

shawl which covered her otherwise bare shoulders, she drew forth her naked babe, and holding it forth at her bony arm's length, said, "You can take this if you like."

The woman afterwards was heard to sob out in the ears of her dark world's one friend, "I wor so mad that I hardly knew what I wor doin."

### 3. DRINK'S WOE.

Who can tell its story? What pen could write its tale? What heart could cry the griefs of drink and woe? Look at this procession if we can. Let God touch our imagination and help us to do so.

Their tread is ever languid;  
Their faces never smile;  
Their hearts are ever bleeding.

Each day for them but brings new curses—new brutality—new hunger—new fear, and new dread.

If they pray, then with every awakening morning and every setting sun they ask God, the Creator, by pity of the sorrow, to number them with the dead.

A crowded court in Toronto—this city—in the prisoner's box stands a forlorn and desperate looking woman—a creature to whom one blushes to give the name of woman.

No small consternation is caused by a police official carrying over a chair to place on the steps where the witnesses stand.

The tiny hand clinging to the strong fingers of a stalwart constable is that of a baby witness, only four years old, whose little, frail form is lifted up on the chair. You might have thought the sunlight concentrated all its golden glory in the ringlets of the hair, the skin was of snowy complexion, the features pinched with want, but correctly marked, and the eyes two large windows for the soul to look through.

Little Maggie was her name; she was the child of the woman in the prisoner's dock. She had been swung round and round by the hair, in her mother's drunken rage, and was brought to show the wounds, a proof of the story.

"Did your mother do this?" the child was asked. The lips parted to answer in the affirmative, when the little face was lifted to the pitiable object opposite her. Seeing the woman standing between two big policemen, she took in her mother's woeful position, and lifting her large eyes to the judge, with a trembling quiver in the baby lips, and the wound plainly showing in her head, she said, "No, sir; my mother never did it, my mother never did it!"

What a reversion of God's loving purposes. A four-year old baby shielding and pleading for its mother.

#### IN CANADA.

This is not in a heathen land; this is in our own. This is in no barbarous country—this is in our doorstep; it runs through our streets. They are our own fair girls, and our brave sons who sink beneath this dark tide, and are drawn into the vortex of this whirlpool!

Do I believe it? Yes, not only because I've heard so much of it, but because I've seen so much of it.

Why, only just near my own office a little time back, in this beautiful city, a father killed his own son through driving the tailor's scissors into his heart. He was drunk. When sober, and told what he had done, he lost his reason with grief. Does it not behove us, as Christian men and women, should it not compel our churches where the word of God is upheld, where righteousness is contended for, and solace for all grief is proclaimed, should it not constrain us as a Christian country to arise, and equipping ourselves with the weapons of Truth and Righteousness with irresistible perseverance, strike out at the enemy in season and out of season, with a force which springs from the knowledge of this sin, and from the cry of the accumulated wrongs, oppressions, griefs, sorrows, tears of Drink's Woe.

#### LAW AND REVENUE.

It has been argued. "But you cannot make people sober by Act of Parliament." I am not so sure about that; by shutting up the dens you can certainly minimise the evil, since you remove the temptation from those who are too weak to resist it, and prevent other feet from being caught in the snare.

But what would become of the revenue? is further argued. Revenue? What will become of the Kingdom that

looks for its sustenance from the destruction of its subjects, and that draws its revenue from their very graves? And to the plea that plenty of eminent Christians do it, and see no harm in it, I can only say, more the pity, for, as the American Revivalist, Mr. Charles Finney, has said, it would be almost as easy to get up a revival in hell itself as in a church whose members support the traffic, and some at least of whom may well be supposed to be the slaves of the evil.

Strike out at this giant foe of virtue and peace with a hand that will not stay, and a heart that will not relent, and feet that will not halt until we have driven the enemy without our gates, and Canada stands an example of sobriety and happiness in the front rank of all the countries of the world.—*War Cry*.

### ELI PERKINS JOINS A DRINKING CLUB.

BEING TOLD THAT THERE IS MORE DRINKING THAN EVER IN MAINE AND KANSAS, HE MAKES A PERSONAL INVESTIGATION.

"Sellin' whisky in Kansas!" exclaimed the purple-nosed railroad passenger, as he bit off a chew of plug tobacco while the train was pulling out of Topeka. "Drinkin' whisky! Why, they're drinkin' more whisky than they ever did before!"

"But we never see any bar-rooms," I remarked.

"No, they ain't no bars an' they ain't no signs of a bar; but they's drinkin'."

Then I rode thru the state without seeing a barroom, a drunken man, or a sign up where whisky was for sale. Valuable corners were occupied by stores, and the money that used to go into the open saloons was going into the stores. I found that Kansas used to send out \$15,000,000 a year to Peoria and Kentucky for whisky, and now she is sending out about a million a year. I found that Kansas is now saving thru temperance \$14,000,000 a year, and in ten years will save \$140,000,000; and still that red-nosed loungee in the smoking-car is continually screeching thru the car:

"They's drinkin' more whisky in Kansas than they ever did before!"

Up in Maine I heard the same whisky-drinkers' refrain. It never came from a church member or from a prosperous moral business man. It always came from a drinking man. So during my last trip thru Maine I decided to investigate and find if the law preventing drunkenness doubled the drunkards—if the law preventing the sale of whisky really increased the sale of it.

Well, a lecture engagement called me up to Farmington, 25 miles north of Lewiston. As the engagement was for Saturday night, and as no trains ran on Sunday, I had to drive up from Lewiston. It was a \$10 ride thru the snow.

"This is a temperance state, isn't it?" I said to the stableman as he was hitching up his team.

"Temperance state!" he exclaimed; "why, they're pourin' down whisky here—drinkin' more'n they ever did before."

"Haden't you better take a hot milk punch before we start?" I said.

"Hot milk punch!" he said, his eyes snapping with joy; "yes, it would taste good; but you can't get those fancy drinks up here. No bars, you know, an' you've got to make them fancy drinks home."

"But when there is so much drinkin' there must be bars near by," I said.

"Well, they're drinkin', all the same, but we don't have bars. We have to manage a little, and it takes time, you know."

So we started off for the long 25-mile ride thru the snow.

We passed several hotels, and stopped and warmed. There were no bar-rooms, and hot lemonades were the only drinks to be had.

We found Farmington without a bar, and a thoro temperance town. The audience that greeted me showed temperance, intelligence, and prosperity in their faces.

Coming back the next morning, I said to my driver:

"It is strange that people will so traduce this temperance state."

"They don't traduce it," said the driver. "They's drinkin' goin' on here. I can get you a drink."

"You can get me a drink," I said with an accent on the "can." "Why, of course you can," I said enthusiastically; "and when we get to Lewiston

we'll have some nice hot whisky, won't we?"

I noticed my man didn't enthuse. Then after a moment's thought he remarked:

"I'm afraid I'll be too busy putting out my horse; but I could get you a drink if I had time."

"But I'll pay a boy for unitching the horse," I said, as we drove into the Lewiston stable. "Now, let's have the drink, come on!"

"All right," said the driver. "I think I can get a drink; but meebby the whisky is out, and we'll have to take bottled beer."

Then I followed him thru the dried weeds and snow along the river-bank.

"This isn't the way to a saloon I said."

"No, I'm going to Mike Grady's. Mrs. Grady has some beer left over from a funeral."

When we reached the rear end of Grady's cabin, the driver knocked on the door.

"Be aff from there!" said an Irish-woman's voice. "It's no use comin' round here. The perlice has been 'round here, and poor Moike has gone wid 'em."

"Con—found it!" said my driver striking his left hand with his right fist; "the police are always gettin' on to the end of a wake. But I can get you a drink yet." Then he looked at me quizzically, and said:

"Will you join a club?"

"A what!"

"A club."

"Yes, I'll join anything to get the drink. I'll join the masons, join a hose company, join a church,—anything."

"Come along, then. I know where it is."

Then I followed him across the bridge and on up Maine street. Then he turned up a pair of stairs, and I followed him up three stories to a door with a little wicket door in the center, where he gave three knocks and the wicket flew open. Then commenced some low whispering, and then the big door slowly opened.

"Fifty cents is the price of membership," he said, holding out a card with my name upon it. Then we went into the next room, where there was a bottle of whisky on the table. I took it in my hand and snelt of it.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Oh, don't be afraid of it! Its whisky."

It was whisky—Maine whisky, but such whisky! My man had kept his word. I looked at the bottle and then at the membership card. I have the card now. I'm a member in good standing.

"Well," I said, "this is pretty near prohibition. If walking eight blocks, climbing up three pairs of stairs, joining a club of drunkards, and paying 50 cents to look at a bottle of vile poison, isn't prohibition, I never expect to see it."

If any clergyman reading this article doubts the truth of my story, I will send him my membership ticket by return mail—with my affidavit appended.

Prohibition does prohibit whisky about as much as the law prohibits stealing. They still steal, but they steal less. If the penalty against liquor-selling were as strong as it is against murder, there would be as few liquor-sellers as murderers; and there would be less tears and less poverty in this world, and less sulfur in the next. ELI PERKINS.—in the "New Voice."

#### OBITUARY NOTES.

Jerome Plummer, of Independence, Pa., recently died leaving a large estate in the hands of a Board of Trustees to be appointed and continued by the court. Full provision for his family was made and the remainder of a great fortune was directed to be used "in such manner as said trustees shall deem wise to promote and develop the cause of temperance in this country and to prevent the licensing of saloons therein."

The death of Rev. Dr. Chiniquy, at Montreal, on the 10th inst., closed the career of one who in his early days was the most powerful and effective Canadian advocate of temperance reform. While yet a priest, Father Chiniquy gave up his local work to become the apostle of the crusade, for his services in which he was highly honored and voted an "address" and a handsome gratuity by the Canadian Parliament. He did a great deal of the seed-sowing which is bearing fruit in the prohibition parishes of Quebec to-day.

## IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1890.

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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