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THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. VII. No 9.

TORONTO, ONT. MARCH, 1901.

25 CENTS PER YEAR

Every one who receives this paper is respectfully requested to read every part of it carefully. It is a journal that no Canadian temperance worker can afford to be without. The subscription price is almost insignificant. In the great impending campaign for prohibition in Ontario it will be of intense interest and great value.

A METHODIST DEPUTATION.

A deputation representing the Ontario section of the Temperance Committee of the General Conference of the Methodist Church waited upon the Ontario Government on Wednesday, February 20th, to ask for prohibitory legislation. The deputation expressed appreciation of the statement made by the Premier to the Alliance deputation to the effect that the Government was prepared to give a prohibitory law to the full extent of its jurisdiction as soon as the power of the Province was ascertained.

The Premier assured the deputation of his sympathy with their object, pointed out the difficulties that the Government had in dealing with the question, and expressed a hope that there would be no difference of opinion between the religious bodies and the Government on the questions of moral reform.

GETTING TOGETHER.

A striking illustration of the concentration of the liquor traffic which is steadily going on, may be found in tables recently published by the British Government. In the year 1882, no fewer than 15,744 persons were licensed as brewers, in 1900 the number had decreased to 6,447. The change has been the result of the acquisition of small businesses by large brewery companies.

These companies have also acquired possession of licenses for the retail sale of liquor, so that at the present time 80 per cent. of the licensed houses in Great Britain and Ireland are owned by brewers.

The new brewery companies of large dimensions are able to turn out larger quantities of liquor at less cost. In their efforts to do this, they have paid little attention to the materials used in the manufacture, and the processes employed have resulted in the production of poisonous beer. A scare over the number of deaths from bad beer has taken effect.

The business is slightly affected, and brewers are vigorously circulating ad-

vertisements of the purity of their product. A Royal Commission is now sitting to take evidence as to the extent and cause of this poisoning.

THE PLEDGE RENEWED.

On February 13th a strong deputation from the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance waited upon the Provincial Government to urge the request made last July, that the Government would promote prohibitory legislation to the full limit of its ascertained jurisdiction.

In reply the Premier, Hon. G. W. Ross, stated that the Government did not recede from the position previously taken, and was always prepared to go to the limit of its power in prohibitory legislation. He considered, however, that it would be right and wise to wait for the decision given on the Manitoba prohibitory law, which law was now before the courts. He had carefully studied that Act and the questions concerning it which had been submitted for the consideration of the judges, and he believed that all the vital points at issue were covered by the questions which were being considered.

The deputation was introduced by Dr. J. J. MacLaren, and the views of the deputation were expressed by Rev. Dr. W. A. MacKay, Rev. Dr. A. Carman, Mrs. A. O. Rutherford and F. S. Spence.

THE MANITOBA CASE.

On Saturday, February 22nd, the King's Court of Manitoba delivered judgment upon the questions submitted by the Government as to the validity of the Manitoba Liquor Act. It will be remembered that this measure was enacted at last session of the Provincial Legislature. It is a rigid measure of prohibition of all liquor transactions originating and ending within the limits of Manitoba, being thus a measure of total provincial prohibition.

The judgment of the court, full details of which, of course, are not yet received, is said to declare the Act ultra vires of the Legislature in a number of important particulars. The most serious difficulty with the law seems, in the opinion of the judges, to have been its extreme character. They say it went beyond matters merely of a local nature and was so framed as to affect to some extent the trade and commerce of the Dominion at large.

When the Act was passed the Manitoba Government submitted it to the King's Court to have its constitutionality tested, with the intention of having an appeal taken from the decision of the Court to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain. No doubt this plan will be carried out, and no action will be taken by the Legislature towards either repealing or amending the law until the final court of resort has expressed an opinion regarding it.

Some of the friends of the measure are firmly of the opinion that the Privy Council will reverse the opinion of the Provincial Court and declare the Act to be within the jurisdiction of the Legislature.

A Victory for Prohibition.

The Municipal Council of the parish of St. Raymond, in Port Neff County, on the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, has decided that no more licenses for the sale of liquor in hotels or groceries will be issued in the municipality.

Death Through Drink.

At Dinorwic, a station on the C.P.R., in the Algoma District, John McCrae, a miner, of Wabigon, was fatally shot on the evening of February 16th, by William Watson. The tragedy occurred in Quinn's Hotel, and was the outcome of a drunken quarrel. Watson is an American who was recently arrested for selling whiskey to Indians.

A Liquor Fatality.

A terrible tragedy occurred on the evening of Saturday, February 16th, at Denero town-site, twelve miles from Greenwood, B.C. A drunken miner named Deriver quarrelled with a young man named Henry Rowand, and in a scuffle that ensued, Deriver stabbed Rowand several times inflicting fatal injuries. The murderer was arrested and has been committed for trial. He admits the slaying, but declares that it was done in self-defence.

Temperance Teaching Sustained.

On November 29th last, fifty five members of the London School Board were elected. Each candidate was asked to reply to the following question:—"Will you if elected, maintain the arrangements already in force as to temperance teaching in the London Board School?" All the candidates, excepting three, replied in the affirmative. Only one of these three was elected so that, at least, fifty-four of the fifty-five are sound on the question submitted. It is believed that the other successful candidate will also favor the continuance of the present regulations.

Habitual Inebriates.

The magistrates of London, Eng., have recently forwarded to the Home Office a return showing the number of persons against whom several convictions for drunkenness have been made during the year ending October 31st last. Of these recidivists 597 are women and 325 are men. Of the women 116, and of the men 45 were convicted more than six times; and of these, nine women and four men were convicted over ten times. This shocking record of habitual drunkenness, on the part of women, is alarming. Provision is being made for increased accommodation on the Farmfield Estate, for the detention of habitual inebriates.

Progress in Great Britain.

Many newspapers are calling attention to the vast progress made in temperance reform during the reign of Queen Victoria. The Scottish Reformer says that in the first year of the reign the total abstainers did not, probably, number more than 150,000, while now they are over 7,000,000 strong. In 1837 there were few ministers and churches favorable to teetotalism, now there are over 10,000 clergymen who are total abstainers, and nearly every church has a temperance association. Hours of liquor selling have been restricted, and Sunday closing is making rapid progress.

Royal Templars.

The Ontario Royal Templars held their annual meeting in Toronto, commencing on Tuesday, February 19th. There was an unusually large attendance of earnest prohibitionist workers. A question that created a good deal of controversy was a resolution by Rev. Mr. Kettlewell, proposing that the Dominion Government should take control of the importation, manufacture and wholesale distribution

of liquor. He believed that such control would make the enforcement of provincial prohibition easier. The Council was not ready to adopt the resolution, and the matter was postponed for a year. J. A. Austin, of Toronto, was elected Grand Councillor for the coming year.

A Victory for Temperance.

The County Council, of London, Eng., has had a hot controversy over the course to be taken in regard to 15 public house licenses which had come into the possession of the Council in connection with a large area of land acquired for city improvements. The improvements committee recommend the abandonment of some of the licenses and the continuance of others. Many leading temperance reformers, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Rochester, Stepney and Islington, Rev. Dr. Clifford, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, John Burns, M.P. and others, petitioned the Council against any continuance of the liquor traffic, and a motion in favor of abandoning all the licenses was carried by a vote of 67 to 11.

Refreshments for Soldiers.

Lord Roberts' appeal to the English people not to tempt returning troops to indulge in intoxicating liquor, has been followed by a request from the War Office to the Railway Companies to make arrangements for soldiers and sailors to secure refreshments at their railway refreshment rooms. It was suggested that the Railway Companies should issue a voucher enabling men in uniform to obtain food and unalloyed drink, and to announce where such vouchers could be purchased by those desiring to present them to soldiers or sailors.

In response, the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway has issued a voucher which is sold for six pence, and on presentation of it any soldier or sailor, at any of the Company's refreshment rooms may obtain two sandwiches of bread and cheese, or a piece of cake with either three slices of bread and butter, or a roll and butter, or a portion of veal and ham pie, together with half a pint of tea, or coffee, or cocoa, or a bottle of any aerated water. Two of these vouchers entitle the holder to cold meat, with bread and cheese, with two cigars, or one ounce of tobacco; or two meat pies, two cigars, or one ounce of tobacco; together with half a pint of tea, coffee, or cocoa, or a bottle of aerated water. Other companies are following this good example.

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A. MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

ADDRESS - - TORONTO, ONT.

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, MARCH, 1901

MRS. NATION'S CRUSADE

Intense excitement has been stirred up in the Western States by the crusade inaugurated by Mrs. Carrie Nation against the law-breaking liquor sellers of Kansas. Mrs. Nation made her first physical attack upon the liquor sellers about ten years ago, at which time she was living at Medicine Lodge. She wrecked the first saloon in the town and was arrested for the offence. A storm of public indignation, however, resulted in her release. She wrecked two saloons in Kiowa about two years ago. For this assault no punishment was attempted, and since that time she has been growing more earnest and determined.

Her present campaign began in the latter part of December in the City of Wichita, where she entered one of the most stylish wine rooms with an armful of stones. Here she smashed glassware, mirrors, etc.; among the destroyed property being a painting valued at \$10,000. Mrs. Nation was arrested and committed for trial, but previous to the sitting of the court the charges were withdrawn by the County Attorney, who expressed the opinion that she was insane.

Since that time she has pushed her plan with much energy. Among the places in which she has been operating are Kiowa, Wichita, Enterprise, Topeka, Anthony, Hiawatha, McCune and Goffs. Much property has been destroyed. A number of saloons have closed their doors to protect their goods. Mrs. Nation and her coadjutors have been mobbed several times, many of them have been badly hurt in the riotous proceedings attending their raids.

Mrs. Nation seems to be working on the plan of forming an organization of women to be called "The Army of Home Defenders." Her example has fired men, as well as women, with much zeal against the liquor traffic. Mass meetings, attended by thousands, have been held in Topeka, and saloon keepers have been warned that unless their business is closed armed men will break it up. The struggle between the saloon raiders and the liquor defenders seems to have been fiercest in Wichita and Winfield. At Wichita several women were shot by the defenders of the attacked saloons. Several of these women were badly injured.

It is stated that at Winfield saloon men are arming themselves for defence,

and that 20,000 citizens have signed a pledge to rid the town of the liquor traffic no matter what may be the cost. Already houses have been set on fire and wells have been poisoned by the infuriated saloonists. One church has been wrecked, lives of clergymen have been threatened and sympathizers from other places have come to the aid of the attacked. The temperance people have detailed armed men to protect some of their leaders. Students of the Methodist College are protecting buildings which the liquor party have threatened to burn. Nearly all the fire arms in the town have been purchased, and feeling is at fever heat.

It is hard to predict what will be the outcome of this strange movement. Where the fight is on, public opinion sustains Mrs. Nation, and she is warmly applauded for her efforts to protect the homes of the people against the law-breaking liquor business. Opinions expressed in nearly every other part of the country are strongly opposed to her methods. It is forcibly pointed out that mob violence must always produce demoralization and must react to the detriment of those who appeal to it. Fighting lawlessness with lawlessness is demoralizing, and the case in question is no exception. In some places leaders in women's temperance work have hastened to repudiate Mrs. Nation's methods.

It is easy to call attention to the discreditable fact that all the trouble exists because public officials have utterly failed to do their duty and because temperance sentiment has failed to insist upon fair administration of the law. If the men who are now arming themselves to attack the unlawful saloons had exercised their rights as citizens to elect honest officials the present trouble would not have occurred. It may be argued in a sense that the women in the case are less to blame than the men, because they have not the franchise power which ought to have prevented the discreditable conditions out of which the fight has grown.

Mrs. Nation's methods cannot be approved. We must only hope that the unfortunate occurrences will arouse public opinion so as to bring about by lawful means the result which the crusaders are seeking to attain by unlawful violence.

SOBER BY LAW.

In the Nineteenth Century for February, is an interesting article by the Assistant Commissioner of Police, for London. The subject of the article is "Punishing Crime," and, incidentally, he refers to the old argument, that "you cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament," in the following forcible terms.

"This must mean either that outward restraints will not change men's hearts, or else that they avail nothing to control their actions. In the one view, it is platitude; in the other, it is a transparent fallacy. Where is the man who is governed altogether and only by principle? No one is uninfluenced by those restraints and incentives which serve to shape and guide the course of common men. 'Lead us not into temptation' is a prayer that none can safely ignore. Morality by Act of Parliament is a great principle which enters into the very highest religious teaching, and it is supreme in the practical ethics of ordinary life. The whole criminal law bears testimony to its truth. . . . Nothing is more certain than that men can be made immoral by Act of Parliament; and bad laws, such, for example, as the drink code, are responsible for a large share of the crime of the country."

ADVICE FOR KING EDWARD.

From a number of English pulpits strong statements have been made regarding the hopes of the people, that the new King will set his people a safe example in his conduct and influence. In the Manchester Cathedral, Canon Hicks in a rousing address said:—

"The cancerous curse of gambling and horse-racing would, perhaps, be more effectually checked by the vigorous discouragement of the new King's Court than by the most careful legislation. English society and British politics would gain immeasurably by an infusion of the old Puritan sternness, and conscience, and self-control. The social plague of intemperance constituted a problem which no Government seemed strong enough to attack, so effectually did the influence of the liquor trade control the operations of Parliament.

Rev. C. F. Aked, the celebrated Liverpool preacher, referred to the situation in the following terms:—

Outside all party questions, outside all partisan complications, outside all our controversies is this tremendous problem. Will our King lead his people into better homes? Will our King make it the business of his life to see that his people are as well housed as his hunters, his racers and his dogs? Is it too much to ask for kingly leadership in the movement against strong drink? Drink wastes our wealth, and cripples our trade, and sullies our national reputation. It hampers and thwarts the earliest and happiest efforts of the Church; it saps our vitality, poisons our blood, and debauches the life of the State. A son of the Queen spoke of it as a "terrible enemy, the only enemy that England has to fear." Will our King give us kingly lead and light? For if this movement succeeded it would do more for his Empire than all the armies of the Empire could.

WHAT'S YOUR BOY WORTH?

I came across a mother in Ohio who loved her boy so that she would not give her husband any rest till he promised to vote for the second amendment. Some people thought she was only a humble, ignorant woman, but she was smart enough to know the value of her boy! You, mothers who read this article, answer me this question: What is your boy worth? Make the price high, for he is "bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh." Ask father if he is worth a ballot next election. Put the question to him with tear-drops trickling down your cheeks, backed up with a prayer of faith. If you can do it with all sincerity, the true value of his boy will appear, and all other questions sink into insignificance.

What is your boy worth.

1st. He is worth asking to sign the total abstinence pledge.

2nd. He is of sufficient value to be sent to a Band of Hope meeting to be instructed as to the effects of alcohol upon the human system.

3rd. He is of sufficient importance for you to know where he spends his evenings and who his associates are.

4th. He is of more value than any household pet, and is entitled to more of your time and attention.

5th. To say nothing of the value of your boy's good character, he has cost you for food, raiment and education more than the average saloon-keeper's pay for his license.

6th. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." It will be of great importance to you whether your boy is a valuable citizen or a curse to you and the neighborhood in which you reside. If he turns out good, he will be worth his weight in gold; if otherwise, better he had never been born.

7th. Being immortal he is worth a life's work to prepare him for a happy hereafter.

Is it too much to ask the fathers of America to at least set enough value on their boys to yearly drop into the ballot-box a piece of paper that voices the sentiment of this journal—"We demand the prohibition of the liquor traffic?" What's your answer?

—New York Witness.

IMPORTANT.

TORONTO, 1901.

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 in the plebiscite 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.**

While a necessity to every prohibition worker the **The Camp Fire** will also be of special value for distribution. Literature won the plebiscite victory. We must keep up the educating work. Printed matter tells. It does its work continuously, silently, fearlessly and No form of literature is so generally read and so potential as the up-to-date periodical. It comes with the force and interest of newness and life. For this reason the form of a monthly journal has been selected.

This journal will be in every respect reliable and readable. Every article will be short, good and forcible, containing nothing sectional, sectarian or partisan. The literature of the old world and the new world will be ransacked for the most helpful and effective material. The price is very low.

Such literature will convince many a man whom his neighbors cannot convince. It will talk to him quietly, in his own home, in his leisure moments, when he can listen uninterruptedly, when he cannot talk back and when the personality of the talker cannot interfere with the effect of the talk.

It will ply him with facts, arguments and appeals, that will influence, instruct and benefit him. It will set him thinking. This is half the battle. Its wide circulation will swell the victory that we are about to win. This is its object.

Your help is asked in this great work. Every society should subscribe for and distribute hundreds of copies. This is the easiest and surest plan of making prohibition votes. Look at the terms:

Twenty copies will be sent to any one address every month for six months, for ONE DOLLAR, payable in advance

On no other plan can a small investment be made to produce so much of educative results. One hundred and twenty copies may be placed in as many homes. And have more than HALF A THOUSAND readers. One dollar will cover this placing of the claims of our cause before five hundred people. Ten dollars may reach FIVE THOUSAND. **WILL YOU HELP US?**

Address,

F. S. SPENCE,
52 Confederation Life Building,
Toronto.

Selections.

THE FENCE, OR THE AMBULANCE?

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,
 Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;
 But over its terrible edge there had slipped
 A duke, and full many a peasant;
 So the people said something would have to be done,
 But their projects did not at all tally.
 Some said, "Put a fence round the edge of the cliff:"
 Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."
 But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,
 For it spread through the neighboring city;
 A fence may be useful or not, it is true,
 But each heart became brimful of pity
 For those who slipped over that dangerous cliff;
 And the dwellers in highway and valley
 Gave pounds or gave pence—not to put up a fence,
 But an ambulance down in the valley.
 "For the cliff is all right if you're careful," they said,
 "And if folks even slip and are dropping,
 It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much
 As the shock down below—when they're stopping!"
 So day after day, as these mishaps occurred,
 Quick forth would these rescuers sally,
 To pick up the victims who fell off the cliff
 With their ambulance down in the valley.
 Then an old sage remarked, "It's a marvel to me
 That people give far more attention
 To repairing results than to stopping the cause,
 When they'd much better aim at prevention,
 Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he,
 "Come, neighbours and friends, let us rally!
 If the cliff we will fence, we might almost dispense
 With the ambulance down in the valley."
 "Oh, he's a fanatic!" the others rejoined;
 "Dispense with the ambulance! Never!
 He'd dispense with all charities, too, if he could;
 But no! we'll support them forever!
 Arn't we picking folk up just as fast as they fall?
 And shall this man dictate to us? shall he?
 Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence
 While their ambulance works in the valley?"
 But a sensible few, who are practical too,
 Will not bear with such nonsense much longer;
 They believe that prevention is better than cure,
 And their party will soon be the stronger.
 Encourage them, then, with your purse, voice, and pen,
 And (while other philanthropists dally)
 They will scorn all pretence, and put up a stout fence
 On the cliff that hangs over the valley.
 Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old,
 For the voice of true wisdom is calling:
 "To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best
 To prevent other people from falling."
 Better close up the source of temptation and crime,
 Than deliver from dungeon or galley;
 Better put a strong fence round the top of the cliff
 Than an ambulance down in the valley!

—Joseph Malins.

Our Story.

NELLIE.

A Sketch from Life.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

A child had been passed in the dispensary as a fit inmate for the Children's Hospital in Dublin, and had been brought up to the wards by the nuns in charge. Truly, the new patient was an odd little figure. The ward-maid, who had received it from the nun, looked at it with surprise, though pretty well accustomed to strange-looking children. Sore eyes, sore spots on the face, a tangle of wild hair, a swelled mouth, a frost bitten nose. The little creature was clad in the most curious assortment of rags; a boy's pair of pantaloons, in holes, a girl's dragged petticoat; a remnant of a woman's jacket wrapped about the shoulders.
 "Are you a boy or a girl?" asked the ward-maid, looking at the forlorn object with puzzled eyes.
 "I dun' know," said the child stupidly.
 "What do they call you?"
 "Nellie Murphy."
 "Have you a father and mother?"
 "Iss."
 "What is your father's employment?"
 No reply. The question was not understood. The eyes were too sore to emit any particular expression, and peered blankly into a corner away from the questioner.
 "What does your father be doing all day?" said the ward-maid, putting her question in a more familiar, and therefore more comprehensible form.
 "Murderin' my mother!" was the quick and startling answer.
 The ward-maid said no more, but proceeded to give her a bath, to cut off her tangled hair, to put her into a little white night dress and flannel jacket, and establish her in a crib in a shaded corner of the girl's ward, where the light from the windows should not hurt her eyes. As soon as her head touched the pillow the child fell asleep, and slept almost without interruption for three long nights and two dark winter days. Early in the morning after the third night, she was found sitting bolt upright in her bed, gazing around her, and eagerly demanding to know what day of the week it was.
 "It's Saturday, my dear, and you have been here since Wednesday evening," said the Sister, patting her little hand kindly. "And really," she added to the ward-maid, "her eyes are better, and her face is not so swelled, and she has got a spark of intelligence in her countenance."
 The child had dropped back on her pillow again, however, and rolled herself away from the light, taking no notice of anything, while all the little life and bustle of day in a children's hospital began and continued around her. A baby clambered out of its bed and turned a somersault on the floor, right behind the back of the Sister, who was serving out the bread and milk, and a chorus of delighted laughter from twenty cribs greeted the performance. Another infant screamed for its neighbor's crowing toy cock. Two or three little convalescents, with shaven heads and smiling pallid faces, hugging broken nosed dolls in their lank young arms, came to Nellie's bedside trying to make overtures of friendship to the stranger. But Nellie would have none of them. She was pining for the hovel out of which she had been taken, home-sick for the home where her seven years of existence had been passed amid quarreling, drunkenness and dirt. All that day she would neither speak nor eat; but late in the evening a sound of sobbing and wailing was heard from the crib in the corner.
 "What is the matter, my poor child?" said the good nun, bending over the little figure convulsed with sobs under the coverlet.
 "It's Saturday night, and my mother'll be bate, an' I won't be there to save her!" wailed Nellie, and refused to be comforted.
 Days and weeks passed away, for Nellie's case was a tedious one. Her blood had been poisoned by foul air, and fevered by "sups of whiskey" given her to dull the pangs of hunger, her system exhausted by years (her few years!) of half-starvation. It took all the father's

wages to keep him in whiskey and porter, so how could Nellie get a bit to eat except when the neighbors gave it to her? The child had always been hungry in order that the father might always be drunk. Nellie had no objection to that—she did not think anything about it; but the one thing she could not bear was to see her mother beaten. In order to quell the storm of fear and anguish which the child suffered in her crib, the nuns went to visit her mother in her den of a home, and found her gaunt, tipsy, idle, gossiping in her doorways with others like herself. Sister Mary asked leave to come in and talk to her. She had brought her news of her child, and she had also brought her a little present of tempting food. The wretched mother was overcome and covered her face with her dirty apron.
 "It's a poor place for the likes o' you, ma'am, an' shamed I am to ask you to sit down. I had a better place wanst. I was a decent servant and thought much o' myself before I saw Pat Murphy's face, or smelt the whiskey."
 "Ay, Mrs. Murphy, it's the whiskey does it," said the nun gently. "Now if you would only promise me that you, at least, will never taste it again."
 The woman shook her head. "When he throws the stools at me," she said, "I've to run out and get it—only for the whiskey I'd go mad."
 "Better to go mad without the whiskey than with it," said the Sister sorrowfully. "But cheer up now, Mrs. Murphy, and come and see Nellie on Sunday. You cannot think how improved she is."
 The mother came on the Sunday. She washed her face and borrowed her neighbor's gown and shawl; and as she had kept sober all Saturday, and hidden from her husband on Saturday night, she presented a much less shocking appearance than usual as she sat by Nellie's crib. The child gazed at her with adoration in the big black eyes, which were now visible under the eyelids from which the sores had been gradually cleared away, and was as happy as it was possible for the unhappy little mortal to be. This hollow-eyed, skeleton-like, uncleanly mother was to her the most lovely, loving, loveable creature in God's universe. She saw no fault in her, thought no ill of her, and the child's one complaint against a cruel world was that on Saturday nights this worshipped mother should be "bet." Her own sores were nothing to Nellie, cold was nothing to her, hunger was nothing to her, so long as she might be allowed to fling her own small person upon her mother's body, to ward off the blows that were aimed at that beloved form.
 Now, as Nellie sat up in her crib healed, smiling, pretty, and clean in her white nightdress, and with her short curly crop, the mother scarcely knew her; and the woman wept softly as her child's arms fastened themselves tightly around her neck, and the soft cheek nestled gladly against her own. As she sat there, rocking her in her arms, and shedding quiet tears over her darling, who knows what thoughts passed through Anne Murphy's drunk-soldened mind? She would try to bear her troubles better, and keep away from the whiskey palace. She would get some work to do, and strive to earn over again the good character she had once possessed and had miserably lost. She would live to be decent once more, and appear like yonder neat respectable young woman who was visiting her sick baby in the neighboring bed. She would struggle not to go mad when blows fell upon her, to remember Nellie; and then time was up, the visiting hour was over, and the mother left her child and went back to her trials and temptations.
 Weeks passed away. Nellie's case had not been less tedious than was expected; but a continued course of wholesome food, cleanliness, freedom from recurring shocks of terror, even more than doctor's treatment, had transformed her into a pretty, intelligent and lively little girl, who, if not very strong, was in a sufficiently wholesome and healthy state. She had learned to forget the horror of seeing her mother "bet," to find her little world a pleasant place, and to have hope and confidence in the goodness of "big people." Naturally of an amiable temper and full of fun, she had become the life and soul of the girls' ward. The Sister, who in leisure moments amused the children

by teaching them to sing, had found Nellie an apt pupil; and her piercingly sweet voice rang above all the rest when hymn or ballad or merry catch was trilled by the young convalescents for the comfort of the more suffering patients. When she sang "Mother of Mercy," or the "Wearing of the Green," even the boys in the next ward sat up in their cribs and forgot their pains in listening.
 At last, however, the day arrived when Nellie had to leave the hospital. The doctors pronounced her cured, and another and more suffering mite was waiting to take possession of her bed. She said good-bye to her young companions, going round the cribs, and shaking hands with all. A child which had just come in envied Nellie for going "home," and very happy and bright Nellie looked in the nice blue woollen frock and holland pinafore in which the kind sisters had clothed her. Her dark curly hair lay in smooth rings on her forehead; her big black eyes were full of tears as she flung her arms round the neck of the nun who had been her tender nurse; and yet all the while her little face was shining with smiles at the prospect of being again with her beloved mother.
 "Lord pity her poor babe!" thought the Sister, as she let the little hand go, and gave her in charge to the ward-maid, who was to take her home. "How will she be able to bear the life she is returning to?"
 The ward-maid came back with a very serious face from her errand of leaving Nellie at home.
 "Such a black drunken hole!" she said to the Sister. "I give you my word, ma'am, it was all I could do to keep from snatchin' g her up and running back with her away from them. I felt like I had been dropping a lamb into a wolf's den, so I did."
 "Indeed, I wish we could have kept her," said the Sister; "but this is not an orphanage, and we have no place for her. But I will bear her in my mind, and we may get her in somewhere."
 "I doubt if she would leave the mother," said the ward-maid. "To see her hugging the tipsy wretch, and calling her all the loving names! God knows, I can't eat my dinner for thinking of the sight?"
 And the ward-maid sat down to dine with a disgusted look on the good-natured face; and the nun went away about the duties of the hour, thinking much about Nellie Murphy, and how she could manage to get the child away from her incorrigible parents, and into a decent home.
 A few quiet, cheerful days had elapsed at the Children's Hospital. Nellie was still missed by her young companions, but her bed was now filled by a stranger, and the little new-comer already had had her pains assuaged by the skill and care always at work in the place. Saturday night came round again, and just as the dusk was deepening in the wards, a loud ring was heard at the great front door. The ward-maid came hurrying up the girl's ward, where the Sister in charge was sitting by the crib of a very young infant, softly singing it to sleep.
 "If this is a case, Bridget, you know it cannot be taken in to night. The hour is past."
 "O ma'am, it's Nellie Murphy—murdered?"
 The Sister turned pale. "Hush!" she said; "don't frighten the others;" and slipping her arm from under the shoulder of the now sleeping babe, she followed Bridget down stairs.
 There she was—Nellie stretched on a board, and an old broken battered door, torn from some crazy "condemned" tenement, to serve her as a couch. Her face was white as marble, her curly hair dabbled in blood, her eyes closed to open no more on a troublesome world. The warm frock was gone, pawned for whiskey, and the child's delicate form was wrapped in an old gutter-dragged rag with neither shape nor texture. A woeful change, a pitiful sight, only for the truth which here seemed conveyed that Nellie had got away to Heaven! But no, she was not in Heaven yet; she was still breathing, and might yet return to life. Very quietly, and without any fuss, they carried her into the room where she had been so happy, and placed her on a bed but that morning vacated. It was a quiet hour in the ward; most of the children, even the convalescents

