

receive us. The Father's house is that childlike condition, with His love and care, that garment of white thrown around us, as we step into that heavenly state.

It is the influence of the Christ spirit in the souls of men that saves; more than the death of Jesus.

INFLUENCE.

Essay written and read by Arletta Cutler, at the Lobo Township Sabbath School Convention, held at Ivan Presbyterian Church, 2nd mo. 15th, 1895.

"If thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Black in thy brother's skies.
If thou art sad,
Still be thou, in thy brother's gladness, glad."
My life to thee
Is what, oh friend? Man is an agent free;
Then let me live as I may choose,
'Tis only mine to gain or lose.
Free indeed thou art;
Still remember that thou playest a part
On the great stage of life, where thou mayest
lead

Many a brother astray, who may need
Thy help alone
To keep him from error, and guide him home.
Oh, friend! Art thou not thy brother's
keeper?

Is thy life's mission not drawn deeper
Than just to live;
Craving to save thy own soul, nor give
To thy weaker friend a lift, look or word?
Thy soul soon like a bird
May spread its wings, leave its cage and flee,
May it be well with thee.

'Tis not a double burden thou must wrought
To the one—the first duty—give thy thought.
Do that which thy God bids thee, that is best;
Leave unto thy God the rest.

Serve Him well, and fear thou not lest He
May ask of thee one single act or deed
That might cause another to stumble or fall,
For He loves all.

For thee to leave undone one little act,
It may prove as a stone in a pathway;
Thou mayst climb over, seemingly unburt,
But in the dirt

Thou mayst see a weaker brother, who stepped
In thy path,—closely he hath kept
In thy footprints, when, alas, for thee—
That stone thou shouldst have thrown aside,
He did not see;

And stumbling o'er that deed undone,
Has lost the crown he might have won.
To him who may

Tempt thee by walking himself, astray,
Or with evil intent try to persuade
Thee from ways or company, where, by God's
aid,

Thou knowest good will come,
Yield not, be firm, hold to the right, though
alone.

If not thine the fault, then not thine the loss,
But he who tempted must pay the cost.

But thine the gain

If through temptation thou didst maintain
Love for good and right; pity for thy brother
Who walks blindly, and would blindly lead an-
other.

Pity alone thou owes—

Pity, not hate, nor revenge. He who sows
Tares, reaps again

The same Pity, love and help give him.

Help lift his weight of sorrow. Nor dim

His future life by acts of blame or slight.

Set thou aright

The erring one by precept and example.

On no one trample,

Although already crushed by sin and wrong

Amid the throng

Of fellow workers, many a weak one

At mid-day faints beneath the glaring sun;

Thou hast reward

For each cup of water given for thy Lord.

Golden chances are thine, each day, each hour;

Thou mayst do good. There lieth in thy
power

So much to do.

Why stand and wait for greater things, if true

To thy God?

Bending o'er the waxen form of one

Whose life is gone,

Memory brings back many deeds of love

Wrought by that spirit, now flown above.

Blessed memory,

Thou makest lives work in harmony.

Death is solemn, but more solemn is life.

Leave this world of ceaseless strife

As a sunbeam that leaves no darkened spot,

But while it shines brightens its little lot.

Oh! Sabbath School Convention, thy noble
work

Is just begun, no little portion shirk.

Thou hoverest closely under thy wing

Nine little flocks; oh let no harmful thing

Hurt even one,

But as with love, peace and harmony begun,

So let us labor,

Loving one God, and each serving his
neighbor.

And as we, in our own schools, do a part,

Let us work with a free and loving heart

Kind and affectionate,

Feeling ours is keeper of the other eight.

Less judgment than wit is more sail
than ballast. Yet it must be confessed
that wit gives edge to sense and recom-
mends it extremely.—*Penn.*

History makes us some amends for
the shortness of life.—*Skellton.*