

THE CAMP FIRE.

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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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OUT OF MANY.

A man named John Ogden died recently at Chester, Eng. He had a record of 130 appearances before the Police Court of the city. Eighty-six of these were for the offence of drunkenness. He with his father and two sisters had together been prosecuted 247 times. The expense connected with their wrong-doing, to the city, was about \$10,000. Another specimen of the liquor traffic's work.

A BROKEN HEART.

Here are the facts in a story of real life. They are taken from the police reports of the New York Herald, and are true in every detail except the names.

One morning last winter a policeman came into the Jefferson Market court in charge of a stout lad of twenty. The boy stared vacantly about him, and his face, which was honest and good-humored, was bloated with a long and heavy debauch. Close behind him came a little old woman, decently clad. Her hair was white and her countenance pale and anxious.

"Who's this, officer?" the justice said, when the boy's turn came.

"It's John Cleary, your honor. We've got his mother to enter complaint against him for habitual drinking. We think if he had a month at the island it would give him a chance to pull up."

"You can do nothing with him yourself Mrs. Cleary?" said the kindly magistrate, who, used as he was to scenes of suffering, was startled by the dumb agony in the old woman's face.

"I cannot, sir. It's five years since he took to the drink. It's not Johnny's fault. There's four saloons near by. He was as good a boy as ever mother had. He's good now when he's himself."

"He's mad when he is drunk," the policeman interrupted. "He tried to kill her twice."

"Sign the complaint, Mrs. Cleary," the magistrate ordered, nodding to a clerk who laid a printed form on the table before her, saying, "Write your name on that line."

She took up the pen, and then turned to the justice again. Her thin face was bloodless.

"Sorr," she said, "he's the only child I've got! I've been fightin' the devil for him for five year. If I sign that paper, I'll hev let him go. He'll never forgive me. He'll never come home again."

"It's the only chance to save him," the officer said.

She wrote her name. John was told to stand up.

"Now go into the witness-box," a policeman directed her. "You must swear against him."

Her foot was on the step. She suddenly turned. "I can't swear agen him! I can't!" She clutched her breast with both hands. "It's killin' me! Johnny, come here!"

Her son sprang towards her, but she fell at his feet. She was dead when he lifted her.

"Mother, mother, I'll quit the drink!" the startled lad cried. But she did not answer. The physicians said it was heart disease.

An ambulance was summoned. Some one whispered to the justice.

"Discharged," he said, and the wretched lad followed his dead mother home, to be probably held by his vile habit to a life of shame ending in a pauper's grave.—*The Youth's Companion.*

IN A FISHERMAN'S HUT.

In the extreme north-east of Scotland is a picture of our Saviour, and the fisherman thus tells its story:

"I was 'way down with the drink," he said, "when one night I went into a 'public,' and there hung His picture. I was sober then, and I said to the bartender: 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour.' I gave him all the money I had for it and took it home. Then as I looked at it the words of my mother came back to me. I dropped on my knees and cried, 'O Lord Jesus, will you pick me up again and take me out of my sin?'"

No such prayer is ever unanswered. To-day that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village. He was asked if he had no struggle to give up liquor. Such a look of exultation came over his face as he answered:

"When such a Saviour comes into the heart, He takes the love of drink right out of it."

FARMER BROWN'S SOLILOQUY.

Good Farmer Brown returned from town,

His tax list in his hand;
And sitting down with dark'ning frown,
He every item scanned.

"These rates so high will by and by,
Take from me my good farm:
Must I sit by with patient sigh,
And witness all this harm?"

"One reason why I'm taxed so high,
Is all because of rum,
For those who drink are sure to sink,
To prison, or almshouse come.
Asylum too, filled through and through!
The courts are thronged meanwhile
And then, they say, "Tax I must pay
To keep these things in style."

But now, I think, that if the drink
Were neither made nor sold,
Our boys 'twould save from drunkard's
graves,

While I would have more gold.
And women's fears and women's tears
Would all be chased away
If laws were made for which they've
prayed
For many a weary day.

I'll be a man, do what I can,
With money, voice and hand,
I'll haste away, and join to-day
The Prohibition Band.

With them I'll work, nor duty shirk,
And on Election Day
I'll take my stand with that brave
band,
To vote this curse away.

—*M. M. Lightcap.*

THE TEMPERANCE TIDE.

(Tune. *Missionary.*)

The ocean tide is flowing
With deep and restless wave,
And joyous songs the sailor,
Heart tender, true and brave;
For shallow sands are covered,
The ragged rocks lie low,
The quays and lights of harbour
His homeward pathway show.

The ocean tide of Temperance
Is flowing through the world,
On lake and sea and river
Its banners are unfurled,
The treacherous sands of ignorance
By knowledge now recede,
And love and truth are mining
The rocks of selfish greed.

This tide is flowing onward
As ne'er it flowed before,
For giant waves are needed
To surge the liquor shore:
But mighty forces gather
In Church and School and State,
And women now are bending
To win a victory great.

This tide is flowing swiftly,
The harbor bar is crossed,
We touch the quays of refuge—
Though long by billows tossed;
The pledge wins yet its millions,
The blue we proudly wear,
While village, town and nation
Now war on drink declare.

—*John Stuart.*

A STARTLING LESSON.

There is an ancient saying that the sins of the father are visited upon the children; of course, in the way of natural law only. Science lends its support to this declaration, and presents many sad facts in corroboration of it. Thus Dr. Paul Garnier, of Paris, who has been making a special study of the children of habitual drunkards, comes to this conclusion:—"There is a flaw in the very nature of these young wretches that the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectionate emotion; and when they do not become lunatics, he says, they show "insensibility and pitilessness." Here is a temperance lesson of startling power.—*Workman's Messenger.*

TO VOTE IS TO PRAY.

It is said in ancient story,
"Satan trembles when he sees
A mortal, humbly bowing
To his God, upon his knees."
Now, I think that ancient story
Stands in need of some revision,
For the prayers of many people
Must excite Old Nick's derision.
When a man prays God to lead him
From temptation far away,
And then prepares temptations
For his neighbors every day,
I think Old Nick must chuckle
As he hears that prayer ascend,
For he knows how in his purpose
Such a man will always bend.

And I think that those who daily
Pray thus:—"Thy kingdom come,"
And then work for the devil
In his war against the home,
Have, somehow, been mistaken,
For they have, without a doubt,
Kept their eyes upon the heavens,
While they walked the other route.
And men who pray to God above,
Each day throughout the year
Until it comes to voting day,
I very greatly fear,
Are offering up to Satan's throne
A more effectual prayer,
By going to the ballot box
And voting for him there.

I've heard some right smart speakers
On temperance, in my day,
Who urged the Christian duty
Of "voting as you pray."
But I think one little sentence
Ought to read another way.
Words are not so great as actions,
And by voting thus you pray.
Do you vote for men who labor
For license, high or low,
If you do, why, you are praying
For license, then you know.
Do you vote for Prohibition?
That's a safe and easy way
And the Lord will see you get it
If by voting you do pray.

—*A. H. Hutchinson.*

A WARNING TO YOU.

He who will not oppose the saloon because he fears it will injure his business, his party or his popularity is more of a coward than a hero, a poltroon than a patriot, more self-seeking than self-sacrificing and is too greedy of gain to get the gain of godliness.

He who stands behind the saloon bar will one day stand before the judgment bar. They who put him behind the one will stand with him before the other, and they who plead for him now will have none to plead for them then, when gold hath lost its power and sin its charms.—*Dr. Joel Swartz.*

A WORD FOR DISCOURAGED TEMPLARS.

Once upon a time, two frogs, who had been living in comfort and ease in a cool pool of water, were accidentally scooped up by a milkman in a bucket of water, which he poured into his can in order to give his milk more body, and thereby increase his revenue. The frogs were astonished to find themselves in an unknown element in which it was not possible to support life, and they had to kick vigorously in order to keep their heads above the milk. One of them being disheartened by being shut up in the dark in an element entirely new to him, said: "Let's give up and go to the bottom; it's no use kicking any longer." The other said: "Oh, no; let's keep kicking as long as we can, and see what the outcome will be. Maybe things will change presently." So one frog gave up and went to the bottom. The other kept kicking; and when the milkman got to town and opened his can, behold the frog had churned a lump of butter large enough to float him, and he was sitting on it comfortably. Moral—Keep kicking.—*Good Templar Watchword.*