

Philadelphia, and this argument given in favor of it: "By increasing the cost of a license, you necessarily decrease the number of saloons, therefore all Christian men should vote for high license, as it materially lessens the evil of intemperance." But nothing was said of the revenue of the remaining saloons being increased many fold by the suppression of the low-license places, and the keepers of those remaining saloons being thereby enabled to gild and adorn their halls of sin until they *seem* palaces of beauty—but, like the spider's web, when the most beautiful they are the most dangerous.

Would you, fathers, be willing for your neighbor, or even dear friend—if you could call him so—to take your boy from home, fill his body with poison, his mind with fearful thoughts, darken his pure soul and send him back to you a wreck—physically, mentally and morally? And would it make any difference whether this be done in a gorgeously-gilded billiard parlor or in a cobweb-draped cellar? Would the wrong to the boy be any less, or the wound in your hearts less cruel?

Yet this you have done and are doing every day for some neighbor—though you may not know him—for *all* men are our neighbors, and you know as well as I that the sun never shines on a sober Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love!

In some homes, aye, in many, more than you and I imagine, there is every day—yes, every hour—that from which you so carefully guard your own, but are thoughtlessly voting upon others of God's children.

*These* are sentiments, "repugnant to the truth in Christ Jesus," for Jesus said, "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you."

Again, we find these words: "We believe the fast we are now called to is not the bowing of the head like a bulrush for a day, but a universal and continual fasting, and refraining from everything which has a tendency to

defile the soul and unfit it for becoming the temple of the Holy Ghost."

If you wished to keep a certain room in your house pure and clean, would you place in it decaying vegetable or animal matter? Certainly not. No more can we pour into this temple of ours, which we of the First-day School were taught to say last First-day, was the dwelling place of God, such vile poison without defiling it.

The Board of Health of Philadelphia issued an order to the people to the effect that all buildings shall be thoroughly cleansed and purified from cellar to garret, and that whitewash shall be used freely in the purifying; also that the Board will investigate the houses to see that this be done.

Is it not time for us, Friends, to be about our house-cleaning? Are there not many traditions hanging, in tatters, on the walls of our house, covered with the dust of ages, containing germs of fatal and contagious disease? Are there not many prejudices, which we have hung over the windows of our soul, obstructing the light?

Let us tear them all down, whitewash the walls, let in God's light and air, and when the Father, who is our spirit's Health Officer, comes to investigate, He can say, "Thou art pure," and can dwell within.

But God can not say this so long as we do not use all our influence to help others to keep their houses clean and undefiled.

We advise against selling spirituous liquors, and while there may be none in membership with us who do this—I trust there are none—yet our men Friends go to the polls on election day and vote for the parties that license the trade, and grant to others the—privilege shall I say, of selling, devastating the Christian land, killing not only the body, as slavery did, but more terrible even than that cruel wrong, killing the soul; and think you the good All-Father will hold those voters blameless?

Voting as we now do, the Australian system, no other *man* may know your