

THE MORAL REFORM CAMPAIGN.

THE time has come for action, vigorous, sustained, unrelenting action against the cancers which are eating into the heart of this community. This is the verdict the members of the Temperance and Moral Reform Association have come to and I venture to say it is the decision that will be arrived at by every right-thinking man and woman in the city who gives the matter the consideration it deserves. Under what might be called the protecting aegis of a host of indifferent citizens, the curse has spread until from one end of the city to the other there is an outcry, and the complaint is that the monster vice, inhuman and hydra-headed, is creeping right up to the doors of the most devout and best living people in the whole city. Day after day and in fact night after night, can be noticed the further extension of those fangs whose grip means death—not death bodily, which were a pleasure, but death morally and spiritually, the death for time and for eternity.

You, dear reader, may be inclined to think I am writing violently about this subject. You may regret the exposure. You may hint that in the presence of people who are pure and good in their thoughts and deeds, such matters are best left judiciously alone. To such remarks, for I have heard them made everywhere, all I can say is that for a long time I held such views myself. But this discussion has been literally forced upon us and it were unmanly or unwomanly now to shirk the duty. If you are open to argument, and no doubt you are, let me ask you if you think it would be your course of action were a poisonous snake creeping up to the cradle of a dearly beloved child, to stand idly by and do nothing? No, of course not. You would act. And do you think the present state of affairs in Victoria would have been allowed to come to pass, had the broad, clear light of public discussion been thrown upon the lesser evil from which this grew? No, of course not, and you cannot now but admit that the fullest discussion of the vice will do some good at any rate. When the opinions of many people are heard, out of the chaos of ideas

there may be extracted some scheme for remedy or cure.

Let me appeal to those who have the courage of their convictions, and the manhood to defy the devil and resist his wiles, to join in the anti-vice campaign. Nothing more or less than this will be productive of the best results. I have something to say to the other kind of people. There are those men and women, too, who are known to the world as eminently respectable, yet who lead lives of shame and hypocrisy. They are aliens to manhood. To speak, to act, to work against existing evils jars their feelings and disturbs the minds of these refined profligates who, reckoning vice itself nothing, hold indecorum to be the worst of the enormities. In other words, they prefer the semblance to the reality of virtue. They forgive the one offence if another, that of falsehood and deceit be added so as to screen the first from the public view. And from some of these people who live in Victoria—I speak plainly and with a full knowledge of the consequences—there comes a wild, ungovernable outcry because forsooth the exposures that are about to be made will bring into jeopardy the long established safety of illicit intercourse and endearing immorality without which the monotony of their existence would be unbearable.

These people, of whom I have now been writing, will, of course, say that such literature as this can do no good and will be the cause of much harm. They will repeat the stale, old argument, with added vehemence to give it force, that the expose is only made to indulge a loose and prurient fancy in providing for the worst appetites of licentious minds. Of those likely to heed such twaddle—I hope they are few in number—I would enquire, who are these grumblers who fear the light any way? Who are these men who now in horror cry aloud "let us not discuss this evil"? Are they not the very ones who have been turning their days into nights and their nights into hell? Are they not the ones known to the world as fast? Are they not the very ones whose money and talents and physical strength has been and is being wasted at the altars of their false gods? Are they not the dangerous

men of the community, those who you may recognize on the street but do not wish to bring to your own homes? If you enquire closely, you will find that worst of them are. The balance are tin horn gamblers, frequenters and sports whose very presence taints the air with foulness.

Compare these wrecks of their mis-spent lives with the men who are behind and in front of the agitation for moral reform. Would you at any time place one of them or a dozen of them on the same footing or plane as a man like Rev. Mr. Macleod or Rev. Coverdale Watson, or any of the foremost of the members of the association? Of course not. You despise the men implicated, and yet how many are willing to join in the crusade against them? Yet it is the manifest duty of every man who loves his fireside and the purity of his home to lend a helping hand. Think the matter over most deliberately and carefully. By this time next week, I will have added fresh fuel to the flames and will have a good deal more to say on this subject before I die.

A MORAL REFORMER.

VALOR AND DISCRETION.

'Twas a Sunday school picnic. Maidens of uncertain age were struggling in the water.

"Merciful heavens!" cried the pastor. "Will no one save them? Is there no swimmer among us?"

"Is there a justice of the peace in the crowd?" asked a tramp, emerging from the bushes.

"I hold that office," answered a gentleman. "But will—"

"Well then, ladies," shouted Tattered Stuyvesant to the struggling maidens, "hold up yer hands and let the justice swear ye that I don't have to marry either of ye an' I'll plunge in. I'm heroic, but not foolhardy. This is leap year."

Subscribe for THE HOME JOURNAL. This paper is now read from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and its circulation is daily growing larger.

Collector—Mr. Trager, will you subscribe toward the decoration of the soldiers' graves?

Mr. Trager—No, sir! The men whose graves I want to decorate ain't dead yet.