

THE CAMP FIRE

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

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AROUND THE WORLD.

The *Christian World* makes the gratifying announcement that one in every six of the Royal Navy is now a total abstainer, and that one-half of the boys in the training ship are pledged.

On Saturday, January 7th a drunken man was arrested in Montreal suffering severely from a heavy debauch, from the effects of which he died in the police cells. His age was twenty-four.

Near Winnipeg, Man., two Indians who had been drinking heavily were burned to death in their wig-wam on January 1st. It is believed that their helpless and drunken condition was the cause of the accident.

The temperance cause suffered a serious loss on January 2nd in the death of Mr. James Baylis, late Treasurer of the Quebec Alliance, and one of the most zealous and enthusiastic prohibitionists of the province.

A bill providing for the re-submission of prohibition to a vote of the people was overwhelmingly defeated in the Kansas House of Representatives. It is not likely that this splendid Act will ever be repealed.

In the city of Galesburg, Ill., on petition of a large number of influential citizens, the Council has decided to submit the question of licenses to a popular vote, and on February 14th, the electors will decide whether prohibition or license is to prevail hereafter.

There is a bill before the United States Congress providing for the repeal of the prohibitory law at present in force in the Territory of Alaska, and substituting for it a license law in which the fee is fixed at \$500. Rev. W. F. Crafts is at Washington working hard against the proposed change.

At Yamaska, Que., on January 8th, a violent quarrel occurred between a twelve year old boy and his father, both of them being badly intoxicated. In the fight the child was struck a terrible blow on the head with a heavy bottle, inflicting such injuries that it is almost impossible for him to recover.

The liquor forces laid heavy siege to the Vermont Legislature which has recently adjourned. They claimed to have control of sufficient members to repeal the prohibitory law, but they were badly beaten. A bill in favor of license, and a bill for a vote on the repeal of prohibition were both ignominiously defeated.

It is announced that the British Columbia Government has decided to entirely prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquor in the mining district of Atlin. Commissioner Graham who has been sent to this Territory with very extensive jurisdiction, has expressed his opinion that it is easier to keep out liquor than to keep up jails.

The United Temperance Prize Competitions Committee, of England, issued 3,000 free silver medals during the past year, to local temperance, religious and other organizations. In each case the award was made to the best essayist, vocalist or speaker in a public competition. The same good work will be pushed on during the present year.

At the recent meeting of ladies held in Hampstead, Eng., Canon Wilberforce called attention to the recent enormous increase in drunkenness. He said that the Registrar General's reports showed that among men deaths from intemperance during thirty years, had increased by fifty-eight per cent, and deaths among women by one hundred per cent.

ORGANIZATION.

It is expected that the prohibitionists in the different parts of Canada will keep up the electoral district and county organizations which were so effective in the recent campaign. There is much hard, earnest work ahead of us in the near future. The Prohibition question is a political one in Canada to an extent that it has not hitherto been.

The details of any legislation to be enacted will be of the utmost importance. These details will be settled by members of Parliament whose action will be largely influenced by the attitude of their constituents. The battle will not be won when a prohibitory law is enacted. The work of enforcement must follow the work of legislation. The fight has only begun.

It is desirable that there should be not merely a union of prohibition forces in each county or constituency, but that there should be in every locality a definite organization that can when needful, rally round it the united support of all the churches, temperance societies and other bodies that are opposed to the liquor traffic.

Such an organization will not be a rival to any existing society. It is rather the legislative committee of the whole, not holding weekly meetings but having ready, officers and an executive committee, and forming a nucleus round which all our forces will rally when the time comes for work. It will also provide regularly appointed officers upon whom will rest the responsibility for initiating action when necessary.

Many communications have already come to the Alliance Office asking for rules or constitution for local organization. It will be easy for experienced temperance workers in any place to draft a scheme that will suit the necessities of their own locality. For the aid of those who desire suggestions the following draft is submitted, being one that was widely used in the plebiscite campaign as well as in other contests in different parts of the Dominion.

SUGGESTED CONSTITUTION FOR LOCAL LEAGUES.

(NOTE.—The words printed in italics are to be changed to suit the necessities or views of the workers in different localities.)

1. NAME.

This organization shall be known as the *Waterville Prohibition League*.

2. OBJECTS.

The object of the *League* shall be to call forth and direct an enlightened public opinion to procure the total suppression of the traffic in intoxicating beverages.

3. METHODS.

With this object in view the *League* shall work for the adoption and enforcement of all available prohibitions and limitations of the liquor traffic, and the election to all legislative and executive positions of representatives who are known, avowed and reliable supporters of the principle and methods of the *League*, and the declaration through the ballot box of the people's desire for total prohibition.

4. MEMBERSHIP.

Persons of good moral character who reside or vote in the municipality shall be eligible for membership.

Persons desiring to join the *League* may be proposed at any regular meeting, and a two-third vote will be necessary to elect them. They shall then become members on signing the following:

Declaration.

We, the undersigned, approve of the objects and methods of the *Waterville Prohibition League*, and agree to work together in promotion of the same in accordance with the constitution of the said *League*.

5. FEES.

The membership fee shall be *twenty-five* cents per year, payable in advance.

6. OFFICERS.

The officers of this Society shall be a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer. They shall be elected yearly at the annual meeting, and shall hold office for one year, and until their successors are elected.

7. COMMITTEES.

The Executive Committee shall consist of the officers named and *nine* other persons elected at the same time. This committee shall meet at the call of the President and Secretary.

Other standing or special committees may be appointed from time to time as the *League* may deem necessary or advisable.

8 MEETINGS.

The annual meeting of the *League* will be held the *First Tuesday* of the month of *October*. Other meetings will be held at the call of the Executive Committee. *Nine* members shall form a quorum for the transaction of business.

If at the annual meeting of the *League* there are not present sufficient members to form a quorum, then the next meeting at which there are present enough members to form a quorum shall be considered the annual meeting;

9. BY-LAWS.

The *League* may enact any By-Laws or adopt any order of business deemed necessary for the carrying out of its objects or the transaction of its business.

10. AMENDMENTS.

These rules shall be amended only by a two-third vote of the members present at a regularly called meeting of the Society.

MORAL EVIL AND LEGISLATION.

The purpose of the Prohibitionists is not to make men moral, but to place the government on the side of morality instead of on the side of immorality. The sale of alcoholic liquor is a nuisance; it is the business of the government to suppress nuisances. It is a constant menace to peace and order; it is the government's business (recognized as such on election days and other occasions) to remove all such menaces. It is a constant and inevitable breeder of crime; it is the government's duty to remove notorious causes of crime, as well as to dispose of the results of those causes. It is a constant cause of increased taxation; it is the government's duty to protect property from the imposition of needless and useless burdens. Finally, it is a business in direct contradiction to the purposes of government, and its work is a perpetual danger to the success of republican institutions, dependent, as they are, upon the virtue and intelligence of the citizens. For all these reasons, political and economical as well as moral, we urge that the government, so far as its power and influence extend, shall

be placed on the right side instead of on the wrong side; shall refuse to countenance and protect the public traffic in liquor, its barter and sale; shall, in other words, assume the same attitude toward alcoholic poisons that it assumes toward other poisons— forbid its sale except for medicinal purposes.

Whether or not this would result immediately in the extirpation of the moral evils incident to the liquor traffic, is another question. We have no idea that it would. But it would add a tremendous influence to the right side and remove one from the wrong side.

Put this question to a man who is splitting hairs over the subject: Could you conscientiously run a saloon yourself? and you begin to undermine his objections at once. Why, on moral grounds, should a man refuse? Can any reason for his refusal be given that would not be an equally good reason for his refusal, as a citizen, to participate in sustaining the saloon and sharing in its guilty gains? It does not seem to us that there can be. Every man who would have conscientious scruples against going behind a bar and serving out liquor ought to have conscientious scruples against voting to license and authorize any one else to do it, and against remaining a member of any organization, social or political, a club or a party, that makes itself responsible for such a business.—*The New Voice*.

FEDERATION.

The next step in reform work seems to be federation. The Methodist church of Canada has furnished a valuable precedent in appointing a permanent national committee on moral reform. The Christian Citizenship Convention, which met in Washington recently, and in which were represented twenty-one reform bodies, voted to constitute the signers of the call and the speakers a *pro tempore* National Federation of reforms to hold another convention, in which such organization should be more fully matured. Best of all, as a step to be initiated, six denominations of Wisconsin, at their regular state meetings for 1898, each appointed an official delegate to federate the churches of that state for reform work, which was done in convention on November 17. The state societies invited to join with them include the W.C.T.U., the Anti-Saloon League, the Sunday Rest Association and the Good Templars; also church denominations which have not acted officially, including the Roman Catholics. Pending an official local federation, let any church or society invite all other organizations devoted wholly or in part to moral reforms to unite in a study of reform problems. A more exact knowledge of evils and of practical remedies is the first essential to social betterment.—*Union Signal*.

DRIVEN OUT.

Thirty-three liquor-dealers are fugitives in New York State from Vermont, where they were in danger of trial and imprisonment for pursuing that traffic. Governor Black refuses to honor a requisition from the Vermont Governor, on the ground that liquor selling is not a crime in New York. Judge Thompson, of the Supreme Court of Vermont, holding county court in Rutland county, has arranged to keep the court in continuous session until next March. The effect of this will be to keep the fugitives from returning to their homes unless they are prepared to take the risk of imprisonment.

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

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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, JANUARY, 1899

PERSONAL.

The editor of the "Camp Fire" is confined to his bed through a serious illness. This has led to the January paper's being much later than would otherwise have been the case.

A TIME OF HARVEST.

The year 1898 will be a memorable one in the history of the prohibition reform. Towards it have been gathering events, the result of which cannot longer be delayed. Its work will be the definite embodiment in legislation of a public opinion that has been steadily growing for many years.

There was much of pioneer work, there were many long periods of patient seed-sowing, there was careful cultivation of a sometimes unpromising soil, but the faithful toilers faltered not and from their work to-day we have a mighty national sentiment in favor of the absolute overthrow of the legalized liquor traffic.

The old liquor traffic was rooted strongly in prejudices, habits, customs and greed. Its evil day is nearly over. In the clearer soil of a more enlightened sentiment it is now our work to plant the seed of better legislation more in harmony with modern ideas, better adapted in its fruition to supply the great world wants of the day.

The new era will be one of intense interest and importance. On the steps to be taken during the next few months will depend the character and influence of the liquor laws of Canada for many years to come. We have a task before us now that needs judgment, patience, courage and faith. If we are true to the great responsibilities imposed upon us the work to be done in 1899 will be a work of rich benediction for the ages that are to follow.

WAITING WISELY.

No reply has yet been received from the Dominion Government in reply to the request for legislation following up the victory won in the Dominion Plebiscite. The air had been full of assertions by those in favor of the liquor traffic and unfortunately in a few cases, by expressions of mistrust by those who ought to have been jubilant over the results. These boastful antis and weak-hearted prohibitionists agreed in the theory that the vote for prohibition was not large enough to warrant legislation. The folly of this position was forcibly shown in the facts of the case when

fairly presented, as well as in the avowal of the Government and in the careful consideration which they declare the situation demands.

We ought not to complain about the delay. The change that we expect will be one of the most far-reaching in its results of the political changes that have taken place in Canada. It is well that every point and detail of such an undertaking should be considered. To our minds, the Government is wise in studying the whole situation before declaring a policy, and men and women will be wise in waiting patiently for a deliverance that now certainly cannot be long delayed.

Some earnest prohibitionists are of the opinion that pending the reply from Ottawa, we should make an immediate raid on the Provincial Legislatures and demand from them all the provincial prohibition that it is constitutional for these bodies to grant. We do not agree with this policy. Ottawa is the storm centre now. Round it the interest of the public gathers. There can be no thorough, careful provincial campaign until we have a definite yes or no from the Dominion Government.

It may be that there is provincial legislation yet to be sought for. The character of that legislation will however, be determined by the action of the Dominion Parliament. We may have a prohibitory law that will require executive provincial action to secure its effective enforcement. We cannot tell what provincial legislation we shall need until we know what Dominion legislation we shall get.

Even if, which is unlikely, the Dominion Government should simply tell us that the vote does not warrant immediate parliamentary action, it would still be right for us to wait for such an answer before taking any provincial action. We are strong in Canada to-day. If our lately demonstrated strength is to be turned into provincial channels then we must have a programme of provincial prohibition that will be far more sweeping and effective than any demand which any representative body is at present authorized to make.

The question will also come up of whether or not we are to go on on provincial lines or unite in a supreme effort to place prohibition sentiment in control of the Dominion Parliament as it is now in control of the Canadian electorate.

But we trust that neither of these last contingencies will arise. We are looking to Ottawa with hope, and hope that rests on a strong foundation, a foundation that legislatures always respect and parliaments are slow to ignore. It is wise just now to wait.

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

In the Canadian plebiscite on the liquor traffic there was a majority of 13,925 "in favor of the passing of an Act prohibiting the importation, manufacture, or sale of spirits, wine, ale, beer, and all other alcoholic liquors for use as beverages." By some process of reasoning which it is not easy to follow, this has been described by some strong partisans of the liquor interest in England as a defeat for Prohibition. What would they have said if the liquor party had obtained a majority, however small? The details show how baseless this contention is. From the voting it is clear that the French Canadians differ from the Anglo-Canadians as to the best means of promoting sobriety, though we do not doubt that each section is friendly to Temperance, each according to its own lights. But Anglo-Saxon Canada has shown itself ready to apply heroic

remedies to the evils wrought by the liquor traffic. The result of the Dominion vote must be to strengthen and encourage the workers for Temperance all over the world.—*Manchester Guardian*.

NORTH DAKOTA.

"THEN" AND "NOW."

The latest testimony to the success of Prohibition comes from North Dakota, and from no less an authority than Judge Pollock, of Fargo. In answer to an enquiry from a bishop he has made a valuable statement of the working and of the results of the Prohibitory law in Fargo. He contrasts the condition of the city and county before and after the adoption of the law. In 1886 there were 41 licensed saloons in the city, which was then, as now, the metropolis of the state, and there were 78 in the county of Cass. Fargo had then about 8,000 inhabitants and the population of the county was estimated at 25,000. The politics of the county were dominated by the rum traffic. During the harvest season, when a large number of men came in for harvesting purposes the streets of Fargo were constantly lined with drunken men, and the crimes at that time were attributable very largely to drunken brawls. Every farmer hated to see a rainy day, not only because of the loss to crops but likewise the misfortune coming from drunken men who during the rainy days, would go to the smaller towns and become intoxicated.

And what are the present conditions? Notwithstanding the fact that property to the value of about one million pounds were destroyed by fire in 1893, the city has practically been rebuilt, and to-day there is a population of about 12,000. Stores are being constantly erected; there are no vacant stores; business is prosperous; the city is being paved; and there is general prosperity among the business men. "I do not know of a single open saloon in the county; indeed, I am sure there are none. More than that, while there probably are a few places in the county where liquor is secretly sold, yet there are so very few that one can practically say that they are entirely banished." And the good which comes from Prohibition is not confined to the material advancement of the state. Very many men who were strongly in favor of the license system have declared that there is a practical demonstration of the beneficent effects of the Prohibitory system, and that so far as they were concerned their vote will never go for the license system. "I know of one man," says the judge, "who owned a prominent block in this city, which paid him a fair rental value under the license system, and who vigorously opposed Prohibition because, as he said, he could not rent his buildings if a change was made. To-day he owns a building at the same place, which is rented to good business houses and to a bank, and he gets more rent than he did before. And that is not the best of it; he is not required, when he goes around to secure his monthly rentals, to 'blow in' 20 per cent. of the rent which he gets in the purchase of liquor, all for the sake of good fellowship. And he says more than that. He has seen a large number of men, who came off from the farms, after earning their summer wages, come into his store and buy a few articles of clothing, and go immediately across the street to the saloon, and exhaust their entire summer's wages under the old system, whereas now they come to his store and generally buy a large quantity of merchandise."—*Scottish Reformer*.

A SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

The Rechabites record another year of progress. In the United Kingdom alone 180 new branches have been formed, 85 adult and 95 juvenile. The income of the order now exceeds £250,000 per annum. About 3,000 juveniles have been transferred to adult tents during the year. The Sons of Temperance, in Great Britain have an adult membership of 37,619, an increase for the year of 2,725. The funds amount to £155,807, a gain of £14,320. The juvenile membership of the society is 16,300.

On Sunday, December 25, every saloon in the city of Lexington, Ky., was closed by mutual agreement of the proprietors. This action was brought about by the fact that the recent grand jury indicted all saloon-keepers for violating the Sunday law.

THE VANGUARD.

A GREAT WORK—READ CAREFULLY.

The VANGUARD was published during the stirring years of 1893-4-5 in the form of a magazine. It was devoted to expert discussion of the liquor question and the many matters thereto related, special attention being given to details of most interest and value to Canadians.

Prohibition workers found it a "mine" of information, and many of them desired to have its articles put into a form adapted for permanent use and reference. This has been done by binding and indexing the twelve numbers which were issued.

The book thus produced is a complete encyclopedia of information relating to the temperance and prohibition reform. In it are full and accurate statistics and other authoritative statements; covering nearly every field of available fact and argument, and including a great number of tables compiled with the utmost care. It also contains a record of the important events of the years named, and a summary of the history of the prohibition cause in Canada.

CONTENTS.

Among a great many subjects comprehensively treated, are the following:—

The Liquor traffic in Different Countries—Legislation Relating to the Liquor Traffic;—The Working of High License;—Prohibition in the Northwest;—Prohibition in Maine;—Prohibition in Kansas;—Prohibition in Pitcairn Island;—The Canada Temperance Act;—Local Option;—The Scott Act and Drunkenness;—The Gothenburg System;—The Question of Jurisdiction;—Constitutional Prohibition in the United States;—The Plebiscite Movement;—The Plebiscite Returns;—The Drink Bill of Canada;—The Drink Bill of Great Britain;—The Drink Bill of the United States;—The Drink Bill of Christendom;—The Indirect cost of the Liquor Traffic;—Drink and Mortality;—Alcohol in Medicine;—Beer Drinking and its Results;—Drunkenness and Crime in Canada;—Drunkenness and Crime in the United States;—Drunkenness and Crime in Great Britain;—Drunkenness and Crime in other Countries;—The French Treaty;—Beer and Light Wines;—Adulteration of Liquors;—The Revenue Question;—The Compensation Question;—The Liberty Question;—Bible Wines;—Total abstinence and Longevity;—The Catholic Church and the Temperance Question.

HOW TO GET IT.

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It will be a splendid handbook for speakers and writers in the Prohibition campaign.

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F. S. SPENCE,

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Selections.

"ONLY THIS ONCE."

"Only this once;" the wine-cup glowed,
All sparkling with its ruby ray;
The bacchanalian welcome flowed,
And folly made the revel gay.

Then he, so long, so deeply warned,
The sway of conscience rashly spurned;
His promise of repentance scorned,
And coward-like, to vice returned.

"Only this once;"—the tale is told:
He wildly quaffed the poisonous tide:
With more than Esau's madness, sold
The birthright of his soul, and died.

I do not say that breath forsook
The clay, and left its pulses dead:
But reason in her empire shook,
And all the life of life was fled.

Again his eyes the landscape viewed;
His limbs again their burden bore;
And years their wonted course renewed;
But hope and peace returned no more.

Yes, angel hearts with pity wept,
When he whom Virtue fain would save,
His vow to her so falsely kept,
And madly sought a drunkard's grave.

"Only this once;"—BEWARE, BEWARE:
Gaze not upon the blushing wine;
Oh! fly temptation's siren snare,
And prayerful, seek for strength divine.
—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

THE CRUEL DRINK.

SPEECH BY COMMISSIONER KVA BOOTH
OF THE SALVATION ARMY, IN THE
HORTICULTURAL PAVILION
TORONTO.

Previous to any direct remarks relative to my address this afternoon, I must give way to the urging impulses of my whole being, and tend to every warm heart engaged in work of temperance, my warmest congratulations for the late achievements won in the question of prohibition.

The ring of this battle has resounded through every land and nation, and its surprising climax in a triumph so great, has called forth notes of praise and expressions of admiration from the whole world.

It has been a heavy conflict—a hand-to-hand fight! Into the fray has been thrown unsparing time, strength and energy, of some of our country's most cultured minds, finest intellects, and bravest hearts, which devotion so great, to a cause so noble God has crowned with a victory unique in the history of Christendom, which victory has arrested the agitated attention of our enemies—not so much because of the triumph scored, but more because its clear indication of the goal we intend to reach, and which, despite every obstacle—if I know Canada at all—Canada will reach.

VICTORY.

The General wrote me at the conclusion of the Plebiscite Campaign that he considered "the result in so great a majority in favor of prohibition was marvellous, as well as magnificent."

I replied, "Wait a bit! The day is not far ahead when Canada will drive without its gates these regiments of sorrow, crime and destruction which march in the armies of drink, chilling and killing as does the breath of eternal woe, and with its deluded captives delivered, will show to the whole world how profitable is the God-blessed country, redeemed from this distilled damnation.

Now, I propose to divide my address this afternoon into three sections: (1) Drink's World, (2) Drink's work, and (3) Drink's Woe.

1. DRINK'S WORLD.

Its paths, inlaid with snare and ruin, run from the highest and most cultured places of our most enlightened lands, down through the darkest alleys of poverty and pauperism, and into the lowest vaults of infamy and vice. There is no thoroughfare so wide, no hut so desolate, no cave so hidden, no nation so fair, no strand so laden with disastrous wreck, but into which the heavy tread of this monster, Drink, with either the wail of destruction in its tramp, or with its venomous sting hidden by its deluding glare, has forced its funeral march.

It dwells in marble halls, the most gorgeous tapestry bedecks its chambers, the walls through which it glides are spacious and imposing; it is no

stranger to art of the most beautiful—skill, the most elaborate; the floors over which its stealthy feet glide are often marble, the ceilings of gilded fretwork, the frescoed walls upon which it casts its shadows are of mahogany and satinwood; its blazing gas-jets in globes of dainty hues hang from massive brackets; its ear is accustomed to the sweetest strains of most cultured music, into which it will only too surely introduce all the dirges of minor keys; its envious eye rests with ravishing greed upon the beautiful form of fairest creature, and most elegant spread of glorious nature, and most artistic skill displayed in picture, with thirst to cast its blight on all.

INFANTICIDE AND SUICIDE.

A lady, extravagantly dressed, holding by the hand a sweet little boy of some six years, also displaying all taste and plenty in his attire, accompanied by a nurse with a fair baby of six months in her arms, attended one of my more select meetings in the Old Country.

She seemed to take something of a fancy to me, and waited to speak to me at the conclusion of the meeting. I felt some affinity with her—perhaps it was the hidden sorrow of which I knew nothing, drew in an imperceptible way upon my sympathy. But we talked happily over a cup of tea, in the vestry; I kissed the children, prayed with them, and blessed them.

We met occasionally after this. I was to have gone to her home, but never found the time. She frequently sent the little boy to see me, and the only thing that impressed me strangely was when asking of his father, the nurse became very agitated, and would change the conversation. One night at the conclusion of a large meeting to my surprise, I found the nurse sitting in the lobby, with a face white as death. I asked why she did not come into the meeting, and enquired the reason of her being out with the boy at such a late hour; she burst into bitter wailing; I could get no response to my questions. Turning to the boy, I asked if his mother was sick. He replied, "No! Nurse cries because mother has gone away with baby."

Then the girl, burying her head in her hands said "Oh! my mistress has gone to jail!"

"To jail?" I grasped.
"Yes! she has killed the baby: she put laudanum in its milk by mistake—she was drunk."

A letter afterwards told me that the lady had committed suicide.

Yes! they fall as a star from the very heavens—to a cinder in hell.

IN HUMBLE HOMES.

But drink stays not there. It sits at the hearth of the humbler homes; it gazes with hideous smile upon the honest toil for bread; it creeps upstairs; it glitters on the table in the little festivities of the happy home, lurking behind the damnable argument of the harmlessness of moderate drinking, while with hungering designs it lays its plans with careful calculation as to the little time it will take to snatch the pretty blue frock from the little form, and the pretty pink flush from the little cheek, the good warm boots from the little feet, carpet from the floor, and the clock from the shelf; the gladness from the mother's eye, and the honor from the father's heart; the bread from the cupboard, and the fire from the grate.

IN THE SLUMS.

But drink stays not there! Through the courts and alleys its blood-besmeared feet hasten with a rapidity only lent to positive, absolute and complete destruction; down into the cellars; up into the garrets; hid away in sheds; in any and every hole that can shelter want and woe are to be found crawling, standing, sitting, leaning, kneeling, treading the slaves and victims of this dark passion—Drink! Their faces are drawn with agony; their reasons distorted with crime; their names are blighted with shame; their homes are gone; their characters are gone—all over the counter for beer, all into the hotel-keeper's till, all into the brewer's pocket.

EVERYWHERE.

But Drink stays not here. It is the shadow behind the garish foot-lights of the stage. It is the demon glare thrown into the brilliancy of the ball-room. It is the frenzied fascination of the gambling-table. Its playthings are the fair babes of our cradles; its merriment the tears of our winged

and bereaved; its sport the haunted consciences of wretched man, and the delirious wanderings of maddened minds; its nature the blood of its victims.

Its sky is blackened with the pall of death; its rivers a multitude of fallen tears; its atmosphere thickened with the wail of suffering. Drink is a dragon thirsting for human blood! It is a monster with a rabid lust for human life! It is a pestilence which paralyzes the will, bewilders the brain! It is a flame, scorching and withering all it touches! It is the most active, the most powerful, the most successful enemy of the soul, for it is not one sin, it is all! crushing the old, cursing the young and blighting even the children.

The Demon of Drink says with Napoleon: "Give me the children, and I will conquer the world."

2. DRINK'S WORK.

(a) It is gradual. Almost all drunkards were once moderate drinkers. There has never been known a man who has intended to be mastered by this power. The supposed harmlessness of the one glass has been the damnation of body and soul for a thousand times ten thousand men. Oh, this tasting of father's glass with the children, this having it in the cupboard, this countenancing and patronizing in part of what in whole is a world-wide traffic of destruction, has just been the lighting of the fires which have consumed three parts of earth's best and brightest.

SOPHISTRIES.

Of all arguments which to my mind are the most base in their gross distortions of natural reasons, their contradiction of all conscience dictates, and annihilation of all manly honor, are those which would plead in favor of drink in moderation, as though the fact of taking the death-drug in small quantities could change its nature—which nature is restless, untiring pursuit until all is devoured and destroyed.

Is Hell Heaven, because Hell
In little drops be given?

THE TIGHTENING GRASP.

Oh, the thousands of young men who start with no greater desire or intention than to be in the fashion—they take the first glass in the high-class hotels of the city, but they have linked hands with the monster; the grasps become tighter and tighter, until the touch of the friend is lost in the grip of the fiend. Listen! The clock strikes twelve! It is the death-knell of a soul; the gas-jets intermingle their lights with the bleared glare of the youth; the flush of his cheek is the breath of eternal woe. The saloon-keeper cuffs him, waking him from his drunken slumber, says it is time to close, throws him out—he's down—he's damned! He began a moderate drinker in a first-class hotel—he finishes his dissipation an inveterate drunkard in the lowest saloon.

Banish the drink both in small and great quantities! Banish it from your homes, from your children, from your wives, from your tables, from your cities, and, God helping you, from this our fair country.

FIVE YEAR'S WORK.

One of my officers was driving through one of the border streets in a city of the country.

Attention was drawn to a tall, slight figure on the sidewalk; a woman, who wore widow's weeds; her attire gave evidence of continual efforts to retain neatness. The skirt was brushed thread-bare, the boots were patched, the little bonnet was extremely worn.

The figure halted, gave a quick look round, then stooped and snatched from the gutter a crust—then another look round, and, holding up her shawl to prevent all possible detection, began to gnaw away at the frozen bread.

The officer drew up the rig and sprang to her side, saying, "You are hungry and in want, car, I help you?"

Story soon told. What a happy home, what a loving husband, what a beautiful baby all once. "My lover, my sweetheart, my husband, my protector, my supporter, and my baby all carried away by the drink, sir—in five short years."

A MOTHER'S VIEWS.

My honored and sainted mother, in her writings, speaks about the drink traffic.

"But not only is abstinence valuable, nay, indispensable, in order to preserve those rescued out of the power of this great destroyer, but it is equally

valuable to prevent others from falling into it.

"We all profess to believe that prevention is better than cure. Seeing, then, that strong drink is proved to be the most dangerous foe to perseverance in righteousness, and the most potent cause of declension, inconsistency and apostasy, ought not Christians to strive, both by example and precept, to warn the young, the weak, and the inexperienced from touching it?"

"Can any man answer for the consequences of putting a bottle to his neighbor's mouth—be it ever such a small one, or ever such a genteel one? God has recorded His curse against the man who does this, and thousands of hourly-haired parents, broken-hearted wives, and weeping, blighted children groan 'Amen' to the dreadful sentence.

"Perchance there are some men who can take these drinks in what they call moderation, and suffer no visible injury; nevertheless, let that man beware who touches that which God cursed, for there are injuries invisible more to be dreaded than all the plagues of Egypt!"

ONE INSTANCE.

(b) It is complete! I was just about ready to leave a city lately visited by me, when a lady, stepping from a carriage was ushered into my room. Her countenance was of exceptional beauty, her apparel was of costly worth, her speech denoted education and refinement; putting out her hand she said, "My apology for taking up your time, Miss Booth, was my anxiety to speak to the only woman that has ever made me cry, and this I did all through your address last night." A few minutes' talk revealed the reason of the hot tears referred to.

The story ran much on all those things which used to be—loving home, beautiful nursery, the mother's care, the gentle training, the happy marriage, and then—always having been a moderate drinker—drink in greater quantities was the only receipt for relief from the grief and unexpected sorrow. And with bated breath, and staring eye, she whispered, "It is the drink, Miss Booth! It has driven my husband from me, locked up my children in the convent, spent my fortune; it has shut the doors of my home, blasted my character, robbed my virtue—and now I am down past the reach of any man, and even God Himself." And she gathered her cloak around her, and scarcely before I could speak she said, "I must go; you may tell my story to as many as you like—it may save some other creature who is as fair as I once was fair, from becoming as black as I now am black."

A FINISHED WORK.

I say the work of drink is complete. It not only throws overboard every enjoyable feature of circumstances—running with the library and instruments to the pawnbroker, but what is so much more to be prized—it strips the subject himself of his priceless treasure—puts its hand down on reason and turns it to imbecility—puts its hand down on honor—honor with which none can part without bitter agony—and turns it to shame; puts its hand down on truth and turns it to craft and falsehood; puts its hand down on beauty and so mars, scars, tears, and hacks until no trace of loveliness can be found.

It stays not at taking the bloom from the cheek, but goes on until the death breeze fan it; it stays not at bent back, round shoulders and curved spine, fractured limbs, but goes on until it lays the body in the grave.

Complete in its ruin of body, soul and mind.

DRUNKEN MOTHERHOOD.

I knew of a garret absolutely empty but for the suffering form of a drunken woman and a few rags.

The birth of the baby boy that morning brought with it no maternal affection, but only the fervent prayer that it would die; not a rag was prepared for the unwelcome mite; its first bath was in the boiler, and its first covering part of an old garment torn from the back of his little sister—however, the poor little babe persisted in living, in spite of these unwelcome circumstances, and nine days afterwards appeared with its mother in the county court. The fact of the matter was, that all the furniture had gone to meet the infuriated demands of the unpaid landlord, but did not nearly satisfy the amount due.

"How can you pay this account?" asked the judge of the woman. Diving her hands underneath the tattered

shawl which covered her otherwise bare shoulders, she drew forth her naked babe, and holding it forth at her bony arm's length, said, "You can take this if you like."

The woman afterwards was heard to sob out in the ears of her dark world's one friend, "I wor so mad that I hardly knew what I wor doin."

3. DRINK'S WOE.

Who can tell its story? What pen could write its tale? What heart could cry the griefs of drink and woe? Look at this procession if we can. Let God touch our imagination and help us to do so.

Their tread is ever languid;
Their faces never smile;
Their hearts are ever bleeding.

Each day for them but brings new curses—new brutality—new hunger—new fear, and new dread.

If they pray, then with every awakening morning and every setting sun they ask God, the Creator, by pity of the sorrow, to number them with the dead.

A crowded court in Toronto—this city—in the prisoner's box stands a forlorn and desperate looking woman—a creature to whom one blushes to give the name of woman.

No small consternation is caused by a police official carrying over a chair to place on the steps where the witnesses stand.

The tiny hand clinging to the strong fingers of a stalwart constable is that of a baby witness, only four years old, whose little, frail form is lifted up on the chair. You might have thought the sunlight concentrated all its golden glory in the ringlets of the hair, the skin was of snowy complexion, the features pinched with want, but correctly marked, and the eyes two large windows for the soul to look through.

Little Maggie was her name; she was the child of the woman in the prisoner's dock. She had been swung round and round by the hair, in her mother's drunken rage, and was brought to show the wounds, a proof of the story.

"Did your mother do this?" the child was asked. The lips parted to answer in the affirmative, when the little face was lifted to the pitiable object opposite her. Seeing the woman standing between two big policemen, she took in her mother's woeful position, and lifting her large eyes to the judge, with a trembling quiver in the baby lips, and the wound plainly showing in her head, she said, "No, sir; my mother never did it, my mother never did it!"

What a reversion of God's loving purposes. A four-year old baby shielding and pleading for its mother.

IN CANADA.

This is not in a heathen land; this is in our own. This is in no barbarous country—this is on our doorstep; it runs through our streets. They are our own fair girls, and our brave sons who sink beneath this dark tide, and are drawn into the vortex of this whirlpool!

Do I believe it? Yes, not only because I've heard so much of it, but because I've seen so much of it.

Why, only just near my own office a little time back, in this beautiful city, a father killed his own son through driving the tailor's scissors into his heart. He was drunk. When sober, and told what he had done, he lost his reason with grief. Does it not behove us, as Christian men and women, should it not compel our churches where the word of God is upheld, where righteousness is contended for, and solace for all grief is proclaimed, should it not constrain us as a Christian country to arise, and equipping ourselves with the weapons of Truth and Righteousness with irresistible perseverance, strike out at the enemy in season and out of season, with a force which springs from the knowledge of this sin, and from the cry of the accumulated wrongs, oppressions, griefs, sorrows, tears of Drink's Woe.

LAW AND REVENUE.

It has been argued. "But you cannot make people sober by Act of Parliament." I am not so sure about that; by shutting up the dens you can certainly minimise the evil, since you remove the temptation from those who are too weak to resist it, and prevent other feet from being caught in the snare.

But what would become of the revenue? is further argued. Revenue? What will become of the Kingdom that

looks for its sustenance from the destruction of its subjects, and that draws its revenue from their very graves? And to the plea that plenty of eminent Christians do it, and see no harm in it, I can only say, more the pity, for, as the American Revivalist, Mr. Charles Finney, has said, it would be almost as easy to get up a revival in hell itself as in a church whose members support the traffic, and some at least of whom may well be supposed to be the slaves of the evil.

Strike out at this giant foe of virtue and peace with a hand that will not stay, and a heart that will not relent, and feet that will not halt until we have driven the enemy without our gates, and Canada stands an example of sobriety and happiness in the front rank of all the countries of the world.—*War Cry*.

ELI PERKINS JOINS A DRINKING CLUB.

BEING TOLD THAT THERE IS MORE DRINKING THAN EVER IN MAINE AND KANSAS, HE MAKES A PERSONAL INVESTIGATION.

"Sellin' whisky in Kansas!" exclaimed the purple-nosed railroad passenger, as he bit off a chew of plug tobacco while the train was pulling out of Topeka. "Drinkin' whisky! Why, they're drinkin' more whisky than they ever did before!"

"But we never see any bar-rooms," I remarked.

"No, they ain't no bars an' they ain't no signs of a bar; but they's drinkin'."

Then I rode thru the state without seeing a barroom, a drunken man, or a sign up where whisky was for sale. Valuable corners were occupied by stores, and the money that used to go into the open saloons was going into the stores. I found that Kansas used to send out \$15,000,000 a year to Peoria and Kentucky for whisky, and now she is sending out about a million a year. I found that Kansas is now saving thru temperance \$14,000,000 a year, and in ten years will save \$140,000,000; and still that red-nosed loungee in the smoking-car is continually screeching thru the car:

"They's drinkin' more whisky in Kansas than they ever did before!"

Up in Maine I heard the same whisky-drinkers' refrain. It never came from a church member or from a prosperous moral business man. It always came from a drinking man. So during my last trip thru Maine I decided to investigate and find if the law preventing drunkenness doubled the drunkards—if the law preventing the sale of whisky really increased the sale of it.

Well, a lecture engagement called me up to Farmington, 25 miles north of Lewiston. As the engagement was for Saturday night, and as no trains ran on Sunday, I had to drive up from Lewiston. It was a \$10 ride thru the snow.

"This is a temperance state, isn't it?" I said to the stableman as he was hitching up his team.

"Temperance state!" he exclaimed; "why, they're pourin' down whisky here—drinkin' more'n they ever did before."

"Hain't you better take a hot milk punch before we start?" I said.

"Hot milk punch!" he said, his eyes snapping with joy; "yes, it would taste good; but you can't get those fancy drinks up here. No bars, you know, an' you've got to make them fancy drinks home."

"But when there is so much drinkin' there must be bars near by," I said.

"Well, they're drinkin', all the same, but we don't have bars. We have to manage a little, and it takes time, you know."

So we started off for the long 25-mile ride thru the snow.

We passed several hotels, and stopped and warmed. There were no bar-rooms, and hot lemonades were the only drinks to be had.

We found Farmington without a bar, and a thoro temperance town. The audience that greeted me showed temperance, intelligence, and prosperity in their faces.

Coming back the next morning, I said to my driver:

"It is strange that people will so traduce this temperance state."

"They don't traduce it," said the driver. "They's drinkin' goin' on here. I can get you a drink."

"You can get me a drink," I said with an accent on the "can." "Why, of course you can," I said enthusiastically; "and when we get to Lewiston

we'll have some nice hot whisky, won't we?"

I noticed my man didn't enthuse. Then after a moment's thought he remarked:

"I'm afraid I'll be too busy putting out my horse; but I could get you a drink if I had time."

"But I'll pay a boy for unitching the horse," I said, as we drove into the Lewiston stable. "Now, let's have the drink, come on!"

"All right," said the driver. "I think I can get a drink; but meebby the whisky is out, and we'll have to take bottled beer."

Then I followed him thru the dried weeds and snow along the river-bank.

"This isn't the way to a saloon I said."

"No, I'm going to Mike Grady's. Mrs. Grady has some beer left over from a funeral."

When we reached the rear end of Grady's cabin, the driver knocked on the door.

"Be aff from there!" said an Irish-woman's voice. "It's no use comin' round here. The perlice has been 'round here, and poor Moike has gone wid 'em."

"Con—found it!" said my driver striking his left hand with his right fist; "the police are always gettin' on to the end of a wake. But I can get you a drink yet." Then he looked at me quizzically, and said:

"Will you join a club?"

"A what!"

"A club."

"Yes, I'll join anything to get the drink. I'll join the masons, join a hose company, join a church,—anything."

"Come along, then. I know where it is."

Then I followed him across the bridge and on up Maine street. Then he turned up a pair of stairs, and I followed him up three stories to a door with a little wicket door in the center, where he gave three knocks and the wicket flew open. Then commenced some low whispering, and then the big door slowly opened.

"Fifty cents is the price of membership," he said, holding out a card with my name upon it. Then we went into the next room, where there was a bottle of whisky on the table. I took it in my hand and snelt of it.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Oh, don't be afraid of it! Its whisky."

It was whisky—Maine whisky, but such whisky! My man had kept his word. I looked at the bottle and then at the membership card. I have the card now. I'm a member in good standing.

"Well," I said, "this is pretty near prohibition. If walking eight blocks, climbing up three pairs of stairs, joining a club of drunkards, and paying 50 cents to look at a bottle of vile poison, isn't prohibition, I never expect to see it."

If any clergyman reading this article doubts the truth of my story, I will send him my membership ticket by return mail—with my affidavit appended.

Prohibition does prohibit whisky about as much as the law prohibits stealing. They still steal, but they steal less. If the penalty against liquor-selling were as strong as it is against murder, there would be as few liquor-sellers as murderers; and there would be less tears and less poverty in this world, and less sulfur in the next. ELI PERKINS.—in the "New Voice."

OBITUARY NOTES.

Jerome Plummer, of Independence, Pa., recently died leaving a large estate in the hands of a Board of Trustees to be appointed and continued by the court. Full provision for his family was made and the remainder of a great fortune was directed to be used "in such manner as said trustees shall deem wise to promote and develop the cause of temperance in this country and to prevent the licensing of saloons therein."

The death of Rev. Dr. Chiniquy, at Montreal, on the 10th inst., closed the career of one who in his early days was the most powerful and effective Canadian advocate of temperance reform. While yet a priest, Father Chiniquy gave up his local work to become the apostle of the crusade, for his services in which he was highly honored and voted an "address" and a handsome gratuity by the Canadian Parliament. He did a great deal of the seed-sowing which is bearing fruit in the prohibition parishes of Quebec to-day.

IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1890.

DEAR FRIEND,—

You are respectfully requested to carefully examine **The Camp Fire**, a neat four-page monthly Prohibition paper, full of bright, pointed, 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**.

The victory won last year was only the opening of a campaign in which the liquor traffic will do its utmost to block, delay, and if possible prevent our securing the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory law. We have plenty of hard fighting ahead of us. We must keep posted and equipped, knowing all that is being done by our friends and foes, and sophistry and misrepresentation that will be advanced.

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

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