

THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

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NOTES OF NEWS

PROGRESS OF THE CEASELESS STRUGGLE.

Items of Interest from many Fields.

One Sample.

In a drunken row near a restaurant in Montreal, on February 12th, Louis Robert was struck to the ground, and an examination showed that he had sustained a fracture of the skull. He died in a few days.

Yukon Liquor.

A press dispatch states that the Government has decided upon charging a special duty of two dollars per gallon upon all liquor imported into the Yukon Territory. It is to be hoped that this report is premature and that the Government will see its way to the wiser policy of totally prohibiting such importation.

Preparing for the Fight.

It is stated that the liquor traffickers have already raised a fund of a million dollars to be used in fighting the prohibitionists in the coming Plebiscite campaign. They will need it all. There are forces at work on the other side that money cannot overcome. The conscience of Canada cannot be bought, nor can many millions stay the progress of this great reform which will triumph whether we win or lose in the coming fight.

Quebec Royal Templars.

The Grand Council of Quebec R. T. of T. held its annual session at Montreal on February 22nd and 23rd. Reports showed a falling off in membership, but recorded much good done. A feature of the meeting was an earnest address on Good Citizenship, by Mr. Sol Cutter, who was elected Grand Councillor. A. B. Parker, of Montreal, is Grand Secretary. Strong resolutions were adopted opposing the granting of permits for the sale of liquor in the Yukon District, and protesting against the complication of prohibition with direct taxation or any other issue in the coming Plebiscite.

Quebec Alliance.

Getting Ready for the Plebiscite.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Branch of the Dominion Alliance was held in the Montreal Y.M.C.A. Building on February 14th, presided over by Mr. J. R. Dougall. The principal work of the convention was preparation for the coming plebiscite campaign. Strong resolutions were passed in regard to political action, protesting against any complication of other issues with prohibition in the Plebiscite, and urging the Government to protect the Yukon District from the liquor traffic. The principal officers were re-elected, a strong list of Vice-Presidents and a large general committee being appointed. Mr. J. R. Dougall is again President, Mr. J. H. Carson Secretary, and Mr. W. R. Ross Treasurer. Representatives were present from a great number of churches and temperance societies.

Ontario Royal Templars.

There was a big turn-out of earnest workers at the annual meeting of Ontario Royal Templars in the City of St. Thomas on February 15th and 16th. The reports presented were very encouraging, showing a slight increase in membership during the past year, and telling of much practical work done for the building up of the temperance cause. The chief speaker at the annual public meeting was the Hon. S. C. Biggs, of Toronto, whose utterances were warmly received. Complication of the prohibition question with any

other in the Plebiscite was emphatically denounced. The campaign to keep liquor out of the Yukon District was cordially endorsed. Plans were laid for further work. The Templar Publishing Company was endorsed. Delegates were elected to the Dominion Alliance. Mr. F. Buchanan, of Toronto, was elected Grand Councillor, and Dr. C. V. Emory, of Hamilton, Grand Secretary.

Who Paid this Money.

During the year 1897 twenty-one brewers died in Great Britain, leaving gross personal estates aggregating £3,171,000, an average of £150,000 each. The total of twenty-three estates left by the wine and spirit trade aggregated £1,943,800, an average of £84,517 each.

Against all Regulation.

Lady Henry Somerset has written a letter to Lord George Hamilton, expressing her regret that a former letter had been taken by moral reform friends as an avowal of her acceptance of the view that state regulation of social evil was sometimes necessary. In view of this opinion she formally withdrew the suggestions that she had made regarding the matter some time ago, and declared her hostility to any form of such regulation. This will, no doubt, end the dissatisfaction that has existed among W. C. T. U. workers regarding Lady Henry's position on this question.

Brewers Urging.

A deputation of brewers waited a few days ago upon the Dominion Government at Ottawa to discuss certain matters relating to the coming Plebiscite. Among those present were Messrs. O'Keefe and Davies of Toronto, Labatt of London, McCarthy of Prescott, and Dawes of Montreal. At their request the meeting was a private one and no report of what occurred was given to the press. Regarding the present situation the Licensed Victuallers' Gazette says: "Evidently the Government is beginning to understand that it would be like perpetrating a fraud upon the people of the Dominion, to put the simple question, *Are you in favor of Prohibition?* and not enlighten them what the result would be, and there is little fear now that the public will not know entirely what they are voting for."

College Drinking.

The New York Voice is keeping up a hot campaign against the drinking practices and facilities of American college towns. After exposing the encouragement of the traffic by the management of the great University at Princeton, they turned their attention to New Haven, where Yale University is located, showing that in that town of 81,298 population there are 415 saloons, one to each 51 of the population, and that some of them are largely patronized by students. They have now turned their attention to Ithaca, where Cornell University is located, giving startling descriptions of the vice and debauchery there prevailing. These vigorous attacks have stirred up public opinion in strong protest against the conditions which are thus tolerated and encouraged in educational centres where their effects upon students are incalculably evil.

Monopoly in Russia.

A press despatch from St. Petersburg, dated Jan. 8th, says that "In view of the impending introduction of a State monopoly of the sale of spirituous liquors, by which about 12,000 persons will be thrown out of employment, while many licensed victuallers will be ruined, the Russian authorities fearing that the consequent large addition to the ranks of the unemployed may give rise to disturbances, have decided that all persons in the capital who may find themselves deprived of their livelihood by the projected meas-

ure shall be sent back by railway, free of cost, to their native places. It is, however, apprehended that these people, accustomed as they have been to town life, will no longer be able to accommodate themselves to the conditions of rural existence, or engage in agriculture in the country, where they will only form an unwelcome surplus population, and disturb the present conditions of social order. With a view to the better preservation of public security, the Prefecture of Police in this city has decided to increase the present police force by 150 men."

AXIOMS.

- 1.—All enemies of the liquor traffic must unite.
- 2.—The people must be thoroughly educated to prepare for the enactment and enforcement of prohibition.
- 3.—The law must be guaranteed a thorough trial before being made subject to change or repeal.
- 4.—The issue is not what a man shall eat nor what he shall drink. The law does not say, *Thou shalt not eat diseased meat*,—but *Thou shalt not sell, nor keep it for sale*. The law does not say *thou shalt not read obscene literature*, but bans it as it does diseased meat. The coming law will put the most destructive of all poisons under the same ban.
- 5.—Trade is a social institution and society has the right to destroy it if its effects are deleterious.—*Forward.*

WEIGHTY FRAGMENTS.

There is one dreadful evil over-spreading the whole land . . . the evil of intemperance . . . which is perhaps doing greater injury than any other cause which could be named in this age.—*Archbishop Tait.*

That, considering the sin and sorrow caused by drunkenness, we think it inexpedient that Christians should use intoxicating liquor as a beverage; and promise to abstain from its use; and believing its common sale to be offensive to God, and most injurious to the country, will do all in our power to bring it to an end.—*Pledge issued in the names of the Revs. Charles Garrett and Thomas Champness.*

The common sale of intoxicating liquors is a crime against the nation. The license system is treason against the State. It is more: it is the typical crime of the universe—which consists in seeking one's own pleasure or one's own profit with absolute indifference to the cost of the pleasure or profit to other people.—*Rev. C. F. Aked.*

Of course you cannot make men moral by law; but you can stop men from doing things which foster immorality in the community. You cannot stop them from privately tempting others, but you can stop them from putting great public temptations in men's way . . . I want the strong suppression of all institutions, which flourish by making gain of vice.—*Rev. Brooke Hereford, D.D.*

Intemperance still continues to be one of the chief hindrances to religion in the great mass of our people. There are many excellent societies engaged in the conflict with it, but they need steady and resolute perseverance to effect any serious improvement. It is important to lay stress on the essential condition of permanent success in this work—namely, that it should be taken up in a religious spirit as part of Christian devotion to the Lord.—*English Bishops Encyclical, August, 1897.*

IMPORTANT! READ IT ALL!

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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, MARCH, 1898

MISS F. E. WILLARD.

The cause of moral reform has sustained a very heavy loss in the death of Miss Frances E. Willard, the most widely known and best beloved of the world's temperance workers of to-day.

The high talents and amiable qualities of Miss Willard enabled her to attain a position such as no other woman of modern times achieved. She had the rare faculty among others, of rallying round her the strongest and best and selecting for her lieutenants other women endowed with remarkable talent for leadership, thus constituting herself general of a mighty army which is now so thoroughly trained and well-equipped that its work will be pushed steadily on even though one of its foremost originators no longer stands at the helm.

One lesson to be learned from the situation is, that the success of moral reform is not bound up with one human life, nor with any number of human lives. Respect, admiration and love for Miss Willard will live long after this and succeeding generations have passed away. There will, however, be others to take up the task that she laid down, to hand it again to their successors, and, so on, till complete victory crowns the temperance and prohibition reform.

Among the many touching tributes paid to the memory of such heroes we recall nothing that suits the present occasion better than the following:

We pause awhile, our eyes with sorrow dim.
Then turn again into the battle grim
And we must fight harder than no more
Our hero leads us as in days of yore.
She died as warriors die in thickest fight,
Battling the powers of darkness with her might.
She died, still watching for the coming day.
When drink, the world's curse, shall be swept away
Roll, funeral marches, o'er this veteran's grave,
She lived, she died, a soldier true and brave.
Short time there is for grief. The battle is not done.
The struggle is not o'er, the victory won.
Our hearts have echoed to her voice, and we
Are braver, stronger for the memory.
If we could hear that voice now, she would say,
Leave me to rest, go forth into the fray.

One toiler less in the great harvest field! All the more work for those of us that are left to do! May God help us to be true to the responsibilities laid upon us by this and every other event of his providence.

PROHIBITION IN THE YUKON.

There is some difference of opinion as to whether the control of the liquor traffic in the great Klondike Territory is in the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior or the jurisdiction of the North West Territories Government and Legislature. To a deputation that waited upon him early in February, the Premier stated that the matter would be dealt with during the present session of Parliament.

There is no doubt, however, as to the utter uselessness and specially evil nature of the liquor traffic and its tremendous power for evil in the country, climate and population of our new North West. Many who would not support prohibition generally, will have no hesitation in saying that the liquor traffic ought to be rigidly excluded from the Yukon country, and from the perilous routes thereto. Men who have to endure so much fatigue and exposure and who have to face so many dangers, need full control of their wits and all the vital energy with which they are endowed. Under such circumstances, the liquor poison is fearfully dangerous and destructive.

From many parts of the country petitions are being sent in to the Dominion Government urging that strict prohibition be enforced in the North West gold producing territory and on all the highways leading into it. This is timely and wise. We earnestly commend such action and urge all our readers to do all that they can to promote it. It would be well to have a petition to the Dominion Government regarding this matter from every temperance society, every church and every community in the older part of the Dominion.

IS TEMPTATION NEEDFUL.

The old stock argument of liquor advocates about the advantage of having character strengthened by temptation has been revamped by Rev. Principal Grant, of Kingston. This sophistry, so often urged by men of no character in their defence of a business that ruins character, is now invested with the special advantage of presentation by a skilled theologian. It is fully met and its unsoundness exposed in the following forcible paragraphs taken from a recent sermon preached in Queen Street Methodist Church, Kingston, by Rev. Dr. Ryckman:

"But does anyone really think that the preservation of the liquor traffic and the perpetuation of its evils are necessary in order that men may build up a Christian character, stalwart and strong?"

"Is God beholden to the devil in rearing his children? In order to the best physical health is it necessary to live in an atmosphere of malaria and contagion? Some would doubtless resist all malarial influence and maintain good health, but what about the many who must succumb? Grown up Indians are sturdy men, simply because none but the strongest can ever grow up. So among temptations to drink, some persons develop into strong Christians, but, alas, for the multitudes who yield and perish. But does anyone think that if this business were abolished temptations would be lacking, and that in this tare-sown world there would be insufficient 'means for the trial of virtue'?"

"What is there in this business to commend it especially as a means of grace? As a matter of fact, are those persons who have always had wines, etc., on their tables, better Christians than those who have never had them? But what is the teaching of scripture concerning this matter? St. Paul says to Timothy, 'But thou, oh man of God, flee these things,' that is, certain temptations and snares, foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition instead of developing them as Christians."

"But there is another way to look at this matter. If there is temptation

there must be a tempter. What of him? 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink'; 'Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh'; 'Who-so shall offend one of these little ones it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.' How comfortable the well developed Christian must feel on reflecting that his eminent piety involved the deep perdition of him who supplied the necessary means for his development, and that what fitted him for heaven sent the other man to hell!"

KEEP OUT OF DANGER

Some years ago a ship laden with coals was beached at Garlieston, on the Scottish shore of the Solway, in order that her cargo might be carted away during ebb-tide. While she lay high and dry on the sand, some men were sent in beneath her to caulk the open seams.

While the work was going on, a person outside observed the ship's hull heeling slowly over to the side on which the carpenters were at work, and quickly gave the alarm. All escaped but one. The ship in leaning over caught both his limbs before he had time to creep out, and locked them fast between her planks and the sand.

The man lived and spoke and took counsel with his friends, but remained pinioned to the spot. All hands went to work for his release. They began to throw out the cargo, but that method was manifestly too slow; they dug in the sand, but this plan also proved abortive; they made hawsers fast to the mast, and pulled a long pull and a strong pull, but were not able to heave her over. The men were not able to liberate their comrade.

Already in unsuccessful efforts an hour had been lost—the precious hour, for alas! there was only one; and now the tide of the Solway came rushing in like a race-horse. All that were free fled before the flood, and left their imprisoned companion to his fate.

The sea soon did what the united efforts of the whole town failed to do—it slackened the grip with which the ship's hull held the man to the ground, and set him free; but before it let go the captive it had quenched his life. The water drowned him and then released him from his prison. Deliverance came too late, and his lifeless body was washed up in the surf.

I suppose there was not a dry eye in Garlieston that day. Men are shaken in the depths of their being by the sight of a brother perishing thus.

Let us not deceive ourselves. There is no respect of persons with God, and there should be none with us. Sights of equal horror meet our eye from day to day, and we have learned to take them lightly. We see multitudes caught and held as fast between their own appetite and the fire-water that feeds it, till a mightier tide than that of the Solway comes up with its dreadful rescue.

In the saddest solemnity of spirit I declare to every brother who reads this page that I have seen and conversed with many who were locked in between their appetite and drink as firmly as that man who was locked between the laden ship and the ground—that they were as eager to escape as he was, and as unable—that we were as powerless to help as the spectators that day on the shore. I declare further, endeavoring to weigh my words as one that must give an account, that if I were obliged to choose between the two, I would rather be in the place of the prisoner on the beach of the Solway than in the place of many whom I have known in the grasp of the drunkard's appetite. *League Journal.*

HIT HARD!

By the Rev. C. F. Aked.

It is told of Abram Lincoln that once when quite a young man, he witnessed a slave auction in Ohio. He saw men and women put on the block, exhibited for sale, bought like cattle. He saw the horrible and degrading familiarities which the buyers took with the human chattels, saw the looks of dumb and piteous agony which stole across the poor black faces as wives were sold away from husbands, and children torn from the mother's arms; and he forced his way out of the ring, and with flaming eyes and voice husky with suppressed passion, said to his companion, gripping him by the arm, "If ever I get a chance to hit at this

thing, by the Eternal God I'll hit it hard."

But the large-hearted Abram Lincoln also recognized in the struggle to be free from the deadly traffic in strong drink a crusade as divine as that for which he was called upon to die. "Turn we now," he said, in a famous speech in which he contrasted our movement with that which culminated in the Declaration of Independence, "to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery uncommitted, a greater tyrant deposed; in it more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged. By it no orphan starving, no widows weeping; by it none wounded in feeling or injured in interest, even the dram-makers and dram-sellers will have glided into other occupations, so gradually as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness."

And when the hour of joy and glory dawns—as dawn it surely will when the mountain of human misery has been lifted off the heart of a weary world, and the blight and curse and infamy of our civilization have been done away, then be ours the immortal consciousness that in this Titanic conflict between the forces of heaven and hell *we have struck hard* in the strength of the Eternal God.

WHAT ARE LOST VOTES?

People talk about throwing away their votes, about lost votes. We believe, as someone says, that "no vote is 'lost' which is definitely an expression of desire for the advent of an ideal society. He throws his vote away who votes for men whose administration of affairs means a compromise with the law-defying elements of society."

It may be said of one's vote as Jesus said of one's life: Whosoever would save his vote shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his vote for my sake shall find it, for it is an investment of faith in the holy enterprise of the kingdom of God on earth, whose triumphs shall come by and by. The reformers and holy martyrs who threw the votes of their lives away in the faith of better things to come were the fools of their day, but they are now the wise ones whom heaven and earth delight to honor. They lost their lives only to find them in thousand-fold fulness.

Throw away your votes for righteousness' sake. Let others "save" their votes by investing them for present temporary triumphs of unrighteous men and measures. Faith can wait for its "recompense of reward." It shall be satisfied when its returns come in "after many days."—*The Evangelist.*

THE GREAT NEED OF THE HOUR.

While the multitudes permit and aid the making of drunkards rum will still continue to play havoc with the homes and hearts and lives of our people. The great need of the hour is to awaken the Christian consciences of the land to their enormous responsibility in the matter. At this time temperance sentiment seems to be at its ebb. It is so all over this land and in other countries as well. No progress is being made in temperance legislation, and but little is being attempted in that line. Enforcement of temperance and prohibitory laws is exceedingly slack, and such laws are generally openly and boldly violated, while the saloon element succeeds in having the legislatures modify or remove such laws found on the statute books. All the while the church sleeps, and public sentiment is indifferent. It seems to us the great work of every agency of good is to arouse the people to the duties of the hour. *The Religious Telescope.*

RUMSELLERS ON THE WARPATH.

In England many of the licensing authorities have decreed that liquor sellers shall under no pretext whatsoever supply children under thirteen years. This has roused the ire of the liquor sellers and they have determined to resist this decree with all their might, and that means the whole weight of the liquor oligarchy of the Kingdom of Britain—and present indications are that the battle will have to be fought out in Parliament, the question being "the age limit of the serving of children with intoxicating liquor." Sir Wilfred Lawson, on being asked this question, replied, that in his opinion it was undesirable to intoxicate anyone, and he should like the age limit fixed at one hundred years. —*Exchange.*

Selected.

NOW.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone,
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has a part to play,
The past and the future are nothing,
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise! if the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
And the sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past!
—*Adelaide M. Proctor.*

SHALL I EVER BE A DRUNKARD?

Shall I ever be a drunkard,
Like the poor men that we meet—
Reeling, stagg'ring, tott'ring, stumbling
Falling helpless in the street?
Will the boys leave off their playing
Run in fright when I come near?
No! I'll never drink the poison,
Then I never need to fear.

Shall I ever be a drunkard,
With a base, dishonored name,
Shrinking from the good and virtuous
In defiance or in shame?
Face all bloated, clothes all ragged,
Out at elbows, out at toes?
No! I'll never drink the poison,
Then I'll never know its woes.

Shall I ever be a drunkard—
Can that—will that ever be?
For the very men I pity
Once were little boys like me
Some of them ne'er dreamed that ever
They should bear the drunkard's name
But I'll never taste the poison,
Then I'll never feel the shame.

Shall I ever be a drunkard?
Never! By God's helping grace,
In the noble ranks of Temperance
I will keep a foremost place.
Others may sip drops of brandy,
Porter, whisky, gin or beer,
But I'll never touch the poison,
Then I'll never need to fear.
—*E. C. A. Allen.*

MEN WANTED.

"It's war we're in, not politics;
It's systems wastlin' now, not parties;
An' victory in the end'll fix
Where longest will and truest heart is.

This weighin' things does wal' enough
When war cools down, and comes to writin';
But while it's makin', the true stuff
Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'.

"More men? More man! It's there we fail;
Weak plans grow weaker yit by lengthenin';
Wut use in addin' to the tail,
When it's the head's in need of strengthenin'?"

We wanted one that felt all chief
From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin';
Square-sot with thousand-ton belief
In him an' us, ef earth went rockin'!"
—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE ENGINE-DRIVER'S SON.

Juan Corrales was a high-spirited, stout-hearted boy of twelve; he had long curly hair, a smooth white skin, and handsome expressive black eyes. He was a pleasant, intelligent boy, beloved by all the employees of the Murcia Railway Station. His father, Esteban Corrales, was an engine-driver — "a steady, reliable

man" — so ran the reports of his superiors. Juan's mother was a poor descendant of one of the oldest and noblest Breton families; she had come to Barcelona as a maid to a noblewoman, and had married the worthy engine-driver. She died when Juan was eight years old.

It was from her that the boy had inherited the delicate skin and flowing hair, while from his father he had inherited his robust, muscular frame, his proud, sensitive disposition, and sharp restless eyes. The boy was quick to learn, and almost always at the head of his class.

That day the train driven by Juan's father was timed to reach the terminus at 5.50, and Juan set out in good time to meet his father and walk home with him. When he reached the bridge he stopped to look down upon the lines and watch the making-up of the trains. "Your father is on the 5.50 to-day, isn't he, Juan?"

Juan turned and saw two of the men employed at the station.

"Yes, Mr. Lara," replied the boy. "And I think he is to start to-morrow morning with the 7.20."

"He knows all about it, the young rascal!" laughed Lara. "Come along, Miguel, let's have a drink." Then, turning to the boy, "Will you have one, Juan?"

It was not an unusual thing for the men to give Juan a glass of cider, for they all loved the engine-driver's boy. So Juan proudly followed the two men, who ordered brandy for themselves and the promised glass of cider for their youthful companion.

The boy had drunk about half, when one of the men, who had whispered a few words to his mate unseen by Juan, asked him to go outside and look for one of the porters whom they expected to see. When young Corrales had left the house the two brutes poured a quantity of brandy into the cider. A sudden stroke of genius on their part — a splendid joke! Make the boy tipsy — they would have some fun out of that!

Juan returned shortly afterwards, and told them that he had been unable to find the porter. The men replied that it did not matter, and Juan took up his glass to finish the cider.

As soon as the glass touched his lips, he perceived that some trick had been played upon him, but his pride would not allow him to draw back; and he finished the liquor recklessly, thanked the men, and went off to the station to meet his father. The men were about to follow, when some of their fellows entered, and they gave up the idea of witnessing the result of their joke.

Juan did not meet his father, for the engine-driver was nearly home before the boy reached the station. Tired out by a long spell of duty, Corrales had taken a short cut home, anxious to have a wash and get to bed, and leaving the stoker to put up the engine.

Juan was allowed to go anywhere about the station. He was well known to all the men, and nobody thought of stopping him. He soon found the engine, No. 457, and walked around it in a sprightly manner, whistling as he went, surveying the monster with the air of one thoroughly experienced in such things. How it shone and glistened, with its giant wheels and its long bars of white steel!

Juan did not understand what ailed him, but a peculiar thrill went through him. His veins seemed filled with fire and his eyes flashed. He could not contain himself, he who was usually so gentle; he was seized with a mad desire to get upon the engine just for a minute! He *must* do it.

He looked furtively round. Some men were working at a distance from him, but nobody was near the "Arrow," as the engine was named; nobody could prevent him.

Like a cat the boy scrambled on to the engine. How proud he felt as he stood there! What a splendid position to be in, master of that huge piece of machinery! Quietly he opened the door of the furnace which had not yet been raked out. Phew! Hot it was! Yes, here was the manometer and there was the water-gauge, both must be carefully watched while on a journey, his father had told him so.

And there straight in front of him as he looked through the round window, where the rails over which the engine would creep or fly at the will of the driver. And just think that all one had to do was to turn that piece of iron, ever so little, and *the engine would move.*

A little turn, only a little, just to make the engine move one yard! The temptation was too strong for the boy in his excited condition. The brandy was doing its work; he could not

resist the desire. Just a yard! He *must* do it!

A jet of steam! Another! Then a third! A puff of smoke, and the heavy mass quivers and slowly moves forward! One of the men, alarmed at the sound, drops his shovel and starts toward the engine. Juan, terribly frightened now, hesitates, gets confused, and tries to stop the engine, but in his terror, he turns the lever with all his strength the wrong way; and the engine runs over the metals with increasing speed.

How lightly it rushes forward! Onward, onward it goes with terrible speed, as though to justify its name "Arrow." The men look in bewilderment at the monster as it goes rushing along the line, the station-master flourishes his arms in mad fashion; the pointsman tumbles into his box with the half-defined intention of turning the engine on to a siding, but it is too late. The "Arrow" has flown past on the Albacete line.

The old pointsman has just time to notice the figure of little Juan standing in his father's place, petrified with fear, his long hair flowing behind in the smoke, his large eyes wide open, and his deathly-pale face wearing a look which seemed to ask for pardon and help, and the "Arrow" is gone!

Far away down the line Juan can see two men wildly waving their hands; but what can they do? Out of the way! They scramble off the line helter-skelter, and the engine rushes past with a snort of defiance.

The station-master rushes to the telegraph, but his message has scarcely been transmitted to the next station ere the "Arrow" is seen approaching like a whirlwind. It is too late to do anything there.

If the boy could only regain his confidence for one second! He alone can conquer the monster! So they shout and yell to him to try and turn the lever, but in vain; with a roar the engine has shot through the station.

And it is now a single line! There are only two stations to pass and there will inevitably be a collision with the 6.40 passenger train. There is only one thing to be done in order to prevent an awful catastrophe, and there is just time left in which to do it.

Once more a message goes over the wires, "Send the runaway engine on to the siding and throw it off the rails!" How anxiously they awaited the reply from the second station, and how relieved they are when the answer comes back, "All right!"

At the Cuchilla Station all is hurry-scurry. The points are changed, and all wait for the runaway with breathless anxiety. Here it comes at a terrible rate, panting and snorting, leaving a cloud of smoke behind it. They see the boy on his knees, his hands raised in prayer, as his pious mother had taught him when a child. They fancy they see his lips move, but he is gone like a flash.

It is done. The "Arrow" has left the main track, and is speeding along the rusty metals of a siding. Two seconds more —

A terrible crash; a roar; a shower of splinters; the hissing of steam! The passengers in the 6.40 are saved, but in the midst of the smoking ruins of the "Arrow" lies the mangled body of the engine-driver's son. *Labor Leaders.*

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

In view of the falsehoods which are being so industriously circulated by the liquor party, we reproduce a speech made by Professor F. C. Robinson, a member of the State Board of Health and State Assayer of Maine. It was made three or four years ago in London at a Health Congress, at which one or two speakers declared that the Maine Law was a failure.

Professor Robinson, in replying to these statements, said that he wished to correct some mistakes he had listened to in the papers and discussions in reference to the "Maine Law." He had heard it said that the law was a failure, that it was not executed or supported by public sentiment. Such statements were common from those who do not live in Maine, but let any one who thinks so go there and attempt to sell liquor, and he will change his views very soon.

According to his observation, and he had special opportunities for knowing, the facts are, that in the smaller towns and villages no liquor is sold; the public sentiment is such that a man might as well engage in highway robbery as in liquor selling; children grow up

there without seeing a saloon. He would not say that no one drank in such places, for a man can get liquor for personal use by sending to a neighboring State, but such a man, even though otherwise popular, and perhaps rich, is looked upon as exerting an evil influence, and cannot expect to hold high office in the town. There are, of course, exceptions, but such is the rule.

In the cities the conditions are different. Large foreign elements have no sympathy with the law and seek every means of evading it, and, unfortunately, some native citizens assist them. "Bottle selling," and back alley shops, where vile concoctions can be warranted to "knock down at sight" almost, are by no means unknown, and their number depends upon the efficiency of the officers. At the present time these were at a minimum, owing to the effect of the new law making imprisonment the penalty for the first offence.

In the cities of Portland and Lewiston, the two largest in the State, the law never was so well enforced as now, and the difficulties of purchasing a drink of any intoxicating liquor are very great. In fact there is increased activity all over the State, and a determination that the traffic, even small as it is, shall be completely suppressed. He said he was not a member of the "Temperance party" so called, nor a "Temperance worker"; had indeed never spoken at a Temperance meeting but once in his life, and then only to answer professionally questions as to adulterations, but he could not hold the peace when reference was made to his own state, for he believed that the Maine Law was a just and honest attempt to meet the great problem of intemperance, and had achieved a success far beyond the general belief of students of hygiene.

GO AT THE ENEMY.

Is it not a shame and disgrace that in any civilized Christian community laws are made and guarded safely on the statute books, and yet the liquor interests throughout the country are able to laugh these laws to scorn, and to say to other interests:

"Observe these laws as you will.

"We, the liquor dealers, are above law."

And yet say what we will, this is the case in many places.

It is a danger for the whole nation.

What are we coming to? we may well ask in wonderment.

Is it not true to-day in free America, in the country of liberty par excellence, that a candidate for public office and public favor is compelled if he wishes to succeed, to come and worship at the shrine of vile whisky and vile wine.

Is it not true that numbers of our legislators confess that they ought to vote for laws for suppressing the liquor traffic and to vote for the enforcement of such laws when passed, and yet in veriest shame say that they cannot endanger their political prospects?

They know that when they turn from the halls of legislation to their constituents they would have united against them the liquor interests and that their political fate would be sealed.

They care not for you; they say they are your masters.

Ten just men would have saved Sodom from destruction; a few hundred zealous moral heroes in America will save the nation.

And why?

Because a soul on fire spreads abroad the sacred contagion of fire.

Go at the enemy

One with a gun, another with a Krupp cannon, if you like, but hit him.

—*Archbishop John Ireland.*

With rapture I hail the formation of the United Kingdom Alliance. I labored for the suppression of intemperance until I sacrificed my health and little property in the glorious cause. The efforts of individuals, however zealous, were not equal to the mighty task. The United Kingdom Alliance strikes at the very root of the evil. I trust in God that the associated efforts of many good and benevolent men will effectually crush a monster gorged with human gore.—Father Mathew.

The Drink Traffic Tested.

BY HON. J. B. FINCH

Comparisons bring out colors. Compare the traffic with other trades. The liquor men will admit that a minister is as good as a liquor seller as long as he behaves himself as well. Then write the principle of political economy taught us when we were boys at school: that there are three ways of getting money or wealth—make it, have it donated to you, steal it. Some would say, find it; the chances are too slim, and you cannot base a principle of political economy on chance. Change the form, and it is in this shape: Without making it, inheriting it, or having it donated to him, any man who obtains wealth is a thief. In honest business every man is bound to trade in an honest manner.

THE CLERGYMAN'S WORK.

I call a clergyman up here and say to him, "You receive money; now, sir, show the people what you give them for the money they pay you. Mr. Clergyman, they do not pay you alone for preaching, although it is pleasant and instructive to listen, but a preacher is a teacher, and must be judged by results as shown by the future as well as the present. They do not pay you simply to run revivals, though it has been my experience as a lawyer, that you can collect debts after a revival that were not worth ten cents on the dollar before. The religion of Jesus Christ does make men honest. If a professing Christian is not honest, he is a religious fraud. A town could afford for the sake of business alone, to run a revival once a year.

But, Mr. Clergyman, you are not living for to-day, for to-morrow, for next week, for next year. We do not want you to defend your work by young converts or by middle-aged Christians; we want you to come here by the death-bed of the Christian and tell us, sir, if you will defend your faith there.

He would come and say, "That is the test I want. I do not want you to try Christianity by the sunshine Christians, who work for the Lord on Sunday and the devil the rest of the week, nor by the people who are in the Church as an insurance society, to keep them from burning after they get on the other side; but I desire that Christianity shall be judged by the record and life-work of people who have loved God and kept His commandments. By that test I am willing the religion of the Master shall be judged."

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THE DRINK TRAFFIC TESTED.

My friends, it matters not how far we may have drifted upon the sea of doubt and unbelief, we must accept such a test, and say to the man of God: "Any person whose teachings make men more honest, develop intelligence and morality, and smooth the pathway to the grave, thereby lighting up the dark future, is entitled to a world's gratitude. You earn your money, stand aside."

THE TEACHER TESTED.

We want to examine another profession, and we call the school teacher. "What do you give the people for what you receive? They pay you and they expect that you will return value received. What do you give back?" The teacher would come, and calling up the educated merchant, doctor, lawyer and tradesman, would say, "This is the result of my work." "Universal education is the foundation of liberty." Then reaching his hand to the teacher of morals—the minister—he would say: "Educated conscientiousness and educated intellect—a dual unit—is the only safe foundation for a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Let me say to you, if I may say it in a temperance talk, that I believe, in this country, any system of education that does not develop the morals as well as the intellect, is a fraud and a failure. To make a symmetrical man or woman, the moral nature must be developed, side by side with the intellectual, or the student becomes an intellectual monstrosity.

Therefore we say to the teacher, "Take your place with the world's workers, who fairly earn the compensation they receive."

THE BLACKSMITH TESTED.

We want to test another trade, and we call out the blacksmith. We say: "You get money, come up here, and bring specimens of your work." He would come, and holding up a horse-shoe, would say: "Here is my work. Every time I put a shoe on a horse the owner is better off, and I am better off, if he pays me." We place him beside the minister and teacher.

THE MILLINER TESTED.

Next we call a milliner to represent the ladies, and say to her: "You get money, and it is an important question to us married men what you give back." She comes and holding up a finished hat or bonnet, says: "I made that—is it not well done?" Although men make sport of hats and bonnets, yet we are free to confess that our wives look prettier when they have them on, and when we take the thing and look at it, almost trembling, fearful lest we crush it, we realize that we can earn the money to buy it in a day, and with our clumsy fingers we could never make it; so we make up our minds it

has a value, and give the milliner a place with the others who render fair return for the money they receive.

THE DRINK TRAFFIC TESTED.

Now having tested these, we want to test the keeper of the dram-shop by the same standards. "Come up, sir. You said a minute ago the minister was as good as the liquor seller, if he behaved himself as well. If the minister is your equal you must get into the same scales of political economy in which we have weighed him. You toil not, neither do you spin, yet you make more money with less capital than any other tradesman. Few women can wear such clothes as you do. What are you giving in return for what you get? Bring a finished specimen of your work; hold it up here for the crowd to see, and show us its fine points!" Would he come? You could not drive him up here if you put a shot gun behind him.

What does the dram-shop manufacture? What has it always manufactured? It has manufactured drunkards, first, last and all the time. A dram-shop keeper is as distinctly a drunkard-maker as a man that makes shoes is a shoemaker. That is all he ever did make, that is all he ever will make.

Show us a first-class sample of dram-shop work. Do not show us a specimen of the raw material of which you make your finished product. We know where and how it was raised. We know how the father gave the best years of his life and the mother her girlhood bloom to develop the bright, brave boy. We know how he entered your trap with good muscle, nerve, brain, character. Do not bring such a specimen, bring a finished job and show us how you have improved the raw material. Could you induce a liquor dealer to come up here and hold up the specimen?

What is the drunkard-maker's defence? You say to him, "You make drunkards." His very first defence is, "I do not sell liquor to drunkards; I do not have them hanging around me." If it is a good thing to make a drunkard, a drunkard must be a good thing after he is made. Suppose, ladies and gentlemen, the minister should come here and give you as a reason why his church should be endorsed, that he did not have any old Christians hanging around his prayer meetings. Would not that be a good advertisement for the Christian religion?

THE VETERANS IN LINE.

I recently saw by the papers that at a great camp-meeting they called together on the platform all the old men and women who had been in Christian work fifty years, and there was a crowd gathered in the auditorium to hear their testimony. The papers stated that as these old veterans in the service of Christ gave in their testimony of the wonderful love and goodness of God, the feeling pervading the meeting was wonderful.

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THE DRINK TRAFFIC TESTED.

Why do not the drunkard-makers come here and call up a number of their veterans—a number of men they have worked on for ten, fifteen or twenty years, with red noses, bleared eyes, ragged clothes, worn-out shoes? Bring them up here and exhibit them to prove the beautiful effects of liquor drinking on the individual, and through the individual upon the state of which the individual is a unit. Upon their evidence we would be willing to rest the whole case against the vile traffic.

THE FINISHED WORK.

Go down the street; a new waggon is standing by the curb; you stop to admire it, and at last say: "I wonder who made it." "I did, sir," answers the waggon-maker. "Will you please examine the waggon closely, because we challenge examination of our work." Look at the man. He is dressed in poor clothes, but see how proud he is as he contemplates his finished work.

Last year while visiting a country fair, together with a friend, I was standing by one of the stock pens, looking at a calf. "Wonder who raised the calf?" said my friend. "I did," answered a farmer standing near by. As the farmer spoke, he straightened up as much as to say, "I am proud of my work."

As you pass along the streets of our cities you frequently see other work nearly finished sitting on the curb or wallowing in the gutter. Stop and ask: "Whose job is this?" Will the drunkard-maker run out of his factory and say: "I did that work? Look at that nose, face and mouth. That man once had a face like yours but I fixed him." The reason why the drunkard-makers will not defend their work is, it is indefensible.

WHAT WE WANT.

Ladies and gentlemen, our earnest desire is to protect the home, the wife, the baby, against a traffic that spares neither age, sex, nor condition. The civilized people believe in reaching down into the depths of debauchery and getting hold of the victims of this traffic, reaching with tears and prayers, and lifting and holding them up. But after they have helped them out they believe in closing the drunkard-factory so that other men will not be tempted to ruin. Save the drunkard and prevent drunkenness.

The Liquor Traffic is a Curse.

Prohibition is Right.