

The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

ADDRESS - - TORONTO, ONT.

Subscription, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Year.

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, OCTOBER, 1899

100,000 VOTERS.

On the last page of this paper will be found an appeal to the prohibition electors of Canada for co-operation in perhaps the most practical temperance political effort yet made in Canada.

It is proposed to enrol 100,000 electors pledged not to support at next general Dominion election any candidate who will not aid in securing effective legislation against the liquor evil. The movement ought to receive united and enthusiastic support from all classes of moral reform workers.

Over and over again prohibitionists have been told that they can only attain their object by electing prohibitionists to parliament. It is time for us to take a stand in regard to this matter, and we can best begin by declaring that no candidate unfavorable to prohibition can receive our support at the polls.

The circular to which we refer, explains itself so fully that it is not needful to add much to its definite statements, and earnest appeals. If its purpose is carried out, the result will not merely be a refraining from voting on the part of prohibitionists, but the nomination and support either by present parties, or independently, of men who will fulfil the conditions prescribed.

The action recommended is in harmony with the declarations that have been made by many temperance bodies and conventions. It is radical enough to produce results of great advantage to our cause, if fairly carried out. It is reasonable enough to command the co-operation of nearly all who will make party predilection subordinate to high principle.

The Dominion Alliance Executive Committee before adopting this policy, submitted it in detail to leading friends of prohibition in every part of the Dominion inviting criticism upon it, and asking advice concerning it. Of about one hundred replies received, ninety promised co-operation, and only six out of the one hundred disapproved of the proposal.

Of the disapprovers, some thought that the present duty of prohibitionists was to unite with the Conservative Party to defeat the Government; some thought that we ought to demand the immediate enactment of total prohibition for every part of the Dominion, and accept nothing less. As stated, however, the vast majority approved of the plan suggested, which has thus been endorsed by an immense number of those best qualified to speak intelligently and advise wisely on the question.

The success of this movement will give our cause a power and a prestige such as it never has had before. It will make us able to influence the nomination and election of Members of Parliament in one-half the constituencies of the Dominion. We cordially commend it to our readers and urge them to do all they can in its support.

METHODS OF WORK.

In working out the 100,000 Voters League plan, friends of prohibition will act wisely by suiting their methods of work to their respective localities.

In some places it may be found best to have a union of churches, in some places a union of temperance organizations, in some places a union of both. Sometimes it may be desirable to divide the territory to be canvassed, among the different organizations. Sometimes the work may be best accomplished by letting a union committee control the whole.

The main idea is to have experienced workers wisely decide what method can be most usefully employed and effectively carried out, and then to have all unite on that plan.

No place should be left untouched. No name that can be secured, should be neglected. Every added name is added strength to the movement, and an influence for good both in the locality in which it is secured and throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion.

The movement should be brought up and advocated in every temperance organization, in every young people's church society, in every social circle, at every public meeting and in every other place in which a consideration of it can be secured.

If anyone has any doubt in his mind regarding any particular method of procedure, or any feature of the plan, he should write promptly to the Alliance Secretary who will cheerfully give him any information or advice that can be procured.

No time should be lost. The sooner the work is started, the more thoroughly will it be accomplished.

It is specially desirable that reports of progress be sent to the Alliance Office, and pledge sheets forwarded as soon as signed.

MEN WHO MOVE THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. DR. J. H. COOB.

Against any great evil in a community the forces are drawn up in the following order:—

Immediately confronting the evil, on the very battle's edge, is a comparatively small company of men whose consciences are perfectly clear. With them all doubt and debate are at an end. They have but one cry, so intense and relentless that it falls on duller consciences like a storm of hail. "Sin! Sin! Sin!" "War to the knife—and no quarter!" These are the radicals, the fanatics, the fools—God's fools, who "turn the world upside down."

Behind these is the great host of the eminently respectable, good, well-meaning men with half-informed consciences, who are timid, or inclined to calmness. Among them originate all the compromises, the make-shifts, the substitutes, the half measures.

Behind this half-converted host stretches the great mass of the indifferent; shading off into the blackness of darkness and the shadow of death.

That is the order of battle. Now comes the process. The conscience, that little band of reformers down at the front, keeps up an incessant racket. They rest not day nor night. They run to and fro discussing, declaring, hurling fire-brands of incendiary literature right and left. They hold forlorn little meetings in most unheard-of places, but manage to so stir things up that their

little place becomes suddenly interesting, as a house afire. They define, explain, teach, exhort. They drag us poor ministers out of our pulpits, and when we get down in their inflammable atmosphere, before we know it we have used "injudicious language." And when a minister reaches that point his course is rapid. He is soon shouting and waving a torch with the worst of them. He is last among the prophets.

So by degrees the backward ones are won over, and catch the divine madness until conscience has an irresistible host under command. It moves steadily on to the occupation of the conquered territory, and then follow the more peaceful tasks of clarifying conviction, establishing customs, and framing righteous, efficient laws.

What the Abolitionist was to slavery, that the Prohibitionist is to strong drink—a sleepless, remorseless conscience, with a naked sword in hand, smiting in the name of God.

CRAZY SUE.

WAS ROBBED OF HER HUSBAND AND HER DARLING BOY BY THE RUM FIEND.

"Oh, look, there goes crazy Sue. Isn't she funny? She imagines every little boy she sees looks like her little Willie. They say he was the cause of her crazy condition. You know he was an awful drunkard, and was sent to the State prison and died there. I guess she has had lots of trouble."

The speaker, Grace Temple, a bright, vivacious girl of sixteen, and her friend, Jennie Gray, were slowly wending their way home from school one beautiful afternoon in May, when the object of their remarks: "Crazy Sue," passed by them.

"Grace," said Jennie, "let us overtake her and ask her to tell us her history. I do not think she is as crazy as folks say she is, and for my part, I am sorry for her. Let us hurry."

In a few moments they had overtaken her, and urged her to tell them about her little Willie, and, while the tears rained down her cheeks, she told them the following story:

"My dear girls, I was once a happy bride. It would take too long to tell you how my husband, whom I loved, and who was so good and kind to me, from the first glass was brought to a drunkard's grave. I thought when our little Willie came to gladden our lives he would let the accursed stuff alone for his sake, if not for me; but ah, me! It had too great a hold on him. One more soul was added to the list of another agent of the devil, the saloon-keeper. One more wife and mother is left broken-hearted, powerless to do anything but weep, while they still go on adding to their list, never realizing that the devil has a firm grip on their souls. What a terrible awakening it will be for the saloon-keeper to find that for a few dollars, the price of thousands of souls, he will have to spend an eternity in hell, with their wailings ringing in his ears for ever. Oh, my little Willie. He was a beautiful boy. How I loved him and watched over him! He was my all, my idol, my only boy. I would keep him away from the saloon. I hid him as it were, but time came when he would not be watched over by his mother any more, and in an evil hour he was tempted to take the first glass. He came home to me one night with the smell of liquor on his breath. My poor brain was crazed. I knew not what I did. I went from saloon to saloon asking who had given the hellish poison to my boy, but they only laughed at me. The saloon-keeper had given the devil one more soul in return for a few dollars. They called me crazy. I cannot tell you the rest. It will take too long. My boy whom I idolized killed a man in a drunken brawl in a saloon and was sent to the State prison for life. They tell me he is dead. They say I am crazy. Do you wonder I am crazy? Where is my home, my husband, my boy? Where is my beautiful boy? Yes, I am crazy? Who cares?"

But the girls could not answer. Their grief was too great.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1899.

DEAR FRIEND,—

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.**

The victory won last year was only the opening of a campaign in which the liquor traffic will do its utmost to block, delay, and if possible prevent our securing the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory law. We have plenty of hard fighting ahead of us. We must keep posted and equipped, knowing all that is being done by our friends and foes, and sophistry and misrepresentation that will be advanced.

The Camp Fire will be one of the best aids you can have in the struggle. It will contain nothing but what you need. Every number ought to be preserved. You cannot afford to be without it, and the subscription price is only nominal, **Twenty-five cents per year.**

While a necessity to every prohibition worker the **The Camp Fire** will also be of special value for distribution. Literature won the plebiscite victory. We must keep up the educating work. Printed matter tells. It does its work continuously, silently, fearlessly and No form of literature is so generally read and so potential as the up-to-date periodical. It comes with the force and interest of newness and life. For this reason the form of a monthly journal has been selected.

This journal will be in every respect reliable and readable. Every article will be short, good and forcible, containing nothing sectional, sectarian or partizan. The literature of the old world and the new world will be ramsacked for the most helpful and effective material. The price is very low.

Such literature will convince many a man whom his neighbors cannot convince. It will talk to him quietly, in his own home, in his leisure moments, when he can listen uninterruptedly, when he cannot talk back and when the personality of the talker cannot interfere with the effect of the talk.

It will ply him with facts, arguments and appeals, that will influence, instruct and benefit him. It will set him thinking. This is half the battle. Its wide circulation will swell the victory that we are about to win. This is its object.

Your help is asked in this great work. Every society should subscribe for and distribute hundreds of copies. This is the easiest and surest plan of making prohibition votes. Look at the terms:

Twenty copies will be sent to any one address every month for six months, for ONE DOLLAR, payable in advance.

On no other plan can a small investment be made to produce so much of educative result. One hundred and twenty copies may be placed in as many homes, and have more than HALF A THOUSAND readers. One dollar will cover this placing of the claims of our cause before five hundred people. Ten dollars may reach FIVE THOUSAND. WILL YOU HELP US?

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