

But as long as there is a saloon kept in the Dominion House, and some of its leading members are the very ones that make the liquor which is the cause of so much misery and crime; there will be no change in the drink traffic.

It is well to save the drunkard, but better to close the door of temptation before his footsteps reach its threshold.

Earnest, unceasing, importunate prayer should be sent up to Heaven for the staying of the awful tide of intemperance. But prayer without effort is without avail.

Prayer should be accompanied by the most earnest and persistent effort to build up God's Kingdom in the world, and to overthrow the ancient Bastile of intemperance and vice.

THE OLDEN QUAKER.

FROM "THE FRIEND," BY J. W. HODSON.

When Quakers to their meetings go,
For worship and for prayer;
They may have melody, but no
Need of the organ there.

Their melody's within the heart,
Which sweet communion fills;
The music's in their inward part,
Which soul and spirit thrills.

No need of college bred divines,
The pulpit for to fill;
But as the Lord moves on their minds
They preach, or they keep still.

No need of sermons written out,
Or subjects planned to fill,
But as the Lord may bring about
The purpose of his will.

They strive to know and do his will
And heed it everywhere;
Sometimes they preach, sometimes they're still,
Sometimes they're heard in prayer.

But oh! when He doth deign to teach
Without the aid of man,
Let no one ever dare to preach
Or mar his holy plan.

For 'tis his own prerogative
Mankind Himself to teach.
And ours to in submission live,
To preach or not to preach.

And as the Gospel freely came,
As free as water ran,

They dare not say they'll preach the same,
And ask their pay of man.

They ask no pay of man for what
Their Maker bids them do,
But in submission to their lot
They trust their Master through.

Who offered to each one who wrought
Within his vineyard bower
The penny which their service sought,
E'en to the eleventh hour.

He never faileth to fulfill
The promise He has made,
So they can safely trust Him still
Until the penny's paid.

He pays in full for every time
They labor for Him, and
What more could they desire of Him,
What more could they demand.

He pays all as the labor's wrought,
In full for every claim,
Not one day missed by Him or aught
In payment of the same.

It's downright pay in every case,
No waiting till to-morrow;
How could they ever have the face
To ask of men to borrow,

Or hire out by the year as though
The Lord would never pay,
And where the highest wages go
For what they have to say.

The Quaker dare not preach for hire.
Or sell what's not his own,
Or even preach from a desire
That springs from self alone.

But as the Lord moves on his heart
As with a burning fire,
With words which he should then impart,
To preach he may aspire.

He then the Gospel may proclaim
As from the Lord above,
But only in the Saviour's name
And in the Father's love;

The Master going with him through
The whole of the discourse,
And bringing language to his view
His message to enforce.

They heed the motions in their hearts
Their Master's pointing there,
And only preach what life imparts
His message to declare;

He being Bishop, Priest and Lord
And Minister to those
Whom He has called to preach the Word
His Gospel to disclose.

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