

more tender than that of life itself. Death transfigures our loved one, as it were, sweeping away the faults and blemishes of the mortal life and leaving us an abiding vision in which all that was beautiful and pure and gentle and true in him remains to us. We often lose friends in the competitions and strifes of earthly life, whom we would have kept for ever had death taken them away in the earlier days when love was strong. Often is it true, as Cardinal Newman writes: "He lives to us who dies; he is but lost who lives." Thus even death does not quench the influence of a good life. It continues to bless others long after the life has passed from earth.

"They never quite leave us, our friends who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the sunlight above;
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their presence and love.

"The work which they left and the books which they read,
Speak mutely, though still with an eloquence rare;
And the songs that they sung, and dear words that they said,
Yet linger and sigh on the desolate air.

"And oft when alone, and oft in the throng,
Or when evil allures us, or sin draweth nigh,
A whisper comes gently, 'Nay do not the wrong.'
And we feel that our weakness is pitied on high."

It must be remembered that not all influence is good. Evil deeds also have influence. Bad men live too after they are gone. Cried a dying man whose life had been full of harm to others: "Gather up my influence and bury it with me in my grave." But the frantic, remorseless wish was in vain. The man went out of the world, but his influence stayed behind him, its poison to work for ages in the lives of others.

We need therefore to guard our influence with most conscientious care. It is a crime to fling into the street an infected garment which may carry contagion to men's homes. It is a worse crime to send out a printed page bearing words infected with the virus of moral death. The men who prepare and publish the vile literature which today goes everywhere, polluting and defiling innocent lives, will have a fearful account to render when they stand at God's bar to meet their influence. If we would make our lives worthy of God and a blessing to the world, we must see to it that nothing we do shall influence others in the slightest degree to evil.

In the early days of American art there went from this country to London a young artist of genius and of a pure heart. He was poor, but had an inspiration for noble living as well as fine painting. Among his pictures was one that in itself was pure but that by a sensuous mind might possibly be interpreted in an evil way. A lover of art saw this picture and purchased it. But when it was gone the young artist began to think of its possible hurtful influence over the weak, and his conscience troubled him. He went to his patron and said: "I have come to buy back my picture." The purchaser could not understand him. "Didn't I pay you enough for it? Do you need money?" he asked. "I am poor," replied the artist, "but my art is my life. Its mission must be good. The influence of that picture may possibly be harmful. I cannot be happy with it before the eyes of the world. It must be withdrawn."

We should keep watch over our words and deeds not only in their intent and purpose, but also in their possible influence over others. There may be liberties which in us lead to no danger, but which to others with less stable character and less helpful environments would be full of peril. It