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THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of The Temperance Reform.

VOL. II. No. 7.

TORONTO, ONT., JANUARY, 1896.

25 CENTS PER YEAR.

A NEW PLAN OF WISE WORK FOR RICH RESULTS.

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

[We carried prohibition in Maine by sowing the land knee-deep with literature.—NEAL DOW.]

THE CAMP FIRE is a carefully prepared budget of the latest and soundest campaign literature, bright and telling sketches and poems, and a summary of recent temperance news, put in the taking form of a monthly journal.

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OUT OF MANY.

A man named John Ogden died recently at Chester, Eng. He had a record of 130 appearances before the Police Court of the city. Eighty-six of these were for the offence of drunkenness. He with his father and two sisters had together been prosecuted 247 times. The expense connected with their wrong-doing, to the city, was about \$10,000. Another specimen of the liquor traffic's work.

A BROKEN HEART.

Here are the facts in a story of real life. They are taken from the police reports of the New York Herald, and are true in every detail except the names.

One morning last winter a policeman came into the Jefferson Market court in charge of a stout lad of twenty. The boy stared vacantly about him, and his face, which was honest and good-humored, was bloated with a long and heavy debauch. Close behind him came a little old woman, decently clad. Her hair was white and her countenance pale and anxious.

"Who's this, officer?" the justice said, when the boy's turn came.

"It's John Cleary, your honor. We've got his mother to enter complaint against him for habitual drinking. We think if he had a month at the island it would give him a chance to pull up."

"You can do nothing with him yourself Mrs. Cleary?" said the kindly magistrate, who, used as he was to scenes of suffering, was startled by the dumb agony in the old woman's face.

"I cannot, sir. It's five years since he took to the drink. It's not Johnny's fault. There's four saloons near by. He was as good a boy as ever mother had. He's good now when he's himself."

"He's mad when he is drunk," the policeman interrupted. "He tried to kill her twice."

"Sign the complaint, Mrs. Cleary," the magistrate ordered, nodding to a clerk who laid a printed form on the table before her, saying, "Write your name on that line."

She took up the pen, and then turned to the justice again. Her thin face was bloodless.

"Sorr," she said, "he's the only child I've got! I've been fightin' the devil for him for five year. If I sign that paper, I'll hev let him go. He'll never forgive me. He'll never come home again."

"It's the only chance to save him," the officer said.

She wrote her name. John was told to stand up.

"Now go into the witness-box," a policeman directed her. "You must swear against him."

Her foot was on the step. She suddenly turned. "I can't swear agen him! I can't!" She clutched her breast with both hands. "It's killin' me! Johnny, come here!"

Her son sprang towards her, but she fell at his feet. She was dead when he lifted her.

"Mother, mother, I'll quit the drink!" the startled lad cried. But she did not answer. The physicians said it was heart disease.

An ambulance was summoned. Some one whispered to the justice.

"Discharged," he said, and the wretched lad followed his dead mother home, to be probably held by his vile habit to a life of shame ending in a pauper's grave.—*The Youth's Companion.*

IN A FISHERMAN'S HUT.

In the extreme north-east of Scotland is a picture of our Saviour, and the fisherman thus tells its story:

"I was 'way down with the drink," he said, "when one night I went into a 'public,' and there hung His picture. I was sober then, and I said to the bartender: 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour.' I gave him all the money I had for it and took it home. Then as I looked at it the words of my mother came back to me. I dropped on my knees and cried, 'O Lord Jesus, will you pick me up again and take me out of my sin?'"

No such prayer is ever unanswered. To-day that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village. He was asked if he had no struggle to give up liquor. Such a look of exultation came over his face as he answered:

"When such a Saviour comes into the heart, He takes the love of drink right out of it."

FARMER BROWN'S SOLILOQUY.

Good Farmer Brown returned from town,

His tax list in his hand;
And sitting down with dark'ning frown,
He every item scanned.

"These rates so high will by and by,
Take from me my good farm:
Must I sit by with patient sigh,
And witness all this harm?"

"One reason why I'm taxed so high,
Is all because of rum,
For those who drink are sure to sink,
To prison, or almshouse come.
Asylum too, filled through and through!
The courts are thronged meanwhile
And then, they say, "Tax I must pay
To keep these things in style."

But now, I think, that if the drink
Were neither made nor sold,
Our boys 'twould save from drunkard's
graves,
While I would have more gold.
And women's fears and women's tears
Would all be chased away
If laws were made for which they've
prayed
For many a weary day.

I'll be a man, do what I can,
With money, voice and hand,
I'll haste away, and join to-day
The Prohibition Band.
With them I'll work, nor duty shirk,
And on Election Day
I'll take my stand with that brave
band,
To vote this curse away.

—M. M. Lightcap.

THE TEMPERANCE TIDE.

(Tune. *Missionary.*)

The ocean tide is flowing
With deep and restless wave,
And joyous songs the sailor,
Heart tender, true and brave;
For shallow sands are covered,
The ragged rocks lie low,
The quays and lights of harbour
His homeward pathway show.

The ocean tide of Temperance
Is flowing through the world,
On lake and sea and river
Its banners are unfurled,
The treacherous sands of ignorance
By knowledge now recede,
And love and truth are mining
The rocks of selfish greed.

This tide is flowing onward
As ne'er it flowed before,
For giant waves are needed
To surge the liquor shore:
But mighty forces gather
In Church and School and State,
And women now are bending
To win a victory great.

This tide is flowing swiftly,
The harbor bar is crossed,
We touch the quays of refuge—
Though long by billows tossed;
The pledge wins yet its millions,
The blue we proudly wear,
While village, town and nation
Now war on drink declare.

—John Stuart.

A STARTLING LESSON.

There is an ancient saying that the sins of the father are visited upon the children; of course, in the way of natural law only. Science lends its support to this declaration, and presents many sad facts in corroboration of it. Thus Dr. Paul Garnier, of Paris, who has been making a special study of the children of habitual drunkards, comes to this conclusion:—"There is a flaw in the very nature of these young wretches that the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectionate emotion; and when they do not become lunatics, he says, they show "insensibility and pitilessness." Here is a temperance lesson of startling power.—*Workman's Messenger.*

TO VOTE IS TO PRAY.

It is said in ancient story,
"Satan trembles when he sees
A mortal, humbly bowing
To his God, upon his knees."
Now, I think that ancient story
Stands in need of some revision,
For the prayers of many people
Must excite Old Nick's derision.
When a man prays God to lead him
From temptation far away,
And then prepares temptations
For his neighbors every day,
I think Old Nick must chuckle
As he hears that prayer ascend,
For he knows how in his purpose
Such a man will always bend.

And I think that those who daily
Pray thus:—"Thy kingdom come,"
And then work for the devil
In his war against the home,
Have, somehow, been mistaken,
For they have, without a doubt,
Kept their eyes upon the heavens,
While they walked the other route.
And men who pray to God above,
Each day throughout the year
Until it comes to voting day,
I very greatly fear,
Are offering up to Satan's throne
A more effectual prayer,
By going to the ballot box
And voting for him there.

I've heard some right smart speakers
On temperance, in my day,
Who urged the Christian duty
Of "voting as you pray."
But I think one little sentence
Ought to read another way.
Words are not so great as actions,
And by voting thus you pray.
Do you vote for men who labor
For license, high or low,
If you do, why, you are praying
For license, then you know.
Do you vote for Prohibition?
That's a safe and easy way
And the Lord will see you get it
If by voting you do pray.

—A. H. Hutchinson.

A WARNING TO YOU.

He who will not oppose the saloon because he fears it will injure his business, his party or his popularity is more of a coward than a hero, a poltroon than a patriot, more self-seeking than self-sacrificing and is too greedy of gain to get the gain of godliness.

He who stands behind the saloon bar will one day stand before the judgment bar. They who put him behind the one will stand with him before the other, and they who plead for him now will have none to plead for them then, when gold hath lost its power and sin its charms.—*Dr. Joel Swartz.*

A WORD FOR DISCOURAGED TEMPLARS.

Once upon a time, two frogs, who had been living in comfort and ease in a cool pool of water, were accidentally scooped up by a milkman in a bucket of water, which he poured into his can in order to give his milk more body, and thereby increase his revenue. The frogs were astonished to find themselves in an unknown element in which it was not possible to support life, and they had to kick vigorously in order to keep their heads above the milk. One of them being disheartened by being shut up in the dark in an element entirely new to him, said: "Let's give up and go to the bottom; it's no use kicking any longer." The other said: "Oh, no; let's keep kicking as long as we can, and see what the outcome will be. Maybe things will change presently." So one frog gave up and went to the bottom. The other kept kicking; and when the milkman got to town and opened his can, behold the frog had churned a lump of butter large enough to float him, and he was sitting on it comfortably. Moral—Keep kicking.—*Good Templar Watchword.*

The Camp Fire.

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, JANUARY, 1896.

THE DELAYED DECISION.

At the time of writing this article nothing has been heard from the Imperial Privy Council regarding the question of jurisdiction. Temperance workers are growing impatient. It is annoying, because until the decision is rendered our hands are practically tied so far as progressive, provincial, prohibition work is concerned.

We need not however sit "idly waiting." The judgment rendered will simply clear the way for action. The action that will follow will depend not only upon the nature of the decision, but upon the wisdom, strength and zeal of the organized temperance forces. We may profit by the delay if we use this opportunity for the development of public opinion, and the perfecting of such organization as will make that opinion effective.

Again we appeal to our friends to take such action in every locality as will result in the organization of a Prohibition Club or some other union of prohibition forces. We urge the organization of a strong electoral committee in every constituency in which such committee is not already formed. The Dominion elections are near at hand. The session of the Provincial Legislature is drawing nigh. Let us be ready. Information concerning plans of organization will be promptly and cheerfully furnished by the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance.

LAW ENFORCEMENT.

A recent issue of the New York Voice contains a report of an interview with Andrew D. Parker one of the Police Commissioners of New York City. Mr. Parker endorses the vigorous enforcement of the excise law which has lately been affected and goes on to argue that a thorough enforcement of the liquor law helps to strengthen public respect for law in general and to develop order and civilization.

When questioned as to the practicability of the enforcement of prohibition in New York City, Mr. Parker said, "The passage of such a law would presume that it is the sentiment of this commonwealth, and this commonwealth will ultimately enforce its sentiment no matter what obstacle it may meet."

This is a forcible statement, but it simply declares what we have always believed and advocated, that honest officials could enforce prohibitory law in any part of this continent

in which public sentiment was strong enough to demand its enactment.

In this connection it is worth while noting how effectively prohibition is enforced at the present time. There was not a single case of drunkenness in the Toronto Police Court on Tuesday the 7th inst. Why? Simply because Monday January 6th, was the day of the municipal elections. Prohibition was law for that day. It was enforced. It was obeyed. It was a success.

It is worth while noting Commissioner Parker's views upon the evil that prohibition aims to suppress. He was asked what he thought of the saloon and the liquor traffic as a cause of crime, and in reply he said:—

"My individual testimony is infinitesimal as compared with the testimony of generations of public observers, of statesmen, of statisticians, of scientific and religious thinkers, that there is no crime-producing agency that anywhere approaches it in efficacy. I am not a Prohibitionist, nor a Puritan, nor a member of a church, but no man with eyes in his head and with the least particle of heart or conscience can fail to realize the terrible danger and handicap that intemperance is to our Anglo-Saxon civilization, especially when it does its work on our nervous American organizations."

MANITOBA.

The recent provincial election in Manitoba can hardly be said to have been fought out on temperance lines. The issue before the people certainly was the school question.

It is deserving of note however, that Hon. Mr. Greenway, the Premier, in his address before the election, stated clearly and emphatically the position of the Government upon prohibition. He practically pledged his Government to the enactment of prohibitory legislation to the full extent of its jurisdiction as determined by the Privy Council.

Going to the people with this pledge the Government won a great victory, more than three-fourths of the new Assembly being supporters of Mr. Greenway. Several Patrons were elected and they are also pledged, if possible even more strongly, to effort for the enactment and enforcement of prohibitory law.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

The Canada Temperance Act does not seem to lose any of the hold it has upon the confidence of our friends in the Maritime Provinces. A repeal contest has just been fought out in Westmoreland N. B. and has resulted in a splendid victory for the prohibition cause.

The Scott Act was first carried in Westmoreland in 1870 by a majority of 783. An attempt was made to repeal it in 1884 and was defeated by a majority of 73. A second repeal vote was taken in 1888 when a majority of 706 was given for sustaining the law. In the election just held a majority of 500 was recorded against repeal. The city of Moncton established some time ago in this county, gave a magnificent majority for sustaining the act.

ANOTHER FAILURE.

The State of Vermont has a prohibitory law. A number of hotel keepers object to its provisions. Some of them recently endeavored to organize a movement by which they hoped to secure such a general defiance of law as could not readily be suppressed. The plan proposed was a hotel keepers convention for the purpose of entering into an agreement to sell liquor to guests and to defend

any party to the agreement who should be prosecuted for his lawlessness.

It was expected that there would be a large turn-out of representatives from the 244 towns of the State. Less than forty persons were present. The whole movement practically flattened out, and the prohibitory law goes on.

GONE WRONG.

Many earnest friends of prohibition will deeply regret the decision taken by Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst of New York in relation to the question of Sunday liquor selling. Dr. Parkhurst has acquired a great reputation through the earnest efforts that resulted in the present rigid enforcement of Sunday closing of saloons. He maintains his position regarding law enforcement, but seems to be badly wrong on the question of Sunday liquor selling generally. He recently said to a reporter:—

This question has given me an immense amount of anxious thought, and I think that now I begin to see light. As I told you last week, there exists now a manifest injustice in that the rich man can get on Sunday what the poor man can not. I am in favor of giving the poor man equal privileges under proper restrictions. I favor the sale of beer, ale, and light wines on Sunday as an accompaniment of an honest meal, honestly furnished and honestly paid for. I can not include whisky and other spirits in this as some do.

These sales should take place only at bona fide restaurants. The law should so define the meaning of restaurant, as to size of room, character of meal, etc., as to place it beyond the power of the ordinary saloon-keeper to comply with the requirements.

In addition to this I gave my assent to the plan that these same restaurants—not the ordinary saloons—shall have the privilege of selling beer and light wines between certain hours of Sunday, to be taken away and not consumed on the premises.

LAW IMPROVEMENT.

The Quebec Branch of the Dominion Alliance has secured from the Legislature a number of important amendments to the License Law. One of these makes it absolutely clear that certificates for licenses may be granted or withheld at the discretion of Municipal Councils. Another makes definite the right of Dominion Alliance representatives to appear and be heard before License Commissioners in reference to application for licenses. A third clause, which is valued by our friends, is one providing that in municipalities where prohibitory by-laws are in force, licenses for the sale of liquor for medicinal purposes shall not be granted to the proprietors of hotels.

THE FATAL CURSE.

In Canada as well as elsewhere the terrible trail of the serpent is everywhere. The cruel drink traffic is piling up the sad record of its victims in every corner of our land. Here are a few fatalities, all occurring within a few days. They are only specimens of many similar cases.

On the last Monday in December an unfortunate quarrel took place in the town of Sherbrooke, Que., in a bar-room, in which Mr. Eugene Belanger, twenty-five years of age, was killed.

A press despatch from Chatham tells of the death of a man named Robert Lunley on the evening of December 30th. He had been drinking, had no overcoat on, started to walk some distance to his home and was found next day near a half empty flask of whiskey frozen to death.

A sad result of liquor drinking occurred in the town of Ingersoll on

January 1st. Irwin Caldwell and William McClure had a scuffle in the hall way of the McMurry House, being under the influence of liquor. Caldwell fell upon McClure, was taken up unconscious and was laid upon a sofa. He died almost immediately.

A ROYAL ADVOCATE.

A strong plea in favor of prohibition is to be found in a speech addressed by Queen Victoria to the Bechuana Chiefs who visited her at Windsor recently. In her address to the Chiefs she said, "I am glad to see the Chiefs, and to know that they love my rule. I confirm the settlement of their case which my Minister has made. I approve the provision excluding strong drink from their country. I feel strongly in this matter, and am glad to see that the Chiefs have determined to keep so great a curse from the people. The Chiefs must obey my Minister and my High Commissioner. I thank them for the presents which they have made to me, and I wish for their prosperity and that of their people."

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

He was one of the fellows
That could drink or leave it alone,
With a fine high scorn for common men
Who were born with no backbone,
"And why," said he, "should a man of strength
Deny to himself the use
Of the pleasant gift of the warm, red wine
Because of its weak abuse?"

He could quote at a banquet,
With a manner half divine,
Full fifty things the poets say
About the rosy wine,
And he could sing a spirited song
About the lips of a lass,
And drink a toast to her fair young worth
In the sparkling generous glass.

And since this lordly fellow
Could drink or leave it alone,
He chose to drink at his own wild will
Till his will was overthrown,
And the lips of the lass are cold with grief,
And the children shiver and shrink,
For the man who once could leave it alone
Is the pitiful slave to drink.
—British Temperance Advocate.

DESTROYS BODILY VITALITY.

Alcohol is so insidious and so deadly in its character that there is no other article or material in nature that is so well calculated to produce disease and consequent crime and misery. Its acrid, poisonous nature is also attested by the most eminent scientists as the most virulent poison. One-half an ounce of pure alcohol taken into the system will paralyze the nerve centers and kill just as surely and as quickly as a stroke of lightning, and the same poison when taken in the form of whiskey, beer, wine, brandy or other alcoholic beverage is so antagonistic to the vitality of the system that its effects cannot be entirely eliminated even by total abstinence, but will remain in the system, more or less, making it less able to resist attacks of rheumatism, diphtheria, pneumonia or other dangerous diseases. —Demorsets Magazine.

"The vast concourse was like an instrument on which the Black Knight played, and moved to tears or laughter at his pleasure. At first there seemed a lack of sympathy between speaker and hearers, but as the knight got into his subject and his wonderful genius began to flash out, the audience became more responsive, and before he was half done, he was master of the situation. Mr. Hector has more than his share of that humor and originality which are the gift of the colored race in so marked a degree, and it was simply impossible to resist his sallies. He threw his hearers into convulsions of laughter, which often remained after he had passed by a swift transition to the grave and the pathetic, and had begun to play on another set of emotions."—Windsor Evening Record.

Selections.

'TIS COMING!

'Tis coming up the steep of time.
And this old world is growing
brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb
lighter!

Our dust may slumber underground
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round—
Have heard its voice of distant
thunder!

'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, that glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in
story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffolds
gory!

They passed. But lo! the work they
wrought!
Now the crowned hopes of centuries
blossom.

The lightning of their living thought
Is flashing through us, brain and
bosom.

'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems rot with age.
But the great people's ever youthful!
And it shall write the future's page,
To our humanity more truthful.
There's a divinity within,
That makes men great if they but
will it.

God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity; Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of
being!

Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full-statured, grow far-
seeing.

Thou shalt unfold our better part
And in our life cup yield more honey;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And love's own world with smiles
more sunny.

'Tis coming! yes 'tis coming!

Gerald Massey.

THREE YOUNG MEN OF LEE.

There were three young men of Lee,
They were drunk as drunk could be,
For they had bumpers three times
three.

And they were jolly as jolly could be,
These three young men of Lee.
All these young hums would proudly
say,

"We take our liquor straight each day.
The prohibition cranks shan't touch
Our liberty we prize so much;
What care we for our daddies' fears?
What care we for our mothers' tears?
Older men drink, and why not we?
We'll have all we want," said the hums
of Lee.

There are two old sots at Lee,
They are poor as poor can be,
And one is lame and one cannot see:
They are out at elbow and out at knee,
These two old sots at Lee.

The one that is lame had a heavy fall
On the alehouse floor in a drunken
brawl;

The blind one lost his sight, they say,
By staggering near a blast one day;
The third was killed in a crowded
street,

By a loaded wagon he chanced to meet;
And they that survive might as well
be dead,

For often their children cry for bread.
There are two old sots at Lee,
They are poor as poor can be,
And there they are and there they'll be,
Till death puts an end to their misery,
These two old sots at Lee.

Edward Howe.

THE DRINK FOR YOU.

Each flower holds up a dainty cup
To catch the rain and dew:
Each bonny gem upon its stem
Lets the light in and through.
The drink of flowers, distilled in
showers,
Is just the drink for you.

The nightingale that cheers the vale,
From crystal streamlets flew
On vibrant wings, and when it sings
Its notes are clear and true,
The song-bird's drink should be, I
think,
The drink for birds like you.

The stars so bright that gem the
night.

Shining like diamonds through,
Are sleepless eyes in sheltering skies,
Glancing from curtains blue.
They fling their beams upon the
streams
That flow with drink for you.

When Hagar prayed for rain and
shade,
A fountain rose in view.

For unseen hands had scooped the
sands,
And brought the water through.
She wept and smiled and gave her
child

The drink that's good for you.

"Better than gold is water cold
For boys and girls like you."
—George W. Bungay in *Y. T. A.*

TWO LIVES.

BY MARY CLEMENT LEAVITT.

Mintern Pennock and Nelson Bernard
were the names of the two young men
who lived the two lives.

They were born in the same village,
attended the same school, the same
church, and were in the same class in
Sabbath-school.

When they were beyond the village
school, Nelson Bernard, the son of a
poor minister with a very large family,
attended the academy half a year, and
then, at sixteen, turned out into the
great world to make a living as best he
could.

He tried to find a business opening
in Boston, but he needed too much
pay for a boy's place, and did not know
enough about business for any other.

When nearly at his last penny, as he
sat on a dry-goods box in the street,
eating a cracker and an apple by way
of dinner, and thinking almost desper-
ately what to do next, an old gentle-
man carrying two very heavy valises
came along, put them down to rest a
moment, and leaned against Nelson's
dry-goods box.

"You look like a country boy," said
he.

"I am, and I wish I had never come
to the city."

"Don't like your place, heh?"

"Can't get a place. That is the
trouble."

"Perhaps you are the very boy I
want in my comb factory down in
Haverhill. How much will you work
for?"

"The same money you pay others
for doing the same work."

"That is sensible. Come along, then."

"Wait ten minutes, till I get my
valise; then I will carry one of yours."

Nelson worked three years in the
comb factory and then went to San
Francisco, got into the lumber busi-
ness, was in the army during the war,
received a wound from which he ap-
parently recovered in a few weeks,
returned to the same position, married,
and four children, two sons and two
daughters, blessed the union.

At about forty years of age the old
wound began to make itself felt again,
brought on a trouble of the chest, and
carried him to the grave at forty-two.

On the day of his burial the church
could not hold those that came to do
his memory honor, or to weep over
their departed friend. During the
eulogy the pastor said:

"I need not recount in this presence
the public labors of our beloved friend
and brother.

"We all know that he was always
on the right side of every question, in
the fore-front of every battle between
righteousness and unrighteousness.
We all know what he has been in our
prayer meetings and social gatherings
of the church. We all know that his
private life accorded with his public
life and speech.

"But I wish to say one thing that
no one knows so well as I. More of the
conversions that have taken place in
our congregation, and have resulted in
adding to the membership of this
church—that he did more to form than
any other man—have been due to
Deacon Bernard's individual efforts
than to mine, or to my preaching. I
have kept a record, as the facts have
been revealed in the examination of
candidates for church membership.

"We have lost our right arm. We
have lost our central pillar. God
help us to try to make his place good.

"Not many weeks ago I asked
Deacon Bernard what power had kept
him so single-hearted in the right.

"His reply was: 'Under God, my
mother's prayers, and the influence of
my sister Martha, who got my promise
before I left home never to touch

tobacco or drink, never to speak nor
listen to a word, nor read a book, nor
do an act that I would not at once
report to her. Those promises held me
before I became a Christian. I believe
I should not have been strong enough
to resist all the temptations thrown in
my way except for those promises.'"
And so Nelson Bernard's life on earth
flushed.

Let us turn to the other.

Mintern Pennock was the son of a
rich man, a deacon in the church of
which Nelson Bernard's father was
pastor.

When village school would no longer
answer, Mintern Pennock also went to
the academy, but to begin a regular
classical course and fit for college.

Three years passed, and the whole
country-side knew of his brilliant
scholarship and triumphant entrance
upon his college course.

Alas, there was no mother to pray
for him. The turf had been green over
her grave many years. Again, alas,
there was no older sister, looking with
intelligent, questioning gaze into con-
temporary life from her stand-point of
teacher in a large city, to secure prom-
ises from Mintern Pennock.

Soon after entering college the first
cigar was smoked, the first glass of
wine was taken. Although there was
no "college scrapes" reported, Pen-
nock ranked lower and lower every
year, and no "honors" were won by
the "very brilliant" young man, and
his dotting father had had fewer and
fewer triumphs to blazon abroad. Still,
he had not disgraced himself, was a
great favorite in his class, and enjoyed
a share of "class-day glories."

A presidential election came on in
the autumn after his graduation.
Young Pennock's oratory, which was
indeed remarkable, was far beyond
anything else to be commanded by his
party in that region. Night after night
he drove here and there; was haggard
and dull-eyed in the mornings, but all
affairs at night. It began to be
whispered that he stimulated himself
with brandy before every evening
address.

The night before election he spoke in
a village three miles from home which
came nearer being *low* than any other
in the region. He went to the tavern
after "speaking" was over. Long
afterwards he was lifted into the light
wagon, and started on his homeward
way. The team arrived without him.
He was found unharmed in a drunken
sleep by the road-side. The next day,
at election, he was dead drunk before
the polls closed at sun-set.

These disgraces seemed to sober him.
He entered a lawyer's office at the
county-seat, "read law," and in two
or three years was admitted to the bar.
He then opened an office in the State
capital, and was a prosperous, rising
young man.

About this time he married a lovely
Christian girl of fine character and
education, and of one of the best
families in the State of New York.

The same year he was sent into the
State Legislature and chosen Speaker
of the House. No person had held
either position at so early an age.

Another year passed, and a beautiful
little daughter was laid in his arms.

But the serpent of strong drink had
not been resolutely and forever barred
out. After his entrance into legisla-
tive halls his wife's face was less joyous.
Whispers began to fly about that he
had been seen "the worse for drink."

He was elected the second and third
times, and made Speaker as well. But
in his third term he so disgraced him-
self and his party that he was dropped
politically. This was in a New England
State not then under prohibition, but
whose people had such views and habits
in regard to drink that it easily fol-
lowed the example of Maine a few
years later.

Stung by the action of his party, he
drank hard for many months. The
death of his little daughter, after a
sickness of only a few hours, sobered
him. He believed he was converted,
and so did his wife, and felt assured
that he would never be intoxicated
again; but nobody, apparently, urged
upon him the signing of the pledge,
the putting of a solemn promise be-
tween himself and the *first glass*, which
in his case and many others was as the
letting out of waters.

The death of little Lily had occurred
in February. The news of the change
in Lawyer Pennock spread all over the
State. In the autumn he was trium-
phantly elected Lieutenant-Governor,
the youngest man who had held the
position in any State in the Union.

Again, before the winter's session of
Legislature had closed, Mrs. Pennock's

eyes were sad and her cheeks pale. He
was re-elected to the same place the
next year, but he was so often intoxi-
cated during the second term as
Lieutenant-Governor that his party
dropped him finally.

About this time a thoughtful old
farmer in his native town said at the
store, which was also the post-office.
"Mintern Pennock might just as well
be President of these United States as
any man that was ever born in them,
if he would only let drink alone"; and
there was a chorus of "That's so,"
"Right that time," "True enough,"
and other ejaculations, with no dis-
senting voice, although both political
parties were about equally represented
in the circle.

We will not attempt to paint the
scenes within Governor Pennock's
house, nor depict the grief of his
beautiful, gentle, tender wife. It is
enough to say that his debauches were
frequent, but followed by periods of
abstinence of longer or shorter dura-
tion, and that poor Mrs. Pennock sunk
under her grief—died without disease,
so the doctors said.

Governor Pennock still had a little
practice, was still beloved by every-
body, though often picked out of the
gutter and carried home, where faith-
ful old Hannah, who had been "help"
in his father's house when he was born,
tended and cared for him in his worse
than infantile helplessness.

On one occasion his friends consulted
together, and decided that instead of
taking him home the next time he was
found drunk and helpless, the constable
should put him in the lock-up, and let
him wake there next morning. It
might arouse him and do him good.

The constable was called, and the
plan communicated to him. He started
in amazement, "What! me put the
Governor in the lock-up? Never!
Here take back my commission. I'll
never do that. Last winter when my
children were all down with diphtheria
and nobody dared come near the house,
did not the Governor come and stay
day and night, helping just as if he was
my brother born, till it was all over—
two of the children in their graves,
and the rest of them in a fair way to
get well? Do you think I can put the
Governor in the lock-up after that?"

So that project ended.
It was a steady down-hill course—
longer and deeper debauches, and
shorter intervals between.

Finally, he made a visit to a sister in
one of the large cities, staggered in
late the first evening after his arrival,
was attacked by violent illness in the
night, some heart difficulty, and went
out of his life at the same age and in
the same month as Nelson Bernard.

Said his weeping younger sister to
the writer, "The only comfort is that
he died in his bed, in his sister's house,
when he might have died anywhere,
anywhere."

The only gleam of hope for the future
was that experience after the death of
Lily, which he afterwards declared to
be a delusion, but his wife clung to it
to the day of her death.

"Did no one try to reform him?"

some one enquires.
Everybody tried in the later years.
Apparently nobody tried in his boy-
hood or dawning manhood to impart
the knowledge or secure the promise
that Nelson Bernard declared had
saved him.

Which course will you take, my
young friend?—*National Temperance
Advocate.*

AN IMPORTANT COMMITTEE.

Much depends upon the good of the
order committee. The members should
study to provide helpful exercise with
enough spice to add to the flavor.
Don't forget to make temperance a
leading feature of the entertainments.
With a good committee and the co-
operation of the membership the lodge
will grow in the estimation of those in
the lodge and out of it.—*Flying
Hammer.*

"Mr. Hector's lecture sparkled with
the most genuine humor, interspersed
with pathetic descriptions of scenes
in the life of his parents, their escape
from slavery by the 'underground
railroad,' and his own experience as a
boy from the death of his father and
mother on the same day, of cholera.
The dramatic action of the speaker,
and the naivete with which he
detailed his own experience up to the
time when he blackened one of
Sherman's boots and left the other
'unshined,' before the battle of Shiloh,
were irresistible."—*San Francisco
Examiner.*

THE VANGUARD.

A GREAT WORK—READ CAREFULLY.

The VANGUARD was published during the stirring years of 1863 and 1864 in the form of a magazine. It was devoted to expert discussion of the liquor question and the many matters thereto related. Prohibition workers found it a "mine" of information, and many of them desired to have its articles put into a form adapted for permanent use and reference.

This has been done by binding and indexing the eleven numbers issued in 1863-4.

The book thus produced is a complete encyclopedia of information relating to the temperance and prohibition reform. Every article is written by some person specially qualified to deal with the question he discusses.

In this volume will be found the latest, fullest and most accurate statistics and other authoritative statements; all reliable, fresh and good; covering nearly every field of available fact and argument, and including a great number of tables compiled with the utmost care. It also contains a record of the stirring events of the past two years of prohibition progress, and a summary of the history of the prohibition cause in Canada.

This valuable work is in neat and convenient form, substantially bound in cloth boards, well printed, good paper, clean type, fully indexed, over **650 pages**. Sent, postage prepaid, for

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The Liquor Traffic in Different Countries—Legislation Relating to the Liquor Traffic;—The Working of High License;—Prohibition in the Northwest;—Prohibition in Maine;—Prohibition in Kansas;—Prohibition in Pitcairn Island;—The Canada Temperance Act;—Local Option;—The Scott Act and Drunkenness;—The Gothenburg System;—The Question of Jurisdiction;—Constitutional Prohibition in the United States;—The Plebiscite Movement;—The Plebiscite Returns;—The Drink Bill of Canada;—The Drink Bill of Great Britain;—The Drink Bill of the United States;—The Drink Bill of Christendom;—The Indirect Cost of the Liquor Traffic;—Drink and Mortality;—Alcohol in Medicine;—Beer Drinking and its Results;—Drunkenness and Crime in Canada;—Drunkenness and Crime in the United States;—Drunkenness and Crime in Great Britain;—Drunkenness and Crime in other Countries;—The French Treaty;—Beer and Light Wines;—Adulteration of Liquors;—The Revenue Question;—The Compensation Question;—The Liberty Question;—Bible Wines;—Total Abstinence and Longevity;—The Catholic Church and the Temperance Question.

To put the information contained in the VANGUARD into the possession of those who will use it to advantage, it is offered—for a short time only—to clergymen, at the reduced price of

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

RAM'S HORN APHORISMS.

Woe unto them, is God's red light waving at the edge of the bottomless pit. It is a warning; not a decree of vengeance.

There is as much of God's love in a warning as there is in a promise.

The man who begins by drinking some time, may end by having to drink all the time.

Better stay in bed all day than get up early in the morning to drink.

The man who serves the devil has to begin his day's work before breakfast.

Wine opens the damper to let all the fires of evil in a man burn.

There is no sin that a man inflamed with wine may not commit.

When a man gets up early in the morning to drink, he is apt to spend the day in doing nothing else.

Whoever forms the drink habit gives the devil a mortgage on his sleep.

The sparkle in the wine is made by one of the devil's sharpest teeth.

When the devil would run his claws clear through a man and clinch them on the other side, he makes him believe that moderate drinking won't hurt him.

A brewer's horse fares better than a drunkard's child.

Appetite for drink is the devil's iron chain on the drunkard's neck.

If angels know what the saloons are doing, it must puzzle them to understand why God holds the judgment back.

Many a man puts his family in the dark to help the saloon pay its gas bill.

High up among the things written on the gates of hell is "Sacred Concert."

Every moderate drinker is leading an army of boys towards the pit.

The easiest time to let drink alone is before the first drink is taken.

Bridget starts her fire with coal oil. The devil uses alcohol.

If there is joy in heaven when a sinner repents, what happens when a boy goes into a saloon?

If you would teach children to hate drink, give them the first lesson before they leave the cradle.

The first glass has the most poison in it.

A drunkard's throat has no bottom to it.

The devil agrees with the man who claims he can drink or let it alone.—*Ram's Horn.*

MAKE USE OF EVERY MEMBER.

The vaunted fraternity and equality of our Order not only give members—rich and poor, old and young, learned and unlearned—equal rights, but demand that each one's special gift be used. It is not always easy to determine the special talent of this Brother or the possible capacity of that Sister. The matter may require study, and the officers for the quarter, especially the C. T., should go out of their way to find and develop it. They must not be daunted by refusals. If these are due to shyness, that must be gently overcome; if to haughtiness or stand-offishness, a few mouthfuls of anger and disgust must be swallowed; if given without a reason, allowance must be made for the fact that possibly the wrong kind of service has been sought, and another attempt should be made. It is probably correct to say that each member can serve in some way—by acting on a committee, by writing letters, by reading a paper, or asking a question, as well as by better-known methods of elocution, speech and music. Happy and prosperous will be the Lodge all of whose members are thus brought into requisition; nor is there any surer way of retaining their active interest.—*John Stewart in Watchword.*

"The Hall of the Y.M.C.A. was crowded last night to its utmost capacity, and long before eight o'clock seats had ceased to be obtainable. Rev. J. H. Hector gave an intensely interesting history of his own life. The pathos of the story at times touched the hearts of the audience with sadness, but the inimitable and original humor which marked most of the lectures, kept them in a constant ripple of mirth, and the flash of native wit which ever and anon illustrated the dark picture fairly convulsed the listeners with laughter."—*Tacoma Ledger.*

"THE BLACK KNIGHT."

Rev. Mr. Hector has now recovered from the severe illness which interfered with his work for a time. He has had a remarkably successful tour in the Maritime Provinces, where he has many invitations to return. In the meantime he will likely spend the month of March in Ontario. Already a large number of applications for his lectures have been made. Those who wish to secure him should apply immediately.



REV. J. H. HECTOR.

Is one of the most remarkable men of the present day. His life story surpasses any romance in its startling realities. Left an orphan at an early age, he passed a youth of vicissitude, hardship and privation such as few have experienced. Later on he fought in some of the fiercest struggles of the great American war, and was five times frightfully wounded, so that his survival was almost miraculous. Subsequently as an engine driver he had many a perilous experience; but he came through all to be a converted man, an earnest Christian, a successful minister of the Gospel, and one of the most effective advocates of prohibition and other moral reforms.

Mr. Hector is a full-blooded negro of superb physique and great natural abilities, to which, despite all difficulties, he has added a self-education which must compel admiration. As an orator he is a phenomenon, carrying his audience along with him by a tornado of eloquence, humor and pathos that is fairly irresistible. His originality, wit, readiness of repartee and intense earnestness, quickly open the way for the shafts of truth which he hurls with consummate tact and telling force.

Everywhere he goes he captures the hearts of the people, rouses their sympathies, appeals to their best nature and purest motives, and does them good. Everybody should hear as many as possible of his wonderful sermons and lectures.

Subjoined are a few specimen press notes of his work:

PRESS OPINIONS.

A FEW OF MANY SIMILAR NOTICES.

"His remarks were gems of wit, humor, logic and eloquence."—*Troy Daily News.*

"For an hour and a half he held his hearers spell-bound, now eliciting bursts of laughter, and again bringing them almost to tears with his pathetic incidents. He is full of fun and wit and his portrayal of ludicrous scenes was so real that one could almost imagine being present with the narrator."—*Valley Echo.*

"The rev. gentleman is as full of wit, humor and sound logic as an egg is full of meat. It is certainly a rare treat to listen to such a speaker. His lecture of nearly two hours duration

seemed but a few minutes."—*Elmhurst Chronicle.*

"His speech was irresistible in its eloquence and pathos."—*Toronto Globe.*

"The speaker's power and logic were unanswerable, and at times his flights of eloquence were beyond the power of pen to describe. In our opinion Mr. Hector has but a few equals as a convincing orator. Besides all the praise we have for him, we know him to be a grand christian gentleman of the highest type"—*Rogersford Bulletin.*

"It is safe to say that the Tabernacle never held a more delighted audience than the one that last evening heard the colored orator, Rev. J. H. Hector. Mr. H. possesses that ready wit and humor that always please. The incidents of his life were presented in a manner that led his audience from one round of laughter to another until, as one gentleman said, his sides fairly ached."—*Portland Oregonian.*

"Seldom has so large a congregation—somewhere about two thousand—attended a morning service in St. James' Church as yesterday greeted the Rev. J. H. Hector, the Black Knight. The sermon was an extraordinary pulpit effort and greatly affected the large assemblage which listened, was inspired, amused, thrilled and almost caused to weep in unison."—*Montreal Witness.*

"The lecture delivered yesterday afternoon by Rev. J. H. Hector, the celebrated colored prohibition orator from California, was a masterly, eloquent and convincing arraignment of the liquor traffic. The audience, the largest of the season, were at one time thrilled by the flow of language which fell from the lips of the speaker, and at others convulsed with laughter by his epigrams, sallies and witticisms. He is a splendid specimen of the race to which he belongs, being powerfully built and showing to great advantage a cultured mien and deportment while thundering forth invective against what he terms worse slavery than that which prevailed in the South."—*Toronto Mail.*

Rev. Mr. Hector, popularly known as the "Black Knight," is open for engagements during the coming fall and winter. His time is already filling up fast, applications should be made at once. For terms, dates &c., address

F. S. SPENCE,

51 Confederation Life Buildings,
Toronto.

"THE BLACK KNIGHT."

BY C. A. INGRAHAM.

He followed where the roisterers go,
And felt the avenging rod,
And heard his curse from Heaven pronounced
As blindly on he trod;

But God leaned down from His great throne
And to the Negro spoke,
And Hector heard his tender voice,
And into light awoke.

"Take from me now this maddening thirst
And I will serve Thee well;
Cut loose the chain of appetite
That drags me down to hell."

He prayed and with the Lord prevailed,
And in His favor grew,
Fulfilled the promise made to Him,
And went His herald true.

Then rang his voice o'er all the land,
And thousands felt the spell
Of ardent words that sparkled wit,
And melted, where they fell,

The stony heart's indifference
To mirth and mingled tear,
That glittering in Love's coronet
As precious gems appear.

That soul were cold that heard his voice,
And felt not God was there,
In majesty beside the black,
And with His arm made bare;

Plead on, great Hector, noble knight—
Your skin is black indeed,
But white your sympathetic heart
And quick to throb and bleed

In sorrow for the multitude
Sunk deep in sin's disgrace,
Speak ever 'gainst accursed rum
And save our suffering race.

—*The Pioneer.*