

praying. The Bishop stood there, moved with unspeakable pity.

"Pray, Burns! Pray as you never prayed before! Nothing else will save you!"

"O God! Pray with me! Save me! O save me from my hell!" cried Burns. And the Bishop knelt by him in the hall and prayed as only he could.

After that, they arose and Burns went into his room. He came out of it that evening like a humble child. And the Bishop went his way, older from that experience, bearing in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Truly he was learning something of what it means to walk in His steps.

But the saloon! It stood there, and all the others lined the street like so many traps set for Burns. How long would the man be able to resist the smell of the dreadful stuff? The Bishop went out on the porch. The air seemed to be impregnated with the odour of beer. "How long, O God, how long!" the Bishop prayed.

Dr. Bruce came out, and the two friends talked over Burns and his temptation.

"Did you ever make any inquiries about the ownership of this public-house property?" the Bishop asked.

"No I will if you think it worth while. But what can we do against the drink traffic in this great city? It is as firmly established as the churches or politics. What power can ever remove it?"

"God will do it in time, as He removed slavery," replied the Bishop gravely. "Meanwhile, I think we have a right to know who controls this liquor shop so near the Settlement."

"I'll find out," said Dr. Bruce.

To days later he walked into the business office of one of the members of Nazareth Avenue Church, and asked to see him a few moments. He was cordially received by his old parishioner.

"I called to see you about that property next to the Settlement where the Bishop and myself now are, you know. I am going to speak plainly, because life is too short and too serious for us both to have any foolish hesitation about this matter. Clayton, do you think it is right to let that property for a liquor shop?"

Dr. Bruce's question was as direct and uncompromising as he had meant it to be. The effect of it on his old parishioner was instantaneous.

The hot blood mounted to the face of the man who sat there. Then he dropped his head on his hands, and when he raised it again, Dr. Bruce was amazed to see a tear roll over his parishioner's face.

"Doctor, did you know that I took the pledge in your church to live as Christ would live?"

"Yes, I remember."

"But you never knew how I have been tormented over my failure to keep it in this instance. The public-house property has been the temptation of the devil to me. It is the best paying investment at present that I have. And yet it was only a minute before you came in here that I was in an agony of remorse to think how I was letting a little earthly gain tempt me into denial of the very Christ I had promised to follow. I know well enough that He would never rent property for such a purpose. There is no need, dear doctor, for you to say a word more." Clayton held out his hand, and Dr. Bruce grasped it and shook it hard. After a little he went away.

Within a month the public house next the Settlement was closed. The saloon-keeper's lease had expired, and Clayton not only closed the property to the whiskey men, but offered the use of the building to the Bishop and Dr. Bruce for the Settlement work, which had now grown so large that the building was not sufficient for the different industries that were planned.

PARTNERSHIP IN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

In *Samantha at the World's Fair*, Miss Holley describes in a very pathetic and tragic way the murder of a child by its drunken father and the hunt for the murderer. In reply to Samantha as to who it was that led in the chase, we read:

"And Josiah told me that was the saloonkeeper up to Zoar.

"Ses I, 'The very man that sold the poor sinner the looker on that night?'

"Yes," sez Josiah.

"Wall," sez I, 'the rope ort to be used on his own neck.'

"And Josiah Allen acted awfully horrid at my idea, and asked me 'if I waz as crazy as a loon?'

"And," sez he, 'He has been one of the fiercest ones to head him off that has been out.'

"And I sez dryly—dry as a chip. 'He wuzn't so fierce to head him off the night he sold him the whisky and hard cider, sez I, 'That headin' off would have amounted to sunthin.'

"And again I sez, 'The rope ort to be used on his own neck, if it is on anybody's; his and Uncle Sam's.'

"And again I sez, 'The two wuz in partnership together and they got the man to do the murder,' sez I, 'Most all the murders that are done in this country are done by that firm—the Government and the saloonkeeper, and when their poor tools, that they have whetted up for bloodshed, swing out through their open doors and cut and slash and mow down their ghastly furrows of crime and horror, who is to blame?'

"And I sez, when Josiah was apraisin' up the saloonkeeper's zeal, and how the officers had to hold him—

"I sez, 'It is a pity the officers didn't hold him in the first place, and then all the horror and tragedy might have been saved.'

"And the Government of the United States hung him (the murderer), the same Government that was in partnership with that saloon up in Zoar, and took part of the pay for makin' this man murder that innocent child."

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

"And the crowd dispersed, lookin' forward to the excitement of the hangin'.

"And the saloon-keeper went home and mebbly counted over the few cents that accrued to him out of the hull enterprise.

"And the wise male voters returned, a-calculatin' (mebbly) on votin' license so's to improve the condition o' their towns.

"And Uncle Sam, poor, chldish old creeter, mebbly wrote down against this hull job—'three cents revenue.' And mebbly he rattled them cents round in his old pockets. I don't know what he did; I hain't no idee what he won't take it into his old head to do.

"And the prisoner sot in his dark, cold cell, and didn't appreciate, mebbly, the wisdom of the wise law-makers increasin' our revenues by such means."

FACTS FOR PROHIBITIONISTS.

There are two or three facts that Prohibitionists ought to have always ready, like a cowboy's revolver, to fire back, promptly and effectively, in reply to this noisy but harmless old squib.

The first is: There is no Prohibition state, city, or town in the country where conditions with regard to the drink evil and its results, even though the law is not as well enforced as it might be and should be, are not better than they ever were under any form of "regulation."

The second is: There is no state, city, or town in the country, from Sitka to Atlanta, where Prohibition has been repealed and any form of "regulation" substituted for it without a large increase in drunkenness and other evils of drink.

The third is that, just as faithless and corrupt old-party politicians in office in Prohibition states and cities prostitute themselves and their offices for political favour and bribes of the liquor power, so, all over the country, whenever, under low license, high license, or state control statutes exist for the "regulation" of the liquor traffic, the same shameful and shameless official prostitution takes place, and regulation of the drink traffic doesn't regulate anywhere; until regulation has become the most colossal failure and the most monumental fraud of all the failures and frauds of our governmental system.—Selected.

THE FLASK OF BRANDY.

Joshua L. Baily, president of the National Temperance Society, in an address made recently in a western city related the following incident: It is nearly fifty years since I made my first journey through the West. It was in the autumn. We eastern people had the idea that chills and fever were so prevalent in the prairie States at that season of the year that one took great risk in going there. Naturally I felt timid about

going and consulted a physician. He told me to go by all means, but to be sure to take with me a flask of the best French brandy, and whenever I began to feel shaky or any way ill, to put a little of the brandy in the drinking water and I would come out all right. I got the flask of brandy as the doctor recommended and with it made my journey. I went through Indiana and Illinois and travelled to and fro in the interior of Iowa. At that time there were not many railroads in the West. I believe there were none in Iowa. We travelled in an open wagon, of course met with many discomforts and exposures, but having my flask with me, I kept perfectly well and at the end of some two months returned home in excellent health. A few days after my return I happened to meet my doctor on the street. He congratulated me on looking so well, and asked did I take that French brandy with me as he suggested; I told him that I did. "No wonder you are looking so well," said he, "Never knew it to fail, splendid remedy." "But, hold a minute, Doctor," said I, "I did take the flask of brandy with me, but I never uncorked it the whole time I was gone." There has never been any controversy in my mind since that time as to the efficacy of brandy in preserving health and strength, and I think that little incident went very far in directing my attention to a subject which has since then occupied no small share of my time and thought.—*The N. T. Advocate.*

THE SALOON-KEEPER'S GIFT.

Under this heading the *Christian Herald* has for some time been publishing the views of its readers as to whether a church should accept the saloon-keeper's money to aid in its spiritual work.

The following letter from a saloon-keeper at Bismark, Pa., is among those they publish this week:

"Be consistent and take the money which we give you, and, when you think it a sin to sell whiskey, just say so at the polls, in Legislatures and courts, and like all other law-abiding citizens, we will cease to be your agents, and your question is settled forever."—*Faithful Witness.*

IN THE LAST.

"So," said Mr. Packinton, "this is the list of the people you intend to invite to your reception, is it?"

"Yes," his wife replied, "and I wish you'd look over it and see if it's all right. If there are the names of any people in it who have lost their money, just check them off, so I can omit them."

"Ah, um-m! What's this? Why, here is the name of Mrs. John Guzzleton. You goin' to invite her to my house?"

"Of course, dear, haven't you heard? They're in society now. Mr. Guzzleton has sold his saloon and gone into the liquor business."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

I KNOW A BANK.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then

That takes deposits from working men; It has shining mirrors and flaring gas. And it draws its draughts in a jug or glass. The customer there for his savings shows A shaky hand and a flaming nose.

Keep out of its books, for I've come to learn.

That Bank's a decidedly queer concern.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then

That takes deposits from working men; Its clerks are never too grand or fine To enter a penny of yours or mine; And the pence tot up, as I hear folks say, To a nice little hoard for a rainy day.

Get one of its books, for I've come to learn.

The Post Office Bank is a safe concern.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then

That takes deposits from working men; A gentle tone and a loving look Are entered there in an angel's book; Kind words are its silver, kind deeds its gold.

And its riches ne'er fail, nor its bags wax old. Oh, think of that Bank, for I've come to learn

To have treasure therein is life's chief concern.

—*Early Days.*

IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1890:

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You are respectfully requested to carefully examine **The Camp Fire**, a neat four-page monthly Prohibition paper, full of bright, pointed, convenient facts and arguments; containing also a valuable summary of the latest news about our cause. It is just what is needed to **inspire workers and make votes.**

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