

not false, the light will assuredly show us what to do in this matter, and give us power to *unite* in doing it.

But it is asked, "How can we unite, when there are so many different opinions?" I answer, "Come, let us reason together." There is but one God, one Good, one Right. We owe it to one another to try to reclaim those that run after strange Gods, or to be reclaimed ourselves.

Shall our Society take the same course in this matter that it took in regard to slavery? We justly take pride in having been foremost to clear ourselves of that crime. But after that was done we failed to work *unitedly* for the suppression of slavery throughout the land; and so we lost an opportunity of giving to the world the grandest reason for the continued existence of our organization. When that opportunity for organized labor was thrown away, the hands of Society were left idle, to engage in the mischief of a separation. Let us see to it that we do not repeat that blunder in the question of to-day.

We stand to-day on the temperance question just where we stood one hundred years ago on the slavery question. To outward appearances we are clear of complicity in the liquor traffic. But the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages is still *legalized* throughout the land, and every year tens of thousands of our fellow creatures are *made drunken according to law*. We can not escape our responsibility for this by silence or inactivity. Every man is directly responsible for this, till he opposes it at the ballot-box, the only place where he can consistently influence legislation. And every religious organization, which professes the name of Him who went about doing good, is responsible for this thing, until it is united in opposing it at the ballot-box—the only place where he can consistently influence legislation. And every religious organization which professes the name of Him who went about doing good, is

responsible for this thing, until it is *united* in opposing it at the ballot-box. I insist on *unity*, because "A house divided against itself can not stand;" neither can it serve two masters.

Think of it, Friends; the most important question in the world to-day is up for settlement, and not a single religious denomination, not a single so-called Christian Church, is *united* to champion the cause. No wonder religion is falling into disrepute, and men like Robert G. Ingersoll are questioning the claims of Christianity. Here is a chance for Friends to prove anew to-day, as they did two hundred years ago, that religion is a striving after God—the good—rather than after gold; and that Christianity is a life of service for the right, rather than for respectability. If the Society will unite in taking up just this one cause, there will be such a flocking to it as has not been known since the days of George Fox.

I am well aware that the foregoing will suggest many criticisms and questions, all of which I shall be glad to answer in the spirit of truth.

JONATHAN C. PIERCE.

Pleasantville, N. Y., 4 mo. 30, 1892.

OUR CANADIAN POETS.

THE LESSON OF THE LILIES.

From "Canada."

The spot described in the following poem is situated in the southern part of King's County, P. E. Island,

I stood upon a barren heath,
Where poison shrub and moorland moss
Had thrown their tangled bridge across
The black and oozy soil beneath.

'Twas in the balmy, ha'cyon days,
The days when spring and summer seem
To meet, and, seen as in a dream,
The distant hills loomed through the haze

And, tideless in the noontide heat,
Hemmed in by walls of sedge and mould,
A blot upon the desert wold,
A stagnant mere lay at my feet.

Afar, I heard the wild birds sing,
As from tree-top and swaying limb
They raised their psalms of praise to Him
Whose bounty sends the gladsome Spring.