

Selections.

Yea, let all good things await,
Him who cares not to be great
But as he saves or serves the State.

—Tennyson.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;

They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—James Russell Lowell.

THE RUMSELLER ROLLS IN GOLD.

Men strive as they toil in the black
coal mines,
Girls freeze as they stitch in the cold;
But in every land where the moonlight
shines,
The rumseller rolls in gold.

The labourer laboreth all his youth
For the poorhouse when he is old,
And many the farmer toils and fears,
While the rumseller rolls in gold.

Jack drinks his wages and staggers away
To his wife—the story is old—
You may read the police reports next
day—
While the rumseller rolls in gold.

In a coffin of pine lies the drunkard,
dead,
Under the pauper mould,
And his orphans beg their daily bread,
While the rumseller rolls in gold.

THE SWEETEST MUSIC.

I was lounging, one night, in the lobby
Of our beautiful new hotel;
A mingling of varied music
On my sensitive hearing fell;
A guest, who was tired and homesick,
Was strumming a reverie
On the keys of the grand piano
In the foyer, over me.

From the poolroom there came through
the doorway
The clack of the cue and the ball;
From the bar-room the clinking of
glasses,
Bearing trouble enough for all;
The humming of conversation
Mid the travelling men about,
Gave the tenor and bass to the chorus—
Sweet music beyond a doubt.

Near by—I could see 'neath my hat
rim—
Stood a lad, of the drummer stamp;
It needed no close inspection
To see he was new in the camp.
He was young, even boyish; was
lonely;
Far from home and 'twas Saturday
night—
Dead ripe for the voice of the tempter,
And needing the courage to fight.

Just then a chance acquaintance
With a laughing and jesting throng;
As they passed toward the bar-room,
one whispered:
"Say, pardner, come! won't you go
long?"
So eager was I, I leaned forward
To catch all his answer low;
And my heart sang a hymn as my
drummer
Said: "No, thank you, friends, I
can't go."

The piano still sang in the foyer;
Still clattered the cue and the ball;
The glasses still clinked in the bar-
room,
Luring many a man to his fall;
The hum of the travellers continued
As they chatted in accents low;
But sweetest of all the music,
To me, was that young man's "No."
—S. W. Gillilan, in *Lever*.

HOW THEY BAIT THEIR TRAPS.

The other morning, coming down
street to our office, when in front of
one of the palatial saloons we were
accosted by a well-dressed, intelligent
looking boy of about seventeen. He
was evidently a stranger in the city,
who had arrived that morning.

Kind sir, said he, can you direct me
to a place where I can get a cup of
coffee and a light breakfast? I asked
a man here, and he directed me to go
in there; but, noticing that it is a
saloon, I told him that I did not go
into saloons. Then he said, "Oh, go
in, go in; they will treat you royally—
will give you a good breakfast cheap."

But I did not go. It is contrary to my
principles.

Good for you, my young man, we
said; these saloons are the traps of the
devil. They are baited with the good
lunch, so as to catch the boys and
young men, and send them down to
hell. Stand by your principles. Come
along with me. And we conducted
him to a nice clean restaurant where
no liquors are sold.

The incident set us to thinking.
How wily the devil and his emissaries
are! But for that boy's principles, the
good breakfast would have lured him
into that gilded vestibule of hell and
doubtless started him direct on his way
to a besotted life and to the lake of fire
and brimstone.

What a mother that boy must have!
Sorry we did not think to take his
name and address. How we would
love to write her a letter about the
noble, manly conduct of her boy. His
escape from the saloon was, doubtless,
due to her faithfulness and devotion in
training him. We once knew such a
boy, and although his mother has been
for years among the angels, still he is
thanking her daily for so faithfully
warning her boy against the hell of the
saloon.

Mothers, be faithful in training your
boys. Give them line upon line, pre-
cept upon precept. Pray the prayer of
faith in their behalf. The traps of hell,
the saloons, are set everywhere, baited
by the free lunch, the good breakfast,
and the cheap dinner, and only the
grace of God and the good principles
instilled into their young hearts by
their mothers can save them from
the hell of the drunkard.—*Religious
Intelligencer*.

THE FIRST DRINK.

Two boys stopped in front of a saloon
and an old man standing near listened
to what they said.

"Let's go in and take a drink," said
one of them.

"I—I don't think we'd better," said
his companion, "my father's terribly
opposed to saloons. I don't know what
he'd say if he knew I'd been in one and
drank liquor there."

"Just for the fun of the thing, you
know," urged his friend, "of course,
we'd stop with one drink. There
couldn't be any harm in that."

"My boys," said the old man, coming
up to them, "you don't know what
you're talking about. If you go in
there and take one drink, you're not
sure of stopping there. The chances
are that you won't, for I tell you—and
I know what I'm talking about by a
bitter experience—there's a fascination
about liquor that it takes a strong will
to resist after the first taste of it, some-
times. Take the first drink, and the
way of the drunkard is open before
you. Only those who let liquor en-
tirely alone are safe. I know, for I've
been a drunkard a good many years
I expect to be one till I die. I began
by taking a drink just as you propose
to—'for fun'—but I didn't stop there,
you see. Take the advice of a poor old
wreck—and that is, never take the first
drink."

"You're right," said the boy who
had proposed to visit the saloon. "I
thank you for your good advice, sir. I
say, Tom, let's promise each other
never to take the first drink."

"All right," said Tom, and the boys
clasped hands on their pledge.

"That's a good temperance society to
belong to," said the old man. "I wish
I'd joined one like it when I was a
boy."—*Eben E. Reaford*.

YOUR GIRL OR THE SALOON
KEEPER'S GIRL—WHICH?

"Papa, will you please give me fifty
cents for my spring hat?" Most all the
academy girls have theirs.

"No, May; I can't spare the money."
The request was persuasively made
by a sixteen-year-old maiden as she was
preparing for school one fine spring
morning. The refusal came from the
parent in a curt, indifferent tone. The
disappointed girl went to school. The
father started for his place of business.
On his way thither he met a friend, and,
being hail fellow well met, he invited
him into Mac's for a drink.

As usual, there were others there,
and the man that could not spare his
daughter fifty cents for a hat treated
the crowd. When about to leave he
said a half-dollar on the counter, which
just paid for the drinks. Just then the
saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and,
going behind the bar, said: "Papa, I
want fifty cents for my spring hat."
"All right," said the dealer, and, tak-
ing the half-dollar from the counter, he
handed it to the girl, who departed
smiling.

May's father seemed dazed, walked
out alone, and said to himself: "I had
to bring my fifty cents here for the
rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with,
after refusing it to my own daughter.
I'll never drink another drop."

This is a specimen of the wholesale
robbery of the home which the saloon
is practicing everywhere. And there
are thousands of men whom such an
object lesson as this man saw that day
would not influence to give up the
habit of drink. And it is not only
spring hats, but winter clothes, shawls,
shoes and stockings, and daily bread,
and fire to warm the family hearth,
that the saloon is stealing from three
million families in this land.—*Temper-
ance Advocate*.

LINCOLN'S PROPHECY.

LINCOLN'S WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY
SPEECH, DELIVERED, FEB. 22, 1842.

Of our political Revolution of 1776 we
are justly proud. It has given us a
degree of political freedom far exceed-
ing that of any other nation of the
earth. In it the world has found a
solution of the long mooted problem as
to the capability of man to govern
himself. In it was the germ which
has vegetated and is still to grow and
expand into the universal liberty of
mankind.

Turn now to the temperance revolu-
tion. In it we shall find a stronger
bondage broken, a viler slavery manum-
itted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it
more of want supplied, more disease
healed, more sorrow assuaged; by it
no orphan starving, no widows weeping;
by it none wounded in feeling, none
injured in interest—even the dram-
maker and dramseller will have glided
into other occupations so gradually as
never to have felt the change and will
stand ready to join all others in the
universal song of gladness. And what
a noble ally this to the cause of
political freedom! With such an aid
its march cannot fail to be on and on,
till every son of earth shall drink in
rich fruition the sorrow quenching
drafts of perfect liberty. Happy day
when, all appetites controlled, all pa-
sion subdued, all matter subjected
to mind, all conquerable mind shall
live and move the monarch of the
world! Glorious consummation! Hail,
full of fury! Reign of reason, all
hail!

And when the victory shall be com-
plete—when there shall be neither a
slave nor drunkard on the earth—how
proud the title of that land which may
truly claim to be the birthplace and the
cradle of both those revolutions that
shall have ended in that victory! How
nobly distinguished that people who
have planted and nurtured to maturity
both the political and moral freedom of
their species!—*President Lincoln*.

NO RESPECTER OF HOMES.

Ex-U. S. Senator Merriman, of South
Carolina, said: "I have never drunk
or meddled with liquor. I have seldom
used it in my family as a medicine, and
yet it has meddled with me—it has
made my boy a wandering vagabond,
has broken my wife's heart. Yes,
when I was asleep, thinking him at
home in his bed, he was being made a
drunkard in the bar-rooms in the city
of Raleigh." What assurance, my
friend, have you that this may not be
repeated in your home? The saloon is
no respecter of homes. It invades the
homes of love, of wealth and of Chris-
tian people alike, and knows no sym-
pathy for tears, heartache and disap-
pointed love. No, the saloon will not
—does not—let you alone.

DRINK IN FRANCE.

The "Lancet" recently extracted
some startling statistics from a French
medical paper in regard to the con-
sumption of alcohol in France. In
1874 the number of drinking establish-
ments in France was 342,000, without
counting Paris, the capital being re-
sponsible for about 40,000. Since then,
although the population has remained
comparatively stationary, the liquor
shops have increased to an alarming
extent, the total number in 1893
amounting to 432,047, which represents
an augmentation of 25 per cent. With
respect to the quantity of wine con-
sumed by individuals, Boulogne sur-
Seine heads the list with the enormous
allowance of 58½ gallons per head.
Next in order come Nice, Saint Etienne,
Grenoble, Troyes, Toulouse, and finally
Paris, where the annual amount per
head is 44.6 gallons. As regards alco-
hol in the form of brandy and other
spirituous compounds, Rouen stands
first with 4 gallons per head.

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, con-
venient facts and arguments; contain-
ing 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 prohibi-
tion 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, con-
taining nothing sectional, sectarian or
partizan. The literature of the old
world and the new world will be
ransacked 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 invest-
ment 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 THOUS-
AND. WILL YOU HELP US?

Address,

F. S. SPENCE,

51 Confederation Life Building,
Toronto