

A SPLENDID WORK.

The results of this work of the British Army Temperance Association for the year ending March 1899, as just published, constitute a remarkable endorsement of the principle of total abstinence. The Yorkshire Post summarizes and comments upon the record in the following terms:—

"Lord Roberts was evidently acting with wisdom and discretion when he decided some years ago to do what he could to make the Army Temperance Association a success. The officials of the association are rejoicing over the recently completed report for 1898-99, which is satisfactory all round. The membership in March, 1898, was 20,364 while the total for March, 1899 stood at 22,280."

"A complete list, numbering 1,995 names, is given of soldiers who kept the pledge inviolate during the north-western frontier and Tirah campaigns. Of the Gordon Highlanders who so highly distinguished themselves, no fewer than 227 were strict teetotalers."

"But the more important statistics are those supplied by the courtesy of the Adjutant-General of India. They are calculated to show how the members of the association compare with the other members of the army. Of the convictions by court martial, 77, or 4.12 per 1,000, are accredited to members, and 1,777, or 36.38 per 1,000, to non-members. Summary punishment for insubordination 741, or 39.70 per 1,000, are accredited to members, and 4,500, or 93.22 per 1,000 to non-members."

"These figures seem to bear out the contention of the Duke of Connaught and Lord Wolseley that the work of the association tends to the diminution of crime, and therefore is to be welcomed as a great help to the army."

A FEARFUL RECORD.

The Department of Labor at Washington has recently issued a bulletin (No. 24), edited by Commissioner Carroll D. Wright in which statistics are given of the police arrests in all our cities of 30,000 and upwards. The statistics for the most part are for the police year 1898.

They are 140 cities in the country having the required population, and the record of which is given in the compilation.

According to the figures, there were 294,820 people arrested for drunkenness in these cities alone—almost ten times as many men as now comprise our army in the Philippines.

This crop of drunkards, from these 140 cities alone, would make up five armies each as large as the combined British and Boer forces in South Africa.

If this great army of drunkards were marshalled for a parade, marching twenty abreast, it would require four and one-half days, marching ten hours a day for them to pass a given point. And these drunks do not include the arrests for "disorderly conduct," "assault" and a dozen other offences which grow out of the legalized rum business. The total arrests for all causes in these cities was 915,167. Counting the moderate estimate of three-fourths of these as being the victims of the lawful saloons, it would require more than a week's marching, twenty abreast for the great procession to stagger past a reviewing stand—and the rum product of only 140 cities heard from.—*Voice Correspondence.*

WISE WORDS OF A WISE MAN.

Unfortunately there are many worthy, representative people who encourage the liquor trade. But call to your minds the reforms which have blessed mankind, and you will find that at some time during their progress they encountered the opposition of good people. The respectable, good, conservative people have often been the chief bulwark of great public wrongs. What we call the upper classes are seldom the backbone of a reform. They are usually the last to come to its support. It is due them to say, however, that when they come their influence, wealth and respectability help to give success and permanence to the reform. But it is well to keep in mind that the great and the respectable are often hostile or indifferent to wise and just movements.

It is no argument against any reform that it makes headway slowly among the ruling class. No matter what the

leaders of the people may say or do; no matter what law or usage may sanction—every custom and every trade must be judged by its power to help or hurt the people as a whole. By this test the drink custom and the drink trade are wrong. This is our authority for total abstinence and prohibition.

"Those who say prohibition is an attempt to coerce men to sobriety, or to reform them by law, misconceive entirely the scope of prohibition. Righteous legislation undoubtedly creates an environment conducive to the moral improvement of individuals, but the primary purpose of prohibition is not to prevent them from injuring themselves, but to prevent them from injuring others."

If the effects of drinking and selling were confined to those who drink and sell there would be no prohibitory laws. It is because these effects go beyond the drinker and the seller, inflicting horrible sufferings upon innocent persons and producing public calamities of wide spread extent, that prohibition is justifiable. On this broad ground the battle must be fought.

The battle must be fought to a finish in politics. When we consider the relations of the individual to the drink, that is temperance; but when we consider the relations of the government to the drink trade, that is politics. Prohibition is a political issue and involves a radical change in party lines.—*V. B. Cushing in Kentucky Star.*

MODERATION.

Moderation is the ploughing, planting cultivating process, excess is merely the fruitage. A brewer candidate some years ago claimed our vote because he was just as temperate as we were in habits. We felt then, and we feel now that the most degraded drunkard is less guilty before God, and more worthy of honor and esteem, than the man who thrives upon the drunkard's degradation, or the citizen who consents and lends legal sanction to the process.

The rum shop, the outlet for the distillery and the brewery, is the proximate occasion for all men to drink, and drinking is the proximate occasion of drunkenness for the majority of men. The gilded bar-room is demanded and sustained by the moderationist with the assent or coquetish remonstrances of the churches. There could be no excess without moderation.

It does seem to us like obscuring the issue to say that excess shortens the average of life, when insurance statistics fasten the crime upon moderation, and physicians of the highest eminence say that "one of the commonest things in society is, that people are injured by drink without being drunkards," or that "Health is always in some way injured by it, benefited never"; or that seventy per cent., or more, of patients in London, Eng., Halifax, N.S., and Montreal hospitals owe their ill-health to alcohol and not to "the excessive use."

It is estimated that there are about 1,800,000 drunkards in the world. The licensed bar-room sells to them, and can be relied upon to kill them in ten years. If they had no successors drunkenness would cease. The moderationists at the end of ten years will have furnished another 1,800,000 of suicides, of beings with body, mind and soul wrecked.—*Forward.*

THE RED FROCK.

Never shall I forget that cold November night. The wind whistled through the glittering boughs of the bending trees, and searched for access in every crevice of our little cottage. I sat before a poor fire, just finishing a bright little dress I had been making over for little Molly from one some kind lady had given me a few days before. Those tiny yellow stars on the red ground—I see them now. It was to be the prettiest frock Molly ever had, and I could hardly wait till morning to see how she would look in it—bright and sweet, as I always wanted my children to look, instead of wandering around in dull, faded patched clothes always. Johnnie sat by the cradle asleep over his book; and Tom was trying to work out his arithmetic lesson alone. Some potatoes in a covered dish stood by the teapot before the fire; and, when tired of waiting, the door at last burst open. I knew the unsteady step. The children drew up together in one corner, and their father staggered up

to me, saying, "Why do you keep on sewing? where's my supper?" And snatching the little red chintz frock from my hand, he threw it, with a mocking laugh, into the fire. With an angry word of impatience, I caught it in time to have saved it, when it was thrust back into the flames, and I was pushed out from the door into the dark night.

Too proud to go to a neighbor's house, I walked on in the darkness until I reached the old maple, a few rods from my home, and there I knelt and offered up a fervent prayer to One who sees all and knows all the miseries of earth. Well for us there is an eye that never sleeps, an ear ever ready for the prayer of the destitute. How long I pleaded and wrestled for strength I do not know; but peace came into my heart—a strange feeling, something above me and yet of and within me. I had yielded my heart and will in that hour, for the first time, to my Father in heaven. I could testify to His power over mortal grief as I stole back to the house. I looked in at the window. My husband lay asleep on the floor. I crept in. Molly had not waked; the boys had gone to bed, and I followed them, and strangely enough, went to sleep.

"Where's Molly's new dress?" asked Johnnie next morning, before his father had gone out to his work. A slight shake of the head, to command silence, was not enough. "Did you get it done?" Johnnie asked.

"Molly want pretty red frock," put in the little curly head, who slept through that and many a previous trouble.

"It isn't ready for you yet," I said in a hurried, choking voice, with a stolen glance to see if my husband had noticed the conversation.

His cheek was crimson. He remembered some of the incidents of last evening, then how much I could not tell, but he left with a more tender word of goodbye than for many a day before.

When he came home that night he told me he had signed the pledge. A gentleman had met him that day and had a long earnest talk with him, he said, and wanted his name on the pledge. "I put it down at last, in a bold round hand; but it wasn't his eloquence, Molly; it was last night's horrid work."

It was a long time since I had seen such a resolute look on John's face. But the news was great and sudden. I knew the pledge alone wouldn't save him, and I burst into tears.

"Don't you believe me, Molly?" he said. "I've done it, and I'll keep it."

I don't know what I said, but I knelt down, and he knelt by me; and I prayed as earnestly as I did the night before under the ivy maple tree; and he wept as well as I that night. For three months he kept his pledge, resisting a great temptation. Yes, the men who had been "hail fellow" in his misery now beset him and tried every art to win him to his old haunts again. If I should read this to some one else, I might say it was overdrawn, but it was too true. One night he yielded. I heard his old unsettled step, and voices with him, and when he was brought in I felt undone. Then I asked for faith, such faith as I had in that first forsaken prayer; it took more faith to bring peace now, but it came. I cared for him tenderly that long, bitter night. The next day he looked the most desolate, forlorn, wretched of men. At night I waited for him with a trembling heart. But no step came, either to bring hope or despair. At midnight I fell asleep over the weary watch. At daybreak he had not come.

Days passed, and then weeks. I quieted my children, fed them, did what I could to comfort them, and left the rest with God. At last there came a letter. He had got us a new home in a place where no liquor was sold. He had work, and had not tasted any spirits since he left home. I rented the brown cottage, for we owned it, and went to my husband. He had a neat little house ready for us on the border of a lake, just out of a pleasant town.

"I could not live," he said, "where I was subject daily to temptations. For your sake I was not too proud to own it—but I could not run from the tempter. You will bless God, with me, that there are places to be found where no license can be had to send men to perdition."

The story is a true. Molly is teaching the village school, and does not know the story of the little red frock—the turning point of her life.—*Mrs. J. P. Ballard in the Nat. Tem. 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.**

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