



# THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

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25 CENTS PER YEAR

**Every onewhoreceives this paper is respectfully requested to read every part of it carefully. It is a journal that no Canadian temperance worker can afford to be without. The subscription price is almost insignificant. In the impending campaign for better legislation in Ontario it will be of intense interest and great value.**

## NOTES OF NEWS

### ABOUT THE WORK OUR FRIENDS AND FOES ARE DOING

#### ALL AROUND THE ROLLING WORLD.

The Bermuda Legislature have, on requisition from the W.C.T.U. and I.O.G.T., appointed a Committee to draft a Bill to prohibit the sale of cigarettes to children under sixteen years of age.

The island of Anglesea, off the west coast of Wales, contains 77 parishes, of which there are 8 having a population of 9,414, without a single public house.

The International Jubilee of Good Templary was celebrated at its birthplace, Utica, in the State of New York, the second week in July, by a gathering of the International Supreme Lodge, Mr. Joseph Mullins crossing the Atlantic for the thirteenth time to preside over the assembly.

The Government of New South Wales have agreed to have temperance wall-sheets hung up in the Elementary Schools—as has been done in the Colony of Victoria for some years past, which give uncompromising testimony against the use of any intoxicating drinks.

The British Licensed Victuallers Association have passed a resolution to "avail themselves of every opportunity of contesting vacancies on County Councils, Town Councils, Boards of Guardians and other legal authorities possessing important administrative power."

#### Drink and Death.

A press despatch dated Niagara Falls, July 18th, gives a sad account of the death through intoxication and poisoning of Douglas Cook, a sixty year old citizen who has spent a good deal of his life time in the jail and penitentiary.

#### Work in France.

The French Anti-Alcoholic Union, founded five years ago by Dr. Lograin, has to-day 435 local societies, with over 40,000 members. Influenced by the English Example, and especially by the fact that in Liverpool since the institution of coffee houses the number of arrests from drunkenness has fallen from 21,694 to 9,005 per annum. Temperance cafes are now being opened in various towns in France.

#### A Splendid Record.

The Independent Order of Rechabites in the United Kingdom reports a year of encouraging and substantial increase.

28,500 being added to the membership which now stands 269,968. Of these, 160,780 are adults and 109,188 are in the Juvenile Department.

#### Clergymen in Breweries.

A correspondent of the Daily Mail says that there are 311 clergymen who hold shares in five of the principal breweries of the British Isles. Guinness, it appears, claim the largest support from the clergy, as there are 178 rev. gentlemen who draw profits from that firm's beer and stout. In Sweden it is an offence for ministers of religion to have such financial interest in distilleries or breweries.

#### One Day's Business.

The United Kingdom Alliance News tells of a record recently kept by a temperance society of the number of persons visiting a licensed public house in the borough of Hackney on Sunday, April 28th. Under the Sunday law the place was open for only seven hours. During that time it was visited by 1,792 men, 766 women and 1,365 children.

#### Russia Awakening.

The Russian Government Commission on alcoholism recommend that spirits be no longer served as a ration to soldiers, in peace or war, nor be given by the officers; and that there be eliminated from the secondary school books the teaching that spirits are good in moderation. Of fifty-eight school children of the superior class, it was found that ten had already been drinking spirits and five had been drunk; while among twenty-seven of the lower class nineteen had already drunk spirits and seventeen had already been drunk.

#### A Mighty Meeting.

One of the most prominent features of the great Christian Endeavor Convention at Cincinnati last month was an enormous temperance meeting held on Sunday, July 7th, in the Central Christian Church, the great auditorium of which was packed to its fullest capacity. Stirring addresses were delivered by Oliver Stewart, Chairman of the National Prohibition Executive, Col. George W. Bain and Rev. Dr. Anna Shaw. Secretary J. W. Baer presided and the meeting was enthusiastically for prohibition.

#### Substantial Growth.

That temperance sentiment is not declining in Scotland is forcibly shown in the reports that have come to hand of the 32nd annual session of the Grand Lodge of Scotland of the I.O.G.T., which was recently held in Glasgow. The Grand Secretary's report showed an adult membership of 46,793 and a Juvenile membership of 42,629, making a total of 89,422, an increase of 3,558 for the past year.

#### United States Drink Bill.

The New Voice, of Chicago, quotes some interesting statistics showing that the amount of intoxicating liquor consumed in the United States during the year 1900 was 1,549,176,038 gallons, and that the estimated cost to the consumers was \$1,172,493,445. This enormous amount of money would have been sufficient to have wiped out the whole national debt and leave a surplus of \$65,000,000.

#### Prosperous Brewers.

Although business generally has been totally demoralized in South Africa by the war, it seems that brewing is an exception. At the annual meeting of the South African Brewing Company, in London, the Chairman stated that the Board was looking forward to a largely increased trade and making provision to meet it by enlarging their plant. They

had paid dividends for the past year of seventeen and a half per cent., their profits having risen from £86,000 to £118,200. It is probable that the great influx of British Soldiers accounts to some extent for the increase.

#### A Temperance Town

Mrs Orlando Baker, wife of the United States Consul at Sydney, says that her little native city at Indianola—having 5,000 inhabitants—and at a dozen smaller towns in the county, there is not a single place of which intoxicants can be had "for love or money." Indianola was founded fifty years ago and has never allowed a drinkshop; nor is there a billiard table or any gambling device in the city which has six churches and a college, and at public functions wine is not used and "sentiments" takes the place of "toasts." Yet there were some poor who needed help, but there is great freedom from squalor and vice.

#### THE ALLIANCE COUNCIL.

The Annual Meeting of the Council of the Dominion Alliance was held in Richmond Hall on July 10th. There was a large turnout of representatives from Ontario and Quebec. Manitoba was also represented. The meeting at the same time of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance probably kept some prohibition leaders of the Eastern Provinces from being on hand.

The tone of the meeting was aggressive. Dissatisfaction was expressed with the attitude taken by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in excusing the Government from carrying out the instruction of Parliament to improve the Canada Temperance Act. His statement that he had received no communication from the temperance people was, in the opinion of the Convention, too paltry a pretext for this failure, and expressions of criticism upon it were very pronounced.

After careful consideration the Convention decided to remove all ground for such complaint by having before the Government suggestions for the improvement of the Canada Temperance Act and urging Parliament to embody them in law. The decision to take this course was unanimous. At the same time the Convention emphatically declared its adherence to the principal of total prohibition as the only effective remedy for the evils of intemperance, and its determination to accept nothing less as a settlement of the liquor question.

The matter of Government ownership and operation of the liquor traffic was brought up by Rev. W. Kettlewell in a moderately drawn and well worded resolution, which he supported by an exhaustive and able argument. The proposal, however, found little favor with the delegates, who, although listening respectfully to Mr. Kettlewell's address and believing in his honesty of conviction, defeated it by an overwhelming majority, only three delegates voting in its favor.

One of the most earnest addresses in opposition to Mr. Kettlewell's motion was made by Hon. Senator Vidal who in the warmest terms denounced the suggestion of any extension of the people's partnership in the liquor traffic which he believed would be a backward step and an injury to the cause.

Most of the old officers were re-elected, a few changes being made in the Vice-Presidents and in the Executive Committee. Opinions were expressed in favor of the holding of the Council meetings at a more convenient season of the year.

#### ONTARIO ALLIANCE CONVENTION.

The Annual Meeting of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance was held in the Horticultural Pavilion, in Toronto, on July 9th, and was a gathering of unusual interest.

There were present over three hundred delegates, representing church and temperance organizations from different parts of the country, and the meeting was characterized from beginning to end by unusual earnestness and determination.

As was anticipated, the attention of the meeting was centered upon two principal questions, (1) a demand for immediate reform in the Provincial License Law, and (2) preparation to make temperance sentiment effective in the approaching provincial elections.

All the suggestions for liquor-law amendments that have already been published in the Camp Fire were adopted, along with a number of others, among which may be mentioned the following: That electors under the License Law shall mean "municipal electors" That the time for laying information for law violation be extended to three months after the offence. That the names of parties signing a certificate for a license be published at the applicant's expense.

Strong resolutions were also adopted, condemning the sale of cigarettes, and the continued violation of law by liquor-selling in military canteens, and calling for a strenuous effort to resist the proposal to remove temperance from the list of examination subjects in the public school course.

A report was adopted from the Political Action Committee calling for the establishment of branches of the Alliance in the different ridings of the province, with a view to securing the nomination and election of candidates for the Legislature who can be relied upon to support the Alliance policy, and calling upon prohibitionists to take a more active part than ever in political affairs so as to make their influence effective in Parliament, Legislature and municipal council.

The President, Rev. W. A. MacKay, D.D., in his annual address, strongly denounced Government Ownership as a method of dealing with the liquor traffic, and no proposition in favor of this plan came before the Convention for consideration.

A well attended mass meeting was held in the evening at which stirring addresses were delivered by the President, Mrs. May R. Thornley, Mrs. S. G. E. McKee, Hon. Senator Vidal, Rev. J. H. Hector, Rev. G. G. Huxtable and Rev. Charles Deacon.

The last named speaker dwelt mainly with the question of law enforcement, giving interesting information and valuable suggestions along this line. The Convention cordially sympathized with strong criticism of the present failure of many officials to do their duty, and a demand was made for more thorough going action in this matter. Nearly all the officers were re-elected. The Convention attendance kept up till the close.

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# 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, AUGUST, 1901

## THE CONVENTIONS.

The Conventions on July 9th and 10th were full of inspiration and encouragement. The representation was good. The spirit of the delegates was earnest. The decisions arrived at were reasonable, logical and wise.

The Dominion Government will be asked to so change the Canada Temperance Act that it will be more of a prohibitory law, and to make it available by provinces. The Ontario Legislature will be asked to improve the License Law in some respects in which it is lamentably behind the times.

The electors will be asked to take such steps as will secure for our cause in Parliament and Legislature a better representation and more loyal support.

With such a wise and useful programme that ought to commend itself to every true friend of our cause, the Alliance Council is warranted in asking for the cordial and active co-operation of prohibitionists in every part of the Dominion, and the Ontario Alliance ought to be backed up by the loyal support of every unprejudiced friend of moral reform.

## LEGISLATION.

The proposals made by the Alliance Convention on July 9th for needed changes in the License Law are reasonable and timely. They are such as ought to be made by the legislature without any hesitation.

All that has been said about the progress of restrictive legislation in Ontario is true. Credit must be given to the Legislature and Government for what has been accomplished, and for the important restriction of the liquor traffic that has taken place during the last twenty-five years.

Unfortunately, however, there is very little to thank the Government or Legislature for in the record of the last couple of years. A number of the members of the present government are known to be personally strong temperance men. There must be operating in the Legislature, strong influences favorable to the liquor traffic, otherwise the views of these gentlemen must certainly have found some expression in the amending of liquor legislation that is admittedly defective, out of date and one-sided.

There are strong prohibitionists who believe that the Ontario Legislature ought to at once pass such a measure of

provincial prohibition as the Government can justify in view of the Privy Council decisions that have been rendered. The limit of power being, however, indefinite, there is no very strong opposition to the proposal of the Government to wait for the Privy Council decision regarding the Manitoba law before dealing with the prohibition question.

There is all the more reason for immediate legislation that will remedy some of the most glaring defects that now exist, which will be some recognition of the strong sentiment of the people, and that will make it clear that the Government and Legislature are not hostile to the temperance reform.

## LAW ENFORCEMENT.

Much complaint was made at the Provincial Prohibition Convention concerning non enforcement of the License Law. A good many strong statements were made and instances and testimonials quoted.

Hon. Mr. Stratton, under whose direction the Provincial License Department is conducted, has made statements several times recently to the effect that diligence is being used in endeavoring to have enforcement made thorough. These statements are in themselves evidence that hitherto there has been a good deal of laxity in this matter. The law is difficult of enforcement, and therefore requires special vigilance on the part of officers. Cases in which diligence is not exercised are very numerous.

One of the most flagrant and general violations of the License Law is the sale of liquor on Sundays by licensees. It is hardly going too far to say that there is very little effort on the part of officials to check this evil. The lawlessness in this respect is so great as to call for more vigorous measures than any that have been taken.

The cancelling of a few licenses would probably produce more effect than the many calls for law enforcement that are not obeyed. The law provides for the revocation of licenses by Commissioners in certain cases. In other cases the Commissioners have power to refuse the renewal of a license at the end of the license year. A statement that this would be done in the case of Sunday violation would speedily check the extensive law breaking that now goes on.

In some cases in which a conviction would have resulted, under the law, in the cancelling of the license, Commissioners have transferred the license to another party immediately before the conviction was made. There are various instances of this method which is such an outrageous violation of the intentions of the law that the Commissioners who are parties to it ought not to be allowed to retain office for an hour after the first possible opportunity of the Government to dismiss them.

Whatever may be the intentions or desires of the Government, the law is not enforced. Commissioners and Inspectors who plan to relieve law breakers from the consequences of their wrongdoing are continued in office. The Government is responsible for wrong doing which it makes no effective effort to put down.

The new sheriff of Cumberland County, State of Maine (which includes the city of Portland), declares that he has now closed every liquor shop which, by the laxity of his predecessor, had been selling liquor in contravention of the State Prohibition Law. He has exposed an attempt of brewing firms to bribe him with 35,000 dollars.

## IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1901.

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 to **inspire workers and make votes**.

We are embarking on a campaign for prohibition legislation in which the liquor traffic will do its utmost to block, delay, and if possible prevent our securing the enactment and enforcement of useful law. We have plenty of hard fighting ahead of us. We must keep posted and equipped, knowing all that is being done by our friends and foes, and sophistry and misrepresentation that will be advanced.

**The Camp Fire** will be one of the best aids you can have in the struggle. It will contain nothing but what you need. Every number ought to be preserved. You cannot afford to be without it, and the subscription price is only nominal, **Twenty-five cents per year**.

While a necessity to every prohibition worker **The Camp Fire** will also be of special value for distribution. We must keep up our educating work. Printed matter tells. It does its work continuously, silently, fearlessly and No form of literature is so generally read and so potential as the up-to-date periodical. It comes with the force and interest of newness and life. For this reason the form of a monthly journal has been selected.

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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.

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Address,

F. S. SPENCE,

52 Confederation Life Building,  
Toronto.

## Selections.

### A CHILD VICTIM.

"And their dead bodies lie in the streets of the great city . . . where also their Lord is crucified."—Rev. xi 8.

Dead! in the courts and alleys—  
Dead! in the river's slime—  
Dead! a little one murdered  
For every hour of time.

Dead! with a drunkard's liver,  
The child only five years old!  
Murdered by her who should deem it  
More precious than wealth untold!

But sadder the fate of the living,  
To guilt and shame a slave,  
Beaten, hopeless, degraded,  
Sunk almost too low to save.

For the child's pure soul from its cradle  
Is steeped in the filth of sin.  
Outside, the sordid alley,  
Darkness and filth within.

Its birthright of joy and freedom  
Sold before it was born,  
For less than a mess of pottage,  
For a lot that devils would scorn.

And beauty is used for license,  
And sin is drawn with each breath,  
And the dancing feet are guided  
To practice the Dance of Death.

And the curls that should catch the  
sunlight  
Are damp with the fogs of hell,  
And the eyes that to love should open,  
Look on sights that no tongue dare tell.

And the Christ who loved the children,  
Cries out in His agony,  
"Is Nazareth forgotten?  
Forgotten Calvary?"

And He turns and looks upon us,  
And He stretches His bleeding hands—  
"Again have ye crucified Me,  
Ye men of Christian land!"

"In them does My life lie hidden,  
These little ones of my love;  
With them I am daily dying,  
By their side in anguish I move.

"Who against them offendeth  
Grieveth their Saviour too;  
Thro' my heart to theirs he pierceth,  
Openeth My wounds anew

"The streets of your mighty city  
Are red with their blood and Mine;  
High on the Cross am I lifted,  
Of their sorrow and shame the Sign."

And the stars look down in wonder,  
And the heavens above are brass;  
And all in vain seems the effort  
To touch the seething mass.

For the man must have his liquor,  
And the woman must have her rights;  
Rights over soul and body,  
Of the child whose life she blights.

And in vain we plead for the children  
With the oft-repeated prayer,  
That they may be protected  
From the liquor shop's lure and snare.

And still the cry goes heavenward  
From the dying lips of the child,  
Still are the helpless tortured,  
Still are the poor defiled.

And the streets of the city are cumbered  
With the victims of lust and wrong,  
And the hearts of thy saints are crying,  
"How long, O Lord, how long!"  
—M.E.B. in Alliance News.

"A mother was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Liverpool recently for cruelty to children. One child, five years old, was declared to be suffering from drunkard's liver.

### THE TRAMP'S LAST FIGHT.

He was a sorry-looking specimen, and the operator instinctively glanced at the half-open drawer beside him to be sure that his revolver was there. But his trampship had no evil designs; he was merely hungry and cold and, after the fashion of his kind, looking for someone "soft" to "work" for food and a sleeping place and, if possible, a drink. "Couldn't let me sit by the waiting-room fire all night could you boss?" "It's against orders, my friend, you'll have to move on!" "Couldn't spare me a dime, could you boss?"

"No, move on."  
 "Never was hungry, was you boss?"  
 "Often, but I worked my way out."  
 Now the operator, despite his contempt for tramps, of whom he saw many, was a kind-hearted man. Something in the last question touched a long forgotten chord, for, truly enough, in the earlier years of his life he had often been hungry. Coming closer to the tramp he said:  
 "Do you see that man at the end of the platform? He is waiting for the mail to come in. He is sort of insane on the 'Brotherhood of Man' question. He'll help you along, but you'll have to earn it and promise to do better. Used to be a railroader when he was young; came here from the East and owns the town now, factories and all."  
 "Thanks boss," grinned the tramp, "I guess I'm good for a square meal anyhow. I'll put you on to a dead easy thing some day, boss, if I can."  
 The operator watched the retreating figure of the tramp and mused, "Rather a shabby trick to set him on Mr. James. But he did look hungry, and James has more money than he knows what to do with. Hello, here comes the mail train."  
 Meanwhile, Mr. James turned at the sound of approaching footsteps and closely scrutinized the tramp. Not a pleasing looking individual at all was this "knight of the road," as he slouched along and pausing by the gentleman's side commenced in a drawing whine, "Say, mister, won't you help a poor fellow what's out of work and lost his arm? Just got out of the hospital in Chicago, and can't hardly stand up."  
 A peculiar expression flitted over his listener's face. If his glance had been sharp at first it now amounted to a fixed stare.  
 "What's your name?"  
 "My name, boss? Why, my name's Ike Jones."  
 "Well, Ike, you've changed your name since I saw you last. However, I'm glad to see you for old time's sake. Shake hands, Rawley."  
 Every vestige of color faded from the tramp's face. As if by magic the whine and slouch disappeared. A man stood revealed in a brute.  
 "Where, when did you ever hear me called that?" he asked shakily, as he held out a dirty hand.  
 "When we sat side by side in Buck's school house and lived across lots in Burdensville, as boys; when poor Neeley taught us telegraphy, and we worked together in K tower. You remember that, don't you, Rawley?"  
 Did he remember? Ah how many times had he prayed to forget! He had gone down the path to ruin cheerfully. He had been through every stage from gentleman to tramp, yet only God knew of those torturing visions of that far past and its "might have been," which no drunken orgies could drive away.  
 "Yes, yes, Jack, I remember. I'm glad you've prospered. I knew you would. I must be going now. Good-night, good-by. I'm going to jump the freight at the top of the hill."  
 He tried to pull his hand away, but it was held fast.  
 "You're coming home with me, Rawley. You're going to have a bath and some clean clothes, and when you get rested you shall have a place in my office. You shall not go to the dogs while I'm here to take care of you."  
 "It's no use, Jack, it's no use. If I couldn't keep sober when I was a respectable member of society and had everything to lose, what can I do as a tramp? I used to travel the Western roads and earn a trifle working for the boys while they slept. But I've lost my nerve. The boys are afraid to trust so shaky a bum. I am sure I have never been sober since the night of the wreck. That's been twelve years. I suppose everybody thinks I'm dead. Do you ever hear from the old place? Is mother living? I suppose Pattie is married by this time."  
 He fairly poured the questions out. The other replied:  
 "I know that your mother is still living and that Pattie is married. The wreck would never have happened if I'd been there to keep you sober. How I wish I'd made you come away with me when I started out here to 'make my fortune.' Don't you remember how crazy the neighbors thought me when I gave up my position in K tower to come out here? Oh, Rawley, Rawley, why didn't I make you come?"  
 "You tried hard enough, Jack, but I

was like the others. I thought it was too much wild cat. Then, you know, Nellie didn't want me to go. Nellie didn't like you, Jack, she thought you were too straight-laced, and that you tried to make me a good little boy. It was Nellie who gave me the first glass of wine I ever drank. You remember, it was on her birthday, and she asked us to drink her health. You wouldn't touch the wine and she called you 'Miss Mind His Mamma.' I drank it. I'm Nellie's work."  
 "I had taken her to a dance the night before the wreck; and I never got sober till I saw the dead people and heard a woman screaming for her baby. Oh, my God, I've heard that scream all these years. I've tried to get drunk enough to drown it. Many and many a time I've thought I'd end it all, but I'm afraid I'll hear that scream in Hell."  
 The tramp shook like a man with ague, and after a moment's pause continued:  
 "And Nellie called me a worthless drunkard and told me never to speak to her or think of her again. She married some other fellow who knows when he has enough."  
 "I know, she married Johnson. They were well matched. Come, I'll get my mail and we will go home to supper."  
 "Are you married, Jack?" the tramp asked as they walked along. "What will your wife say?"  
 "Yes, I'm married," Mr. James replied, and his face softened and there was a ring in his voice that spoke volumes to an attentive listener. "My wife will be glad to see any friend of mine."  
 The tramp was very doubtful on that subject, but he was drawn along against his judgment because the man at his side told him to come. But he did not know that while they were getting the mail at the postoffice Mr. James had written and sent this little note to his wife:  
 Dear Pattie:—I've found Rawley. Put some clothes in the spare-room and keep out of the way until I get him into a bath. I don't want him to see you until he is fixed. JACK.  
 The soft red glow in the big hall felt pleasant, and how glad was the tramp that his friend carried a latch-key. No one heard them come in, and a half-hour later two gentlemen came downstairs together and except that one had an empty coat sleeve they were in no wise remarkable.  
 They crossed the hall and opened the library door. There was a rush of children's feet and cries of "Papa."  
 A little lady came from the fireside saying, "You are late, Jack."  
 Then the astonished children saw the most remarkable sight they had ever beheld.  
 The gentleman with their father fairly shouted: "Why Pattie, dear little Pattie!" He kissed their mother again and again, while both cried for joy; for Pattie was Rawley's sister.  
 When the shock of this discovery was over and they were finally seated around the pretty, sparkling table, Rawley found time to ask why he had not been told that the lady he so dreaded to meet was Pattie.  
 "I wanted to surprise you. You remember, Rawley, Pattie was my little sweetheart when I carried her books and dinner-basket to and fro from Buck's school house. It was to make enough money to keep a wife that I came out here. Pattie wanted her mother to come, but mother never thought you were dead, although everyone else did. She won't leave the old home for fear you may come some time and find no one there."  
 Long after the children had gone to bed and those three sat by the fire talking of the old days. In vain did Rawley argue that they must let him sink back to trampdom. He told them of the awful twelve years he had wandered about as Ike Jones, generally drunk, or worse, a victim of those visions seen only by the unfortunates who see the best and choose the worst.  
 "But we will take care of you, Rawley. For mother's sake you must let Jack give you something to eat. You are not old yet. You will get over it. Won't you try, Rawley?"  
 "I'll try willingly enough, Pattie. I may stay sober a week, then I may steal the silver, or rob Jack's safe, or borrow from some of his friends, and then get crazy drunk and disgrace you all. When he craving for drink comes on, I can

see Nellie just out of reach in front of me with a wine glass, and I must drink, for I can see the wreck and hear the screams."  
 "Don't talk about it, Rawley; I'll tell you what we'll do. You go home and see mother. Tell her we met accidentally, and that you are coming back to stay with me. If Pattie were able to travel or if I could leave her, we'd go with you. You better stay here and let us send for mother."  
 But Rawley refused to wait.  
 "I must see mother and the old home while I'm sober," he said, "though I'll probably get drunk a dozen times before you see me again. But I won't get drunk while mother can see me and I'll come right back."  
 For the first time in many years the tramp slept in a bed, while his sister and her husband both wondered how much of his disgrace lay on his own head and how much at the door of his pretty sweetheart who had coaxed and twitted him to drink her health in his first glass of wine. In some measure he spoke the truth when he said, "I'm Nellie's work." The world holds many just such as he, who are weak and easily led, who will always be some one else's work, good or bad. If Nellie had not used wine the wreck would never have happened. "If" and "might have been," how well they match.  
 The next morning Rawley bade them an affectionate good-by. He was well dressed and had plenty of money. He promised his brother-in-law faithfully no matter what happened he would come back, even if he had to tramp every step of the way. So he started.  
 He took the local train to the great city beyond, from which place he could go straight through to his old home. But in this city he had to wait three hours for his train. The ride on the local train had been a very long one, and it must be confessed that he was not used to the ordinary method of passenger travel. He felt sick. Not even the abundant dinner which he ordered could stop that awful craving.  
 The demon at his elbow whispered "Drink, drink, drink." Pretty, smiling Nellie, with the out-stretched wine-glass, stood just ahead of him. But Pattie's face when she kissed him good-by, and the warm shake of Jack's strong hand lingered with him. Pattie had said, looking straight in his eyes: "Now Rawley, you must be good." He had answered: "Yes, Pattie, I'll try." And he meant it.  
 He was trying. God help him! How many others have tried before and will try again.  
 He bought his ticket and wandered up and down the platform. The pain and noise in his head grew almost unbearable. Nellie and the wine-glass danced a little way up the street towards the city where was that which would quench his thirst. Twice he started to follow the dancing vision; but each time he remembered and turned back. He looked at the clock in the waiting room. Only one more hour. He would walk on the platform, for only in the air could he find rest. There, there was Nellie again beckoning towards the city. He thought of Pattie and prayed for his train to come. Somehow it appeared to his bewildered brain that if he got on that train he'd be safe.  
 Nellie grew bolder as he refused to follow. She danced nearer and nearer, until at last there were dozens of her crowding around him. He raised his arm to push her away when he suddenly realized that Pattie and safety were on the opposite platform.  
 "I'm coming, Pattie, I've been good!" he shouted; and before the horrified porters could stop him he dashed across the track just as the western express raced past.  
 The locomotive was merciful. There were no marks to tell where he was hurt. Kind hands laid him gently on a hastily improvised bed. The man whose address was found in his pocket was notified. In five hours Jack came.  
 The porters told him how the strange gentleman had walked the platform, then gone a little way towards the town twice and each time turned back. How he raised his arm as if to push some one away, and called, "I'm coming, Pattie, I've been good," just as he started across the track.  
 Then Jack knew that poor, weak Rawley had conquered his demon and gone before his Maker a victor in the last struggle.—Helen D. Proctor in *The New Voice*.

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