

STUMBLING BLOCKS.

On hearing the subject announced for to-day,
I thought it very probable I'd have nothing to say,
But at a late hour, when I had but a short time,
I put a few thoughts in the form of a rhyme.

My verses are simple and not very deep,
And don't contain thoughts that might be called meat;
But I hope you will listen, and try to endure
The lines that were written by a weak amateur.

When setting up fodder on a dry windy day,
It is then one is tempted some bad things to say,
And when the gale strengthens and blows down the shock,
This is to patience a stumbling block.

If when in town, walking along on the street,
A drunk staggering man we should happen to meet,
Who staggers up near and gives us a knock,
This is to love a stumbling block.

A beggar tells a story most sorrowful to hear,
We give him some money, and he goes and buys beer,
And we find out by someone what the man got—
This is to charity a stumbling block.

Says a preacher, "Up in heaven there's no sorrow or care."
Says someone, "I have friends who you say won't be there,
Then think I could be happy? O, no, I think not,"
And this to his hope is a stumbling block.

There are many read the Bible, most everyone does,
To learn of God's goodness, His mercy, and love
But its meaning there are some who fail to unlock,
And this to their faith is a stumbling block.

If parents while at meeting are good to their child,
And honey it, and bless it, and speak to it mild,

But when they get home scold it and give it a box,
They to their children are stumbling blocks.

A man of the world, who all through the week,
Is drinking, or gambling, or trying to cheat.
But on the Sabbath gets good, and professes a great lot,
What's he to some souls, but a stumbling block.

I think it's a fact, and you all will agree
That no matter how righteous, one professes to be,
If in business he welcomes Satan, when ere he may knock,
He's an injury to his church, and a stumbling block.

How a *Friend* can vote for license and say it's no harm,
And argue and grumble against all reform,
And have a clear conscience, is what I know not,
And this is to many a stumbling block.

There are persons of influence, over our land,
Who make great professions, but they're built on the sand,
And fall in life's storm, where if they'd built on the rock,
They'd been a help to this world, not a stumbling block.

We who belong to the Society of Friends,
Are watched by the world, and to many it depends
On how true we are, to the teachings we taught,
Whether we're a help to their souls or a stumbling block.

So boys, let's brace up and be true to our cause;
Face the right and push forward without falter or pause,
When temptations confront us, yield to them not,
Be a strength to our chums, not a stumbling block.

Friends, as a society, throw out a bright light,
So lost souls of the world may see to go right,
Teach them the way shown us by Penn and George Fox,
That they may not fall over these stumbling blocks.

Z. U., JR.