

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

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25 CENTS PER YEAR

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.

We must declare to the liquor trade: "Your business, whatever it is to you, is detrimental and disastrous to the community. It hinders religion, it breeds poverty, it sends baneful influences into our families. It is the very thing which does more damage to the country than anything else. Tens of thousands perish yearly as the result of this traffic."—Rev. Dr. Marshall Randles, ex-President Wesleyan Conference.

It is a cheap device to brand the Temperance movement as fanatical. Now, I deny that it has a single feature of fanaticism; for it is based upon physiological principles, chemical relations, the welfare of society, the laws of self-preservation, the claims of suffering humanity, all that is noble in patriotism, generous in philanthropy, and pure and good in Christianity.—William Lloyd Garrison.

If you will cut off the supply of temptation, I will be bound by the help of God to convert drunkards; but until you have taken off this perpetual supply of intoxicating drink, we can never cultivate the fields. You have submerged them, and if ever we reclaim one portion, you immediately begin to build upon it a gin-palace or some temptation to drink. Let the Legislature do its part, and we will answer for the rest.—The late Cardinal Manning.

CAMPAIGN EQUIPMENT.

The Vanguard, all numbers issued, in neat cloth binding, 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.

The People vs. The Liquor Traffic, a set of lectures by the late Hon. J. B. Finch, is one of the most forcible and comprehensive arguments for Prohibition ever made. Special Canadian edition, **240 pages**. Fine cloth binding, price 40 cents.

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With these three sources of information, any pulpit, press or platform worker will be **fully equipped** for the great plebiscite campaign.

The number of books available for the purpose named is limited. First come, first served. Don't miss the opportunity.

NOTES OF NEWS.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.
Parliament is expected to meet for transaction of business on January 27th, or February 3rd. It is expected that the plebiscite will be one of the earliest measures introduced and that a vote will probably be taken some time in 1898.

LICENSE LAW AMENDMENT.
Petitions are pouring into the Ontario Legislature in a perfect deluge, praying for the amendment of the license law so as to give the people more power over the limitation of licenses and the operation of the traffic. Friends who are getting petitions signed but have not yet sent them in will oblige by doing so as speedily as possible.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.
In quite a number of Ontario municipalities the temperance question will be a live issue in the coming contest. The prohibitionists of Toronto and a number of other places are thoroughly organized with a view to looking after both nomination and election of men who can be relied upon to do all they can for the restriction of the liquor traffic.

MASSACHUSETTS.
The annual voting in the cities and towns of Massachusetts on the temperance question, is taking place. So far there seems to have been a slight falling off in the number of cities that have declared in favor of prohibition, several having gone back to license. The complete returns however, may make a totally different showing for the state.

AGAINST US.
Rev. Dr. Grant, the Principal of Queen's College, Kingston, is publishing in the Toronto Globe a series of letters in opposition to prohibition. Dr. Grant is well known as a talented and educated man, but has always been noted for his extreme bitterness and prejudice upon this question. He evidently has the courage of his convictions. So far he has said nothing new, merely re-hashing the exploded misrepresentations and sophistries regarding the working of the Scott Act and the Maine law. It is likely that we shall notice these letters later on.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.
The past month has had the usual record of terrible catastrophes directly attributable to drink. Our space would not permit us to give full details of the crimes and disasters that crowd our regular newspapers, showing that notwithstanding the advanced position our country occupies, there is still need for much work, and that a great deal must be accomplished before we can point with pride to our laws and their administration, so far as they relate to the liquor evil.

LOCAL OPTION IN ONTARIO.
A goodly number of municipalities have already made arrangement for voting on local prohibition on January 3rd next. By-laws have been introduced in the various councils, passed their first and second readings and been advertised for voting. It is now too late to initiate action in any other municipalities so as to have voting along with municipal elections. There is however, ample time yet for passing by-laws by special votes so as to have them come into force on May 1st next. Our friends are earnestly urged to give careful attention to this matter. Full particulars may be had by applying to the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance.

LEEDS COUNTY READY.
A well attended convention of prohibition workers for the County of Leeds was held at Athens on December 10th. The Leeds County Alliance was

re-organized in encouraging form. The President is Rev. H. Gracey of Gananoque; Vice-Pres. Rev. T. L. Burke, Westport; Sec. Miss M. E. Stone, Athens; Assist.-Sec. Rev. J. Scanlon, Athens; Treas. William Webster, Tilley. Additional Vice-Presidents were also appointed for the different municipalities. Plans were laid for securing a thorough circulation of literature and signature of pledges to support only prohibitionists for parliamentary positions. A mass meeting held in the evening was very successful.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
One of the most interesting and encouraging Canadian Temperance Society meetings of 1897 was the annual session of the Ontario Grand Division Sons of Temperance, which was held in this city commencing on Wednesday, December 1st, presided over by J. M. Walton, G.W.P. The number of delegates was very large, including prominent workers who are leaders in the social, commercial, religious and political life of the community.

The official reports were very cheering. It was shown that the membership has increased during the past year by 53, the number now in good standing being 8,630. Much extension and missionary work have been carried on. The good management of financial affairs is evidenced in the facts that although the total revenue of the organization for the year was only \$3,097.73, yet out of this amount \$1,116.84 had been spent in propagation work, while a surplus remained on hand after all outlay, \$181 in excess of the surplus of last year.

A feature of the convention was a mass meeting held on the evening of December 1st in the Horticultural Pavilion, presided over by Bro. T. Caswell, M. W. P. An interesting musical programme was presented and addresses were delivered by J. M. Walton, G.W.P., Hon. E. J. Davis, Dr. W. Meacham, M.P.P., Geo. Spence, G.C.T., E. Carswell, P.M.W.A., Ald. J. J. Graham, Ald. F. S. Spence, and others.

Comprehensive plans of work for the coming year were made including the publication of a monthly paper devoted to advocacy of prohibition and the work of the Order. The plebiscite received a good deal of attention. The principal officers were re-elected some of them by acclamation. All the proceedings were characterized by remarkable harmony and enthusiasm.

THE EXTREME REMEDY.

It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back—so runs the old proverb. But its reverse is also true—namely, by maintaining one's hold to the very utmost limit of endurance, the crisis is passed and the victory is assured. There is always a point of lowest ebb to the tide. That reached, the water comes brimming in again. While there is life, we say, there is hope. The flame threatens to expire; it is the merest spark, glimmering faintly among the white ashes. It is gone!—no, there is a glint of fire there. Blow it gently! It grows a little more brightly; and still a little more! There—the fire is burning again! It was saved because the faint, glimmering spark, almost at the point of extinction, was not suffered to expire. We are often tempted to despair—in matters of personal experience, in this or that Christian enterprise in which we may be engaged. We have endured to the utmost; we have put forth the very last possible effort. Ah, have we? Cannot the bow be drawn just a fraction more tense? Can we not bear one more partial turn of the screw? For that endurance will decide the matter of success. Hold on, hope on! It is the darkest just before the day breaks. The last step gains the summit, otherwise the previous climbing is in vain!—New York Observer.

NEW RECRUITS.

Stand back! Young men!
Here comes a lad!
Hello! my boy! come in! You're welcome here!
And so you thought you'd come and see the fun;
That's right! boys cannot always stay in doors.
They must see something of the world!
Sing him a song, young men; remember now.
Not something too indelicate at first, lest it should shock the ears unused to songs.
Except the kind they sing in morning prayers.
But even that has brought the color to his cheek; ah, well!
He'll soon get over that, and when you've sung
A dozen more, he'll help you sing them.
What?
And must you go? It's early yet. I see—
You promised to be home at nine o'clock;
That's good! And if they question you, why say
You went a-walking with a pretty girl.
And they will laugh, and think you smart, and you
Can slip away, and none will be the wiser.
Good Night! Good night! Be sure and come again!
Stand back! Young men!
Here comes the boy again!
We knew that he would come! A taste of sin
Creates a thirst for more. What shall it be?
Pass the cigars, no, bring a cigarette:
He'll take to that more easily, and it
Will work for rum and ruin just the same.
How pale he looks! Ha! Ha! it makes him sick!
But never mind! he'll try again to-morrow,
And soon will smoke a dozen (on the sly).
Go home and creep in bed, and say you're sick,
When mother climbs the stairs to wonder why
Her boy came home so late, and then forgot to say good night.

But come again!
Stand back! Young men!
Here comes the boy again!
We thought we'd lost him, but we might have known
There's nothing makes a boy so bold as sin,
Nor weans his heart so soon from love and home.
Bring out the cards, and set the glass of wine
Where he can reach it should he so incline,
And laugh when he shall curse the holiest name,
And all things sacred turn to jest profane.
Stand back! Young men! and give the boy a chance
In the front rank with those who miss the goal,
Who bury hope and faith, and kneel at length
Beside the grave of a remorseful past!

Stand back! Ye tempters, back! Ye demons, stand!
And come, O Heaven! with all thy shining ones
Arrayed for battle; set them on the plains,
With flaming swords turning each way, to guard
The path of life of every boy.
God speed the day when men, with zeal aflame
Shall join the shining hosts, to conquer Wrong,
And crown the Right with everlasting fame,
And save the boys!
—Anna Barton; Free Baptist.

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, DECEMBER, 1897

ANTI-PROHIBITION.

The liquor men of Canada are making preparations for the coming campaign. Appreciating the value of literature, they will imitate the example of prohibitionists in the free circulation of campaign documents. In the Province of Quebec they have already in the field a handsomely printed weekly journal of sixteen pages to be called *The Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, the initial number of which lies before us, and is full of matter interesting to the liquor traffic, and to our temperance friends.

The opening article of the *Gazette* is an appeal for support to persons engaged in the liquor traffic, "and all others who believe that justice should prevail." It is curious that the first sentence of the first paragraph of the first number of this journal should be a misrepresentation, stating as it does that the plebiscite is the result of a demand from the temperance people. The article, however, makes clear the fear entertained that prohibitionists will succeed in the coming campaign. The second article is extremely bitter in tone, denouncing prohibitionists, regretting the weakness of the government in yielding so far to them, and calling for union and organization to fight in behalf of the traffic. One of the lines of work recommended is set out as follows: "Let party politics take a rest until we obtain our rights, and support only such candidates or governments as are on our side."

On the second page is to be found a strong argument in favor of Sunday opening of saloons. Curiously enough, one of the arguments used is that there would be less drinking under the open saloons than is done at present in defiance of the law.

Under the heading "Who Should Pay for the Plebiscite?" the mistake is again made of charging this method of dealing with the liquor traffic upon the prohibitionists, and then urging that "the petitioners for a plebiscite should be compelled to bear the cost of the taking of it."

A feeble attempt is made to controvert some of the hard facts set out in the Alliance campaign leaflets. Dealing with the argument that many workingmen who are now idle because of their drinking habits, who under prohibition would be industrious and thrifty, the *Gazette* says:

"Undoubtedly this is a pleasant prospect for the general employers of labor. Wages would be down to rock bottom immediately, without increasing the population of the country by one. But how about the toilers who are now

competing in the labor market? The misery and suffering for those who could not leave the country would be terrible to contemplate. Therefore it must be manifest to the most disinterested. Such a cruel disturbance of the industrial forces will not be countenanced."

An article on Compensation gives us for the first time an intimation of the ideas of men interested in the liquor business as to what kind of claim they would present if their absurd proposal were to be considered. After stating that to attempt to put a prohibitory law into force without compensation would be worse than robbery, the *Gazette* says that the amount necessary to give "due compensation" to all concerned "would certainly double the debt of the Dominion." As the present public debt of Canada is in the neighborhood of \$260,000,000, we have here a suggestion that the compensation claims of the liquor traffickers would amount to that sum. The Royal Commission estimated the total capital invested in breweries, distilleries and malt houses, in real estate occupied by vendors of liquor, and in fixtures, etc., used by these vendors at \$74,588,953.

A full announcement is made regarding the Licensed Victuallers' Association of Montreal, which is to be composed hereafter of "distillers, brewers, wine and spirit dealers, cigar manufacturers, and firms in other branches having business connections with the trade." The membership fee for distillers is \$50, for brewers \$25, for wholesalers \$10, and all others \$5.

There are, as might be expected, forcible articles denouncing prohibition. Other items of interest to patrons of the journal are also plentifully supplied, such as instructions for the making of fancy drinks, advice to bar tenders as to how to treat customers, information relating to pugilism and the like. The *Gazette* is printed in both English and French, about one-half of it being in each language.

GETTING READY.

The Dominion Parliament is expected to meet in January. An appeal for the taking of a plebiscite will probably be one of the earliest measures submitted. It is anticipated that voting will take place shortly after the close of the session. In any case, it is now probably that 1898 will be the plebiscite year. The marvelously advanced position which the temperance cause has attained, the sentiment which has compelled Parliament to take the action indicated, is to a great extent the outcome of the earnest, faithful efforts that have been made during the past fifty years by the temperance societies whose operations in every corner of the Dominion have given us the generation of prohibition voters whose influence is telling so powerfully for good to-day.

The pioneers of the days gone by will be expected to do much of the hard fighting that is near at hand. Temperance societies will be expected to take the lead. More than this, those who will be as individuals, the most effective workers, are those who are stalwart teetotalers, pledged to total abstinence as well as favoring prohibitory legislation. We shall be strong in the coming contest in proportion to the numerical membership of active working total abstinence societies.

Every Temperance Lodge and every other similar society, will be a help. If we could fill the land with such organizations we would ensure

success. Building up our lodges, planning new ones, enlarging our membership, spreading our influence, is doing the best kind of work for the securing of a great victory against the liquor traffic.

With the utmost earnestness therefore, do we appeal to our temperance workers to strive as they have never striven before, for the strengthening and building up of their Orders at this time, thus making effective preparation for the great struggle that is fast approaching.

"If the money now worse than wasted in intoxicating liquors could be turned into the channels of honest trade, we should see such a revival in every department of trade that there would be such a demand for labor wages would go up, and a fair day's wage for a fair day's work would be within the reach of every reliable man."—*J. H. Raper.*

CAN'T DO IT.

It is about time that good people ceased their attempts to improve the liquor traffic. It is a hopeless task, as hard as trying to make an empty bag stand upright, or to determine just where is the best point to apply regeneration to a thoroughly bad egg. The one logical thing to do with the liquor traffic is to kill it.—*The Voice.*

"The Liquor Traffic is a great sin against God and a crime against Society. It inflicts more mischief upon the Nation, and more misery on the People than comes from all other evils combined. It is a great obstacle to the way of the progress of the Gospel, and while it continues the coming of Christ's kingdom is impossible."—*Neal Dow.*

WEIGHTY FRAGMENTS.

The drink habit and trade is one of the most subtle, ubiquitous, and destructive foes of the grace of God manifested in Christ Jesus the Son.—*Rev. Dr. John Clifford.*

Virtue must come from within; to this problem religion and morality must direct themselves. But vice may come from without; to hinder this is the care of the statesman.—*The late Prof. F. W. Newman.*

It is mere mockery to ask us to put down drunkenness by moral and religious means when the Legislature facilitates the multiplication of the incitements to intemperance on every hand.—*Cardinal Manning.*

My gall rises at the rich brewers, in Parliament and out of it, who plant these poison shops for the sale of their million-maiming trade, while probably their families are figuring away somewhere as refined philanthropists, devout evangelicals, or ritualists.—*George Eliot: Life and Letters.*

Let but all the pulpits speak out plainly the truth about the liquor traffic for a few years, and the power of the traffic would be broken, and the dread of it removed from the minds of statesmen. The cry to Parliament for the Direct Veto power would become too loud not to be obeyed, and prohibition would spread from district to district like a prairie fire.—*The Alliance News.*

"As well try to regulate a rattle-snake by holding it by the tail as to permit and then attempt to regulate the Liquor Traffic. The way to regulate a rattle-snake is to

kill it, smash its head,—its tail may live until gun-down, but it cannot bite. The way to regulate the Liquor Traffic is to kill its head—the Licensed Grog-Shop—the school of vice, crime, and political corruption."—*John B. Finch.*

CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

TORONTO, 1897.

DEAR FRIEND,—

You are respectfully requested to carefully examine *The Camp Fire*, a neat four-page monthly Prohibition paper, full of bright, pointed, convenient facts and arguments; containing also a valuable summary of the latest news about our cause. It is just what is needed in the plebiscite campaign to inspire workers and make votes.

The contest upon which we are entering, will be largely a literature campaign. Printed matter tells. It does its work continuously, silently, fearlessly and well. 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, containing 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 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?

Address,

F. S. SPENCE,

51 Confederation Life Building,

Toronto

Selections.

REAPING AND SOWING.

There lived a man so we are told,
Within our land in days of old,
Who chanced a piece of land to own,
By thorns and wild vines overgrown.

He started out one sunny morn,
Determined he would raise some corn;
To clear the land he did not stop,
But went ahead to plant his crop.

The thorns and branches choked his way,
He toiled on from day to day,
Until at last he'd plowed the land
And dropped the seed with careful hand.

But when at last the autumn came,
To see that crop it was a shame,
The briars and brambles had full sway,
And from the grain shut out the day.

The scattered, withered stalks of corn
His neighbors loudly laughed to scorn.
Now smile not when this tale you scan,
For there are thousands like this man.

Who spend their time, and money, too,
Some great reform to carry through,
But, when election day is passed,
They find their labor vain at last.

Because the grog shops in the land,
Have paralyzed the statesman's hand,
Have choked away the law and right,
And almost turned our day to night,

This moral then, as you must see,
Is plain to all as plain can be,
You'll raise no crop, the rule is sound,
Until you first have cleared the ground.

IMPORTANT TO DRINKERS.

A man who drinks whiskey may feel
Awhile frisky,
And paint the town brilliantly red;
But soon in the gutter with misery
utter
He will curse and wish himself dead.

A man who drinks brandy may feel
like a dandy,
As long as the smell's on his breath;
But soon in the tremens, snakes,
bogies and demons
Will chase him and scare him to
death.

A man who drinks wine may feel very
fine,
And play funny antics and shout;
But for it he'll pay with headaches
next day,
And die when he's young from the
gout.

A man who drinks gin with pleasure
will grin,
And have what he calls a good time;
Till with a red nose and dirty old
clothes,
He, homeless, will be for a dime.

A man who drinks beer feels good for
a year,
And thinks it don't hurt him a bit;
Till, bloated and red, he goes to his bed,
Or falls on the street in a fit.

But he who drinks water, as everyone
oughter,
Enjoys to the utmost his life;
He's happy and healthy, respected and
loved,
And loved by his children and wife
— H. C. Dodge, in *Chicago Sun*.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT.

"Please, Mister, give me a penny."
This was the appeal made to me one
August evening as I walked up Ontario
Street, in Cleveland, Ohio.

It came from a little boy who was
leaning against a hitching post.

"So you want a penny do you?
And what would you do with a penny
if you had one?"

"I want to buy something to eat."

"O, you are hungry, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you have your supper?"

"No, sir."

"Did you have your dinner?"

"No, sir."

I didn't ask him if he had breakfast.
I knew what the answer would be, for
his little drawn features told me that in
his appeal he had spoken his need; and
that that day was one of many the
same.

I took him to the nearest bakery and
told the clerk to give him just what he
wanted.

He chose a two-cent piece of ginger-
bread; and when the clerk gave it to
him he broke it in the middle and
began wrapping one-half in paper.

"Why," said I, "you said you were
hungry and here you are only going
to eat half a two-cent piece of ginger-
bread. What are you going to do with
the other half?"

"Take it home to my little sister
she's hungry, too."

"Didn't she have any supper either?"

"No, sir."

"Nor dinner?"

"She had half a bun and a cup of
milk. Yesterday I got five cents and
I bought some milk and two buns, and
she had half a one this morning and
the other half to-day."

"But what did you do with the
other bun?"

"Please, sir, I gave it to my ma."

Here was a sad condition of things;
a boy seven years old, hungry and
begging for a penny to buy something
to eat. A little girl, also hungry, and
perhaps too young to beg. And a
mother—surely only in the direst need
would she take from her children in
this way.

With the little fellow as my guide
and more gingerbread for the hungry
little sister, I started for the home
where such a condition of things could
exist.

Under the hill back of the Hay-
market, in one of the poorest houses
in even this locality was the place that
little fellow called home.

As I entered I didn't wonder he was
hungry and begging for himself and
little sister.

Just inside the door, where he had
fallen when he had entered the house
two hours before, lay the father in a
drunken stupor.

On the only whole chair in the room
sat the wife and mother with a four-
months' old babe in her arms that
looked as if it was not long for this
world.

Its looks were not deceiving, for in
three days it was dead.

Sitting on the back door step was
the "little sister," who was "hungry,
too;" a pretty little girl of three years,
who, as soon as she saw her little
brother enter with a piece of ginger-
bread, ran to him with outstretched
hands, knowing there was a piece for
her, too.

As I looked at the wife and mother
there was something strangely familiar
about her. A few minutes conversa-
tion revealed the fact that I had known
her in my boyhood; a bright and
happy young woman, daughter of
respectable and well-to-do parents
near my childhood home.

In her girlhood there was nothing
wonderful about her. She was never
called "beautiful," but was spoken of as
"pretty."

She was never considered the "belle
of the village," but was a pleasant and
sought-after member of society.

She was ambitious to succeed in
school; had fitted herself for teaching,
and had taught two or three terms.

Could it be that this white-haired
woman, with pale face and shrunken
cheeks, sitting there so languid with
that poor, wan babe in her arms, was
the dark-haired, rosy-checked, bright-
eyed, vivacious young woman I knew
when a boy?

Many times I had visited at her
father's home.

Many times I had eaten at their
table, where there was always plenty.
Never did I think I would meet her
under these conditions; the wife of a
confirmed drunkard; the mother of
starving children, and she so weak
from lack of food that she could not
furnish nourishment for the babe at
her breast.

She had married, much against her
parents' wishes, a comparative stranger.

She was receiving the attentions of
one of the best young men of the
neighborhood, and he had hoped to
make her his wife.

I believe he had not asked her if she
would thus honor him. But he loved
her and had reason to believe his love
was reciprocated, and that he would
some day lead her to the hymeneal
altar, and from there to the home he
was preparing, and that together they
could lead the sweetest, happiest life.

But as it has often been, another
young man stepped between them; a
young man of a more ardent nature,
and, as we say, "turned her head,"
and in six months after she first met
him she was his wife.

It was known that he took an "occa-
sional glass," and twice during the six
months he had been seen "intoxicated."

Her parents and friends tried to per-
suade her to give him up; or, at least,
to wait a year, but she would not heed
them.

She made the fatal mistake made by
many a trusting girl. She thought it
was all because of his free and happy
nature. That when out with his
associates he was overpersuaded, and
that when they would settle in their
own home she would have such an
influence over him that he would give
it up entirely.

Fatal mistake! My dear young lady,
don't you make it. For each time this
plan will succeed there will be a thou-
sand failures. For each young woman
who has ventured upon it and has
realized upon her hopes a thousand
have wept in bitter disappointment.

As I looked upon that drunken
husband and father, those starving
children, and that emaciated wife and
mother, I knew she had been disap-
pointed. And I prayed that other girls
having the same idea that she had in
her lovely girlhood might listen to the
entreaties of friends and thus save
themselves from the sad life that she
has suffered.

When I began to converse with her
she didn't recognize me. I had grown
from a boy of fourteen to a bearded
man of thirty-seven.

When I told her who I was she began
weeping, and in a piteous wail said:
"O, I never thought that any one who
knew me as a girl should see me as
I am to-day. And I prayed that they
might not."

When she had grown calmer I
learned her sad story.

The first year I knew, for it was
spent near her childhood home. But
the appetite for liquor grew stronger
in the young husband, and in spite of
all she could do, he grew less and less
able to control it, and twice had to be
helped home.

The proud spirit of the young wife
could not stand the disgrace in her old
home, and she asked him to move.

To this he consented, and sought and
found a position at Detroit, Mich.

He tried to master the appetite, and
she was encouraged to believe he
would succeed, and that there was a
happy future for her. A little girl
came to brighten the home and this
seemed to help him in his efforts to
reform.

He spent his evenings at home; was
a good kind husband, and provided
well for his wife and child.

But before that precious bit of sun-
shine had been in the house two years
diphtheria did its work, with a warning
of only three days.

The shock was so sudden, and so
severe to the father, that he seemed to
lose control of himself entirely and he
fell under the power of his old appetite,
which his wife fondly hoped was
broken, never to trouble him again.

Again the wife felt the disgrace; again
she proposed a change of location, and
they came to Cleveland.

Here as before he made an effort to
reform. The change seemed to help
him and with new associates he was
sober for a time. But in a few years
he went back to his old ways, and,
though a little boy was born to them,
and then a girl, and then another girl
he kept on the downward road till
they were where I found them that
August evening.

How my heart went out to that poor
woman sitting there in that hovel,
with her starving babe in her arms,
the two older children eating the
beggars' bread and her husband who
should have been her protector and
support in a drunken stupor on the
floor.

Could it be that this woman was the
bright, happy girl I knew when a boy?

What a contrast. There she was
the bright, happy girl I knew when a
boy!

What a contrast. Then she was
the joy of a home, a leader among her
girl friends, and always wore a smile.
Now she has no home, no society, and
is sad beyond my power to tell.

Then she could offer me a comfort-
able seat in a well furnished house;
now she hasn't a whole chair to offer
me, and few of any kind. And the
change; the awful change, is charg-
able to drink.

Do not wonder, then, that I dip my
pen again to say to you, dear girls,
"Don't run the risk that girl ran.
Don't make the fatal mistake that she
made, lest, like her, you grow old
before your time, and with a sad
heart have to look back over your life
only to say, 'It might have been
different.'"—Rev. J. S. Warren, in
N. T. Advocate.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ON THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

RT. HON. AND MOST REV. FREDERICK TEMPLE.

To the great cause of temperance I
have been attached now for a great
number of years, and have given to it
a great deal of labor, so far as it was
possible for me to fit that labor in with
the duties which belong to me in the
Church of Christ. And I have always
looked upon everything that I could
do for the promotion of this cause as
being closely bound up with the work
which I have to do as the minister of
the Lord to the people of England.

I am myself a total abstainer, be-
cause I believe that is the best and
most effective mode of bringing about
sobriety in the community in general.
I believe that I can do more as a total
abstainer in that direction than if I
were to be ever so careful and moder-
ate in consuming alcoholic drink.

The progress of the temperance
movement during the sixty years' re-
ign of our Queen has been very
remarkable, especially in the attitude
of the medical profession to the use of
alcoholic liquors, and if this progress
continues I am quite sure we shall out-
number our opponents, and, indeed,
make it the custom and the fashion not
to drink alcoholic liquors.

There has been progress both on the
social side, and the estimate which
ordinary people make of the matter,
and also on the scientific side as regards
the judgment of officials. On the
moral side also do people more and
more come to the conclusion that if
this country is really to deserve the
name of Christian country we must
drive this curse out.

What I object to is for a man to say,
"I have nothing to do with the matter.
I keep myself sober, and I need not
care about other people. They must
resist their own temptations." To all
such men I would say, in the first
place, "Do you really take care that
you will not put temptation in their
way? Are you doing your best to
keep out of that which is certainly a
practice of the father of evil?" The
Lord says, "Temptations must needs
come." It goes on to say, "Woe to
the man by whom the offence cometh."

Therefore, every man who calls himself
a Christian at all is bound to examine
carefully into his own life and say, "Is
my conduct such as to tempt my
brother to this great sin, to this ruinous
vice of intemperance?"

I want to see changes made by the
Legislature, but there is a great deal
we can do without going to the Legis-
lature; and, further, what we can do
for ourselves, without the aid of Par-
liament, will help us far more speedily
to persuade Parliament to do what we
want from them. If you want to carry
your cause to victory, endeavor to
increase your numbers. In a matter
like this, members of parliament do
not listen very much to argument, but
they listen very carefully to numbers.

The quiet action of ordinary people
who have seen what a really important
thing it is to get rid of this curse from
the country is far better than any
speech spoken by the greatest orator
who ever lived. The real strength of
the temperance reform lies with the
rank and file, not with the general
officers.

The more I have looked into the mat-
ter the more convinced I am that the
welfare of the class that lives by
manual labor—and I confess I care
more for them than for any other class
of society—largely depends upon our
driving out the terrible temptations to
intemperance that now beset their
path at every turn. I do believe that
if we could make this a really sober
country we should be conferring a
benefit upon our fellow-men far beyond
anything that can be done by money,
or by any other kind of self-sacrifice.

The one thing that I would impress
upon all those interested in the cause,
beyond everything else, is persever-
ance. You may be defeated again and
again, and statesmen may pour cold
water on all your efforts in abundant
streams; but persevere! It may hap-
pen in a very little time we may turn
the streams back again, and make
those who give us the cold water find
that it is boiling hot.

We shall, in the course of time,
make statesmen understand that their
government of this country is very
much bound up with their dealings
with such evils as arise from intem-
perance, and unless they are willing
to take their part in handling such
difficulties as are constantly besetting
us, they will find their hold upon the
affections, the esteem, the regard, and,
what is more to them than all else, the
following of the people, is lost, never
to be regained.

The Curse of the Nations.

Oh the folly of trying to restrain an evil by Government tariff! If every gallon of whiskey made, if every flask of wine produced, should be taxed a thousand dollars, it would not be enough to pay for the tears it has wrung from the eyes of widows and orphans, nor for the blood it has dashed on the Christian church, nor for the catastrophe of the millions it has destroyed for ever.

A
Comparison.
I sketch two houses in this street. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at nightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxuriant evening meal. Gratulation, and sympathy and laughter. Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well-clad household. Plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second: Piano sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawn-broker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and patched dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on her face, made by an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door-bell rings. Little children hide. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering step in the hall. Door opens. Fiend, brandishing his fist, cries, "Out! out! What are you doing here?"

Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum emoruted the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the hearth. RUM changed that paradise into a hell.

A
Fearful Passion.
I do not care how much a man loves his wife and children, if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things; and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Why, there are on the roads

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THE CURSE OF THE NATIONS.

and streets of this land to-day little children barefooted, uncombed and unkempt—want on every patch of their faded dresses and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances—who would have been in churches to-day and as well clad as you are but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh, Rum, thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

The Drunkard's Will.
I call attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact too often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs the river of temptation. There are some children whose swaddling clothes are torn off the shroud of death.

Many a father has made a will of this sort: "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estates; share and share shall they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet perhaps that very man has made another will that the people have never read, and that has not been proved in the courts. That will, put in writing, would read something like this: "In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits, my tankards shall be theirs, my wine cups shall be theirs, my destroyed reputation shall be theirs. Share and share alike shall they in the infamy. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of all the applauding harpies of hell."

Longing For Relief.
Oh! how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done. Thousands of drunkards waiting, who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again, and surrendering again, and crying: "How long, O Lord! how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone?"

A Weary Wait.
How many mothers there are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift! Oh! is that the boy that had the honest breath who comes home with breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! How quickly those habits of early coming home had been exchanged for the rattling of the night-key in the door long after the last watch-

man has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night. Oh! what a change for that young man who we had hoped would do something in merchandise, or in artisanship, or in a profession that would do honor to the family name long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toil! All that exchanged for a startled look when the door bell rings, lest something has happened; and the wish that the scarlet fever twenty years ago had been fatal, for then he would have gone directly to the bosom of his Saviour. But, alas! poor old soul, she has lived to experience what Solomon said: "A foolish son is a heaviness to his mother."

Broken**Hearted.**

Oh! what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead. And how that mother will sit there and say, "Is this my boy that I used to fondle and that I used to walk the floor with in the night when he was sick? Is this the boy that I held to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this the boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers, that he might have a good start and a good home? Lord, why hast Thou let me live to see this? Can it be that these swollen hands are the ones that used to wander over my face when rocking him to sleep? Can it be that this is the baby forehead that I once so rapturously kissed? Poor boy! how tired he does look. I wonder who struck him that blow across the temple. I wonder if he uttered a dying prayer. Wake up my son; don't you hear me? Wake up! Oh! he can't hear me. Dead, dead, dead! 'O Absalom, my son, would God that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'"

I am not much of a mathematician, and I cannot estimate it; but is there any one here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done?

A**Drunken Husband.**

Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. That man promised something different from this when, after the long acquaintance and careful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband. O Death, how lovely thou art to her, and how warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulchre at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home.

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THE CURSE OF THE NATIONS.

It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart. The rum fiend came to that beautiful home, and opened the door and stood there, and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac. I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagabonds. I curse those daughters into profligacy. Cursed be bread tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair, and family Bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse." Oh! how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms!

God is Waiting.

He did Phoenicia, as He did Rome, as He did Thebes, and as He did Babylon.

No**Compromise.**

The hardest blow the temperance reformation has had in this century has been the fact that some reformers have halted under the delusion of the high-license movement. You know what it is. It is the white flag of truce sent out from Alcoholism to Prohibition, to make the battle pause long enough to get the army of decanters and demijohns better organized. Away with that flag of truce, or I will fire on it. Between these two armies there can be no truce.

On the one side are God and sobriety and the best interests of the world, and on the other side is the sworn enemy of all righteousness, and either rum must be defeated or the Church of God and civilization. What are you trying to compromise with? Oh, this black, destroying archangel of all diabolism, putting one wing to the Pacific, putting the other wing to the Atlantic coast, its filthy claws clutching into the torn and bleeding heart-strings of the nation that cries out: "How long, O Lord, how long!" Compromise with it! You had better compromise with the panther in his jungle, with the cyclone in its flight, with an Egyptian plague as it blotches an empire, with Apollyon, for whom this evil is recruiting officer, quartermaster, and commander-in-chief.

Oh, my friends, let us fight this battle out on the old line, for victory is coming as surely as right is right, and wrong is wrong, and falsehood is false, and truth is truth, and God is God.—*Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.*