

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of The Temperance Reform.

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THE LAND OF PROHIBITION.

No broken windows or hanging doors,
No greasy walls or dirty floors,
But pretty homes and gardens gay,
Scent of sweet flowers miles away
In the land of Prohibition.

No 'raggit weans,' no weary wives,
No women in fear of their wretched
lives,
But merry maids and bonny boys,
And streets alive with gladsome noise
In the land of Prohibition.

No aching hearts and dragging feet,
No unemployed in any street,
But bounding step and cherry song,
Work for the willing, brave and strong
In the land of Prohibition.

No frowning jails or prisons drear.
No criminals in training here,
But far and wide our banner waves
O'er men who never shall be slaves—
In the land of Prohibition.

No public debt to make men frown,
No breaking banks to crush them down,
No empty coffers in the state,
For debts are small and income great
In the land of Prohibition.

Dear, far-off country of my birth,
The grandest spot upon the earth,
Oh, may I live to see the day
When all the woe shall pass away
And glorious, beautiful and free
Thou shalt arise victoriously—
The land of Prohibition.

—Union Signal.

PROHIBITION DEFINED.

I'm a prohibitionist through and
through,
As the woes and crimes of this world I
view,
I pity its sad condition.
The fountain of wrong I'd forever dry,
To stop the flow, I'd stop the supply,
And this is prohibition.

If I knew a baker so bad and bold,
That he poisoned each loaf of bread he
sold,
I'd try him by inquisition.
Then I'd oven him up in stone walls
four,
Where he could not peddle out death
any more.
And this is prohibition.

If I saw a butcher selling meat
Putrid and spoiled in the market place—
Act worthy the son of perdition.
I'd fasten him up with a chain so strong,
That he never again would do this
wrong,
And this is prohibition.

If I had a fold and a wolf should creep
Within, to devour my lambs and sheep,
I never would wait for commission,
But to stop his prowls, I'd stop his
breath,
And save my flock by his instant death,
And this is prohibition.

If a poisonous snake by the roadside
lay,
To bite every traveller passing that way,
I'd curb his Satanic ambition;
An iron heel on his head I'd bring,
And crush out his life and its venomous
sting,
And this is prohibition.

If I had a dog that would bark and bite,
And worry my neighbor day and night,
I'd perform a feat in division,
In spite of his barking, and yelpings,
and tears,
I'd cut off his tail just behind his ears.
And this is prohibition.

If vendors of rum throughout the land
Are dealing out poison on every hand,
Regardless of age or condition,
I want the law to stop the supply,
And the law enforced till the traffic
shall die.
And this is prohibition.

—Revised by Clemence M. Dodge.

A \$10,000 NOSE.

"Gentlemen," said a repentant drinking man at a temperance meeting held during the Murphy excitement. "Gentlemen, it cost me \$10,000 to bring my nose to its present state of perfection." \$10,000! And what did he have besides his red nose? An aching and remorseful heart; a pain-racked and diseased body; a home where a miserable woman probably dragged her weary life along in wretched, hopeless apathy, crushed and bowed to the earth by the shame of being a drunkard's wife.

"\$10,000," wrote the recording angel, and turned in stern sorrow from the page.

"\$10,000," chuckled the rum-seller; "I am that much richer—am I a lucky man?"

"\$10,000," said the devil, "what a fool! I'll have him, surely, if he don't look out."

"\$10,000," whispered a little boy away back in the corner, whose father was killed in a drunken brawl; "10,000," would make my mother happy, and I wouldn't have to sell newspapers for a living, and stay out of school when my heart is hungry for books."

"\$10,000," soliloquized the young man who drank a little: "I can't afford that." And he signed the pledge, though he had not meant to.

The confession was like a spark that sprang into a flame, and ran with vivid tongues of fire through the vast audience. The little boy went forward with the throng with all the manliness of twenty-five. He wrote his name as well as he could, and presently took his pledge-card. When he thought himself unnoticed, he wrote slyly on the back, "10 thousand dollars sav'd fur muther by not drinkin'."

That was exactly the way he wrote "it," so you need not laugh. Maybe his own father had wasted as much over his cups, and now his child had no time to learn to spell. He was busy all day at anything to turn an honest penny, and at night, poor little fellow, he was too tired and sleepy to even look at a book.

How do I know what he wrote? In passing out his precious card was brushed from his hand. He could not go back, for the throng pressed on.

It was picked up by the janitor, given to one of the officers in charge; was posted next day on an immense black-board, and served as a text for one of the most magnificent lectures of the course.

What a lot of wet handkerchiefs there were when the speaker was through! How red the ladies' eyes were—almost as red as a drunkard's nose! And Jimmy—there I didn't mean to tell you one bit of his name—who had stolen back to get his treasured card, and to see if he could sell a few books and papers, trembling like a leaf with excitement to think he was the hero of all that great talk, and the color went in and out of his cheeks with just that quiver you have seen in the sky when the northern lights waver and tremble.

By and by the gentleman called his name, and somebody put him on the platform, and then there was such a stamping and clapping as you never heard of in your life. And how did it end? Why good people interested themselves in the child and his mother, and Jimmy goes to school now, and his mother is a matron in the "Temperance Home"; and some day, if you don't study hard, boys, Jimmy will be at the top of the ladder, while you are just beginning to climb.

I want you to remember the man—for he was a real live man, who said, "It cost me \$10,000 to bring my nose to its present state of perfection," and think of the boy, a drunkard's orphan, who resolved to save \$10,000 for his mother, "by not drinking"; and if ever you are tempted to drink, see if you cannot keep as good a resolution. —Mrs. G. W. White, in *The Pioneer*.

A BAKER'S DOZEN.

THIRTEEN THINGS A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TEMPERANCE COMMITTEE COULD DO.

By Frances E. Willard.

1. It could make special efforts to place temperance books in the Sunday schools and public libraries, and papers in the reading rooms. The W.C.T.U. will give all the help it can in this direction, both in respect to information and raising of money.

2. It could ask the pastor to preach on the temperance question certainly twice a year. If he is a live man he will bring it into almost every sermon, but by this special announcement there would be opportunity offered for union meetings in villages, and the announcement would bring audiences different from those usually convened.

3. It could agree to speak on the temperance question in the church and prayer meetings, and to induce older people to do the same.

4. It could procure a temperance roll of honor for the Sunday school, and have it hung on the wall, to be taken down and circulated for new signatures on the temperance Sundays of the year.

5. It could make special effort to see that the temperance Sunday school lesson is well studied and attractively taught.

6. It could, in some communities, place before the people in a leaflet the legal status of the saloon in that locality. A large proportion of good people do not even know with what weapons the law has provided them.

7. It could appoint a committee to visit the public schools, and see if the scientific temperance instruction law is being enforced by the proper authorities. This law varies in different states, and the members of the committee would need to be informed of the provisions in their own state.

8. It might take account of the families in which drunkenness has extinguished the light of the home, and could use wise and well considered means of influencing those who caused this wretchedness. Temperance literature sent from the post office has many a time brought the arrest of thought to a moderate drinker, a fashionable lady, a liquor prescribing physician, a half hearted pastor, a callous voter. The postal mission would be a mighty power in the hands of intelligent, well learned and devoted young people.

9. It could form a Loyal Temperance Legion among the young people, either as a union society or in each church, and sing our lovely crusade songs from Miss Anna Gordon's books, which have not their equals among books of the kind. She has four, of which "No. 1 Crusade Songs" and "Songs for Young People" are perhaps the best. We have a system of interesting and helpful instruction for children and young people of all grades, which has been wrought out from years of study and will help any teacher.

10. It could meet to study the many-sided temperance question, that it might become intelligent in speaking both in public and private, and in writing concerning the greatest reforms. A study of the laws of health, including their relation of food, dress, cleanliness, ventilation and the entire physical conduct of life, and the relation of all these to the temperance reform, and would be a most valuable and delightful pursuit.

11. It could influence the members by sending the choicest hits sorted out from temperance journals, leaflets, and books by sub-committees appointed for that purpose—these to put under the eyes of the great, passive majority the efforts and motives that have already converted so many to the temperance reform.

12. It could circulate the leaflets prepared by leading ministers showing the

harm of using alcoholic wines at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

13. It could introduce temperance songs and literature, and a booth for temperance drinks at fairs, receptions, bazaars and other gatherings of the sort in the church and out. These are a few preliminary methods by which an earnest temperance committee of the Christian Endeavour army could help to roll the white ribbon chariot of temperance along the track of progress. We know these things; happy are we if we do them. —Golden Rule.

DEMOREST MEDAL CONTEST BUREAU.

'FROM CONTEST TO CONQUEST.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The headquarters of the Demorest movement are at No. 10 East 14th St., New York City. F. S. Spence of Toronto is, however, the Canadian Superintendent, and will cheerfully and promptly supply information to all who desire to take hold of this work.

A very small fee will be charged for each medal to cover necessary cost of postage, etc.

The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

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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, MAY, 1895.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

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

F. S. SPENCE,

51 Confederation Life Building.

PARLIAMENTARY ACTION.

The annual meeting of the Legislation Committee of the Council of the Dominion Alliance was held in Room 50 of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, on Wednesday 8th inst.

There was present an unusually large number of Members of Parliament, over fifty being in attendance. The interest taken in the matters discussed, was lively and encouraging.

By a large vote, only three members dissenting, this important committee decided to push to a vote in parliament, the resolution of which Mr. T. B. Flint has already given notice. It is in the following terms:—

"That, in the opinion of this House, the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors in Canada except for sacramental, scientific, manufacturing and medical purposes should be prohibited by law."

As early as practicable Mr. Flint will press this resolution on the attention of the House of Commons. It will no doubt be discussed at length. It is hoped that a division upon it will be taken.

We would suggest to the friends of prohibition in every constituency, the wisdom of writing at once to their representative, urging him to give Mr. Flint's moderate proposal a cordial support. The effect of such communications will be great. A campaign of letter writing to Members of Parliament would be a powerful help to our cause. Let us take advantage of the opportunity.

ORGANIZATION.

It is manifest that whether or not temperance workers are alive to the present position of our reform, the liquor traffic is keenly alive to it.

Probably never before were the license holders of Ontario as well organized as they are at present. They have their societies, their officers, their legal advisers, they are prepared for the contest that they know is coming.

This means that the workers for prohibition have to face more determined and better equipped opposition than ever before. The coming fight will be no child's play. The liquor business will be fighting for its life. It recognizes the danger ahead. The struggle will be a desperate one.

This thorough and effective organization can only be successfully met by organization equally thorough and effective. The prohibitionists must be prepared for the conflict if they are to hold their own in it. Definite, thorough organization is the duty of the hour.

This organization must be nonsectarian, nondenominational. Societies and churches are doing, and will continue to do, splendid work in inspiring and educating those who will take part in the struggle. They cannot from their nature unite all available forces in the practical political work that has to be done.

Every electoral district must have its Union, League, Alliance, or similar federation of workers. Every locality should have its Prohibition Club or similar organization. In the present "time of peace" we must prepare for the impending war. Thorough organization is the present pressing duty.

LICENSE COMMISSIONERS.

The prohibition electors of Ontario have been recently startled by the extent to which Boards of License Commissioners have, in some localities, shown themselves the warm friends of the liquor traffic, and the out and out opponents of temperance.

At a time when public opinion has been definitely shown to be against the liquor traffic, the Boards of Commissioners appointed by a government professedly favorable to prohibition, have undertaken to override public opinion and enlarge the sphere of the liquor traffic's evil operations.

In London, the license commissioners have extended the time of permitted sale, and so given the liquor traffic further opportunities of working out the mischief in which it is everywhere so successful.

In the City of Toronto, in spite of strong public protests, the commissioners are entertaining a proposition to permit liquor selling on the Island, which for many years has been kept free from the legalized operation of this terrible curse.

At the time of writing this article these Toronto commissioners are waiting the result of an application to the courts to prohibit them from indecently accepting an application that does not comply with all the conditions of the license law, the object of the applicants being liquor selling on the Island as before mentioned.

This Island is Toronto's principal pleasure resort. It is frequented largely by women and children. It has been remarkable for its good order and law observance. It has for many years been free from liquor licenses.

If the Toronto commissioners accede to the proposition that has been made and extend the liquor traffic to this territory from which it has hitherto been excluded, they will declare themselves opponents of what is right, and many persons will consider them as simply the official representatives and friends of the ruin-working liquor traffic.

LOCAL OPTION IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The British Government has taken a firm stand in favor of Local Option legislation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is insisting upon the question being definitely and immediately dealt with by the House of Commons.

In this action he is loyally sustained by the great mass of the Liberal representatives in the House. The Conservatives, with a few noble exceptions, are of course opposing him bitterly. It is a case in which the temperance people have the full support of one political party, while the liquor traffic's interests are bound up with the other.

All this struggle is over a proposition to give the people of a locality the right to restrict or prohibit the liquor traffic in that locality. It is a very mild measure of local option. It is such legislation as every part of the Dominion of Canada already possesses. It is eminently moderate, reasonable and right.

Whether or not the present Parliament will enact the proposed legislation, its enactment is only a question of time. Public sentiment in favor of it is rapidly increasing. People are realizing its justice. In terror of its success the liquor traffic is fighting it with desperation.

Canadians cordially sympathize with their British friends in the present contest and heartily wish them a God speed in this struggle for a weapon with which to defend their homes.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

As everybody expected, the Royal Commission has reported against prohibition. It was a packed jury from the outset. A majority of those selected for it were known and avowed opponents of prohibition. The Commission however, did its work. For four long years it kept the prohibition question out of Parliament. An immense amount of money was expended in the securing of this result. People realize to-day that the whole thing was a stupendous and extravagant farce.

The evidence taken by the Commission fills six bulky volumes. Probably no one will ever read them. The reports and appendices will likely make a couple of volumes more. Even those in whose interests the gigantic humbug was put through, are laughing at its palpable absurdity.

There is a minority report. It is of a totally different character from the report of the majority. The press pronounces it more systematic, thorough and convenient. It manifests earnestness, patience, ability and a comprehensive grasp of what the Commission ought to have been and done. It will be a useful text book for prohibitionists for many years to come.

Now the ridiculous performance is over. Parliament and people have before them the findings of the Commission, which any school-boy could have predicted three years ago when the names of the Commissioners were announced.

The report has been laid before the House of Commons. No intimation has been given by the Dominion Government of what action they propose as its sequel. Four long years we waited for the preparation of the report. How long must we wait for Parliament to digest it, to pronounce upon it, to either endorse or denounce its manifest hostility to the public opinion of the Dominion of Canada.

THE PIC-NIC SEASON.

Some time ago the CAMP FIRE earnestly urged the desirability of making use of the pic-nic season for the propagation of prohibition principles. It was suggested that friends of temperance hold outdoor gatherings for the spread of temperance teaching whenever and wherever possible.

The wisdom of such a course will commend itself to the judgment of all who consider it. By this plan we may get together such audiences as could not be gathered in any other way. Our teachings will reach many who would otherwise be missed. A strengthening of right public sentiment will certainly be the result of such a policy.

We would like to urge the matter still more earnestly. Now is the time for action. Every division, every lodge, every Prohibition Club, should have its pic-nic or outdoor party. Every such gathering should have one or more short, pointed addresses on our political position and duty. This ought to be a summer of education.

POLITICAL ACTION.

The Convention held in Montreal last July was a gathering representative of the different phases of prohibition thought and opinion of the Dominion. It adopted a plan of action involving the following lines of procedure.

1. A thorough organization of the prohibitionists of every locality for united consultation and work. We must pull together if we are to pull with any effect.

2. Judicious effort to secure the nomination by all political parties, of candidates who can be depended upon to stand fearlessly for prohibition, regardless of party predilections.

3. Earnest, united work for the election of such candidates, no matter by what party they may be nominated.

4. The nomination and election of independent candidates where the nomination of sound prohibitionists by existing parties cannot be secured.

The wisdom of this plan is manifest. As a plan however, it will be impotent unless energetically carried out. The Montreal platform will be an utter failure unless prohibitionists take their stand upon it and fearlessly act the principles which it embodies.

RELIGION IN POLITICS.

Religion ought to be carried into politics, but politics ought not to be carried into religion. The former principle makes a man a Christian politician; the latter makes him a political Christian. The former subordinates his politics to his religion; the latter subordinates his religion to his politics. He who follows the former is governed in his political conduct by religious considerations; he who follows the latter is governed in his religious conduct by political considerations. Hence, the latter seeks only to please men. The former aims to do right and to be right; the latter aims to do only what will make him popular.—*Christian Statesmen.*

PART OF THE LABOR QUESTION.

The prohibition question is a part of the labor question. The complaint of the laboring man that he fails to receive a fair share of the wealth he helps to create is undoubtedly true, and when his scanty earnings are diminished by the wastes of intoxicants and tobacco, destitution and wretchedness are certain to overwhelm both himself and family.—*Mary A. Livermore.*

Selections.

WINE IS A MOCKER.

PROV. 20 CHAP., 1ST VERSE.

When 'mid scenes of cozy neatness
It would youthful hearts beguile;
When it looks like rosy sweetness
And its sparkling beauties smile,
It but beautifies deception
And conceals a misconception,
Wine is then a mocker vile,
"Wine is a mocker" wisdom cries
Whom it deceiveth is not wise.

When it brings a moment's gladness—
When it drowns a passing grief—
When to hearts o'erwhelmed with
sadness

It procures a respite brief,
'Tis with cruel art deceiving
And a deadly shroud is weaving
From which there is no relief.
"Wine is a mocker," Oh beware
And let it not your life enanare.

When it offers rarest pleasure,
When its taste delightful seems,
When it looks like costly treasure
Fairer than all fancy dreams,
It is but to death alluring
And its victim securing.
Poisoned are its charming streams.
"Wine is a mocker"—Truth receive,
And let it not your heart deceive.

When to those for riches aching
It reveals a means of gain
By its dazzling visions making
Fortune's pathway clear and plain,
By what seems so fair and pleasing,
It a precious soul is seizing
Long to wear the captive's chain.
"Wine is a mocker," ponder well
Lest for its gains your soul you sell.

T. Watson.

Colborne, Sept. 6th, 1802.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler
brother,

"Let us tell the tales of the past to
each other;

I can tell of banquet and revel and
mirth;

And the proudest and grandest souls
on earth,

Fell under my touch as though by
blight,

Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the head of kings, I have torn
the crown,

From the height of fame I have hurled
men down.

I have blasted many an honored name
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a
taste,

That has made his future a barren
waste.

Far greater than a king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky,
I have made the arm of the driver
fall,

And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at
sea,

And the shrieks of the lost were sweet
to me;

For they said, 'Behold, how great you
be!

Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before
you fall,

And your might and power are over all,
'Ho, ho! pale brother," laughed the
wine,

"Can you boast of deeds as great as
mine?"

Said the water glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered
host;

But I can tell of a heart, once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and
glad;

Of thirst I've quenched and brows I've
laved;

Of hands I've cooled, and souls I've
saved;

I have leaped through the valleys,
dashed down the mountain,
Flowed in the river, played in the
fountain,

Slept in the sunshine and dropped from
the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the land-
scape and eye.

I have eased the hot forehead of fever
and pain,
I have made the parched meadows
grow fertile with grain,

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the
mill,
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew;
I cheer, I help, I strengthen, and aid;

I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and the paler brother
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

—Selected.

TOUCH IT NEVER.

Children do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm.

Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Do you know what causeth woe
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that selfsame ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Fight it! With God's help stand fast
Long as life or breath shall last,
Heart meet heart, and hand join hand,
Hurl the demon from our land.

O hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

—Presbyterian.

MARRYING A MAN TO REFORM HIM.

A good man may be made better by association with a good woman. A man with repressed evil tendencies may have them held more firmly in check by his wife's restraining influence, but a woman who undertakes to "make over" a man who has given away to the wicked passions of his being until they are beyond his control will not make him a reputable member of society, and a bright and shining light to the community in which he dwells, by marrying. He does not go into the new life as a sort of Keeley cure—a reformatory institution. A woman's strongest and weakest point is her power of idealising every cold fact with which she comes in contact. She loves a handsome "roue." He tells her that if she will but take him in training, she can make a new man of him; that her fair hand can wipe all the dark spots from his past life, smooth the rough places, and elevate the depressions in his character until it will once more be goodly to contemplate. And over the stereopticon view of the man his "fiancee" throws the rose-colored light of her idealistic lantern, and believes all he says. She would think it cruel practicality and injustice were some unprejudiced observer to suggest that if he cannot change his life when the possibilities of winning her are at stake, he will hardly do so when the prize is his own.

My heart aches when I think of the women who began the work of reformation with hope, and laid it down with despair at the end of a life that made them "turn weary arms to death" with a sigh of welcome. On the table before me stands the portrait of one such woman. When she was a merry-hearted girl she fell in love with a handsome, brilliant young fellow, whose only failure was a fondness for liquor. He loved her deeply—better than anything else in the world, except drink. Nevertheless, he promised to overcome even this passion for her sake. In vain did her family plead and protest. Her only answer was: "Harry cannot keep straight without someone to help him. I must marry him now. He needs me."

Two years after her marriage she died of a broken heart, whispering at the last to a dear friend that she "was not sorry to go, but would be thankful life was over if she were only sure her year-old baby would not be left to Harry's care."

Yet he was, in most respects, tender and considerate. The only trouble was that his devotion to her remained at the point at which it stood when he became her husband. The habit of intemperance grew. Suppose that, added to this great fault, there had been others still more vicious. Had his been a coarse, brutal nature, would not the idea of reformation have been still more helpless?

A woman, in tying herself for life to an unprincipled man, forgets that he has lost, to a great extent, his better nature, and is now hardly responsible for his actions. The spirit may, indeed, be willing, but the flesh is lamentably weak. The appetites that have long

been indulged do not relinquish their claims after only a few months' restraint, and when the girl for whose sake they are repressed is won, they will return to the swept and garnished room, and the last end of their victim will be worse than the first.

I often wonder what a good, pure woman promises herself when she proposes to twine her clean life with one that is scarred, seamed, and blackened. Evade the truth as she may, there are but two courses for her to pursue: She must either live a lonely life apart from her husband, silently showing disapproval of his habits, or she must, to preserve peace and the semblance of happiness, bring herself down to his level, and become even less delicate and more degraded than he. In one case her husband will hate her, while in the other she will lose respect and will despise herself.

There is another aspect of the case to be considered. The girl of to-day seldom takes the possibility of offspring into her matrimonial plans. They are not only a possibility, but a probability, and it behoves every woman to cast aside false modesty, and with a pure heart and honest soul seriously consider if she is not doing irreparable wrong to unborn children in giving them an unprincipled father. Is she willing to see her children's blood tainted by his vices, their lives wrecked by evil temptations inherited from him? She must, indeed, be a reckless woman and a soulless one, who, with this thought uppermost, can still say, "I will marry this man, let the consequences be what they may."—*Marion Harland.*

SPEAK TO FATHER ABOUT IT.

Once upon a time the attention of a kindly employer was attracted by the blithe look of one of his workmen, who was sitting at his mid-day refreshment in the yard, and he asked what was making him so cheerful.

"We've got a little son in our house this morning, and mother and child are doing well; that's why I am glad."

"What are you going to do for the little lad?" asked the master.

"I had not begun to think about that. I don't see much I can do for him for a while to come."

"What would you think of giving him that?" said the master, pointing to a mug of beer, for which the honest man only paid twopence.

"I don't mind though I do," he said: and from that day he saved the twopence daily. The boy grew up.

"How desirable it would be for our boy to enter that apprenticeship now! But how are we to get the premium?" asked the wife, in despondency.

"Here, wife, is the £25 needed. I've saved it by giving up the drink. And there is £12 to buy a few things you will need for our boy, said the father, proudly. What a surprise the good mother received!

This was the first start in a successful career. He became eventually proprietor of the business. And it was you may say, the giving up of that twopence a day that began it all.—*Scottish Reformer.*

ALCOHOLIC HEREDITY.

The operation of no natural law is more patent than is the operation of the law of alcoholic heredity. A drunken mother, a drunken father, a drunken grandparent may hand down to their descendants an alcoholic stain which not even a lifetime of entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks can eradicate. I have known men and women, of the highest culture and the most irreproachable morals, of strong will and deep thought, of unaffected piety and exalted aim, who have been compelled by bitter experience to acknowledge to themselves the sobering fact that they could never dare to dally with strong drink.

The continuous and victorious struggle of such heroic souls with their hereditary enemy—an enemy the more powerful because ever leading its treacherous life within their breasts, presents to my mind such a glorious conflict, such an august spectacle, as should evoke the highest efforts of the painter and the sculptor. Before so protracted and so lofty a combat, the immortal group of Laocoon contending with the serpents, grand though that great work of art is, must pale its ineffectual fires.

In this comprehensive group of cases of habitual drunkenness with an

inherited predisposition, inebriety has also a physical beginning.

It has been pleaded that to concede inebriety to be a physical disease will result in the inebriate believing that his conduct is beyond his control, that he is irresponsible for his inebriate indulgence, and that there is no chance of his deliverance from a career of drunkenness. This plea, even if well founded, cannot be allowed, as recognition of truth ought not to be dependent on the pleasantness of the consequences. A fact is not invalidated by the character of the effects resulting from its acknowledgment.

The plea, too, is itself unsound. So far from riveting the chains of inebriety on the inheritor of the disease, a knowledge of his actual condition will indicate the adoption of such a regimen and mode of life as will promote physical, intellectual, and moral health, as will decrease the morbid derangement while increasing the power of resistance and control.—*Dr. Norman Kerr.*

THE DOCTOR'S DUTY.

There is a grave responsibility resting on the physician who prescribes alcoholic liquor. It may arouse in a susceptible patient a dormant inherited tendency to drink. He may, by authorizing its use during the period of convalescence, fix a habit upon a patient of feeble will which the latter will never be able to shake off.

No physician who realizes this great moral responsibility will be willing to accept it habitually. He certainly knows that the best medical authorities agree that alcoholic intoxicants are rarely useful as a medicine; that at best they are dangerous remedies; and that the less they are resorted to, the better for both brain and body, the better for his well-being, physical and moral.

Moreover, every physician owes it to his profession to teach his patients the utter fallacy of the common belief that alcohol is an article of food value. It has none whatever. The use of intoxicants in any quantity whatever, or at any time, is entirely useless and unnecessary. Furthermore, the continued use of them gradually induces structural degradations and functional derangements of the great bodily organs, thus leading to the gravest physical disorders.

Alcohol is a poison, and nothing more; a poison which exercises its paralyzing, narcotizing influence in exact proportion to the quantity consumed and the power of the consumer's physical system to resist its poisonous action. If every intelligent physician would thus correct old errors and disseminate a knowledge of the truth, there would be a great impetus given to the effort to pulverize the rum power.—*Toledo Blade.*

INDEFENSIBLE.

It is an immutable principle that, in warring against organized evil, success is impossible if it is sought through means that are in themselves morally wrong.

If it is right to sell intoxicating liquors, then every person possesses that right, as he does the right of selling milk or flour, broadcloth or blue-jeans, and any abridgment of that right, any tax put upon the business, for any pretext whatsoever, is an injustice, and injustice is a crime.

If it is wrong to sell intoxicating liquors, then a vote for a license law is the deliberate doing of a wrong act; and granting a license is the premeditated authorization by a body of men of one or more of their number, to commit, for them and in their stead, a sin.

It follows, therefore, that whether it be right or wrong to sell intoxicating liquors, the "license" system is, morally, wholly, and absolutely, indefensible.—*H. L. Reade.*

Before God and man, before the church and the world, I impeach intemperance. I charge it as the cause of almost all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and most of the ignominy, and almost all the irreligion that disgrace and afflict the land. I do in my conscience believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in the deluge which swept over the highest hilltops engulfing the world, of which but eight were saved. As compared with other vices, it may be said of this "Saul has slain his thousands, but this David has tens of thousands."—*Dr. Chalmers.*

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IN MEMORIAM.

The Grand Lodge of Canada has suffered a serious loss in the death of Brother John Alexander Beaton, District Chief Templar of No. 25 District.

Bro. Beaton was born in Vaughan Township in York County, in 1838. Left an orphan at an early age, he had a hard struggle to get along, but succeeded. He spent sometime as a teacher before embarking in insurance and general agency business. Straightforward, conscientious, and energetic, he soon won for himself a host of friends and was chosen, because of his eminent fitness, for many important positions. He was clerk of the Local Division Court, clerk of the Village of Chesley, a notary public, and district agent of a large insurance business.

Taking a deep interest in temperance matters, he soon became an active spirit in every aggressive campaign. He joined the I.O.G.T., at nineteen years of age and for twenty-three years was one of our most faithful workers, visiting, organizing, and encouraging subordinate lodges. At the time of his death he held the positions of Provincial Deputy, Grand Lodge Auditor and District Templar.

Nor was his work confined to one particular society. He helped the W.C.T.U., he established Bands of Hope, he worked in every field that opened up before him.

In the Grand Lodge his opinion was always highly esteemed, and his modest and friendly manners made him a general favorite. To him the Good Templar Order in District No. 25 is largely indebted for its success during the past year.

He was also an earnest Christian worker, a member of the Methodist Church and Sabbath School Superintendent. To his bereaved wife and family, we extend our most cordial sympathy. In their sorrow and loneliness they have the consolation that no memory of Bro. Beaton's life is to them anything but a happy one. It would be hard to find one in all his many acquaintances who did not speak well of him.

His was a busy, useful and successful life. His death leaves more work and responsibility on the shoulders of his co-laborers. The fruits of his efforts remain and will be a permanent blessing to the community.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

Friends of temperance the world over will be saddened to learn of the death of the talented and useful Secretary of the National Temperance Society of the United States, one of the ablest and most untiring laborers for the promotion of the temperance cause. The *National Temperance Advocate* briefly sketches his life work as follows:

John Newton Stearns, was born in Ipswich, N. H., May 24th, 1829. His parents gave him the advantage of a good English education, and he was fitted for college, but severe indisposition, long protracted, prevented his attendance there. When he attained his majority he visited New York, and found employment in literary pursuits. As editor and proprietor of *Merry's Museum* for some fifteen years, he became widely known as "Robert Merry" to an immense parish of little folks and their parents. *Merry's Museum* was to young readers then what the *Youths' Companion* is to-day. Mr. Stearns first signed the pledge when a boy. He joined the "Cold-water Army" in 1856, the Cadets of Temperance in 1859, and Band of Hope in 1840.

In 1866 he united with Pioneer Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars in New York City, and

soon after organized a lodge in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, where he was Deputy for nearly twenty-five years. He entered the Grand Lodge of the State of New York in 1867, and was a delegate to every Grand Lodge after that, and attended every session but one since 1867, when he was detained by sickness. He was a delegate from the Grand Lodge to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge which met at Madison, Wis., in 1872, and attended every session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge after that time with the exception of London session, in 1873. He was a regular delegate to eleven sessions, and in all the other sessions participated largely in the business as a past representative.

AT REST.

The name of William Jennings Demorest is a household word among temperance reformers. An earnest, prudent, effective worker, with voice and pen, an able advocate of prohibition, he is probably best known in Canada on account of the liberality with which he has supported the Demorest Medal Contest movement, particulars of which have been published from time to time in this journal.

In this great work Mr. Demorest has personally spent probably hundreds of thousands of dollars. Its benefits were not restricted to any state or nation. Wherever young people would take up the work the Demorest Medals, silver, gold or diamond studded, as might be required, were available. Competitors had no restrictions of birth, color, nationality, location or religious belief. The great aim of the generous donor was temperance education.

Wisely and nobly, this good man has made provision for the carrying on of the great work he began. Many inquiries have been received at this office as to whether or not the Demorest contests would be continued. We are delighted to be able to announce that provision has been made for the continuance by his family of the munificent liberality towards the temperance cause that was shown by Mr. Demorest in this great scheme. The medals will still be given, the work will still go on, and though dead this great and good man will live in beneficent activity for many years to come.

ESSAY ON TOBACCO.

By Willie Bowfield, of Gough Juvenile Temple.

Solomon the inspired writer tells us that there is nothing new under the sun. So we candidly admit we can say nothing new on the tobacco question. It is a sworn enemy, and we are waging war against this offensive weed. It is a habit that goes hand in hand with intoxicating drinks. Leading physicians tell us that children of smokers are born with tainted blood, and that often when they grow up on account of this weakness, smoking does not satisfy them and they have to resort to stronger stimulants to satisfy their inborn craving.

Then why do people smoke? The habit is not conducive to health, does not improve morals, does not add to one's importance in any respect. Indeed, the habit has all the elements of barbarism about it. It is filthy. It is useless, it is offensive. Our laws restricting smokers to certain parts of public conveyances are the weakest kind of makeshifts. Whether in street car or steamer, the offensive smoke is puffed into one's face as if none-smokers were proper subjects for annoyance. Even when not in full blast users of tobacco carry about with them a sickening odor worse than the smoke itself. Then look at the expense and useless waste of money going up in clouds of grimy and offensive smoke.

For the sake of ourselves, for the sake of those we influence, let us be firm to our principles, and do all we can to banish from the land this horrible smoking which is only exceeded in wasteful expenditure, and ruin to health by that monster alcohol.

LET LIQUOR ALONE.

I'm not very tall, but I think it is right
To talk just a little for temperance
to-night,
And though I can't speak like the
folks that are grown,
I plead for you all to let liquor alone.

For wine is a mocker; strong drink is
a snare;
'Twill take your good name, all your
money, your strength,
And leave you a poor hopeless drunkard
at length.

With no home to shelter your storm-
beaten head,
And no friends to weep at your grave
when you're dead,
No light evermore o'er your spirit
will shine,
No heaven for you if you tarry at wine.

Then fly from the serpent that lurks in
the glass,
And heed not the tempter who smiles
when you pass.

Be sober; be earnest; you'll find it
will pay,
And Jesus will help if you trust him
and pray.

—The Organizer.

THE TIGER OF CIVILIZATION.

We are told that we should use moral suasion. Yes! but the question is, when moral suasion should be applied. The tiger springs from the jungle, strikes down a man, begins crunching his arm and drinking the life-blood from his very heart. Shall he then begin to stroke that tiger's head, to fondle him, and to reason with him? "Now, tiger, it's very unkind, very ungentlemanly, very unreasonable for you to chew my arm in that way." Suppose his friend comes out and sees what is going on; shall he lecture the man who is down and say: "Now you ought to have known better than to get into such a position. You ought to have watched and taken more care." No, let him snatch out his dagger and strike it to the hilt in the heart of the destroyer. Then there will be time for talk and warning. I arraign the saloon as the wild beast of our civilization, with blood-stained teeth and claws, still raging unchecked through our land, and entire prohibition is the only effective remedy. Let prohibition be echoed everywhere.—*Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr.*

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