

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

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25 CENTS PER YEAR

NOTES OF NEWS.

ABOUT THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

Getting Ready.

The National Prohibition Party of the United States is making a vigorous campaign in view of the approaching Presidential election. A campaign fund is being raised which up to the present time amounts to over \$7,000.

Another Vacancy.

W.C.T.U. workers in the United States are mourning the loss of Mrs. Anna Wittenmeyer, first President of the National Women's Temperance Union who died recently at her home in Sanatoga, Pa., aged seventy-two.

A Coming Convention.

The Quebec Branch of the Dominion Alliance holds its Annual Convention at Montreal on March 1st. During the past few months a vigorous organization campaign has been carried on by Dr. McKillop, and much interest has been aroused.

License Legislation.

Hon. Mr. Marchand, Premier of the Province of Quebec, has introduced into his Legislature a Bill to amend and consolidate the Quebec License Laws. It is not proposed to make any radical changes in the system, but merely to make existing legislation uniform and consistent.

Catholics Working.

In the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of St. Paul, Minn., a lecture bureau has recently been organized by priests and laymen to promote the interests of Catholic total abstinence societies. Its members are ready to respond to invitations to address meetings and organize branches of the society.

A Useless System.

A striking evidence of the uselessness of the present system of dealing with inebriates is to be found in the case of Bridget McMullan, who recently appeared before the Stipendiary Magistrate of Liverpool, Eng., charged with drunkenness for the 377 time. Even then the penalty imposed was the old absurd penalty of a fine with the alternative of imprisonment.

Work in Manitoba.

Mr. John G. Woolley, of Chicago, has been campaigning in Winnipeg under the auspices of the Manitoba Branch of the Dominion Alliance. He spoke six times in all. At each of two meetings held in Winnipeg, hundreds had to be turned away. Manitoba prohibitionists are anxiously waiting the initiation of prohibition legislation by the new government.

Growing Fast.

The Rechabite Order of Total Abstainers made wonderful progress during the past year. In the United Kingdom 76 new adult branches were opened, and 79 juvenile branches. The total membership is over 160,000 adults and 90,000 juveniles. The organization is a beneficiary institution. Its annual income exceeds \$1,500,000, and its funds on hand amount to over \$5,000,000.

Some Samples.

Here are a few specimens of the work of the liquor traffic in only one of the United States during the months of November and December, as reported by the *Minnesota Issues*.

ELMER LAKE: Peter Malone, in November, while drunk, cut his throat with

a razor. **DULUTH:** A drunken man committed suicide, by hanging himself by the collar in his room. **BENSON:** Andrew Myher, drunk, walks into the front of a full speed train and is killed, December 30th. **BLUE EARTH CITY:** December 25th, Clifford Yeudes, drunk, frozen to death in an alley. **MOORHEAD:** Fred Phanning, once earning a \$3,000 per year salary, fell dead in a saloon drunk, on November 13th. **RED WING:** December 15th, Henry Dammaun, died of drunk mess alone in his room. **WEST CONCORD:** On December 5th, Gus. Marquardt and his team of horses all instantly killed. He was drunk, and the train ran into them. **HERMAN:** Vincenne Doubrase, December 5th, while drunk, fell dead in his buggy."

Drinking Women.

On this side of the Atlantic we have been complimenting ourselves for some time upon the sobriety of our women. Even in other countries where drunkenness is more common, it is generally supposed to be greater among men. It is not impossible however, that the condition of affairs may change. Evidence of a startling and deplorable development is to be found in a recent article of the *London Lancet*, a high British medical authority, in which the following strong statements are made. "One of the most painful features of the death rate from intemperance is the increase of alcoholism among women. The death from chronic alcoholism in the year 1897, as compared with the year 1878, in men, show an increase of 82½ per cent., those of females, 145½ per cent., and the deaths from cirrhosis in men, an increase of 12 per cent., and those from cirrhosis in females, of 26 per cent. The amount of disease which the consumption of spirit causes is beyond calculation. Statesmen may create for themselves theories that extenuate a national vice which yields the Exchequer so many millions sterling, but speaking from a medical point of view, we must point out that it is disgraceful and disastrous."

New Zealand News.

At the elections held in New Zealand on December 6th, a vote was taken upon the question of local prohibition. To each elector was given a ballot paper on which were printed the following statements.

I vote for licenses to remain as they are.

I vote for reduction.

I vote for no licenses.

Each elector is asked to strike out one or two of these statements and what remains is his opinion on the question. If a majority of the ballots cast is in favor of reduction, the existing number of licenses is reduced in a certain proportion. If three-fifths of the votes polled are in favor of no license, prohibition prevails in that district. Thus an elector may vote for both reduction and prohibition if he chooses so to do, and his reduction vote would count for reduction if prohibition failed to obtain the necessary three-fifths. It will be seen that prohibitionists are at a disadvantage in this voting, being required to poll a larger majority than their opponents before they can succeed.

Although the result has not been much gain in the extension of prohibition territory, the increase of the vote polled for prohibition, is remarkable. The total figures for the last three votings are as follows:—

	For Prohibition.	Against Prohibition.
1894	58,000	100,000
1896	98,000	139,000
1899	122,000	142,000

The prohibitionists are gaining steadily and must ultimately win.

Women vote in New Zealand.

A GREAT OFFER.

READ CAREFULLY

You need this paper. You will need it more and more as the prohibition fight gets hotter, and the 100,000 voters begin to get in their work. Read carefully what is said about it in column headed "Important" on page 4.

Although the price of the **CAMP FIRE**—**Twenty-five cents** per year—is very low, we have decided to make a special offer of premiums for subscriptions received during the months of February and March of the present year.

We have secured a line of interesting and attractive books which we propose to present to both old and new subscribers on the plan below set out. Those who are already on our list and send money to take advantage of this offer, may either have another paper sent them, or have their present subscription extended one year.

Each of the books named is among the very best of its class, the matter being selected with much care. Each contains 64 large double-column pages and is neatly bound in attractive paper covers. We will send a copy of any one of these books by itself on receipt of ten cents.

A DOUBLE PREMIUM.

For **Twenty-five cents** we will send **THE CAMP FIRE** for one year and any two books selected from the list.

THE WHOLE SET.

For **Fifty cents** we will send **THE CAMP FIRE** for one year and all six books.

A CLUB PLAN.

For **One Dollar** sent by any person for himself and three others, we will mail as above to each of the other three persons **THE CAMP FIRE** for a year and any two selected books, and will also mail to the sender of the money, **THE CAMP FIRE** for a year and **all six** of the books.

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1. The Model Book of Dialogues.

A large and valuable collection of dialogues, dramatic and comic, suitable for public and private entertainments.

2. Famous Dialect Recitations.

A compendium of the most popular recitations in American, negro, German and other dialects. The cream of fifty of the ordinary recitation books. One of the best collections published.

3. Modern Entertainments.

A description of numerous forms of entertainment for evening companies, which have proved very successful everywhere, meeting the views of those who want to provide for evening parties without cards or dancing.

4. Fifteen Complete Novelettes.

A collection in one book of Novelettes by fifteen of the most famous authors of Europe and America. Extremely interesting in manner and diversified in style.

5. Famous Comic Recitations.

An entirely new book containing 110 of the best humorous recitations, as presented by the most famous elocutionists of the day.

6. A Cart Load of Fun. A lively book just published, containing 166 funny stories, anecdotes and jokes, by the most famous humorists of the age. A sure cure for the blues.

NOTE CAREFULLY.

This offer stands good only a short time. Those who are wise will avail themselves of it at once. Address,

THE CAMP FIRE,

52 Confederation Life Bldg, Toronto.

BURNING WORDS.

Had I 10,000,000 tongues, and a throat for each tongue, I would say to every man, woman and child here to-night, "Throw strong drink aside as you would an ounce of liquid hell; it scurs the conscience, it destroys everything it touches. It reaches into the family circle and takes the wife you had sworn to protect and drags her down from her purity into that home from which no decent woman ever goes alive. It induces the father to take the furniture from his home, exchange it for money at the pawnshop, and spend the proceeds in rum. It damns everything it touches. I have seen it in every city east of the Mississippi River, and I know that the most damning curse to the laborer is that which gurgles from the neck of the bottle. I had rather be at the head of an organization having 100,000 temperate, honest, earnest men, than at the head of an organization of 12,000,000 drinkers, whether moderate or any other kind. Every cent spent in the rum shop furnishes a paving-stone for hell. *Hon. P. V. Powderly.*

LORD CHESTERFIELD ON THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

"The noble lord has been pleased kindly to inform us that the trade of distilling is very extensive, that it employs great numbers, and that they have arrived at exquisite skill, and therefore, he says, the trade of distilling is not to be discouraged.

"It appears to me that since the spirit which the distillers produce is allowed to enfeeble the limbs, vitiate the blood, pervert the heart, and obscure the intellect, the number of distillers should be no argument in their favor, for I never heard that a law against theft was repealed or delayed because thieves were numerous.

"So little, my lords, am I affected by the merit of that wonderful skill which distillers are said to have attained, that it is, in my opinion, no faculty of great use to mankind to prepare palatable poison, nor shall I ever contribute my interest for the reprieve of a murderer because he has, by long practice, obtained dexterity in his trade. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us, at least, secure them from their fatal drought by bursting the vial that contain them. Let us crush at once these artists in human slaughter, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait as cannot be resisted."—*Lord Chesterfield, in House of Lords, A.D., 1749.*

A Good Work.

In Great Britain the Sons of Temperance is a beneficiary organization. Last year important gains were made increasing the membership to 42,775. The Order paid over \$125,000 for sick benefits, \$18,000 for accident claims, and \$23,000 for funeral claims. It is rapidly growing in magnitude and financial strength.

The Camp Fire.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

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Subscription, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Year

NOTE.—It is proposed to make this the cheapest Temperance paper in the world, taking into consideration its size, the matter it contains and the price at which it is published.

Every friend of temperance is earnestly requested to assist in this effort by subscribing and by sending in facts or arguments that might be of interest or use to our workers.

The editor will be thankful for correspondence upon any topic connected with the temperance reform. Our limited space will compel condensation. No letter for publication should contain more than two hundred words—if shorter, still better.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1900

PARLIAMENT.

The Dominion Parliament is again at work. The Speech from the Throne did not refer to the question of prohibition. It looks at present as if the Government had decided to ignore this great question.

No doubt the desire of politicians of both parties is to if possible, evade an issue that might disturb the present party lines. Party leaders have selected other issues on which they prefer to divide. If the prohibition question is allowed to become prominent, Members of Parliament must either accept the responsibility of doing wrong, or make enemies of the powerful liquor traffic. They naturally wish to escape this dilemma.

Unfortunately the friends of moral reform are not so active in political affairs as are their opponents, not having the same personal financial interests at stake. The liquor party therefore, though of comparatively small dimensions, uses its political power to the utmost, while the temperance party, although in reality far stronger, does not unite and act so as to win the position and exercise the influence to which it is entitled.

Members of Parliament realize these facts. They expect prohibitionists to vote regardless of prohibition. They expect the liquor party to vote regardless of anything else. Because of this peculiar situation, a minority of the electorate dominates Parliament so far as the temperance question is concerned.

So the situation will remain until the temperance party is not further strengthened, not further educated, not further convinced, but stimulated to more consistent and energetic action. Earnestness makes the anti-prohibitions potentia. Earnestness would make the prohibitionists overwhelming.

It is true that the business sense of the community is coming to realize the material evil that the liquor traffic produces. This evil however, touches most directly those whose personal appetites and relationships impel them to stand on the liquor side of the controversy. Even men who suffer financial loss from this cause are therefore often indifferent to that loss which is overshadowed by other matters of closer urgency.

Prohibition must come through Parliament. Parliament can only be reached through the ballot box. The ballot box can only be affected by a rousing of the

people to a fuller and more unselfish realization of their political duties and responsibilities. This will lead to united electoral action that will bring victory. What is being done in this direction by the church, which is to-day looked to as the source and strength of moral sentiment?

OUR RESOLUTION.

The Executive Committee of the Dominion Alliance some time ago drafted a prohibition resolution which was placed in the hands of Mr. T. B. Flint, to be introduced into the House of Commons.

This resolution is on the lines laid down by the Conventions held in July last, and is in harmony with the 100,000 Voters League Movement. Its object is to secure an expression of opinion of the House of Commons upon the prohibition question, and is so framed that it ought to meet with the support of all reasonable men.

In point of fact this resolution simply declares that the will of a majority of the electors shall prevail in a specific case. No one would dispute the abstract principle. Parliament is asked to honestly apply the principle in a case in which its application would be specially beneficial. Even men who are personally opposed to prohibition ought not to deny the right of the majority to rule.

At the time of the writing of this article notice of the motion has not been given by Mr. Flint. We have no reason however, to fear that he will fail to comply with the Alliance request. He has stood loyally by our cause before, and may be counted upon to press this important question to a division in the House of Commons. The resolution is in the following form:—

That, in view of the declaration of this House made on March 26th, 1884, that prohibition is the right and most effectual legislative remedy for the evils of intemperance, and that this House is prepared, so soon as public opinion will sufficiently sustain stringent measures, to promote such legislation—and further in view of the substantial majority in favor of prohibition, of all the votes polled throughout the Dominion in the Plebiscite of September 29th, 1898, including an overwhelming majority in all the Provinces but one, and a large proportion of all the possible votes in those Provinces, this House is now of the opinion that it is the duty of the Dominion Parliament to enact without delay, such legislation as will secure the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic for beverage purposes in at least those Provinces and Territories which have voted in favor of prohibition.

THE 100,000 VOTERS MOVEMENT.

Now that Parliament is in session, public attention will be more than usually directed to legislative and political affairs. It will be therefore, easier to interest people in the movement looking to the election of a Parliament more in harmony with public opinion on the question of prohibition.

The movement for pledging electors to vote only for prohibitionists has met with cordial approval in every part of the Dominion. Those who are pushing canvassing work are surprised at the readiness with which signatures are secured. The only difficulty seems to be in the way of getting work started. When started, it is found to be remarkably easy and successful.

Signed pledges have been received from very many places, although hitherto no special effort has been made to secure their early return. It is now specially requested that all that are complete be sent to the Alliance Secretary at once. Friends who have received pledge forms and have not yet used them, are urgently requested to see that they are put

into circulation without delay. The season is growing late and the work is easier done in the winter-time than at other seasons.

Once more we earnestly appeal to all friends of our cause to do their utmost to make this plan of campaign as successful as it deserves to be made.

CAMPAIGNING IN ONTARIO.

Messrs. Duncan Marshall and Donald Gillies are holding meetings in Ontario under the auspices of the Dominion Alliance. They have already succeeded in securing effective organization in several electoral districts and hope to have a large part of the Province ready for effective work in a short time. They report encouraging receptions and success in nearly every locality visited, and prompt and extensive signature of the 100,000 Voters Pledge when the meaning of the movement is made plain. These agents are now at work in the north-west part of the Province, including counties of Bruce, Huron, Grey and Wellington. Any information regarding them will be cheerfully furnished by the Alliance Secretary.

CIRCULATING LITERATURE.

Again we earnestly urge upon friends of the prohibition cause the special value of literature circulation as most effective form of campaign work. In the Plebiscite campaign the prohibition vote polled in different localities bore a remarkable relationship to the quantity of literature there circulated. What men read is generally most fully apprehended and best remembered. The facts and arguments furnished by judiciously selected campaign literature are the most powerful weapons we can use.

In this connection we would earnestly urge upon our friends the duty and utility of doing their best to increase the circulation of this journal. In many places temperance workers regularly take a number of copies of THE CAMP FIRE for distribution, and testify to the good accomplished by this method of work. We have provided special rates for this purpose, details of which will be found in another column. Everything that can be done on the lines of education through well-selected literature, ought to receive more attention than has been yet paid to it.

A PETITION MOVEMENT.

The Sons of Temperance in New Brunswick have started a prohibition campaign on a new line. They are circulating for signature a petition to the Governor-General of Canada, calling attention to the failure of the Government to promote legislation in accordance with the majority of the votes polled in the prohibition Plebiscite, and requesting the Governor-General to ask the Government to introduce a prohibition law or else resign.

We have no information as to the success with which the circulation of this petition is meeting. The grievances to which it refers is well worthy the attention of the Governor-General and his officers. As long however, as the Governor has the confidence of the Parliament and the Parliament has the confidence of the people, the representative of the Crown is not likely to interfere. The petition is as follows:—

To His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir George John Elliot Murray-Kynynmond, Earl of Minto, etc., Governor-General of Canada:

We, the undersigned electors of the Dominion of Canada, wish to direct Your Excellency's attention to the existence of a very serious grievance that we have against Your Excellency's present advisers, and also against the present Parliament of Canada. Some

time ago a measure was introduced into the House of Commons, was accepted by that House, and also being passed by the Senate of Canada, received the assent of the Earl of Aberdeen, your predecessor, as the representative of the Queen in Canada. That measure provided that a ballot should be taken throughout Canada to ascertain the opinion of the people of Canada with regard to the continuance of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors in the Dominion of Canada. The vote of the people entitled "The Prohibition Plebiscite" was taken on the 29th September, 1898, and by a large majority of the votes cast the people of Canada declared in favor of the abolition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors in the Dominion of Canada. We have waited patiently until this time for your advisers to initiate a prohibitory law, and to introduce it in Parliament. We have waited for the Parliament of Canada to pass a law prohibiting the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors in Canada, but up to this time no such law has been passed. On the contrary, we are credibly informed that your advisers do not intend to introduce any such measure in Parliament, and that the present House of Commons are adverse to passing such a law. In such case there is nothing left for your humble petitioners to do except to proceed to the foot of the Throne, and to address you as the representative of the Queen in Canada. We think that it is a well understood principle of British government that your advisers should be in accord with the will of the people as lawfully expressed. Their will with regard to the prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors has been expressed in the so called Prohibition Plebiscite by a very large majority of the voters casting their votes in favor of Prohibition. The House of Commons also should be in accord with the people in any matter that has been submitted to a popular vote. We believe that it is the prerogative of the Queen to dismiss her advisers when they are not in accord with the will of the people, and to dissolve any House of Commons when it is evident that that body is also out of accord with those who elect its members. As loyal subjects of the Queen we most humbly request Your Excellency to give careful consideration to this our petition, and to do all that is in your power to relieve our grievance. We hope that Your Excellency will be able to see your way clear to ask your present advisers whether they are willing to do that which the electors of Canada have declared by a lawful vote that they should do, and if they express unwillingness to introduce a prohibitory law into Parliament, to ask of them their resignation, and to get new advisers in accord with the will of the people, as expressed in the Prohibition Plebiscite, and, if necessary, under the advice of these new ministers to dissolve the present House of Commons, and give the electorate of Canada an opportunity to pronounce in an effective way whether their will, as expressed on the 29th September, 1898, should be carried out. In conclusion, we would request Your Excellency to do all that you can in any way to remove our grievance, and to suppress a business which we feel is dealing out death and destruction to a large number of our fellow citizens, and among them to some who are very dear indeed to us.

THE DRINK PROBLEM.

There is an awful leprosy upon us. There is a tyranny of one worse than the Turk, a slavery a hundred-fold more savage than that which bound the negro, fastened upon our body politic. We have licensed hell. We grant the devil for a consideration absolute freedom to produce misery and profligacy, cruelty and wickedness, disgrace and social demoralization; to transform creatures of heaven into the felon, the harlot, the pauper and the madman. We have permitted an organized Satanical despotism to be reared in our midst, which has boundless resources, moves forward with gigantic strides, crushes millions of victims, inflames society with all the passions of the pit. It is the school of anarchy, the breeding-ground of criminals, the nursery of woe, the sworn foe of the church. Economically, politically, religiously, this is the problem.—Rev. F. D. Powers, in C.T.W.

Selections.

"FOR SALE!"

For sale! A good saloon—fine business place—
Good will included, too, its worth to laud!
Here's a rare snap—if wise you'll catch it up;
Reason for selling out, I go abroad!"

A "good saloon"—whence came this aspect rare?
"Fine place for business"—aye, 'tis on the way
The toiling masses pass, when home-ward bound—
A trap, devised to make the weak its prey!

"A snap?" for whom? Who gathers up this pelf
Through daily traffic of this daily wage?
It is the suffering wife and helpless babe,
Or sorrowing mother, bowed by grief and age?

"Going abroad!" To seek luxurious ease,
With coffers filled, regardless of its cost
To countless lives, by a base traffic wrecked,
And countless souls, perchance, forever lost!

And yet, "the powers that be" hold slackened rein,
Nor check the rum-fiend that enslaves the low—
Robs homes of want—builds up the bloated base,
And mocks at sighs and tears of helpless woe!

"For sale!" Can gold thus gotten move that load—
The prayers, groans, curses of the hearts it broke?
Can foreign scenes efface a sin-cured past,
Or heaven's just retributive laws revoke?
—L. S. Harris, in *The N. Advocate*.

OUR HEROES.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right,
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe.
All honor to him if he conquers.
A cheer to the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about.
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single handed
Is more a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right
Stand firm by the colors of manhood
And you will overcome in the fight.
"The right," be your battle cry ever
In waging the warfare of life.
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—Phoebe Carey.

ROBBING THE BISHOP.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

The Bishop was coming back to the Slum Settlement very late from some gathering of the striking tailors, and was walking along with his arms behind him, when two men jumped out from behind an old fence that shut off an abandoned factory from the street, and faced him. One of the men thrust a pistol into the Bishop's face, and the other threatened him with a ragged stake that had evidently been torn from the fence.

"Hold up your hands, and be quick about it!" said the man with the pistol. The place was solitary, and the Bishop had no thought of resistance. He did as he was commanded, and the man with the stake began to search his pockets. As he stood there, with his arms uplifted, an ignorant spectator might have thought that he was praying for the souls of these two men. And he was; and his prayer was singularly answered that very night.

The Bishop was not in the habit of carrying much money with him, and the man with the stake, who was searching him, uttered an oath at the small amount of change he found, and said:

"Got him behind the fence! We haven't half searched him yet."

"They pushed the Bishop through a broken opening in the fence.
"Now, then, have you got the watch?" asked the man with the pistol.

"No, the chain is caught somewhere!" And the other man swore again.

"Break it, then!"
"No, don't break it," the Bishop said, and it was the first time he had spoken.

"The chain is the gift of a very dear friend. I should be sorry to have it broken."
At the sound of the Bishop's voice, the man with the pistol started as if he had been suddenly shot with his own weapon. With a quick movement of the other hand he turned the Bishop's head towards what little light was shining from the alley way, at the same time taking a step nearer. Then, to the evident amazement of his companion, he said roughly:

"Leave the watch alone! We've got the money. That's enough!"
"Enough! Fifty cents! You don't reckon—"

Before the man with the stake could say another word he was confronted with the muzzle of the pistol, turned from the Bishop's head towards his own.

"Leave that watch be! And put back the money, too. This is the Bishop! The Bishop, do you hear?"

"And what of it? The President of the United States wouldn't be too good, if—"

"I say, you put the money back, or I'll blow a hole through your head!" said the other.

For a second the man with the stake seemed to hesitate. Then he hastily dropped the money back into the Bishop's pocket.

"You can go on. You needn't stay any longer on our account." The man who had acted as spokesman turned and sat down on a stone.

"That's just what I'm staying for," replied the Bishop.

"You must like our company. It is hard sometimes for people to tear themselves away from us," the man standing up said, laughing coarsely.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the other.
"We're on the road to hell, though, that's sure enough. We need better company than ourselves and the devil."

"If you would only allow me to be of any help—" the Bishop spoke gently, even lovingly. The man on the stone spoke slowly, like one who had finally decided upon a course he had first rejected.

"Do you remember ever seeing me before?"

"No," said the Bishop.

"Don't you remember one day back in '81 or '82, a man came to your house and told a story about his wife and child having been burned to death in a tenement fire in New York?"

"Yes, I begin to recall now," murmured the Bishop. The other man seemed to be interested. He ceased digging his stake in the ground, and stood still listening.

"Do you remember how you took me into your own house that night and spent all the next day trying to find me a job? And how, when you succeeded in getting me a place in a warehouse as foreman, I promised to quit drinking because you asked me to?"

"I remember it now," the Bishop replied gently. "I hope you have kept your promise."

The man laughed savagely.

"Kept it! I was drunk inside a week. I've been drinking ever since. But I've never forgotten you or your prayer. Do you remember, the morning after I came to your house, and after breakfast you had prayers, and asked me to come in and sit down with the rest? That got me. But my mother used to pray! I can see her now kneeling down by my bed when I was a lad. Father came in one night drunk and kicked her, while she was kneeling there by me. But I never forgot that prayer of yours that morning. You prayed for me just as mother used to, and you didn't seem to take count of the fact that I was ragged and tough-looking, and more than half drunk when I rang your door-bell. My God! What a life I've lived! The liquor shop has housed me and homed me, and made hell on earth for me!

But that prayer struck me all the time. My promise not to drink was broken into a thousand pieces inside of two Sundays, and I lost the job you found for me, and landed in a police station two days afterwards; but I never forgot you or your prayer. I don't know what good it's done me, but I never forgot it. And I won't do any harm to you or let anyone else. So you're free to go. That's why."

The Bishop did not stir. Somewhere a church clock struck one. The Bishop was thinking hard.

"How long is it since you had work?" he asked, and the man standing up answered for the other.

"More'n six months since either of us did anything to tell of."

"Suppose I found good jobs for both of you. Would you quit this and begin afresh?"

"What's the use?" the man on the stone spoke sullenly, "I've reformed a hundred times. Every time I go down deeper. It's too late?"

"No!" said the Bishop. And never before the most entranced audiences had he felt the desire for souls burn up in him so strongly. All the time he had prayed, "O Lord Jesus, give me the souls of these two for Thee! I am hungry for them! Give them to me!"

"No!" the Bishop repeated. "What does God want of you two men! It doesn't so much matter what I want. But He just wants what I do in this case. You two men are of infinite value to Him." And then the Bishop's wonderful memory came to his aid. He had remembered the man's name.

"Burns, he said—and he yearned over the men with an unspeakable longing for them both—"if you and your friend here will go home with me to-night, I will find you both places of honourable employment. I will believe in you and trust you. You are both comparatively young men. Why should God love you? It is a great thing to have the love of the great Father. It is a small thing that I should love you. But if you need to feel again that there is love in the world, you will believe me when I say, my brothers, that I love you, and, in the name of Him who was crucified for our sins, I cannot bear to see you miss the glory of the heavenly life! Come! Be men! Make another try for it, God helping you. No one but God and you and myself need ever know anything of this to-night. He has forgiven it. The minute you ask Him to, you will find that true. Come! We'll fight it out together—you two and I. It's worth fighting for, everlasting life is. It was the sinner that Christ came to help. I'll do what I can for you. O God! Give me the souls of these two men!"

The bishop broke into a prayer to God that was a continuation of his appeal to the men. His pent-up tellings had no other outlet. Before he had prayed many moments, Burns was sitting with his face buried in his hands, sobbing. Where were his mother's prayers now? They were adding to the power of the Bishop's. And the other man, harder, less moved, without a previous knowledge of the Bishop, leaned back against the fence, stolid at first. But as the prayer went on, he was moved by it. What force of the Holy Spirit swept over his dulled, brutal, coarsened life, nothing but the eternal records of the Recording Angel can ever disclose. The Bishop's prayer seemed to break open the crust that had for years surrounded these two men and shut them off from divine communication, and they themselves were thoroughly startled by the event.

"Come, my brother! God is good. You shall stay at the Settlement to-night, and I will make good my promise as to the work."

The two men followed the Bishop in silence. When they reached the Settlement it was after two o'clock. The Bishop let them in and led them to a room. At the door he paused a moment. His tall, commanding figure stood in the doorway, and his pale face, worn with his recent experience, was illustrated with the divine glory.

"God bless you, my brothers," he said, and leaving them his benediction, he went away.

True to his promise, the Bishop secured work for them. The caretaker at the Settlement needed an assistant, owing to the growth of the work there, so Burns was given the place. The Bishop succeeded in getting his companion a position as driver for a firm of

warehouse dray manufacturers not far from the Settlement.

It was the afternoon following that morning when Burns was installed in his new position as assistant caretaker that he was cleaning off the front steps of the Settlement House, when he paused a moment and stood up to look about him.

The first thing that he noticed was a beer-house sign just across the alley. He could almost touch it with his broom from where he stood. Over the street, immediately opposite, were two large drink shops, and a little farther down were three more.

Suddenly the door of the nearest drink shop opened and a man came out. At the same time, two more went in. A strong odour of beer floated up to Burns, as he stood on the steps of the Settlement.

He clutched his broom handle tight and began to sweep again. He had one foot on the porch and another on the step below. He took another step down, still sweeping. He sweat stood out on his forehead, although the day was frosty and the air chill. The door opened again and three or four men came out. A child went in with a can and came out a moment later with a quart of beer. The child went on by the sidewalk just below him, and the odour of the beer came up to him. He took another step down, still sweeping desperately.

Then suddenly he pulled himself up one step and swept over the spot he had just cleaned. He then dragged himself by a tremendous effort back to the floor of the porch and went over into the corner of it furthest from the liquor shop and began to sweep there. "O, God!" he cried, "if the Bishop would only come back!" The Bishop had gone out somewhere, and there was no one about the Settlement that he knew.

He swept in the corner for two or three minutes. His face was drawn with the agony of the conflict. Gradually he edged out again towards the steps and began to go down them. He looked towards the sidewalk and saw that he had left one step unswept. The sight seemed to give him a reasonable excuse for going down there to finish his sweeping. He was on the footpath now, sweeping the last step, with his face toward the Settlement and his back turned partly on the drink shop across the alley. He swept the step a dozen times. The sweat rolled down his face. By degrees he felt that he was drawn over towards that drink shop. He could smell the liquor as the fumes rose around him. It was like the infernal sulphur of the lowest hell, and yet it dragged him, as by a giant's hand, nearer its source.

He was down in the middle of the footpath now, still sweeping. He cleared the space in front of the Settlement and went out into the gutter and swept that. He took off his hat and rubbed his sleeve over his face. His lips were pallid and his teeth chattered. He trembled all over like a palsied man and staggered back and forth, as if he were already drunk. His soul shook within him.

He had crossed over the little piece of stone flagging that measured the width of the alley, and now he stood in front of the saloon, looking at the sign and staring into the window at the pile of whisky and beer bottles. He moistened his lips with his tongue and took a step forward, looking around him steadily. The door suddenly opened again and some one came out. Again the hot, penetrating smell of the liquor swept out into the cold air, and he took another step towards the saloon door, which had shut behind the customer. As he laid his finger on the door handle, a tall figure came round the corner. It was the Bishop.

He seized Burns by the arm and dragged him back upon the footpath. The frenzied man, now made mad for drink, shrieked out a curse and struck at the Bishop savagely. It is doubtful if he really knew at first who was snatching him away from his ruin. The blow fell upon the Bishop's face and cut a gash in his cheek.

He never uttered a word. But over his face a look of majestic sorrow swept. He picked Burns up as if he had been a child, and actually carried him up the steps and into the Settlement House. He placed him down in the hall, and then shut the door and put his back against it.

Burns fell on his knees, sobbing and

praying. The Bishop stood there, moved with unspeakable pity.

"Pray, Burns! Pray as you never prayed before! Nothing else will save you!"

"O God! Pray with me! Save me! O save me from my hell!" cried Burns. And the Bishop knelt by him in the hall and prayed as only he could.

After that, they arose and Burns went into his room. He came out of it that evening like a humble child. And the Bishop went his way, older from that experience, bearing in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Truly he was learning something of what it means to walk in His steps.

But the saloon! It stood there, and all the others lined the street like so many traps set for Burns. How long would the man be able to resist the smell of the dreadful stuff? The Bishop went out on the porch. The air seemed to be impregnated with the odour of beer. "How long, O God, how long!" the Bishop prayed.

Dr. Bruce came out, and the two friends talked over Burns and his temptation.

"Did you ever make any inquiries about the ownership of this public-house property?" the Bishop asked.

"No I will if you think it worth while. But what can we do against the drink traffic in this great city? It is as firmly established as the churches or politics. What power can ever remove it?"

"God will do it in time, as He removed slavery," replied the Bishop gravely. "Meanwhile, I think we have a right to know who controls this liquor shop so near the Settlement."

"I'll find out," said Dr. Bruce.

To days later he walked into the business office of one of the members of Nazareth Avenue Church, and asked to see him a few moments. He was cordially received by his old parishioner.

"I called to see you about that property next to the Settlement where the Bishop and myself now are, you know. I am going to speak plainly, because life is too short and too serious for us both to have any foolish hesitation about this matter. Clayton, do you think it is right to let that property for a liquor shop?"

Dr. Bruce's question was as direct and uncompromising as he had meant it to be. The effect of it on his old parishioner was instantaneous.

The hot blood mounted to the face of the man who sat there. Then he dropped his head on his hands, and when he raised it again, Dr. Bruce was amazed to see a tear roll over his parishioner's face.

"Doctor, did you know that I took the pledge in your church to live as Christ would live?"

"Yes, I remember."

"But you never knew how I have been tormented over my failure to keep it in this instance. The public-house property has been the temptation of the devil to me. It is the best paying investment at present that I have. And yet it was only a minute before you came in here that I was in an agony of remorse to think how I was letting a little earthly gain tempt me into denial of the very Christ I had promised to follow. I know well enough that He would never rent property for such a purpose. There is no need, dear doctor, for you to say a word more." Clayton held out his hand, and Dr. Bruce grasped it and shook it hard. After a little he went away.

Within a month the public house next the Settlement was closed. The saloon-keeper's lease had expired, and Clayton not only closed the property to the whiskey men, but offered the use of the building to the Bishop and Dr. Bruce for the Settlement work, which had now grown so large that the building was not sufficient for the different industries that were planned.

PARTNERSHIP IN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

In *Samantha at the World's Fair*, Miss Holley describes in a very pathetic and tragic way the murder of a child by its drunken father and the hunt for the murderer. In reply to Samantha as to who it was that led in the chase, we read:

"And Josiah told me that was the saloonkeeper up to Zoar.

"Ses I, 'The very man that sold the poor sinner the looker on that night?'

"Yes," sez Josiah.

"Wall," sez I, 'the rope ort to be used on his own neck.'

"And Josiah Allen acted awfully horrid at my idea, and asked me 'if I waz as crazy as a loon?'

"And," sez he, 'He has been one of the fiercest ones to head him off that has been out.'

"And I sez dryly—dry as a chip. 'He wuzn't so fierce to head him off the night he sold him the whisky and hard cider, sez I, 'That headin' off would have amounted to sunthin.'

"And again I sez, 'The rope ort to be used on his own neck, if it is on anybody's; his and Uncle Sam's.'

"And again I sez, 'The two wuz in partnership together and they got the man to do the murder,' sez I, 'Most all the murders that are done in this country are done by that firm—the Government and the saloonkeeper, and when their poor tools, that they have whetted up for bloodshed, swing out through their open doors and cut and slash and mow down their ghastly furrows of crime and horror, who is to blame?'

"And I sez, when Josiah was apraisin' up the saloonkeeper's zeal, and how the officers had to hold him—

"I sez, 'It is a pity the officers didn't hold him in the first place, and then all the horror and tragedy might have been saved.'

"And the Government of the United States hung him (the murderer), the same Government that was in partnership with that saloon up in Zoar, and took part of the pay for makin' this man murder that innocent child."

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

"And the crowd dispersed, lookin' forward to the excitement of the hangin'.

"And the saloon-keeper went home and mebbly counted over the few cents that accrued to him out of the hull enterprise.

"And the wise male voters returned, a-calculatin' (mebbly) on votin' license so's to improve the condition o' their towns.

"And Uncle Sam, poor, chldish old creeter, mebbly wrote down against this hull job—'three cents revenue.' And mebbly he rattled them cents round in his old pockets. I don't know what he did; I hain't no idee what he won't take it into his old head to do.

"And the prisoner sot in his dark, cold cell, and didn't appreciate, mebbly, the wisdom of the wise law-makers increasin' our revenues by such means."

FACTS FOR PROHIBITIONISTS.

There are two or three facts that Prohibitionists ought to have always ready, like a cowboy's revolver, to fire back, promptly and effectively, in reply to this noisy but harmless old squib.

The first is: There is no Prohibition state, city, or town in the country where conditions with regard to the drink evil and its results, even though the law is not as well enforced as it might be and should be, are not better than they ever were under any form of "regulation."

The second is: There is no state, city, or town in the country, from Sitka to Atlanta, where Prohibition has been repealed and any form of "regulation" substituted for it without a large increase in drunkenness and other evils of drink.

The third is that, just as faithless and corrupt old-party politicians in office in Prohibition states and cities prostitute themselves and their offices for political favour and bribes of the liquor power, so, all over the country, whenever, under low license, high license, or state control statutes exist for the "regulation" of the liquor traffic, the same shameful and shameless official prostitution takes place, and regulation of the drink traffic doesn't regulate anywhere; until regulation has become the most colossal failure and the most monumental fraud of all the failures and frauds of our governmental system.—Selected.

THE FLASK OF BRANDY.

Joshua L. Bailey, president of the National Temperance Society, in an address made recently in a western city related the following incident: It is nearly fifty years since I made my first journey through the West. It was in the autumn. We eastern people had the idea that chills and fever were so prevalent in the prairie States at that season of the year that one took great risk in going there. Naturally I felt timid about

going and consulted a physician. He told me to go by all means, but to be sure to take with me a flask of the best French brandy, and whenever I began to feel shaky or any way ill, to put a little of the brandy in the drinking water and I would come out all right. I got the flask of brandy as the doctor recommended and with it made my journey. I went through Indiana and Illinois and travelled to and fro in the interior of Iowa. At that time there were not many railroads in the West. I believe there were none in Iowa. We travelled in an open wagon, of course met with many discomforts and exposures, but having my flask with me, I kept perfectly well and at the end of some two months returned home in excellent health. A few days after my return I happened to meet my doctor on the street. He congratulated me on looking so well, and asked did I take that French brandy with me as he suggested; I told him that I did. "No wonder you are looking so well," said he, "Never knew it to fail, splendid remedy." "But, hold a minute, Doctor," said I, "I did take the flask of brandy with me, but I never uncorked it the whole time I was gone." There has never been any controversy in my mind since that time as to the efficacy of brandy in preserving health and strength, and I think that little incident went very far in directing my attention to a subject which has since then occupied no small share of my time and thought.—*The N. T. Advocate.*

THE SALOON-KEEPER'S GIFT.

Under this heading the *Christian Herald* has for some time been publishing the views of its readers as to whether a church should accept the saloon-keeper's money to aid in its spiritual work.

The following letter from a saloon-keeper at Bismark, Pa., is among those they publish this week:

"Be consistent and take the money which we give you, and, when you think it a sin to sell whiskey, just say so at the polls, in Legislatures and courts, and like all other law-abiding citizens, we will cease to be your agents, and your question is settled forever."—*Faithful Witness.*

IN THE LAST.

"So," said Mr. Packinton, "this is the list of the people you intend to invite to your reception, is it?"

"Yes," his wife replied, "and I wish you'd look over it and see if it's all right. If there are the names of any people in it who have lost their money, just check them off, so I can omit them."

"Ah, um-m! What's this? Why, here is the name of Mrs. John Guzzleton. You goin' to invite her to my house?"

"Of course, dear, haven't you heard? They're in society now. Mr. Guzzleton has sold his saloon and gone into the liquor business."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

I KNOW A BANK.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then

That takes deposits from working men; It has shining mirrors and flaring gas. And it draws its draughts in a jug or glass. The customer there for his savings shows A shaky hand and a flaming nose.

Keep out of its books, for I've come to learn.

That Bank's a decidedly queer concern.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then

That takes deposits from working men; Its clerks are never too grand or fine To enter a penny of yours or mine; And the pence tot up, as I hear folks say, To a nice little hoard for a rainy day.

Get one of its books, for I've come to learn.

The Post Office Bank is a safe concern.

There's a Bank that I hear about now and then

That takes deposits from working men; A gentle tone and a loving look Are entered there in an angel's book; Kind words are its silver, kind deeds its gold.

And its riches ne'er fail, nor its bags wax Oh, think of that Bank, for I've come to learn

To have treasure therein is life's chief concern.

—*Early Days.*

IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1890:

DEAR FRIEND,—

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

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

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

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