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THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of The Temperance Reform.

No. 7.

TORONTO, ONT., JANUARY, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION 15 CENTS PER YEAR.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

KINDLY READ IT CAREFULLY.

Canadian moral reform workers know and prize THE VANGUARD, a monthly magazine devoted to expert discussion of social problems, specially the liquor problem. It is a pleasure to be able to offer them for a short time at a very low price, the eleven numbers already issued, bound in

TWO VOLUMES,

making the most complete encyclopedia of information relating to the temperance and prohibition question ever published in Canada.

These volumes contain the latest, fullest and most 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.

They also constitute a valuable record of the stirring events of the past two years of prohibition progress, and a summary of the history of the prohibition cause, in Canada. They are in neat and convenient form, bound in two volumes, 600 pages in all, fully indexed. Price in paper covers, ONE DOLLAR per set, in cloth boards, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS. Postage prepaid.

Orders should be sent in at once as there is only a limited number of sets available, and another edition could not be issued at the low price at which these copies are offered.

These books are practically invaluable to moral reform workers. Every article is written by some person specially qualified to deal with the subject he discusses. Among the contributors are leading statesmen and other eminent students of social questions.

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 Effects;—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;—and others too

FOR 1895.

The Vanguard will be continued during the year 1895, on the same plan as before. As there has been already published so much information that it is not needful at present to duplicate, and in order that a wider circulation may be secured, the magazine will hereafter be published in the same form, but sometimes with fewer pages, the number varying according to the material available and the importance of events occurring, and the subscription price for the year will be reduced to

ONE DOLLAR

per annum. Those subscribers who have paid in advance will have their subscriptions extended so as to give them the full amount of literature and information promised.

The numbers for 1895 will constitute a large volume of the same invaluable character as the volumes already issued, the excellence and usefulness of which is spoken of in the strongest terms by leading journals and workers all over the Dominion, and elsewhere as well.

SPECIAL OFFER.

To subscribers for 1895, who also order the bound volumes already issued, the price, for a short time only, will be as follows:

The Vanguard for 1895 and the bound volumes in paper covers, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ALL.

The Vanguard for 1895 and the bound volumes in cloth board, TWO DOLLARS IN ALL.

THE VANGUARD is published below cost, not as a business undertaking, but to aid the prohibition reform. Subscriptions are payable in advance.

All communications should be addressed to,

F. S. SPENCE, Editor,
51 Confederation Life Building,
Toronto, Canada.

A coroner's jury at Hespler, Ontario, on January 2nd found that James Crane came to his death by accidental drowning while under the influence of drink.

The teetotalers are very active just now all over the colonies, and our lot generally is not a bed of roses. In New Zealand, as all are aware, women now have votes, and the general election just over has sent a lot of faddists to parliament in that colony who will make it unpleasant for the liquor trade, which will have to fight for its existence. The women franchise people will, no doubt, make a great effort to introduce this into other colonies, but it is to be hoped they will not succeed. —*Australian Brewer's Journal.*

THE FIELD OF FIGHT.

WHAT FRIENDS AND FOES ARE DOING ALL AROUND THE GLOBE.

There were 603 arrests for drunkenness in Philadelphia on Christmas. The British Government licenses 10,417 opium dens in India.

The United States Congress is discussing a proposed additional tax of \$2 per barrel on beer.

Lou J. Beauchamp, of Hamilton, O., is lecturing to large audiences in Kentucky.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has retired from the lecture platform. She is seventy-three years old.

In Sweden a man who is seen drunk four times is deprived of his electoral vote.

There are 185 municipalities in the Province of Ontario in which no liquor licenses are issued.

Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, one of the best known and ablest of American white-ribbon platform workers, is dead.

Barrooms are closed on Sunday in all of Scotland, in all of Wales, and in all of Ireland, except five towns.

The Massachusetts W.C.T.U. gave a reception and banquet at Boston Thursday night in honor of Lady Henry Somerset, of England. Over 750 guests were present.

It is said that the new Kansas legislature has a majority of over one hundred in favor of sustaining the prohibitory law.

The Woman's Temperance Publishing Association printed over one hundred million pages of literature in the past year.

The governor of St. Petersburg has ordered that the names and addresses of all persons found intoxicated in the state, shall be posted in public places in the city and printed in the Official Gazette.

English syndicates have \$91,000,000 invested in American breweries, the dividend on which at 9 per cent. last year, was \$8,190,000 and was paid in gold.

In New York in one year 1,494 husbands procured divorces from their wives on the ground of drunkenness. During the same year 12,432 wives procured divorces from their husbands on the same charge.

Dr. Carlos Martyn is delivering a series of lectures on municipal reform in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, Chicago. The addresses will be reported in the Christian Citizen.

New Hampshire liquor-sellers are said to be organizing to secure the enactment of laws favorable to their traffic. New Hampshire is now under prohibition.

The Canadian Temperance League has set a splendid example in the presentation of a good medal to the pupil of the public schools of Toronto who passed the best examination in the study of temperance and physiology.

The revenue from 9,028 licensed saloons in New York city the last year was \$1,700,000, against \$500,000 ten years ago from 10,000 saloons.

In the Catholic University at Washington there has been established a Father Matthew Professorship devoted to instruction in the important subject of temperance.

Commitments to gaol for drunkenness in the province of Ontario were, in 1894, one to each 400 of the population. In 1884 they were only one to 900 of the population.

The Quebec W.C.T.U. has petitioned the legislature to entirely separate the sale of liquors from the sale of other goods.

There has been 21,000 deaths from yellow fever in the United States during the last ten years, and 650,000 in the same period from alcoholism.

The new cabinet minister from Nova Scotia, Hon. A. R. Dickey, is a strong prohibitionist and a vice-president of the Dominion Alliance.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts on the evening of Jan. 3rd gave a reception to Lady Henry Somerset at Music Hall, Boston. Many distinguished people were present.

The National Temperance League of Great Britain inaugurated January 1, a pledge-signing crusade. An effort will be made to secure a million names to the total abstinence pledge.

Germany heads the list of beer-drinking countries in 1893 with 1,202,132,074 gallons, an increase of 31,000,000 over 1882, the consumption being thirty-three gallons per head.

Two saloon keepers of Canton, Ill., sold liquor to Andy Warfield. While drunk Warfield murdered Chas. Boswell. A jury has given the children of the latter a verdict for \$2,500 damages against the saloon keepers.

One hundred and sixty-five patients were treated at the National Temperance Hospital during the last year, including one hundred and seven females and fifty-eight males. Eighty-eight different diseases were represented; one hundred and seventy-nine surgical operations were performed. Only nine deaths were reported.

A desperate effort is about to be made to repeal the prohibitory law of South Dakota. The liquor party claim to have a majority of three in the House of Representatives. Prohibitionists doubt this claim, and feel confident that in any case the Senate will resist repeal.

The temperance party in Hamilton, Ont., did well in the recent municipal elections, securing the return of a council unusually favorable to prohibition. They are now going in for a sweeping measure of license reduction.

Judge Muir of Hamilton has given a decision which practically declares that liquor sellers in that city may keep open on Saturday evening to 7:30 o'clock standard time, holding that solar time is what is intended by the statute providing for 7 o'clock closing. This decision of course will work to prohibit selling on Monday morning till 6:20 standard time.

Gov. Cleves, of Maine, in his second inaugural address a few days ago, of the liquor traffic in that state: "In only 33 of the 438 towns of the state are agencies maintained under the law which authorizes the maintenance of agencies to furnish municipal officers of towns in this state and duly authorized agents of other states with pure unadulterated intoxicating liquors, to be kept and sold for medicinal, mechanical and manufacturing purposes."

The "Christian Citizen" is a new monthly journal published at 153 La Salle St., Chicago, in the interests of purer government. It is the organ of the Christian Citizenship League, and is edited by Dr. Carlos Martyn, assisted by an able staff of social reformers. The first number is very attractive, and full of vim and force. Subscription, 50 cents per annum.

The dispensary law is being rigidly enforced in South Carolina. The view that thoughtful prohibitionists take of it is well expressed in the following special despatch to the Chicago Severn: "The dispensary law is better than open bar rooms. It destroys the social feature of drink but prohibition with the law at its back would be far better. Local option and the dispensary has many similar features. From a moral standpoint prohibition is preferable."

Temperance Truth is the name of a valuable periodical of 16 pages, published every two months by Rev. Father A. P. Doyle at 415 West 50th St. New York. In each number some eminent authority discusses exhaustively some important aspect of the drink question. The subscription price is only 25 cts a year. A number of copies will be supplied at marvelously low rates.

The Camp Fire

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION ORDER.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

ADDRESS - TORONTO, ONT.

Subscription, FIFTEEN CENTS a Year.

NOTE.—It is proposed to make "THE CAMP FIRE" 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, 1895.

1894—1895.

We have entered upon a new year that bids fair to be one of great importance in the history of temperance reform.

The year recently ended was one of much excitement, interest and progress.

It saw the great plebiscite endorsement of total prohibition as the right and effective remedy for evils of intemperance.

It witnessed the great provincial prohibition convention, in Toronto, and the national gathering in Montreal.

It recorded the definite pledge of the leader of the Ontario Government to legislate as far as is in his power in the direction of prohibition.

We have reason to thank God for 1891. We have reason for courage in buckling on our armor for the conflict of 1895.

While this is being written the decision of the Supreme Court on the question of jurisdiction is daily expected. That decision will speedily be reviewed by the Imperial Privy Council.

Then we shall have the track clear for an immediate advance. Let every man and every woman be ready for marching orders.

There is as much need for work as ever. The record of our holiday season is a sad one, laden as it is with fearful details of sin and suffering and crime, the result of the deadly drink.

Canada is, in point of temperance, far ahead of other christian countries, but even Canada's position is one that ought to make every patriotic citizen sorrowful and ashamed.

Day by day the deadly traffic is plied in our midst, breaking hearts, blighting prospects, blasting homes, scattering broadcast misery, ruin, vice and crime.

Under the shadows of our stately churches, in both the highways and the byeways of our christian city, beside our vaunted schools and colleges, we find the flaring temptation—under sanction of the law—and we meet the wretched victims of this statute-sanctioned sin.

Is it not time our christian community woke to a full realization of the awful evil which only our familiarity with it permits us to tolerate?

How can we hope or pray for national prosperity while as a nation we license the greatest hindrance to that prosperity and derive a revenue from the degradation and suffering of our own citizens.

This evil cannot be coped with by any single method. Appetite, avarice, prejudice and custom are all arrayed in its behalf. We must work through every available agency.

We must build up sound public sentiment, showing the moral evil of drink, imparting right information as to the nature and character of drink, and teaching the true principles of economy with which the whole drink system is at variance.

We must flood our land with the sound stirring literature that can be so effective to this end.

We must work in those societies that labor for the reclamation of the fallen, and the shielding of the safe.

We must work on all hopeful legislative lines of restriction, never losing sight of the ultimate goal of prohibition.

We must rouse the public conscience, for mere knowledge will never save us.

We must encourage the W. C. T. U. with the mighty home influences it is everywhere exciting.

We must have outspoken faithfulness in the church of God in reference to this crying evil.

We must do all we can in establishing counter attractions to the seductive bar-room.

We must have hopeful homes for those whose will-power has been destroyed.

This many-sided sin must be attacked on many sides.

Only by hard, determined, never-ceasing effort, in reliance upon Almighty assistance can we hope to successfully grapple with the awful "abomination of desolation" that has been set up in our land.

Reader what are you doing to help us? You are one of those on whom rests personal responsibility in the matter.

Will you work in the year that is to come with patience, prudence and zeal for the overthrow of wrong and the establishment of right?

Or will you be among those who "came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

ORGANIZE.

The duty of the hour is organization. We are approaching a general election for the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada. The Parliament of Canada has unchallenged power to absolutely prohibit the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating beverages. The sentiment of the country is in favor of such legislation. A fair expression of that sentiment in Parliament can only be secured through organization of the prohibition forces.

Over and over conventions assembled have prohibitionists resolved that the liquor traffic should be outlawed, and called upon Parliament to legislate against it. In too many cases they have then gone home and neglected the only kind of action which can force Parliament to recognize and act upon their resolution.

Organization is not difficult. In every locality are men and women who understand all that is necessary to accomplish it. A union of workers may be called a society, an alliance, a league, a club, it matters not what. Neither does it matter much what particular form of organization is adopted. It matters a great deal however, whether or not some action is taken to unify and utilize prohibition sentiment.

What we want is a union of right purposed citizens who, regardless of party exigencies, will make pro-

hibition the first consideration in every exercise of their franchise. Much has been done in this direction, much is being done. The fetters of party bondage are being broken by many brave women and men. We are moving, though too slowly. Let us look at the great work to be done, the possibility of doing it, the glorious results that it would bring, and then rally at once for the coming conflict.

A series of questions has been framed and been sent out as suggestive of inquiries to be addressed to parliamentary candidates for the purpose of ascertaining their position on the prohibition question. We reprint these questions for the use of those who wish to use them. There should be no constituency in which candidates are not placed on record in regard to this matter. The questions are as follows:

1. Are you in favor of the prohibition of the liquor traffic?

2. If elected to the House of Commons will you support and vote for a prohibitory law?

3. Will you co-operate with the other members of Parliament who favor prohibition, to secure the introduction and enactment of such legislation at the earliest possible opportunity?

The following plan of action is suggested. (1). A convention of the sound prohibitionists of every constituency. (2). The securing from every candidate of a definite declaration of his position on the prohibition question. (3). United action to secure the defeat of all liquor favoring candidates and the return of sound prohibitionists. (4). The nomination and support of independent candidates when there is not an avowed and reliable prohibitionist otherwise in the field.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

The resolution of the Dominion Parliament calling for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the liquor traffic was adopted in 1891. The Commission was appointed in 1892. Nearly three years have gone by since the appointment. The Commission is now at work busily finishing up its report, which is expected to be ready for Parliament at the approaching session.

It will be an immense report, in a number of volumes, containing perhaps nearly 10,000 pages. Much of the matter it contains is utterly useless. It will, however, embody a great deal of evidence and information of incalculable value.

The evidence and information most useful and reliable will be carefully sifted out, summarized and put in convenient form. Articles containing this information will be a prominent feature during 1895 of THE VANGUARD, mentioned in the important announcement on page one of this paper. We hope also to draw upon that report for sundry valuable items of information that will be published from time to time in THE CAMP FIRE.

Every temperance worker ought to be a regular subscriber to both VANGUARD and CAMP FIRE.

THE JURISDICTION QUESTION.

The disputed point of the extent of the power of Provincial Legislatures in dealing with the liquor traffic is as uncertain as ever.

The Supreme Court has unanimously declared that a province has no right to prohibit the importation or the manufacture of liquor. By a bare majority the same court has held that a province has no right to prohibit the sale.

The question will now go before the Judicial Committee of the Privy

Council of Great Britain, which body is the court of ultimate resort in the British Empire. The decision of that court will be final.

Curiously enough the Supreme Court has declared the Local Option Act of Ontario constitutional, while declaring in a separate opinion that the Legislature has no authority to pass such a law. Each of these decisions was given by a majority of three judges out of five, the five in the one case not being all the same as the five in the other. There are six judges in the Supreme Court. It would seem, therefore, that the court stands equally divided on the question of the authority of the Legislature to prohibit sales of liquor.

The delay and uncertainty will soon be over. In a few months we shall have the question definitely decided. Meantime we need not be idle. On two questions there is no doubt. The Dominion Parliament has absolute power to prohibit the liquor traffic. The Provincial Legislatures have unlimited power to restrict and limit short of actual prohibition. It is our imperative duty to see that men in both Legislature and Parliament fairly represent the temperance sentiment of the community.

These men can be effectively reached only through the ballot box. The lesson is that prohibitionists, to succeed, must live up to their principles in every election contest.

THERE ARE DOCTORS AND DOCTORS.

Rather more than a year ago, a lady was prevailed upon to sign the total abstinence pledge. She had been in the habit of regularly drinking a little wine daily; so little that she hardly thought that she could not do any good by ceasing to take it. But to her surprise she found the influence of her example, as a pledged abstainer, powerful enough to induce more than a hundred persons to sign as she had done.

After a year of happy work as a total abstainer, she was taken ill, and she sent for her medical man. He found her weak and exhausted and altogether out of sorts, and he asked her what she had been doing with herself to bring her down so low.

She confessed that during the last year she had taken no stimulant of any sort; she had become a teetotaler.

"Ha! I thought as much," exclaimed the doctor, "and I assure you it will not do for you. You must give it up at once. You are just committing suicide. You absolutely require a gentle stimulant. There are constitutions which can do without it, but yours is not one of them. You have always been accustomed to a little, and you must take it, just a glass of bitter beer with your luncheon and a little wine at dinner to assimilate your food. It is absolutely necessary to you."

The lady felt very sorrowful, very unwilling to do what would, she knew, more than nullify the effect of all her endeavors during the past year, and would put a complete stop to her excellent work among her poor neighbors.

After earnest, prayerful thought, she decided to take another opinion.

She went up to London to consult Sir Andrew Clark. He examined into her case, and questioned her very carefully, and at last inquired, "Do you take stimulants at all?"

"No," she replied, timidly, "I was in the habit of taking a little, but for the last year I have taken none at all—and—"

"I am glad to hear it. Never touch stimulant of any sort; it is the very worst thing you can take."

"Oh, doctor!" she exclaimed eagerly, "Will you write that down and put your name to it?"

"Very willingly," he replied.

Armed with her precious document, she returned home, and when next she saw her own medical man, she showed it to him.

He took it up and read it, and looked at the signature:

"Ha! Sir Andrew Clark! H'm, yes, he is a great man, and can say these things. We country doctors can't afford it."—*Watchword.*

SELECTIONS.

THE NEW GROG SHOP.

Another licensed groggery, another legal den,
Attractive, cosy, gilded, to draw in
hoats of men,
Old Bourbon, rye and brandy, with
wines of choicest brand,
On shelves so neat and handy, in rows
together staid.

Another public drunkery, another
licensed snare,
A temple raised to Bacchus, now stand-
ing open there,
To tempt the young with cider, the old
with rum and gin,
And make the pathway wider for
poverty and sin.

Another spacious edifice, another
lawful blight;
Alluring, gay, and spacious, attractive,
treasured, bright;
Where ribald song comes after the
liquor passed around,
While bursts of drunken laughter upon
the air resound,

Another brilliant sepulchre, another
house of prey,
Well-lighted, warm, and costly, a snare
on life's broad way,
So, with your framed commission,
rum-seller, sealed and signed,
You're now in fit condition to victimize
mankind.

You keep a well-stocked drunkery, a
licensed liquor store,
With brands which breed disaster, I've
seen the same before,
You stifle finer feelings within the
heart of man,
And by your liquor dealing, work all
the woe you can.

—Thos. R. Thompson.

HOW THE QUESTION CAME HOME.

In the dusk of a summer evening
I rocked my child to rest;
Then sat and mused, with my darling
Sill folded to my breast,

His ringlets swept my shoulder,
His breath was on my cheek,
And I kissed his dimpled finger
With a love I could not speak.

A form came through the gateway,
And up the garden walk—
And my neighbor sat down as often
To have an evening talk.

She saw me caress my baby
With almost reverent touch,
And she shook her gray head gravely:
"You love that boy too much!"

"That cannot be," I answered,
"While I love our Father more;
He smiles on a mother's rapture
O'er the baby that she bore."

For a while we both sat silent,
In the twilight's deeper gray;
Then she said, "I believe that baby
Grows lovelier every day.

"And I suppose that the reason
I feel so drawn to him,
Is because he rattles me so strongly
Of my own little boy, Jim."

My heart stood still a moment
With a horror I dared not show,
While the trembling voice beside me
Went on, in accents low:

"Just the same high, white forehead,
And rings of shining hair,
And a smile of artless mischief
I have seen this Jamie wear.

"And I've sometimes thought—well,
Mary,
The feeling no doubt you guess—
That my trouble would now be lighter
Had I loved my baby less."

My neighbor rose abruptly,
And left me in the gloom,
But the sob of a broken spirit
Was echoing in the room.

And when the lamp was lighted,
I knelt by Jamie's bed;
And wept o'er the noble forehead
And the ringlet-crowned head;

For I thought of the bloated visage,
And the matted hair of him
Whom all the village children
Knew only as "Drunken Jim."

And my heart cried out, "O Father,
Spare me that bitter cup!
And destroy the liquor-traffic
Before my boy grows up."

—Temperance Cause.

THE YEAR THAT IS TO COME.

WHAT are you going to do, dear friends,
In the year that is to come,
To battle that fearful fiend of death
Whose messenger is rum?
Shall we fold our hands, and let him pass
As he has passed before,
Leaving his deadly poisoned draught
At every unbarred door.

What are we going to do, dear friends?
Still wait for the crime and pain,
Then bind the bruises, heal the wounds,
And soothe the woe again?
Let the fiend still torture the woe-wife,
Still poison the little child,
Still break the suffering mother's heart,
Still drive the sister wild?

Still drive to the grave the grey-haired
sire,
Still martyr the brave young soul,
"Till the waters of death like a burning
stream,
And poverty take the place of wealth,
And sin and crime and shame
Drag down to the very depths of hell
The highest and proudest name?

Is this our mission on earth, dear friends,
In the years that are to come?
If not, let us rouse and do our work
Against this spirit rum;
There is not a soul so poor and weak,
In all this godly land,
But against this evil a word may speak,
And "raise a warning hand."

Then "lift" a warning hand, dear
friends,
With a cry of "Home and Hearth."
Adding voice to voice till the sound shall
sweep
Like Rum's death knell o'er the earth;
And the weak and wavering shall hear,
And the true and good and the great
and wise
Join hands to right this wrong.

E. J. L., in the Golden News

OUR PRESENT CRISIS.

When a deed is done from freedom,
Though the broad earth's aching
breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
Tumbling on from East to West;
And the slave where'er he cowers,
Feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of midnight,
As the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed
On the thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace
Shoos the instantaneous throes,
When the travail of the ages
Wrings earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new era,
With a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks on nation,
Standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-
child
Leaps beneath the future's heart.

For mankind are one in spirit,
And an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle,
The swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious,
Yet humanity's vast frame
Though its ocean-sundered fibres,
Feels the gush of joy or shame;
In the gain or loss of our race,
All the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation,
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand,
And the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever,
"Twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people,
In whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the doom from its worn scoundals
Shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
And albeit she wander oncast,
Now I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful tall angels,
To shield her from all wrong.

We see dimly in the present,
What is small and what is great;
Slow of faith, how weak an arm
May turn the iron helm of fate.
But the soul is still oracular—
Amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper
From the delphic cave within:
"They enslave their children's
children,
Who make compromise with sin."

'Tis as easy to be heroes,
As to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved,

Upon our fathers' graves;
Worshippers of light ancestral
Make the present light a eclipse,
Was the Mayflower launched by
cowards?
Steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward past or
future
That make Plymouth Rock sublime?

They wore men of present valor
Stalwart old ironclasts
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet
That all virtue was the past's;
But we make their truth our fable-
book,
Thinking that has made us free:
Flooding it in wondrous parchments,
While our tender spirits flee,
The rude grasp of that great impulse
Which drove them across the sea.

New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth;
So, before us gleam our camps-fires,
We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer
boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal
With the past's blood-rusted key.
James Russell Lowell.

THE BABY'S SHOES.

Scream after scream rang through
the jail. It was a woman's shrill voice,
and one of the deputies said with a
laugh, "Mag has got the jim-jams
again."

Over in cell No. 87, Mag twisted and
writhed in a vain attempt to break the
traps which fastened her to her cot,
cursed and called on the white-headed
matron to "Chase that little red beast
out of the corner, pull that wire out of
my mouth!" begged for water, whiskey,
a knife to cut her throat, and raved
incessantly.

"George," said the police matron,
"I want you to take Maggie to my
room, I believe she would do better
there. Prison surroundings affect
women unpleasantly."

The duty was openly derisive. "Mrs.
Barnes, you don't want a blent like
Mag in your room. She is a bad egg;
nothing will make her better. Prison
is too good for her."

The matron was undaunted. "Are
you going to do what I tell you? I
have charge of the women prisoners."
Abashed they carried the wild
creature over to a plain little room.
The matron gave her medicine, strong
coffee, stroked her short yellow hair
and sang softly, "Hush, my dear, be
still and slumber." On and on she
sang the screaming and cursing
stopped.

Mag choked, sobbed, and said eagerly,
"Don't sing like that, for God's sake
don't sing like that!"

"Don't you like me to sing Maggie?"
she queried.

"Yes, oh, yes; but not that. I used
to sing that to my baby before she
died. I was a good woman then; oh,
my God what am I now?" and the
sinner sobbed bitterly.

The matron's kind eyes were moist.
"I had a baby once; he died," she said,
simply. "I have his little shoes here
on the mantel. He never wore but one
pair. I'll show them to you."

A step to the mantel-piece and back,
and the worn shoes were clasped tightly
in criminal hands.

Mag cried now; only the matron's
voice broke the silence as she read that
story of ineffable love—the story of
the prodigal son. She reached the
twenty-first verse, then the broken
voice checked her.

"That's me, I am no more worthy."
If I could only begin over."

That was the beginning. When
Mag left the jail the matron pressed a
little paper-wrapped parcel in her
hand. "Keep it, my dear, it is for
him. I know he would like you to
have it." Five dollars out of Mrs.
Barnes' scant salary were tucked in
baby's shoe.

The end I there is no end. Margaret
Adams has an open door and a helping
hand for sinful women, and the
hundredfold increase is more than
realized. But time keeps no record of
deeds of love. The angels rejoice
throughout all eternity, and, instead
of *flushed*, God writes *continued*.

A GOVERNOR'S VIEWS.

New Hampshire is a prohibition state.
The law is to a certain extent defective.
It prohibits the sale of intoxicating
liquors, but does not deal with manu-
facture or importation. Weak as it is
this measure is accomplishing much
good. A valuable and interesting
endorsement of it was given recently

by Governor Basile in his inaugural
address in which he said:

The prohibition of the sale of in-
toxicating liquors, after many years
of trial, has become the settled policy
of the state. The existing law and
the means provided for its enforcement
have stood the test of time and
experience, and are receiving each
year a firmer public support.

The law is found sufficient to sup-
press the unlawful sale of liquors
wherever public sentiment lends
adequate support to its enforcement,
but it deals lightly with the copartner
in crime, the habitual drinker, who
deprives his family of support, and who
often becomes a public charge.

I desire to call your attention to the
advantages of providing assistance to
the unfortunate and impoverished
victims of intemperance who desire
medical treatment for the habit. The
subject has engaged the serious at-
tention of the legislators of the other
states, and I trust it will receive your
careful consideration.

In my opinion we should approve all
measures that will tend to discourage
or prevent the habitual use of spiri-
tuous liquors that will secure the wages
of the intemperate to their families,
and that will elevate to a higher plane
of citizenship and usefulness the un-
fortunate slaves of the drink habit."

ALCOHOL.

Alcohol is, perhaps, the most decried
drug in the whole *materia medica*.
All drugs have a primary and second-
ary effect, and are usually prescribed
for the former; but where, as in the
case of alcoholic beverages, large quan-
tities are apt to be taken with great
frequency, the secondary effects of the
remedy become of great importance.
The first action of alcohol is to stimu-
late the circulation and brain; it
borrows from the vital resources a
sufficient amount of force to make a
display of apparent strength, but at a
great cost to the organism, and a too
frequent repetition of draft must
eventuate in physical bankruptcy.
But, unfortunately, the very process
which enables a man to make this dis-
play of seeming health and energy,
soon destroys his ability to correctly
gauge his vital reserve, and the
neurotic taint, sole inheritance of
many, clamours more and more
violently for the stimulant which shall
make its unfortunate possessor the
momentary peer of any man. The
inception of the drink habit is the first
step in the process of mental, moral
and physical suicide; and the physi-
cian has faulty judgment who recom-
mends alcohol in any form.—*The
Family Doctor*.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.



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humor, logic and eloquence."—*Troy
Daily Times*.
"The speech was irresistible in its
eloquence and pathos."—*Toronto Globe*.
"The audience alternately roared
with laughter, or tried to still their
quivering lips."—*Montreal Witness*.
"Masterly, eloquent and convincing.
The audience were at one time thrilled,
and at another convulsed with laughter
by his epigrams, sallies and witti-
cisms."—*Toronto Mail*.

"An interesting story, told in elo-
quent language, in which the pathetic
and the humorous were blended in a
masterly manner."—*San Jose Mercury*.
"Heid his audience spell-bound,
while he painted in vivid colors the
battles of the field that he had witnessed."
—*Williamsport Gazette*.
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F. S. SPENCER, Toronto.

THE CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.

As shown by careful calculations published in the Vanguard, the Canadian Dominion has an average annual expenditure for strong drink of about THIRTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS. This is the amount paid for the liquor by the consumer. If we were to take into calculation the indirect cost to the country through the loss of time and other losses and expenses, the result of drinking, the bill would be swelled to nearly three times the sum named.

Dealing however, with only this actual outlay by drinkers, we have to consider an expenditure, the termination of which would increase the prosperity of our country to a marvelous extent. "Hard times" may always be taken as the result of a number of causes operating together, the liquor traffic being one cause continually at work. If that were abolished there would be an increase of wealth that would probably put us, even under present circumstances, in a position far more prosperous than any we have yet occupied. It must be borne in mind that it has been demonstrated that money spent in drink means invariably so much diminution of the actual wealth of the country.

As illustrative of the great relief which might be secured from a stoppage of this drink expenditure, the following calculation is submitted. The thirty-two million dollars would establish in the occupation of farming, on fewer than FOUR THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE families, taking them destitute and equipping everyone with the following outfit.

1 Cleared farm of 100 acres, with dwelling house, barn, stabling and all equipments, worth.....	\$5,000 00
1 Team of horses.....	150 00
5 Cows at \$40 each.....	200 00
20 Sheep at \$5 each.....	100 00
5 Pigs at \$5 each.....	25 00
Poultry, ducks, geese and turkeys.....	15 00
1 Heavy waggon.....	80 00
1 Sleigh.....	40 00
1 Farm cart.....	40 00
1 Plough.....	40 00
1 Set of harrows.....	40 00
1 Combined mower and reaper.....	150 00
1 Horse rake.....	40 00
Other tools and implements.....	25 00
1 Set team harness.....	40 00
1 Set plough harness.....	20 00
1 Set cart harness.....	20 00
1 Cooking stove fully furnished.....	45 00
1 Self feeder coal heater.....	30 00
1 Carpet.....	35 00
1 Carpet.....	25 00
1 Carpet.....	20 00
1 Set dining room furniture.....	40 00
1 Parlor set.....	100 00
1 Bedroom set.....	40 00
1 Bedroom set.....	30 00
1 Bedroom set.....	25 00
Crockery, cutlery, linen, bedding, curtains, blinds, kitchen utensils and other miscellaneous furnishings.....	70 00
1 Book case.....	15 00
100 Volumes standard books.....	100 00
Cash capital to start work with.....	900 00
Total.....	\$7,500 00

If there is any one thing meaner than another, it is the bartering of public morals for a price. Such is the licensed saloon. *National Liberator.*

The saloon is sometimes called "the poor man's club." It is literally, it "clubs" him into the gutter and jail. But it don't stop there. It is laid on the backs of his helpless family without mercy. On their shoulders rests the curse of the saloon. Are you voting for it?—*Morris County Journal.*

A NEW PLAN

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

[We carried prohibition in Maine by sowing the land knee-deep with literature.—*Near, Dow.*]

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MARRIED TO A DRUNKARD.

She arose suddenly in the meeting, and spoke as follows: "Married to a drunkard? Yes; I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I am talking to the girls."

We all turned and looked at her. She was a wan woman, with dark, sad eyes, and white hair placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard I reached the acme of misery," she continued. "I was young, and oh, so happy! I married the man I loved, and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it—knew it, but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it unless she has a drunkard in her family; then, perhaps, she knows how deeply the iron enters the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard—whether father, husband, brother or son. Girls, believe me, when I tell you that to marry a drunkard, to love a drunkard, is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know. I have gained that fearful knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white? It turned white in a night; 'bleached by sorrow,' as Marie Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the snows of seventy rest upon my head, and upon

my heart. Ah! I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with unutterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned, he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely little girls and a boy. Here her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days; he had kept away from his home. One night I was seated beside my sick boy; the two little girls were sleeping in the next room, while beyond was another room into which I heard my husband go as he entered the house. The room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically, but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength, and, throwing myself with all my force against the door, the lock gave way and the door flew open. Oh, the sight! the terrible sight!" she wailed out in a voice that haunts me now; and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them it was whiter and sadder than ever.

"Delirium tremens! You have never seen it, girls; God grant that you never may. My husband stood beside the bed, his eyes gleaming with insanity, and in his hand a large knife. 'Take them away!' he screamed. 'The horrible things; they are crawling all over me! Take them away, I say!' and he flourished the knife in the air. Regardless of danger, I rushed to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There lay my children, covered with their life-blood, slain by their own father! For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac at my side—the man who had brought me all the woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wallings filled the air. The servants heard me and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them, he suddenly drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained the bodies of my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind was so shattered that I knew no one."

She ceased! Our eyes were riveted upon her wan face. Some of the women present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to resume her story.

"For two years," she continued, "I was a mental wreck. Then I recovered from the shock, and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited upon the child, and six months ago my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and as I, his loving mother, stood and saw the sod heaped over him, I said, 'Thank God! I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard,' and I turned into my desolate home a childless woman—one upon whom the hand of God had rested heavily.

"Girls, it is you I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I blasted mine; do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him! So much the worse for you; for, married to him, the greater will be your misery because of your love. You will marry and then reform him, you say. Ah! a woman sadly over-rates her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no match for the giant demon 'drink,' when he possesses a man's body and soul. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you, too. It is to save you, girls, from the sorrows that wrecked my happiness that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it; and I have a message to bear to every girl in America—never marry a drunkard!"

I can see her now, as she stood there amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing, and her frame quivering with emotion, as she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out, and we never saw her again. Her words, 'stily spoken,' were not without effect, however, and because of them there is one girl single now.—*From Touching Incidents.*

WHAT A FALL.

A minister of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home, for the first time in his life, intoxicated, and his boy met him upon his doorstep, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me, "I spent the night in that house, I went out, bared my brow, that the night dew might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hill. There was his child dead! There was his wife in convulsions, and he asleep. A man of thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple, where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and his wife on the brink of the grave! Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must stay until he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed, 'What is the matter? Where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way! I will see my boy.' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a wild shriek, 'Ah my child!' That minister said further to me, "One year after he was brought from the lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in the city of Boston. Now tell me what rum will not do. It will debase, degrade, imbrute and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious, and Godlike in a human being. There is nothing drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, and hellish. Why are we not to fight till the day of our death?—*J. B. Gough.*

There is one thing that is worse than a tax on income—it is a tax on public morals. The saloon must go.—*Ram's Horn.*

The man who for party forsakes principles goes down, and all the armed battalions of God march over him.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Liquor dealers have dollars at stake; Christian men have souls at stake. Which are the most valuable?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The man who says "Our Father" from the depth of his heart will never be found standing with his foot on his brother's neck.—*Pacific Ensign.*

It will be very hard to draw the line between reputable and disreputable saloons, or to say which is most dangerous. They must all go.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Garnishing the tombs of the prophets has always been safer business than fighting prosperous iniquity or supporting the prophets of to-day.—*Vineyard (N.J.) Outlook.*

High license is a device of the devil patented by the politicians to coin buzzard dollars to lay on the eyes of dead consciences to make the corpse look respectable.—*Sam Small.*

"Is this the way to the poorhouse?" asked one man of another, as he pointed in a certain direction. "No, but this is," answered the other, pointing to a whiskey flask sticking out of the inquirer's pocket.—*Westerly Tribune.*

It is not so much for the sake of women as for the sake of men that women need the ballot. Men have made a mess of governing the world, they have filled it with drinking saloons and standing armies.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

The old-fashioned temperance pledge, spread it on every platform, on every pulpit, and on every communion table. There are thousands of people who, having made a promise, will keep it till the day of judgment.—*T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.*

The time is ripe for a new campaign in opposition to the evil that is cursing more homes and destroying more souls than any other one evil in our country. The cradle of our temperance reform was in the church of Christ; and all of its most effective triumphs have been wrought through moral power, whether that power was exerted in diminishing the drinking custom or in dealing blows for the suppression of the dramshops. An appeal is now made to the churches to open a fresh warfare against the bottle wherever found—in the social circle, on the household board, or on the counter of the saloons.—*T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*