

# The Camp Fire

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE GOOD TEMPLAR ORDER.

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NOTE.—It is proposed to make "THE CAMP FIRE" 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, DECEMBER, 1894.

## THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

A beneficent provision of our liquor legislation closes all places where strong drink is sold from Saturday night to Monday morning. The results are seen in our quiet and orderly Sabbaths, so often noticed and commented upon by visitors from other countries. We shut up our liquor-shops at seven o'clock on the last evening of the week, because it is then that temptation finds men an easier prey. They have finished their weekly round of toil, and loosened the tight rein of work-compelling will-power that has held them in for the last six days, and in the inactive mood of rest they give way more readily to self-indulgence; for the complacency of consciousness of completed tasks, they are more ready to show their good fellowship and kindness to those they meet, and "the treat" has more than usual attractions.

All this applies with equal force to laborers in every department of work, and to every time of relaxation. The holidays are here, the student's books are thrown aside, the professional man is taking a needed vacation, and the hard-working toiler in the factory or the field wipes away the sweat and stops a while for merry-making and rest. Circumstances are all favorable to the unguarded and unresisting frame of feeling that has already been described, friends are meeting friends, everything is looking at its best, and everybody seems happy and feels kindly.

Does the law with prudence and watchfulness interdict the temptation now? No! The liquor-shops are in holiday attire. The saloons are enhancing their fatal attractiveness. Grocery stores are adorning their poisonous wares with the emblems of peace and good-will; decorating with skill and care in evergreens and flowers, the bottles that are going to carry wretchedness and heart-breaking to thousands of homes; and in not a few cases the proprietors are sending to their patrons gifts of the woe-breeding drug as evidence of esteem and friendship.

We said it is a time of merry-making and rest. Not everywhere. There are hearts that ache because Christmas is coming, and loved ones are known to be almost certain to yield to the temptation to drinking that it brings. There are homes dark with a dread of the dangers of the day on which we celebrate the advent of Him who came to bring joy and gladness, and "to bind up the broken-hearted."

Oh, friends, have you never recognized your responsibility to set a right example, do it now. Let your influence during the Christmas week be an influence for good. Think of the loving friends whose pride and joy is to see you respected and good. Think of the hearts that are trembling lest men who are your friends and neighbors should yield to the legalized temptation that surrounds us; think of the wretched places where not only apprehension but danger and despair are reigning to-day because Christmas drinking has set in. Do your duty with more earnestness than ever you did before in fighting the curse that our land has at this festive season.

Good Templars, you have special responsibility and special opportunities. You are the missionaries of an organization formed to shield and save from this awful curse. What Christmas joy would a total abstinence pledge bring to many a home. Can you not celebrate this season by work to strengthen our organization, gathering in the safe that we may hold them, gathering in the wandering that we may reclaim them. Be not afraid to tell of the principles that you have espoused, and let your voice be heard in advocacy of our worthy cause and our noble Order.

Until the laws of our land are brought to what they ought to be in regard to this evil see to it that your influence is everywhere and always strongly and emphatically against the cruel liquor traffic that darkens this holiday season with a shadow of so much sorrow and crime, and so help towards what we wish you with all our heart.

A VERY MERRY, HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

## THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

As shown by careful calculations already published in the Vanguard, our Dominion has an average annual expenditure for strong drink of about THIRTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS. This is the amount paid for the liquor by the consumer. If we were to take into calculation the indirect cost to the country through loss of time and other losses and expenses, the result of drinking, the bill would be swelled to nearly three times the sum named.

Dealing however, with only this actual outlay by drinkers, we have to consider an expenditure, the termination of which would increase the prosperity of our country to a marvellous extent. "Hard times" may always be taken as the result of a number of causes operating together, the liquor traffic being one cause continually at work. If that were abolished there would be an increase of wealth that would probably put us, even under present circumstances, in a position far more prosperous than any we have yet occupied. It must be borne in mind that it has been demonstrated that money spent in drink means invariably so much diminution of the actual wealth of the country.

As illustrative of the great relief which might be secured from a stoppage of this drink expenditure, the following calculation is submitted. The thirty-two million dollars would establish in the occupation of farming, no fewer than FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE families, taking them destitute and equipping everyone with the following outfit.

1 Cleared farm of 100 acres with dwelling house, barn, stabling and all equipments worth	\$5,000 00
1 Team of horses	150 00
5 Cows at \$40 each	200 00
20 Sheep at \$5 each	100 00
5 Pigs at \$5 each	25 00

Poultry, ducks, geese, turkeys, .....	15 00
1 Heavy waggon	80 00
1 Sleigh	40 00
1 Farm cart	40 00
1 Plough	40 00
1 Set of harrows	40 00
1 Combined mower and reaper	150 00
1 Horse rake	40 00
Other tools and implements	25 00
1 Set team harness	40 00
1 Set plough harness	20 00
1 Set cart harness	20 00
1 Cooking stove fully furnished	45 00
1 Self feeding coal heater	30 00
1 Carpet	35 00
1 Carpet	25 00
1 Carpet	20 00
1 Set dining room furniture	40 00
1 Parlor set	100 00
1 Bedroom set	40 00
1 Bedroom set	30 00
1 Bedroom set	25 00
Crockery, cutlery, linen, bedding, curtains, blinds, kitchen utensils, and other miscellaneous furnishings.	70 00
1 Book case	15 00
100 Volumes standard books	100 00
Cash capital to start work with	800 00
	\$7500 00

## A \$10,000 NOSE.

"Gentleman," said a repentant drinking man at a temperance meeting held during the Murphy excitement: "Gentlemen, it cost me \$10,000 to bring my nose to its present state of perfection." \$10,000! And what did he have besides his red nose? An aching and remorseful heart; a pain-racked and diseased body; a home where a miserable woman probably dragged her weary life along in wretched, hopeless apathy, crushed and bowed to the earth by the shame of being a drunkard's wife. "\$10,000," wrote the recording angel, and turned in stern sorrow from the page. "\$10,000," chuckled the rum-seller; "I am that much richer—am I a lucky man?" "\$10,000," said the devil, "what a fool! I'll have him, surely, if he don't look out." "\$10,000," whispered a little boy away back in the corner, whose father was killed in a drunken brawl; "\$10,000 would make my mother happy, and I wouldn't have to sell newspapers for a living, and stay out of school when my heart is hungry for books." "\$10,000," soliloquized the young man who drank a little; "I can't afford that." And he signed the pledge, though he had not meant to. The confession was like a spark that sprang into a flame, and ran with livid tongues of fire through the vast audience. The little boy went forward with the throng with all the manliness of twenty-five. He wrote his name as well as he could, and presently took his pledge-card. When he thought himself unnoticed, he wrote slyly on the back, "\$10 thousand dollars say'd for mother by not drinkin'." That was exactly the way he wrote it, so you need not laugh. Maybe his own father had wasted as much over his cups, and now his child had no time to learn to spell. He was busy all day at anything to turn an honest penny; and at night, poor little fellow! he was too tired and sleepy to even look at a book.

How do I know what he wrote? In passing out his precious card was brushed from his hand. He could not go back, for the throng pressed on. It was picked up by the janitor, given to one of the officers in charge; was posted next day on an immense black-board, and served as a text for one of the most magnificent lectures of the course. What a lot of wet hankerchiefs there were when the speaker was through! How red the ladies' eyes were—almost as red as a drunkard's nose! And Jimmy—there, I didn't mean to tell you one bit of his name—who had stolen back to get his treasured card, and to see if he could sell a few books and papers, trembling like a leaf with excitement to think he was the hero of all that great talk, and the color went in and out of his cheeks with just that quiver you have seen in the sky when the northern lights waver and tremble. By and by the

gentleman called his name, and somebody put him on the platform, and then there was such a stamping and clapping as you ever heard of in your life. And how did it end? Why good people interested themselves in the child and his mother, and Jimmy goes to school now, and his mother is a matron in the "Temperance Home;" and some day, if you don't study hard, boys, Jimmy will be at the top of the ladder, while you are just beginning to climb. I want you to remember the man—for he was a real live man, who said, "It cost me \$10,000 to bring my nose to its present state of perfection," and think of the boy, a drunkard's orphan, who resolved to save \$10,000 for his mother, "by not drinking;" and if ever you are tempted to drink, see if you cannot keep as good a resolution.—Mrs. G. W. White, in *The Pioneer*.

## MISS WILLARD'S TESTIMONY.

Writing to Bro. T. Gordon, P. D. O. T. of N. E. Lancashire, in June last, Miss Willard says: "The Good Templars were the first to recognize the claims of women as organic principles of the movement, and for that we White Ribboners can never fail to remember them with affection and gratitude. Personally, I have many reasons for appreciation of this grand Order: in my own town the local lodge is named from me, and among my friends I count all the leaders of the movement. In 1883, when I wished to visit the Pacific coast with Miss Gordon to organize state and territorial W. C. T. U.'s, and we had no fund whatever with which to pay expenses, nor had I myself the money to do so, the Good Templars of California raised \$300 and sent it to me as a gift. By this means I was enabled to carry out a work which has resulted in bringing to our society beautiful commonwealths now thickly planted out with local unions. I think there are very few societies that would have shown such a spirit of fraternity. We are apt to remember to 'build over against our own house,' and we have not the acumen, either mentally or morally, to perceive that 'there is that scatte eth and yet increaseth,' and 'there is that withholdeth more than is meet, yet tendeth to poverty.' There is no motto better than, 'Live and let live,' except the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you,' and though we are a long way off from doing anything of the kind, still I like to think that we cherish such a sacred and heavenly ideal, and are working toward it little by little, 'while God worketh in us to will and to do.' With kindest greetings and good-bye to my Good Templar sisters in the old home land, I am yours with every good wish for the Order and for yourself in all your walks and ways."—*Good Templar Watchword* (Eng.)

## "WHY DONT YOU SAY AMEN"?

Some years ago, as Garland G. Finney was holding a series of meetings in the city of Edinburgh, many persons called upon him for personal conversation and prayer.

One day a gentleman appeared in great distress of mind. He had listened to Mr. Finney's sermon on the previous evening, and it had torn away his "refuge of lilies." Mr. Finney was plain and faithful with him, pointing out to him the way of life and his only hope of salvation. The weeping man assured him that he was willing to give up all for Jesus, that he knew of nothing he would reserve—all for Jesus.

"Then let us go down upon our knees and tell God of that," said Mr. Finney. So both knelt, and Mr. Finney prayed: "O Lord, this man declares that he is prepared to take thee, as his God, and cast himself upon thy care, now and forever."

The man responded "Amen!" Mr. Finney continued: "O Lord, this man vows that he is ready to give his wife, family and all their interests up to thee."

Another hearty "Amen!" from the man.

He went on: "O Lord, he says that he is also willing to give thee his business, whatever that may be, and conduct it for thy glory."

The man was silent—no response. Mr. Finney was surprised at his silence, and asked:

"Why don't you say 'Amen' to this?"

"Because the Lord will not take my business, sir; I am in the spirit trade," he replied.

The traffic could not withstand such a test as that. The Lord will not take such a business under his care.—*The Pacific*.