

## THE HARVEST FIELD OF LIFE.

What are we gathering in to-day  
 From the harvest fields of toil?  
 Are we binding together in sheaves of truth  
 Golden grains from the world's turmoil?

What use to keep binding from day to day  
 If we never gather them in?  
 They must surely lose their brightness exposed  
 And become but sheaves of sin.

But if bound together from day to day  
 And duly each sheaf garnered in,  
 Shall we keep them fast in our granary then  
 Bright grains as they once had been?

Shall we keep them there in our storage bin,  
 Shut out from the rays of light?  
 Retaining their brightness for self alone  
 Would that not be causing their blight?

The farmer binds and gathers and toils  
 To shelter these golden grains,  
 And this work done divides his spoils  
 Which bring to him ample gains.

And so in the harvest field of life  
 May we gather and bind and toil,  
 And reward be meted to everyone  
 As they shared and divided their spoil.

And the sheaves we are binding day by day  
 May be golden or tarnished grain,  
 Our life work be what we've gathered in;  
 Do we try not its brightness to retain.

For the little deeds in life we do  
 Though ever so small they be,  
 May be compared to these little grains  
 That yield so abundantly. —E. E.

## HOME INFLUENCE.

FOR YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW.

What delightful associations are connected with our early childhood, and do not thoughts often crowd around us, when memory recurs to those bygone years of pleasure that are now buried forever in the stream of time; who cannot look back to the period when our mothers were watching over us with tender care, endeavoring to train our infant minds, and prepare them for the great battle of life's duties, its cares, and responsibilities, that future years would undoubtedly present to us, while we were enjoying childish sports, unmindful, in a great measure, of a fond mother's gentle influence, but as time rolled onward, and we began to leave our accustomed

pleasures to find higher duties to perform as we advanced to more mature years, what has been our experience in the discharge of our allotted duties. Many of us have had to remember our early training, and appreciate the kindness of beloved parents, for their deep interest in our future well being.

A mother's influence is truly something never to be forgotten, although we may depart for a season from her wise counsel and admonition, to wander far away upon the barren mountains "of self-conceit," yet her gentle influence will come before our vision, even in the stillness of night, when all is silent save our own thoughts. Then it is we can visit in imagination our early childhood, and pay a tribute of respect to those who watched our infant years. This life is indeed fraught with change, and few of us pass along its road without some degree of sorrow, as well as joy. Our Merciful Father designed that his children should be happy in this beautiful world. He has placed much at our disposal to make us thankful for, and also given us the power to choose between good and evil, and if we fail to accomplish the object of our mission here, the fault will be our own. Neither is a Father's care buried in oblivion, for he, too, watched our early years and taught our footsteps to steer a proper course. What a charm rests upon that endearing name consecrated to domestic love, that golden key of human happiness, without this, home would be like a temple divested of its ornaments—there loved brothers and sisters dwelt, the companions of our early days. Truly, if there is aught that is lovely it is "home, sweet home." The passing of our days may be painful, and our path may be checkered with sorrow and care, yet when memory hovers over the past, there is no place in which it delights to linger as the loved scene of our childhood's home, and its surrounding influences. In the shadowy past there is one sweet remembrance which the storm of life cannot wither—it is the recollection of home.

ELIZA H. BELL.