

Selections.

TELL THE PEOPLE.

Tell the people we are coming
With the banner of the free;
Tell them Prohibition's marching
To a glorious jubilee.

Tell the father, tell the mother,
In the confidence of truth,
Tell them Prohibition's coming
And will guard the path of youth.

Tell them Prohibition planted
By the hand of truth and light,
And by tears of children watered,
Now is growing day and night.

Tell them patriots now are rising,
Coming forth a mighty throng,
With their ballots, no disguising;
Hear them shout, in speech and song

—The Issue.

THE CONQUEROR.

The barkeeper's wife has a sealskin
coat,

But mine has an old plaid shawl;
She has jewels for finger and ear and
throat,

But mine has none at all.
Her only ring I stole one night
And pawned for a poisoned drink!
Oh, mother of mine! Bring back the
light
Of youth and the power to think!

The barkeeper's child has books and
toys—

My children have want and woe;
They never have dwelt in the land of
joys

The barkeeper's child may know.
At a tiny doll my baby's eyes
Would dance and her heart would
swell,

But I've always taken the price to buy
A cup of the liquid hell.

Oh, the girl I wooed in the good, glad
years—

Whose pure lips touched with mine—
I swear to banish her bitter tears
In the strength of a love divine!
And hearts so broken and sad, to-day,
With new-found bliss shall thrill,
For the devil of rum I'll cast away—
God helping me, I will!

—N. T. Advocate.

THE DEVIL'S DRINKING SONG.

Here's a fair, young boy. Hunt him
—down! Hunt him down!
He's his mother's joy. Hunt him down!
We must have recruits; whom it
kills little boots.
Hunt him down! Hunt him down!
Hunt him down!
Down! Down!

See that clean young man. Hurl him
down! Hurl him down!
Give him his first dram. Hurl him
down!
Tell him there's no harm. Let him
feel the siren's charm.
Hurl him down! Hurl him down!
Hurl him down!
Down! Down!

And the pure young girl. Drag her
down! Drag her down!
Into fashion's whirl. Drag her down!
Blemish her fair name. Stain her
deep with all our shame.
Drag her down! Drag her down! Drag
her down!
Down! Down!

Hear the preacher talk! Pull him
down! Pull him down!
All our plans he'd balk. Pull him
down!
Twist our thumb-screws down, till we
starve him out of town.
Pull him down! Pull him down! Pull
him down!
Down! Down!

And the aged mother. Bring her
down! Bring her down!
Cries and tears we'll smother. Bring
her down!
Her gray hairs in woe, to the silent
tomb must go.
Bring her down! Bring her down!
Bring her down!
Down! Down!

—Henry R. Cope in *Ran's Horn*.

"OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES."

BY REV. CHARLES HERBERT.

Dr. Andrewes was in his garden at
Routh, pondering the position of his
affairs with a rueful countenance, for a
large proportion of the "practice" he
had purchased some time since had
transferred itself to another doctor,
who had none of the objectionable
points which annoyed people in him-
self.

"I suppose I am a fool," he mused;
"no one else would have offended the
young squire as I did. But it is better
to speak the truth at all costs!"

He had just been called in to see the
magnate of the place, who was really
suffering from a drinking bout, but ex-
pected to be treated for his liver, or
anything else to which any common-
sense doctor might assign it. However,
Dr. Andrewes was not sufficiently suave
and abruptly informed Mr. Russell that
it was no good his wasting his time in
giving antidotes to alcohol. If he
would give up stimulating he would
take him in hand, but not unless.

Young Mr. Russell's answer had been
to curse and rave, in the midst of which
Dr. Andrewes walked out, saying—

"If you think better of it, laddie,
send for me, and I'll come to you."

That was yesterday, and this morn-
ing he was ruminating over his folly in
throwing away such a good patient,
when their little servant maid, tiny
enough in all conscience, but the best
they could afford to keep, summoned
him indoors. She seemed in an unusual
state of excitement.

"Please, doctor, the young squire's
come, and wants to see you. I showed
him into the parlor, but the children
have been in and it's all of a litter."

Dr. Andrewes went in, and the two
men met somewhat constrainedly. Mr.
Russell had come bent upon a further
conversation with the eccentric man,
who for once had let him hear the
truth, and after a few commonplaces,
suggested that Dr. Andrewes should
drive back with him to the Hall.

The doctor brightened visibly. "Go?"
Of course he would.

He had been thinking of this young
fellow ever since he left him the day
previously, and wondering how he
could be the means of helping him.
So, asking his guest to wait a little, he
proceeded to his room, to change, and
on the way informed his wife, who,
good soul, was not altogether pleased.

"I can't go in to him," she said, ex-
hibiting her hands and arms, covered
with soap suds. Monday was always
washing day with her. They were too
poor to put the washing out.

"Never mind," he said; "I'll excuse
you. But that room is in an awful
mess, dear," he went on ruefully.

"Hark! Whatever was that?" his
wife exclaimed. "I do believe that
silly girl has let the children run in, and
Mr. Russell there, too! O, James,
whatever will he think?"

"Think!" returned her husband.
"If he's the man to be bored with chil-
dren, it will do him good. If not, he'll
do them good. Leave them alone; I
won't be long."

Mrs. Andrewes' forebodings were
quite correct. Her two children were
in the process of interviewing Mr.
Russell, who felt decidedly awkward.

Shyness, however, was no feature of
their character. The boy stopped short
on the threshold. He was the elder,
and more alive to the strangeness of
strangers. But his little sister pushed
past him, and gliding confidently up to
Mr. Russell, laid one hand upon his
knee, and looked up interrogatively.

"Well?" said the young squire,
bringing out the word as if he were
choking, he felt so much at sea.

"Why don't you kiss? You sould
kiss everybody," said the tiny mite.

Mr. Russell accepted the situation
sufficiently to dust her cheek with his
moustache.

"Tat ain't a kiss," she said scorn-
fully. "My papa kisses me with his
doo lips. Let me kiss you. There!"

she continued joyfully, "tat was right
on your pimple!"

"My pimple!" said Mr. Russell, put-
ting up his hand to see if any undue
excrecence had appeared unnoticed.

"Yes; don't you know? Your nose.
Papa calls my nose my pimple."

Mr. Russell laughed.

"Tat's right," said the little maid;
"everybody laughs at me and Norm."

"Oh, is that Norm?" queried the
squire, glad to find a subject for con-
versation.

"Yes; Norm's my brudder. Come
here, brudder. You's not to swing that
door; it's naughty."

"Norm" came with one jump, land-

ing on Mr. Russell's toes. Then both
laughed aloud.

"Did it hurt? I say, man, what's
your name?"

"Russell," he said, stiffly.

"Fain't pretty," she declared, with a
shake of her head. "I like mine better
I'm Queenie. He's Norm," with a jerk
of her thumb.

"Norman, I suppose you mean?"

"Yes, Norm. Where does you come
from? I com'd from heaven. Mamma
says so."

"All good little boys and girls come
from heaven," chimed in her brother.

"Did you come from heaven, Russell?"

"I don't know," he said miserably.

"Weren't you good, then?" persisted
his little tormentor.

"No, I wasn't good," he answered,
just for the purpose of saying some-
thing.

"Ain't you good now, then?" asked
Queenie, with a wistful glance. Mr.
Russell felt cornered.

"She don't know," broke in Norm,
standing with his hands in his pocket.

"Men are always good, of course."

Queenie's lip quivered at her brother's
scornful remark.

"Men ain't always good!" she an-
swered. "They drinks nasy beer and
ale, and sings loud in the streets. I've
seen em," she went on, in a tone of
conviction. "Does you drink beer and
ale?"

"Sometimes," he said, hesitatingly.

"Oh, you naughty man! How can
you?" Then, running to Norm, she
said, "Norm, let's say prayers for
Russell."

Down these *enfants terribles* knelt,
the boy beginning, "Please God"—but
his sister pulled him up.

"You be criet; I'll pway."

"No Queenie, I'll pray. You always
want to do everything. Girls don't
pray; it's only papa's."

"Let your sister pray," said Mr.
Russell, amused, in spite of himself,
and curious to know what she would
say.

Reverently the little hands were
folded, and the little eyes shut.

"Please, Dord, Russell is a naughty
man. He takes tat nasy beer and ale
and sings loud in the streets. Please
make him good. 'Sake, amen."

"There," she said, "Dord'll make
you good. You won't take tat nasy
ale 'gain, will you?"

"No," said Russell, now thoroughly
moved.

"You see," said Norm, "Queenie
and I tried to sing in the streets the
other day, but we hadn't any beer first,
so we didn't do it properly. Only tipsy
people make a real good noise."

Here Mr. Andrewes came in.

"Ah, my turks have been plaguing
you, I see?"

"Not at all; I have been very much
amused. They've been praying for me.
They think I'm a heathen and publican,
I fancy."

Dr. Andrewes looked grave.

"What have you been saying to Mr.
Russell?" he said, turning to Norm.

But here Queenie dashed in, the picture
of childish excitement.

"Oh, papa, Russell ain't going to
take any more nasy beer and ale. He
said so."

The doctor laughed.

"They're rabid teetotalers, these
children. I hope when they become
older they won't put it away with
other childish things; shall we go?"

They departed, Mr. Russell stooping
to kiss the children before he went, and
Queenie followed him to the door, and
lifting one little fat finger at him, as he
looked back, cried,

"Mind your promise. Don't crack
it!"

The conversation with Dr. Andrewes
that day had some effect upon Mr.
Russell, and when Dr. Andrewes
reached home he left behind him a
man full of good resolutions, of which
time alone would reveal the value.

Some days later Dr. Andrewes drove
up to the Hall and asked to see Mr.
Russell immediately.

"Why, is anything wrong, doctor?"
exclaimed the squire, noticing the
man's haggard face.

"My little girl is terribly ill. I'm
afraid she can't rally, for she was never
very strong and this attack of typhoid
fever finds her out. But she keeps
asking for you. Will you come and
see her? There is nothing to be afraid
of in typhoid."

A pathetic recollection of the little
figure which a few days before had
lifted a fat little finger at him in warn-
ing recurred to him, and he consented
with alacrity. Softly they crept into
the tiny bedroom, where lay the child,
with two bright spots on her cheeks,
and with shining eyes which seemed
to recognise Russell in an instant.

"Russell," she said, "papa says I'm
going to Dord praps. Sell I tell Him
you's kept tat promise?"

"Why, yes," cried Russell. "Bless
the child, I haven't even cracked it."

"Tat's right," she murmured. "I
was 'fraid you was naughty man." And,
turning over, she closed her eyes.

"If she can only sleep well it may be
all right yet," said her father. "Some-
how she seemed to have you on her
mind."

Mr. Russell turned away to hide the
feeling which threatened to show itself,
and the two men crept out of the room
again, leaving the anxious mother
watching by her darling. But Queenie
didn't die; a long sleep helped her to
rally; but Mr. Russell never forgot the
scene and in the days of struggle he
had yet to go through, the memory of
the little one stood between him and
failure, crying, "Mind your promise;
don't crack it." And he didn't.

He could never do enough for the
doctor and his children, who had won
him from the curse which had threat-
ened to blight his life so early, and such
is the snobbery of human nature that
when the good folks of Routh saw the
friendship of their squire for the doctor
the result was his practice greatly in-
creased, though he still kept up his
habit of speaking the truth.—*Alliance*

News.

STORY OF A JACK-KNIFE.

More than seventy years ago a young
man owned a jack-knife, which he sold
for a gallon of rum, and by retailing
it by the glass made enough to buy
two gallons, and by selling that he was
able to increase the quantity he pur-
chased. He got a barrel, then a cask,
and at last a large stock, and having a
turn for business and industry he be-
came rich—and when he died left \$80,-
000 to his three sons and one daughter.

The daughter married a man who
spent her money, and she died. The
sons entered into folly and extrava-
gance, and two died of dissipation and
in poverty. The last of the family
lived for many years on the charity of
those who had known him in his pros-
perity.

He died a short time since, suddenly,
in a barn, where he laid himself to take
a drunken sleep. On his pockets being
examined, all that was found in them
was a string and a jack knife.

So a jack-knife began and ended the
fortune of that family.

This is a true story; and the father
who bought and sold rum, no doubt
had plenty of it in his house and on his
table. In giving and recommending it
to others, his sons learned to like it.

They were like the little boy who
was following his father through a
field of potatoes. The father several
times cautioned his son not to tread on
the potatoes.

At last the boy said, "Father, I am
walking exactly in your footsteps."

Let every father ask himself, "Do I
wish my son to walk in my footsteps?"
and let every boy ask his father, "Do
you wish me to walk exactly in your
footsteps, father?"—*The American*

Friend.

CAMPAIGN EQUIPMENT.

There is a hard struggle ahead of Can-
adian prohibitionists. They will obtain
magnificent results from the victory won
at the polls in September last. There is,
however, hard fighting ahead of us before
the people's mandate is embodied in
legislation, well enforced.

Anyone who wants to be well equip-
ped for this campaign will act wisely in
sending to the CAMPFIRE office **One
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