

the sentence of doom is pronounced upon them; meanwhile their owner loudly proclaims that they do not pay; whereas it is not that poultry keeping does not pay, but it is this cheap and nasty method of starting and prosecuting it which fails. The vendors of poultry are not the shallow-brained folk novices imagine them. They are fully as cute as those carrying on other trades, possibly a shade cuter; and when they have good birds they know it, and do not distribute them at the first offer of a few pence. Far better is it to buy half-a-dozen good birds than twice the number of inferior ones; for remember, the good ones cost no more to keep than the bad ones, though they make all the difference in the world in the appearance of the annual balance sheet. Besides, there is always more pleasure, more pride, more satisfaction every way, in possessing fowls that are worth looking at, than such as can be seen surmounting the summit of every dung-heap from John O'Groats to Land's End. "What beautiful fowls those are of yours! Where did you get them from? What do you call them? How do you manage to keep them in such

perfect health and lovely plumage?" These are the kind of remarks the real, enthusiastic, determined-to-succeed kind of poultry keeper likes to hear. Every visitor is welcome (except the nocturnal gentleman!), and he feels a proper sort of pride in showing his favourites. All the villagers speak in high praise of Harry Feather's birds, and no visitor to the big house or the humblest cottage can sojourn long in the place without being interested both in Harry Feather and his fowls. They see he loves his pets, they observe his care, they note his industry, they remark on improvements, they discern the good use he makes of leisure hours, they are proud of his successes. Yes, in many ways, a Harry Feather is a most desirable object lesson in any village. He will not look at bad fowls; he will have good ones. "Improve, improve!" is his poultry-yard motto. And folks think Harry improves, too, and forms a striking and elevating contrast to many another village lad who spends life's leisure hours playing pitch-and-toss in the roadway, and his hard-earned wages in the public-house.



## SOWING, REAPING, HARVEST.

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BY THE

● REV. J. R. VERNON,  
M.A.,

*Rector of St. Audrie's, Bridgwater;  
Author of "Gleanings after Harvest,"  
etc.*

"WHEN the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." Let us take some harvest musings from these words of the Lord. They set before us, in parable, God's Sowing; Reaping; Harvest.

God's Sowing. Every one is a sower. Not every one is a sower of seed for God. From the sowing of some there follows the bending wheat of the life lived to God. From the sowing of some there springs the noxious weed, or the idle growth whence is borne the light thistle-down of words, looks, acts, vain or vicious, which the passing wind easily wafts into a neighbour's plot. All are sowers. All may be sowers for God—pre-eminently, that appointed sower, whose mission it is