrong,  
While from ten thousand wretched homes

A ceaseless wail of sorrow comes,  
Where husbands, fathers, children,  
wives,

Weep o'er dishonored, blighted lives,  
Or gather round the hopeless graves  
Where lie entombed rum's ruined slaves—

A sad, funereal, endless train,  
Who mourn their dead as doubly slain;  
What curse in all this world of woes  
So wide and deep a shadow throws?

What plague so dire pervades the earth  
As that which has from rum its birth?  
War, famine, pestilence—a train  
Of triple plagues—have never slain,

Through all the woeful ages past,  
A multitude of men so vast  
As that which makes the total sum  
Of those who've lost their lives by rum.

Those plagues but steal man's mortal breath,  
This smites him with the "second death":

Those make the body's grave their goal,  
This kills the body and the soul;  
Those stay where once the victim fell,  
This digs his grave as deep as hell;

Those leave beyond all harm and loss  
A place for mercy's healing cross;  
This for the man who by it fell,  
No object but the drunkard's hell.

O men who love our human kind!  
Are you so careless or so blind  
That ye will shield by voice and vote  
This monster at the Nation's throat,

And give him still a stronger hold,  
All for the cursed love of gold?  
O justice! canst thou bend thy bow  
From storm-clouds o'er this scene of woe,

And stay thy bolts nor smite the wrong  
For human hands too old and strong?  
O Thou who rulest over all!  
And hearest whene'er Thy children call,

Come to our rescue, Father, come,  
And stay this blighting curse of rum!  
—*National Temperance Advocate*.

### "WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?"

What will I take?  
I'll take good health,  
And moderate wealth,  
And have no chains to bind me.  
I'll take the bread  
Wherewith I'm fed,  
And leave strong drink behind me.

What will I take?  
I'll take my fill  
Of right good will  
And angry words not bandy.  
I'll take my share  
Of God's good air—  
No rum, no gin, no brandy.

What will I take?  
I'll take my pay  
From day to day,  
If I should chance to labor;  
But through strong drink  
I will not sink,  
And will protect my neighbor.  
M. A. Kidder, in *N. W. Advocate*.

### WHY SHE REFUSED.

#### THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE.

You say you went to the party last night, and you saw Mrs. Smith, whom you had not seen since she and your sister were at school together. You had a very pleasant talk until supper, when you gave her your arm and took her to supper. When some one came along with a few glasses of wine on a waiter and offered her a glass, you saw her shudder as she said "No!" You can not tell why?

I can tell why. You went on with your talk and a little flirtation, did you? I won't say you didn't. She was very gay and also seemed very glad to forget herself, didn't she? Very well; I am very glad that you gave her that hour of the evening. I can tell you where she went after the party was over. She went home—the latest person from the party. She was glad it was late, for her husband had not come home. She sat and read for an hour, and her husband did not come. She sat at the piano for an hour, but he did not come.

At length, between 3 and 4 o'clock, there was a noise at the door, and two policemen held him in their arms. She knows them both well by this time. It happens so often that she knows every policeman on the beat. They bade her good-night. She had locked her child's room, that he might not abuse him. She took the abuse as he flung himself on the bed. She dragged off his neck-cloth and coat, and sat there until he should fall into a stupid sleep.

She is the woman who refused the glass of wine with a shudder. You thought she was gay and bright. I know her story because I am her minister. They have a sort of skeleton in the closet, which we are permitted to see, and you are not. And when we see that skeleton, do you wonder that we sometimes say pretty sharp things about moderate drinking and the temptations offered at parties?—*Christian Statesman*.

### DO SOMETHING TO STOP IT.

Common sense tells us that when we would arrest an evil, we can do it with least expenditure of energy by stopping the stream at its source. The reformation of one individual is worth any effort, but all humanity may profit if we attack, instead, the evil which has wrought his downfall. At the national meeting of the Woman's Christian Union, Philadelphia, one of the members told the story of an unhappy mother, a wealthy woman, who wished to send a message to her son in prison. Said the speaker:

She handed me a picture and told me to show it to him.

I said, "This is not your picture!" "Yes," she said, "that is mine before he went to prison; and here is one taken after I had had five years of waiting for Charley."

I went with these two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune time. He was in the dark cell. The keeper said that he had been in there twenty-four hours; but, in answer to my pleadings, he went down into that dark cell, and the man announced a lady as from his mother. There was no reply.

"Let me step in," I said, and I did so. There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale College sat.

Said I, "Charley, I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother; and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her."

"Don't mention my mother's name here," he said. "I will do anything if you will go." As he walked along the cell I noticed that he reeled.

Said I, "What is the matter?" He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours.

They brought him something, and I sat down by him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse brown bread without any butter, and, I think, a tin cup of coffee. By and by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his mother's picture; and he looked at it and said:

"That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world."

He pressed it and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other picture over it. "Who is that?" he asked.

"That is your mother."

"That my mother?"

"That is the mother of the boy I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting five years to see him," "O God," he cried, "I have done it!" No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it. "Why don't you do something to stop it?"—*Christian Mirror*.