



# THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of The Temperance Reform.

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TORONTO, ONT., JULY, 1895.

25 CENTS PER YEAR.

## A NEW PLAN

OF WISE WORK FOR RICH RESULTS.

BY W.C.T.U.'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES -- TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS -- AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS GENERALLY.

[We carried prohibition in Maine by sowing the land knee-deep with literature. NEAL DOW.]

THE CAMP FIRE is a carefully prepared budget of the latest and soundest campaign literature, bright and telling sketches and poems, and a summary of recent temperance news, put in the taking form of a monthly journal.

It is specially adapted to meet the popular demand for cheap, fresh, pointed, pithy Temperance Literature, for gratuitous distribution by our workers and friends.

Its articles will be short, good and forcible, containing nothing sectional, sectarian or partizan. It will be an inspiration and an educator wherever it goes.

This paper 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.

It will talk to him strongly when he cannot talk back, and when the personality of the talker cannot interfere with the effect of his talk.

It will bring before him facts, arguments, appeals, that will influence, instruct, and benefit him.

It will set men thinking—this always aids our movement. It will do good wherever it goes. Its circulation will be a blessing to those who give it and those who receive it.

You can greatly help it by subscribing at once for some copies and planning for their distribution.

Look at the terms:--

**Twenty copies will be sent to any one address every month for six months, or ten copies for one year for ONE DOLLAR, payable in advance.**

On no other plan can a small investment 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 THOUSAND. WILL YOU HELP US?

## THINK IT OVER.

Did you ever hear of any movement having for its object the advancement of any public interest, which originated in a saloon or among saloon keepers?

Did you ever hear of a town which published abroad as an inducement to prospective settlers the number of saloons it had within its limits?

Did you ever hear of a community which enrolled among its solid, substantial and public spirited citizens the names of its saloons keepers, with their business occupations affixed?

Did you ever hear of a saloon keeper being mentioned in any public place as a model philanthropist, a gentleman, a man of noble mind, or as a public benefactor of any sort?

Did you ever hear of a saloon keeper starting or heading a subscription list for a fund to establish an orphanage or a hospital, a public library, a public park, an institution of learning, a church or a mission chapel?

Did you ever hear of a saloon keeper who strictly regarded all the laws touching his traffic, such, for example, as those forbidding the sale of liquor to children, to habitual drunkards, on Sundays and election days and after certain hours at night?

Did you ever hear of a saloon keeper saying to a would be customer in the shape of a poor, wretched sot:—"No, I cannot take your money. You have had too much liquor now. Take your money and go and buy some bread with it for your starving wife and children?"

Did you ever hear of a saloon keeper who concerned himself with the probable consequences of sending a man home to his family infuriated with the liquor he had sold him?

Did you ever hear of a saloon keeper whom you would care to take as a bosom companion, as a partner in any other business, or as a member of your own family circle?

*The Constitution.*

## APPLYING THE RULE THE OTHER WAY.

A Chinaman applied for the position of cook in a family in one of the Western cities. The lady of the house and most of the family were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of the servants. So when John Chinaman appeared at the door he was asked:

"Do you drink whiskey?"

"No," said he, "I Christian man."

"Do you play cards?"

"No, I Christian man."

He was employed and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well, was honest, upright, correct and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a "progressive euchre" party, and had wines at the table. John Chinaman was called to serve the party, and did so with grace and acceptability. But the next morning he waited on the lady and said he wished to quit work.

"Why, what is the matter?" she inquired.

John answered: "Christian man; I told you so before, no heathen. No workee for Melican heathen." *Christian Advocate.*

## THE TEMPERANCE ENTERPRISE.

An enterprise that has fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and healed the sick, and taught the ignorant, and elevated the degraded, and gladdened the sorrowful, and led to the cross multitudes that had been wandering away.

An enterprise that has gathered again the fortune that had been scattered, and built again the home that had been ruined, and raised again the character that had been blasted, and bound up the heart that had been broken.

An enterprise that has given peace where there was discord, and gladness where there had been woe, that has broken open many a prison door, and restored to his right mind many a maniac.

An enterprise that has prevented many a suicide, and robbed the gallows of many a victim that would otherwise have been there; an enterprise that has thinned the work-house, and the hospital, and the jail, but that has helped to fill the school, and the lecture room, and the industrial exhibition.

An enterprise that has turned into useful citizens those that were the pests of society, one of the best educators of the masses, one of the chief pioneers of the Gospel.

An enterprise which is not Christ, but which is one of the holy angels that go upon his mission.

Like some fair spirit from another world, our great enterprise has trodden the wilderness, and flowers of beauty have sprung up from her track.

She has looked around, gladdening all on whom her smiles have fallen.

She has touched the captive, and his fetters have fallen off.

She has spoken, and the countenance of despair has been lighted up with hope.

She has waved her magic wand, and the wilderness has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.

Like the fabled Orpheus, she has warbled her song of mercy, and wild beasts, losing their ferocity, have followed gladly and gratefully in her train.

She has raised up those that have been worse than dead, sepulchred in sin, and she has led multitudes to the living waters of salvation. — *Newman Hall.*

## "WHY DON'T 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 liquor trade," he replied.

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

**Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office. If you have not paid for it in advance, some one else has done so for you, or it is sent you free.**

## DEMOREST MEDAL CONTEST BUREAU.

### 'FROM CONTEST TO CONQUEST.'

Education of Youth in the Principles of Temperance and Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic.

By Means of a Series of Elocutionary Contests in which Silver, Gold and Diamond Medals of Honor will be Awarded the Successful Competitors.

Mr. W. Jennings Demorest of New York has devised a plan for promoting the development of public sentiment on prohibition lines.

Recognizing the intense interest always taken by the public in everything of the nature of a contest or competition, he has developed a scheme for utilizing this tendency to secure the presentation and consideration of sound argument on the prohibition question. He has published a series of capital books of selections entitled "From Contest to Conquest." He has had prepared a number of magnificent Silver, Gold and Diamond Medals. These Medals he generously donates to young people who make the best elocutionary presentation of selections from his books on the following plan:

A public meeting to be arranged, for which the recitations will form the programme, which may be interspersed with music.

Three disinterested persons of intelligence are to be chosen to act as judges for whom suitable blanks will be furnished. Judges are advised to avoid a tie, as but one Medal can be presented at a contest.

A competition class shall consist of not less than six nor more than ten persons.

When not more than six young persons of either sex, between the ages of twelve and twenty-five, shall recite before an audience selections taken from either of the volumes "From Contest to Conquest," the one adjudged to have made the best recitation will be awarded a Silver Medal in satin lined case.

When not less than six of the Silver Medals are secured by as many contestants, the winners will be entitled to compete for a Gold Medal.

When eight or more have won Gold Medals they can compete for a Grand Gold Medal.

When eight or more have won Grand Gold Medals, the holders may compete for a handsome Gold Medal studded with diamonds.

On these terms the Medals will be presented by W. Jennings Demorest, free of expense.

The headquarters of the Demorest movement are at No. 10 East 14th St., New York City.

## BACKED BY CHRISTIANS.

Announce the truth to the world. If you sow whiskey you will reap drunkards. You'll reap drunkards. I declare to you if I were to sell whiskey, or wanted to sell whiskey—I never will—I would go to a city in a Christian country, and I would want the indorsement of Christian magistrates and Christian councillors. When I procured my license, signed up and indorsed, I won. I file it away in charge of my wife, and I would tell her: 'Wife, when I die, put this license in my coffin with me.' And when the resurrection trumpet should wake me, I would think of my license, and when God called me to judgment and asked me for my record, I would pull out my license, indorsed by Christian men, and tell Him:—'I didn't know there was a bit of wrong in it. These Christian people backed me up.' *Rev. Sam Jones.*

## The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL  
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF  
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

ADDRESS - - TORONTO, ONT.

Subscription, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Year.

NOTE.—It is proposed to make this 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, JULY, 1895.

### PROHIBITION IN PARLIAMENT.

The long expected prohibition debate in the Dominion Parliament took place on Monday, June 17th. Mr. T. B. Flint moved his resolution in an able speech which was warmly received. It was seconded by Mr. T. D. Craig.

Mr. George Guillet, of West Northumberland, moved the following amendment:

"That whereas there is now before the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council an appeal against the Supreme Court of Canada on the jurisdiction of Provincial legislation prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, the further consideration of this question be deferred until this appeal shall have been decided and the report of the Judicial Committee shall have been received."

Mr. George Taylor submitted an amendment to the amendment declaring it inadvisable to legislate upon the prohibition question until the results of the Royal Commission inquiry had been made available for consideration, and until the jurisdiction question had been settled. Mr. Taylor's amendment was defeated, 51 votes being polled for it and 70 against it. The amendment of Mr. Guillet was then voted upon with the following result: Yeas 68, nays 57. The prohibition resolution question was therefore side-tracked by a majority of 11.

This is the narrowest majority that has yet been recorded by the House of Commons against prohibitory action. The vote was very small, 80 members being absent. It is more than likely that a full house would have resulted in a majority for the Flint resolution.

The unfortunate part of the whole affair is that so few members have really been placed. Of the 80 who did not vote, the position of some is well known, others are just the men that we would like to have placed.

Hon. Mr. Laurier, the leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, voted for the amendment, and Hon. Mr. Foster, the Conservative leader of the Commons, voted against it.

### THE JURISDICTION QUESTION.

In all probability the question of provincial jurisdiction will have been settled before this paper finds its way into the hands of its many readers in the different parts of the Dominion.

The appeal from the decision of the Supreme Court to the Privy Council was set down for hearing in the early part of the present month. Dr. J. J. Maclaren is in England, conducting the case on behalf of the Ontario Government which is the appellant.

A few days will probably put us in possession of the facts of the case. We shall know what our Provincial Legislature can do. There will then be made a demand upon that Legislature for action to the full limit of its ascertained jurisdiction.

In view of these facts the next session of the Ontario Legislature will be doubtless one of the most important in its relation to the temperance cause of any that has yet been held. We must at once make preparations for a vigorous campaign to secure the enactment of all the prohibition that the Legislative Assembly can possibly grant.

### ELECTORAL ACTION.

The result of the voting upon the prohibition resolution in the House of Commons last month makes more evident than ever the necessity of electoral action, entirely free from partisanship.

Up till that time the Liberal Party in Dominion politics had probably a better claim upon temperance support than had the Conservatives. The Conservative leaders had promised nothing in relation to prohibition. Further, they had refused to promise anything. They were responsible for the Royal Commission delay. They might fairly be set down as hostile to temperance legislation. On the other hand the Liberal Party had given the question some recognition. When in power they had passed the Scott Act. At the great Ottawa convention they had declared in favor of a plebiscite. The leader of the party has, moreover, since declared definitely that if a plebiscite showed a majority for prohibition the Liberal party would accept the result as a mandate to enact prohibitory law.

The vote on the Flint resolution was not a party vote. It was, however, a vote that may fairly be taken as a test vote on prohibition. The resolution was a clear cut, definite, moderate declaration in favor of the total prohibition of the liquor traffic.

The amendment that was moved was an absurdity. It named the jurisdiction question as a reason for not adopting the prohibition resolution. There is before the the courts no question involving in the remotest degree the jurisdiction of the Dominion Parliament to prohibit the liquor traffic. The authority of that body in regard to the matter is unquestioned. The case before the Privy Council has been brought to settle whether or not a province has prohibitory jurisdiction.

The decision of the question will not affect the position of prohibition in the Dominion Parliament. It will not change the opinion of prohibitionists that the Dominion Parliament should enact a national prohibitory law. It will not affect their attitude or action in relation to that Parliament.

In short the Guillet amendment was an unworthy evasion. It was simply an excuse for not dealing directly with this important question.

The leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons voted against this tricky amendment. The leader of the Liberal party voted for it. So far as leadership goes, the Liberals opposed and the Conservatives favored the taking of a straight vote on the prohibition issue.

What are we to do then about the matter? Simply carry out the Montreal platform. To secure prohibition we must have men in Parliament who are more prohibition than partisan, and who can be relied upon to stand by what is right regardless of mere party exigencies.

### DEALING HONESTLY WITH POLITICIANS.

Nothing could be more dangerous or damaging to the temperance cause than a narrow-mindedness on the part of its advocates, or unfairness in criticism of those whose ideas do not exactly harmonize with our own.

To judge from the utterances of some few prohibitionists we might infer that there was no such thing as an honest member of either of the existing parties. Any action or statement that would convey such an expression is as unwise as it is unjust.

To such an extent has this feeling gone that temperance men have sometimes been almost afraid to express their appreciation of valuable help given to our cause by leading politicians, from fear of being pointed to as partisans of those politicians, and because of the readiness of some professed friends of our cause to impute party motives to any one who will not join in the injudicious crusade against all parties and politicians.

When the leaders of the Liberal party in the Province of Ontario committed themselves definitely and fearlessly to the principle and policy of prohibition, they had a right to expect that this action would be accepted in good faith by temperance men of all parties and creeds, yet this was not done. In many cases this laudable action was ridiculed, in others it was declared to be dishonest and unreliable. All this was discreditable and foolish. Such a course has a tendency to make enemies where we ought to make friends, and to prevent our making progress that would otherwise be attained.

We need more honest standing by anything and every person who gives us a helping hand, regardless of the sneers of those who are narrow or prejudiced, or are themselves too partisan to see any good outside their own political horizon. We should be ready to endorse, approve, support ever man who is willing to aid us, whether he be Liberal or Conservative.

In the old land at the present time, prohibition is in politics. The Liberal party there has made the enactment of Local Option a part of its policy. The Conservative party has opposed that action. There are many earnest temperance men in the Conservative ranks, yet even great Church papers do not hesitate to fearlessly appeal to all right-thinking citizens to stand by the Liberal party in the present crisis. As an example of this fearless action, we quote the following extract from a recent article in the *English Methodist Times*:

"We earnestly appeal to all who care more for morality, virtue, and the Christian religion than for party politics to rouse themselves. The liquor trade is unanimous and furious. We have a very fierce battle before us; let us fight to the death. We have now reached the most serious hour in the long history of Temperance Reform. For the first time a government stakes its reputation and its existence upon doing what we have hitherto vainly implored all governments to do.

"If the Temperance party does not support Sir William Harcourt now, it will be justly discredited for generations. It will prove to be the rotten reed and the hollow mockery which Mr. Beaufoy loudly asserts it is. Coldness now would be one of the most criminal exhibitions of public ingratitude ever witnessed, and would properly inflict upon us long humiliation and lasting disaster.

"Every pulpit in the land that has not become a mere sounding-board of ecclesiastical shibboleths and dead Pharisaical traditions should speak out loudly in the name of righteousness and humanity. Let every reader of the Bible study the utterances of the prophets in the Old Testament. How brave they were, how outspoken, how honestly they dealt with the fantastic abstractions of library-theologians, but with the facts of life and the awful evils of their own time!"



REV. J. H. HECTOR.

Is one of the most remarkable men of the present day. His life story surpasses any romance in its startling realities. Left an orphan at an early age, he passed a youth of vicissitude, hardship and privation such as few have experienced. Later on he fought in some of the fiercest struggles of the great American war, and was five times frightfully wounded, so that his survival was almost miraculous. Subsequently as an engine driver he had many a perilous experience; but he came through all to be a converted man, an earnest Christian, a successful minister of the Gospel, and one of the most effective advocates of prohibition and other moral reforms.

Mr. Hector is a full-blooded negro of superb physique and great natural abilities, to which, despite all difficulties, he has added a self-education which must compel admiration. As an orator he is a phenomenon, carrying his audience along with him by a tornado of eloquence, humor and pathos that is fairly irresistible. His originality, wit, readiness of repartee and intense earnestness, quickly open the way for the shafts of truth which he hurls with consummate tact and telling force.

Everywhere he goes he captures the hearts of the people, rouses their sympathies, appeals to their best nature and purest motives, and does them good. Everybody should hear as many as possible of his wonderful sermons and lectures.

Subjoined are a few specimen press notes of his work:

"His speech was irresistible in its eloquence and pathos." *Toronto Globe*.

"Seldom has so large a congregation—somewhere about two thousand—attended a morning service in St. James' Church as yesterday greeted the Rev. J. H. Hector, the Black Knight. The sermon was an extraordinary pulpit effort and greatly affected the large assemblage which listened, was inspired, amused, thrilled and almost caused to weep in unison." *Montreal Witness*.

"The lecture delivered yesterday afternoon by Rev. J. H. Hector, the celebrated colored prohibition orator from California, was a masterly, eloquent and convincing arraignment of the liquor traffic. The audience, the largest of the season, were at one time thrilled by the flow of language which fell from the lips of the speaker, and at others convulsed with laughter by his epigrams, sallies and witticisms. He is a splendid specimen of the race to which he belongs, being powerfully built and showing to great advantage a cultured mien and deportment while thundering forth invective against what he terms worse slavery than that which prevailed in the South." *Toronto Mail*.

Rev. Mr. Hector, popularly known as the "Black Knight," is open for engagements during the coming fall and winter. His time is already filling up fast, applications should be made at once. For terms, dates &c., address

F. S. SPENCE,

51 Confederation Life  
Buildings, Toronto.

Selections.

WILD OATS.

I saw a fair youth, with brow broad and white,  
 And an eye that was burning with intellect's light;  
 And his face seemed to glow with the wealth of his mind,  
 And I said, "He will grace and ennoble mankind;  
 He is nature's own king."  
 We met yet again. I saw the youth stand,  
 With a bowl that was flowing and red in his hand;  
 He filled it again, and again did he quaff,  
 And his friends gathered round him, and said with a laugh,  
 "He is sowing his oats."  
 Ah! his eye was too bright, and his cheek was too red.  
 And I gazed on the youth with a feeling of dread,  
 And again as he laughingly lifted the bowl,  
 I turned from the scene with a shuddering soul—  
 It was terrible seed.  
 We met but once more, I found in the street  
 A corpse half enveloped in mud and in sleet:  
 A foul bloated thing: but I saw in the face  
 Something that told of his boyhood's grace—  
 He had reaped the dire crop.  
 O, youths that are sowing wild oats, do you know  
 That the terrible seeds you are planting will grow!  
 Have you thought how your God will require some day  
 An account of the life you are throwing away?  
 Have you thought, O rash youth?  
 It will soon be too late, there is no time to waste;  
 Then throw down the cup! do not touch, do not taste!  
 It is filled with destruction, and sorrow, and pain;  
 Throw it down! throw it down! do not lift it again!  
 It will soon be too late.  
 —*Watchword.*

LITTLE NELL.

Little Nell, the drunkard's child,  
 Down the storm-swept city street,  
 While the winds blew fierce and wild  
 And the rain in torrents beat,  
 Ran to a rum-shop door and bar,  
 Crying, "Oh, where is papa?"  
 Golden curls the winds had tossed  
 Over forehead high and fair,  
 Rosebud mouth, its smiles all lost,  
 Face grown pale with pain and care,  
 Tattered garments, bare, brown feet,  
 A drunkard's child—but oh, how sweet!  
 "Mamma's dying! Where's papa?"  
 This the child's heart-broken cry.  
 "Where the lowest rum-shops are  
 I shall find him. Mamma'll die  
 And leave her little Nell alone,  
 Oh, even now she may be gone!"  
 "It may be papa will come  
 Home with me when mamma's gone,  
 And drink no more the cruel rum.  
 Then little Nell won't be alone;  
 And papa will be good to me,  
 And kind as once he used to be."  
 She hurried on to find the place,  
 But in the wild storm lost her way.  
 Paler grew the sad, sweet face,  
 And the sun's first morning ray  
 Kissed lips grown cold, the soul had flown,  
 Nevermore to be alone.  
 While the storm beat fierce and wild,  
 In a hovel bare and lone,  
 "Mamma" died and left her child  
 Wandering in the streets alone.  
 Then God's angel came for Nell  
 And took her home with Him to dwell.  
 But the father—where was he?  
 Voter I drunk in your saloon!  
 Not yours? Then whose can it be?  
 Like words and music of a tune,  
 You write the words—then play and sing;  
 You license—they holla music ring.  
 —*Mrs. P. R. Gibson in N. T. Advocate.*

A LIFE PICTURE.

The following has been narrated by a well-known lecturer as a tale that had been told to him by an aged woman in the same words, as nearly as may be, in which he gives it:—  
 "I was married young, too young—Oh, that was the terrible mistake of my life. My husband determined to go West. I must leave my home.  
 "Father was a drunkard, mother an invalid, with a large family younger than myself around her. Many a time I have stood between her and an infuriated father maddened with liquor. Oh, these were sad days, from which it is not to be wondered that I longed to escape.  
 "The day came for parting. My dear invalid mother clung to me in a passionate flood of tears, and it seemed as if she could not let me go. I knew I should never see her again.  
 "Oh, that last scene in my father's family! It is present with me to-day—those sad despairing looks of my gentle mother; the unrestrained grief which filled the room with sobs and cries from my dear little brothers and sisters!  
 "The end came, and as I journeyed to my western home, it seemed to me that no heavier sorrow could ever befall me. We bought a tract of land on the banks of a small river, put it under a heavy mortgage, for our purse was light, and began a struggle for life.  
 "Children blessed our home, and we were gaining slowly, when the demon which had made my life thus far miserable came on again in hot pursuit. My husband, in his visits to the neighboring city for market, was ensnared by designing men.  
 "I was too well skilled in reading even the smallest signs of the presence of alcohol not to mark the beginning of my husband's ruin. I pleaded with him. I told him the history of my father. He promised, but it is the old story I have to tell. Meantime our oldest child was stricken with a fever. We hung breathless over him for seven nights and days, and then, at sunset, one evening, while a crimson glory filled the west, our little one was taken in the unseen arms of angels and carried to the bosom of the Father.  
 "As we stood above the white face of the dead, and gazed into the calm and painless features of our firstborn, once so pain-distorted, I asked my husband solemnly to pledge himself never to touch, taste or handle the accursed thing. He promised, and a star of hope shone in the rayless darkness of this great sorrow.  
 "A year passed and the star sank to rise no more. Late in autumn, while my husband was revelling in drunken orgies in the city, a terrible storm arose, the river overflowed its banks, and in the morning a scene terrible enough to appal the stoutest hearts burst upon my view. The waters were threatening to carry away our little house every moment, and we must flee for our lives. Upon boards and logs we tried to float, but one by one I saw the helpless little dears cast a look at me, utter a cry of despair, and sink beneath the waves. I escaped with a babe upon my bosom.  
 "When the father became sober enough to comprehend the situation he uttered a groan of despair, and from that time forth yielded himself entirely to his appetite for strong drink, and in less than three months died in a drunken fit.  
 "At each of these blows I thought I knew what sorrow was, but a still greater revelation awaited me. After my husband died the land was wrested from me by fraud, and I was alone with my babe in the world.  
 "I cannot tell you what a fearful struggle I had to supply our daily wants. Oh, these were years of loneliness, poverty, toil, want and suffering! I would bear till my heart seemed bursting, then an uncontrollable flood of tears would restore me to calmness.  
 "I determined by the help of God that my son should not follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather. If I could leave him no dowry of wealth, I would leave him my own untarnished name and those Godly principles of truth and soberness which should make a man of him. He was bright and receptive, and promised to be the fulfilment of the fondest mother's expectations.  
 "But necessity compelled me to bind him over as an apprentice to a man I knew little of, but who held out flattering inducements. Soon I found out my sad mistake. With his other work, the man kept a bar. My son objected to tending a bar; I had filled his soul with a mortal hatred of the traffic,

fearing, lest if I did not fortify his principles, inherited tendencies to drink might destroy him.  
 "Oh, it was a demon to whom I had committed my boy. He used brute violence to make him tend that bar. My boy would come home some nights—he had to run away to do it—and show me great blue marks across his back, and he would beg of me not to let him go back.  
 "But I was helpless. The man was rich and influential, and determined. So I told my boy to bear it the best he could till his time expired. It is a long and terrible story, the story of that boy's wrongs. I could see that blows and taunts and brow-beatings were doing their devilish work. Besides, by some art or other, he had been induced to drink.  
 "I shorten the story. In a rage one day he slew his drunken master; was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. I spent the last night of my poor boy's life with him in prison. He made a full revelation of all the wrongs he had suffered. At times I felt my brain whirling, seething like molten metal on fire. The memory of that night after a lapse of thirty years often turns my days and nights into sleepless agony.  
 "Rum has been the bane of my life. I woke to consciousness in a drunkard's home. Rum robbed me of a father's love and killed my mother by inches. Rum bereft my children of a father's help and buried them in the waves of a flood. Rum filled my youngest son's life with all the bitterness and degradation of slavery, and at last stole away his senses, his manliness, his sweet young life itself. When this last blow came—so crushing, so terrible, I knew then what sorrow was—never before.  
 "I cannot produce the pathos of this story, nor tell how it has burned in my memory ever since. That sorrow-laden life was soon ushered into the presence where the weary are at rest. But woman's wrongs remain.  
 "Oh, alcohol, thou withering curse, drying up the springs of domestic love, social happiness, eternal hope, as if a sirocco blast had swept a desert into the human soul!  
 "Pile mountains high the wrongs that women have borne from every other source, and they dwindle to mole-hills beside what she has suffered from alcohol. It will put a consummation to the deepest human miseries, which will make them all but faint shadows of this terrible spectre.  
 "Over the doors of one of the horrible places of his imagination Dante wrote: "Who enters here must leave all hope behind."  
 "My young friends, he who crosses the threshold of the dramshop leaves more than hope behind; he leaves his honor, his reputation, his earthly prospects and hopes of immortal glory. *The Germantown Guide.*  
 STOP THAT BARGAIN, CITIZENS.  
 Why in the name of religion; why in the name of reason; why in the name of policy and common sense, do we allow rum to trail its serpent blight up and down our land, over and under our government, in and through our homes?  
 Its bulwark is the saloon. This we know to be a curse. We treat it as an outlaw already, for we license it. We do not license flour mills and candy factories. On no other industry do we lay a restraining imposition. Why upon rum? Because we know it is a public enemy, and if it must forage off our vitals it must render partial tribute.  
 What a weak, cowardly, criminal relation is this governmental confederacy with rum! Would we build forts and sell to our enemies the right to destroy them to give their guns practice? Would we plant forests and sell to pirates and marauders the right to despoil the trees if they only paid us for the bark? Why build homes, those most sacred of altars, and exchange them for the wherewithal to build almshouses and jails?  
 If our moral natures are too numb to perceive this iniquity, are our eyes of shrewd sense too dim to distinguish the folly of throwing away dollars for dimes? In other words, subtract if you will every heartache and every sigh and every wreck of soul for which the liquor traffic is responsible and cast up accounts in coin. Does anybody doubt that the despicable infamy costs thrice what it pays in license; costs in public jails, in poorhouses, in police protection, to protect it and to pursue its victims?

The saloon is already outthwowed. Now why treat it as a favored convict whom we let loose for a consideration? Stop that bargain, fellow-citizens, and stop it now! *The Ram's Horn.*

A TRUTHFUL FORTUNE-TELLER.

A man was having his fortune told. "I see," said the "seventh daughter of the seventh daughter," contracting her eyebrows, "I see the name of John."  
 "Yes," said the sitter, indicating that he had heard the name before.  
 "The name seems to have given you a great deal of trouble."  
 "It has."  
 "This John is an intimate friend."  
 "That's so," he said wonderingly.  
 "And often leads you to do things you are sorry for."  
 "True; every word."  
 "His influence over you is bad."  
 "Right again."  
 "But you will soon have a serious quarrel, when you will become estranged."  
 "I'm glad of that. Now spell out his whole name."  
 The fortune-teller opened one eye and carefully studied the face of the visitor. Then she wrote some cabalistic message, and handed it to him in exchange for her fee.  
 "Do not read it until you are at home," she said solemnly. "It is your friend's whole name."  
 When he reached home he lit the gas and gravely examined the paper. There he read, in picket-fence characters, the name of his friend: "Demi-John." *Detroit Free Press.*

SOME PARAPHRASES.

ASK YOURSELF IF THEY DO NOT HAVE A PERSONAL APPLICATION.  
 Covering a sin by licensing it is about as safe as cuddling an angry rattlesnake.  
 You can measure a man's prohibition sentiments by his ballot.  
 Each citizen aids the cause of rum-removal much by what he says but most by his ballot.  
 A man may become a successful hypocrite by praying for "temperance" on three hundred and sixty-four days, and voting for license-restriction on one day in the year.  
 Liquor "regulation" is the devil's concession to the hypocrite's love of respectability.  
 The man who insists upon "voting the ticket that is most certain to win" must part company with honesty before he can do it.  
 When the devil goes to church he usually sits with a liquor-license member in the family pew.  
 There is something wrong with one's politics when they merit the protest of his prayers.  
 It takes no longer to reach hell by the side door than by the front one of a licensed saloon.  
 Why need a Christian spend his time "regulating" what Christ came to destroy?  
 While the devil can keep a man voting for rum, he loses no sleep over any racket he may make about religion.  
 —*The Constitution.*

DASH DOWN THE CUP.

"The waters have gone over me, but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first wine is as delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my dissolution, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel himself, going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will—to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget the time it was otherwise—to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my feverish eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverish looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation."—*Charles Lamb.*

## A LITTLE SONG.

Sing a song of sixpence,  
You fellow full of rye;  
With not a cent to bury you  
To-morrow, should you die.  
Saloonist in the bar room  
Counting up his money;  
His wife is in the parlor  
With well dressed sis and sonny.  
Your wife has gone out working  
And washing people's clothes,  
To pay for old rye whiskey  
To color up your nose.

## MY PLEDGE.

Sampson, the strongest man,  
From all strong drink abstained;  
Then surely strength and robust health  
Are not by drinking gained.

Daniel, so truly good,  
Would not himself defile  
With wine the royal princes drank,  
Nor make his conscience vile.

The noble Baptist, John,  
Herald of Jesus' reign,  
Did only cooling water drink,  
As those who now abstain.

And Paul himself avowed  
If wine did cause offence  
To save a brother weak and frail  
He would not taste it thence.

With these examples, then,  
Of wisdom, strength and grace,  
I'll evermore from drink abstain,  
And join the temperance race.  
*Rev. Jabez Burns, D. D.*

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Vanguard for 1893-4, in neat cloth binding, is now for sale. It is the most important Canadian contribution yet made to the literature of the temperance and prohibition reform, containing over 650 pages full of invaluable arguments, facts and statistics, all reliable, fresh and good, fully and carefully indexed. No worker can afford to be without it. The price is only ONE DOLLAR. The number of copies is limited. Send your order at once to the Editor,

F. S. SPENCE,  
51 Confederation Life Building.

## DRINK AND RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Recently, a great railroad corporation gathered all the facts concerning the men and the conditions of every accident which had occurred on its lines for five years.

When tabulated, it appears that 40 per cent. of all accidents was due altogether, or in part, to the failures of men who were drinking; that in 18 per cent. there was strong suspicion of similar causes, yet no clear proof.

In one year over a million dollar's worth of property was destroyed by failures of beer-drinking engineers and switchmen.

The company's rules requiring temperate men for all positions are more and more rigorously enforced. Engineers find that practically they are unable to do good work while using spirits even in small doses. The coolness and presence of mind so essential in their work is broken up by alcohol in any form.

Trainmen, men exposed to the weather, reach the same conclusion, if they are practical men. The startling mortality of brakemen is referable in many cases to the use of alcohol to drive out the cold, or keep awake in long hours of service.

Each year the duties and responsibilities of railway men increase, and men more temperate, accurate, prompt and careful in their work are required. Only absolutely temperate men can do this work for any length of time; all others fail and are dangerous in their weakness. — *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.*

The subscription price of the **CAMP FIRE** will hereafter be twenty five cents per year. The former low price involved too heavy a loss. Subscriptions at the old rate will only be received up to August 1st.

## NOTES OF NEWS FROM MANY PLACES.

On Wednesday, July 3rd, one of the guards of the County Jail committed suicide at his house in Toronto. He had been a hard drinker and also addicted to the use of morphine.

The *Montreal Witness* of June 20th had a sad story of two suicides. The verdict returned by the Coroner's Jury in each case being "suicide by poisoning after a spree." One man had taken laudanum and the other Paris green.

Compton County, Que., W.C.T.U. is carrying on a series of Demorest Medal Contests with remarkable success. By this method they are making splendid progress in strengthening and developing public sentiment in favor of prohibition.

Stanstead, Que., County, W.C.T.U. held their annual picnic and demonstration on Beebe Plain, June 27th. There was a great turn out, and earnest addresses were delivered by a number of clergymen as well as leading white ribbon women.

On the evening of Tuesday June 25th a drunken man met his death at the door of a saloon in Montreal. Some witnesses claimed that he was struck by the saloon-keeper, others thought that he stumbled. He fell at any rate and struck his head on the pavement so heavily as to cause his death.

A violent death that occurred some four years ago, has been brought to mind by the pardoning of D. Whalen, who was serving a life sentence at Kingston for the murder of his wife at Mitchell four years ago. He had been drinking heavily, and struck her a severe blow which was followed by her death. It was considered likely that some infirmities of the deceased caused the injury to be fatal.

The town of Sussex, in New Brunswick, along with the rest of the County of Kings, is under the Scott Act. The law there has not been so thoroughly enforced as was desirable. Lately a vigorous campaign has been inaugurated by the prohibitionists on the lines of law enforcement. The liquor men fought for a while, but are now reported to have closed up entirely, finding that it does not pay to be continually fined and to run risk of being jailed.

A Buffalo despatch, dated June 28th, tells of some wild attempts of suicide on the part of a young man from Toronto who had gone to the American city on a protracted spree. His mother had followed him in an effort to save him from his destruction. He had to be locked up by the police to keep him from carrying out his intention.

The Chicago and New York papers report that the closing session of the Illinois State Legislature, after the midnight of June 14th, was accompanied by disgraceful scenes of quarrelling and intoxication.

Michigan has passed a law fixing a heavy penalty upon railroad companies for the employment of persons addicted to the use of intoxicants.

The amount of New England rum sent from the port of Boston to Africa has decreased in two years from 1,025,228 gallons to 501,265.

An American newspaper tells us that Father Rogan, priest of a Rushville Catholic Church, has excommunicated every Catholic saloon-keeper in his parish and announced that he will refuse Christian burial to the men who go on in the business.

The United States last year manufactured 88,677,180 gallons of distilled spirits. Taking the estimate of 93 drinks to a gallon, this gives an aggregate of 5,844,082,901 drinks of spirits. The consumption of beer was 31,943,943 barrels, equal to 18,875,109,200 glasses.

The Sons of Temperance of Great Britain held their 40th annual session recently at Glasgow. In Great Britain the Sons of Temperance is entirely an insurance organization. The report presented showed the adult membership

to be 82,851, an increase of 1,000. The funds were all reported in healthy and progressive condition.

The Independent Order of Rechabites, one of the most useful and aggressive organizations of temperance workers in Great Britain, has now an adult membership of 127,000, being an increase of 1,500 over the membership of last year. The growth during the past ten years has been phenomenally great.

Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner, of the Second Universalist Church of Boston, died on June 14th in his 81st year. Dr. Miner was one of the ablest and best known advocates of the prohibition party in the United States. For twenty years he was President of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance. He was prohibition candidate for Governor of Massachusetts in 1878, and for Mayor of Boston in 1883.

Official German statistics give the information that one-fifth of the cultivated land in the empire is used for the production of materials for the manufacture of alcoholic drinks. The number of men employed in all German industries is stated as being 20,500,000. Of these 1,500,000 are employed directly in the drink traffic.

An English paper recently published a list of brewers and distillers whose wills have been proved during the past nine years. The aggregate of their personalities amounts to over £14,000,000. This is simply another way of saying that these men plundered and impoverished the country to this enormous amount over and above what they spent during their life-time.

In connection with the meeting of the World's W.C.T.U. the National British Temperance Association held its 19th annual meeting. There were present 800 delegates from different parts of England, Scotland and Wales. The Superintendent of the organizing departments, Miss Helen L. Wood, presented a report showing an increase in membership during the past year of over 8,000.

The State of Ohio expects a vigorous temperance fight at the next session of its legislature. A Local Option Bill will be fought desperately by the liquor traffic. The Methodist Episcopal Church has taken a strong position, issuing an address to Methodist voters asking them to refuse to vote for any man of any party, who does not take a right position on this important question.

The Iowa prohibitionists are keeping up a vigorous fight against the outrageous mulct law enacted by their legislature some time ago. On a technical point all the saloons of Des Moines have been declared illegal. The prohibition party has gained new strength from the assaults made upon the prohibitory law and will doubtless poll an immense vote.

The World's Women's Christian Temperance Union met in convention, in the Queen's Hall, London, Eng., on June 19th. Rousing addresses were delivered by a number of the leaders from different parts of the world, the most notable deliverances being those of Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Francis E. Willard. The great hall was draped with the now world's famous petition and the enthusiasm of all present was at the highest point.

South Africa has a village on the Great Brak river, owned by Messrs Searle and Sons, who operate several small factories, in which nearly one hundred hands are employed, all of whom are abstainers. The village has no liquor, no policemen, and so evenly and smoothly do all the inhabitants live and work together that it is a model village.

New York prohibitionists are very much elated by the action of Governor Morton in signing the Ainsworth Mandatory Temperance Instruction Bill. This is a measure passed by the Legislature providing that the teaching of temperance shall be compulsory in public schools and Normal schools, as is the teaching of other subjects. Charles R. Skinner, Superintendent of Education, used all the influence he could to induce the Governor to refrain from signing the bill but without effect.

The United States Brewers' Association held its annual session at Milwaukee last month. An idea of the strength of the traffic may be gathered from the statement that the financial standing of the men who sat down to the banquet in connection with the meeting, represented an aggregate wealth of \$400,000,000. The organization has \$80,000 invested and collects annually from its members \$30,000 in dues. Everything was not harmonious, and before the close of Convention the New York delegates left the hall in a quarrel with their brethren from other parts of the country. The next meeting will be held at Philadelphia.

An exchange tells us that a petition was presented to the House of Commons, by T. Snape, Esq., M.P., on June 21st, in favor of Sir William Harcourt's Bill, signed by 18,578 local preachers of Great Britain. These two petitions, with the manifesto issued last week signed by each of the seven presidents of the Methodist denominations, show that Methodism is sound at heart in favor of such legislation, and there is almost complete unanimity among her preachers, itinerant and lay, and her officers and members in the desire for the Veto Bill.

High license has climbed up in Arkansas to a point at which it has some effect. Besides the national revenue license tax, there are three other licenses necessary to authorize anyone to sell liquor, one from the state, one from the country and one from the city or village in which the license is to operate. The city of Eureka Springs may be taken as an example. It has 4,000 inhabitants and four saloons. Each saloon pays the State \$300, the county \$500 and the city \$1,200. There are 75 counties in the state of which 43 are entirely under prohibition and in the remaining 32 many townships, cities and villages are entirely free from legalized liquor selling.

English papers bring us the report of the Directors of the United Kingdom Temperance and Provident Institution, an insurance organization that classifies total abstainers separately and gives them the advantage of their better lives. The Directors' Report states that the new business of 1894 was the largest ever completed in any year in the history of the organization. The actuary, Mr. R. P. Hardie, gives the following interesting statement as to the expected and actual mortality on whole life policies. This statement is a temperance lecture in itself. Expected claims in the temperance section were 340 for £88,625; the actual claims were 237 for £50,068; expected claims in the general section were 380 for £96,710; the actual claims were 351 for £94,275.

## AXIOMATIC PRINCIPLES.

It seems to me that some things are established as axiomatic principles, and call for no further proof whatever. And among these things are the following facts:

That one day of rest in seven is imperatively demanded by the laws of God and the laws of our being:

That rioting and drunkenness and gambling and the ordinary occupations of men do not conduce to the highest and best furtherance of the Sabbath:

That sobriety is better than drunkenness always:

That the liquor seller cannot wash his hands clean of the guilt of making drunkards and bringing upon society the countless woes which intemperance produces:

That man would not get drunk if there were no alcohol:

That if no money were spent for drink we should hear less about hard times:

That laws that are burdensome or seem so in a civilized community ought either to be obeyed or set aside by lawful and constitutional means:

That all good citizens ought at any cost to stand by those lawmakers and guardians of the public welfare:

That when liquor men are banding together as never before, and working with a redoubled zeal to accomplish their nefarious designs, it behooves all the enemies of the saloon to be equally zealous and united, and to fight unweariedly until right and justice and universal happiness are established. — *Rev. H. L. Bates.*