



## What Shall the Harvest be?

(Ruth Argyle, in the 'Presbyterian Banner'.)

Some little boys were playing behind the big barn on Mr. Thompson's farm, and sad to tell, they were using bad language; also two or three were trying to smoke cigarettes. Now, it so chanced that Mr. Thompson himself was in the barn at that time, busy over the repairs needed by some of the farm implements, and, shocked by hearing such words, accompanied by the smell of tobacco smoke, he looked out cautiously to see who were the boys so misconducting themselves. Imagine his grief at seeing his own son Willie with a cigarette between his teeth! And, alas! just as his father's eyes fell on him the filthy roll of paper and stale tobacco was removed from the boy's lips, while he used some of those very words which had so shocked Mr. Thompson.

Grieved beyond measure, the loving father resolved upon teaching his son a lesson which he should never forget. Early upon the following morning he called Willie downstairs to prepare for a day's work in the field.

'We will plant the corn lot to-day, my son. Come with me and I will show you what seed to use.'

To the boy's surprise, Mr. Thompson led the way to the ash heap and began filling his sack with the rubbish there accumulated. When the bag was full he gave it to his son, and proceeded to fill another for himself; this done, they took up their hoes and passed on to the cornfield. When the rows were all ready for the seed, Willie said:

'Shall I run back to the house, father, and get some corn to plant?'

'Certainly not, my son; we have plenty of seed here in these sacks.'

And forthwith he proceeded to drop bits of trash in the ground he had so carefully prepared. Seeing Willie struck dumb with amazement, he asked:

'Why are you not planting? You have an abundance of seed.'

'But, father, you surely don't think corn will come up if you don't plant anything but rubbish?'

'No, I don't think so; but you seem to be of a different opinion, and I thought I would try your way just for once, to see how it would work.'

More astonished and mystified than ever, Willie said:

'But, father, I never helped you to plant before, I don't see how I could have a "different opinion," or "way."'

'My son, I was in the barn yesterday when you were playing behind it, and I saw you planting the seeds of bad habits—seeds which cannot fail of yielding a large crop one of these fine days.'

Willie hid his face behind his hands while his father talked kindly and earnestly concerning the harvest he must expect to reap by-and-by.

'Could I suppose you intended seriously to sow the seeds of a bad character? No; I must infer that you expect to gather in a harvest of good things sown from the seeds of evil you were sowing, hence I am following your example. Now, my boy, let this thought sink deeply into your heart to-day; when you may reasonably hope to reap a crop of corn or wheat perfected from seed taken from that heap of rubbish yonder, then—not till then—may you expect to reap the harvest of a good character, an honored name, from the seed you were sowing yesterday—bad language and the use of vile tobacco. If you wish to be a good man, you must be a good boy, for "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."'

'Indeed, I won't sow any more rubbish—seed father: but the other boys were all

talking slang, and some were smoking.

'Well, my son, whenever you start out to plant any kind of habit seed, just stop and ask yourself, "What shall the harvest be? Wheat for the Master's garner, or tares for Satan?" You will be safe then. Now let us go back for some corn.'

## The House that Jack Drank.

You've all heard of the house that Jack built. It was a house all stored full of malt, and malt, you know, is what they make beer of, and beer is what people drink to make them stupid, and silly, and quarrelsome, and drunk.

Now, this story is about the house that Jack drank. No one can build a house of malt without some others drink houses. This Jack had a very nice little five-room cottage, in which he and his wife and three little children lived. He was a workman, and every Saturday night brought his wages home to pay the butcher's bill, the baker's bill, the grocer's, the rent of the house, and to buy clothes for the family.

But one Saturday night, as he was coming home, a fellow-workman said: 'Jack, stop and come in a bit with me here, and have something.'

'Don't care if I do,' said Jack. He went in, and Tom treated him to a glass of beer.

Then he felt that it would be mean unless he treated Tom. And so ten cents out of his week's wages went to pay for beer.

The next Saturday night he stopped again, and then it was twenty cents, instead of ten. And the next time it was a dollar.

So, by and by, there was nothing to pay the butcher, and the baker, and the grocer. Then the children were taken sick, because they did not have food enough, and the doctor had to come in and give them medicine. There was his bill, and the druggist's to pay, and nothing to pay with.

So Jack said, 'I will go and borrow some money.' The man of whom he borrowed took a mortgage upon his house, and whatever was not needed to pay the bills, Jack spent in the bar-room for more beer.

When the mortgage became due, Jack had become so shiftless and drunken that he had no money with which to pay it. So the man who had loaned him the money sold his house, and drove him and his wife and children out into the street.

Now, what had become of his house? Something had been done with the money which he had obtained for it. His wife and children had not eaten it, because they had not enough to eat. They had not worn it on their backs, because their backs were only covered with rags.

So, you see, there is another part to the story of 'The House that Jack Built.' Whenever Jack builds a house of malt, some other Jacks must drink their houses up from the heads of their families to keep the first one going.—Selected.

## A Man Who Was 'Odd.'

No one could deny that James McIntosh was a man of pronounced individuality, and there were those who called him 'odd,' stubborn and wearisome.

He was fond of talking. It was difficult to disengage oneself from him when once he began a conversation, and the length of his addresses in prayer-meeting was a source of amusement. He always spoke in meeting once, and sometimes more than once. He spoke thoughtfully, for he was given to thought, but he seldom spoke briefly, and that fact occasioned a frequent and almost habitual smile.

The McIntosh children, who were brought up to attend the weekly meeting, grew sensitive about it, and were glad of an excuse to stay away. And loving their father though they did, they grew accustomed to flush when he rose to speak.

Mr. McIntosh was not pleased with the minister's proposal that one meeting a month should be given over to the consideration of special topics, assigned to appointed speakers. It was an abridgment of his time-honored prerogatives, and when the new method went into operation, he rose in protest, swinging his long arms in a complete circle in his emphatic gesture of

objection. Every one wondered what the minister would say in answer; but he only said, 'Let us pray,' and ended the prayer with the benediction.

However, the new movement had its effect, and James McIntosh felt in his unconquerable soul something of the hopelessness of opposition to the innovation. His wife, a dear little woman, and his children dissuaded him from any further objection, and he ceased to speak at the monthly meeting, and spoke less frequently at the regular one.

He lost something of his interest in the home meetings, and attended those of a rescue mission, and now and then was to be found at a Salvation Army meeting, mounted on a chair and exhorting to his heart's content.

James McIntosh died a few months ago, and some persons said, 'He was a good man, but odd, very odd.'

Yes, he was odd. In the rescue mission one night he found a drunkard, penniless and discouraged, and knelt beside him in long and earnest prayer; and when they rose from their knees, the man asked him, 'What shall I do to-morrow?'

Mr. McIntosh gave him employment in his own factory, and that night when the whistle blew sent his office boy to bring the man to the office, walked home with him, past thirty grog-shops, and saw him safely inside his door. Not only so, but he left his home half an hour earlier the next day, and walked to the factory with him, and home with him again that night.

Five months, morning and night, that busy employer walked back and forth with that man. By the end of that time the man was thoroughly reformed, had conquered his appetite, had found new joy in his home, and had an account in the savings bank, and a membership in the church.

The reformed man was promoted till he became foreman in his department, and sometimes himself walked home with other men. At last, after some years, he died, a few weeks before his employer. He left an estate valued at many thousand dollars and a good name.

At the funeral of James McIntosh two women in black sat not far apart, and at the close they wept together. One was Mrs. McIntosh, and the other the widow of the foreman. Both of them wept tears both of sorrow and joy, for both men were good men, and died honored and beloved, and both women thanked God for the oddity of James McIntosh.—'Youth's Companion.'

## The Nourishment in Beer.

Professor G. Sims Woodhead, M.D., who was the principal speaker at the Sweated Industries Exhibition, at the Queen's Hall, London, recently, whilst lecturing to a large audience on 'Nutrition and Sweating,' was asked by a lady member of the audience if beer was nourishing. 'Well,' Professor Woodhead replied, 'as some of you know, I have very strong opinions on that subject. I will simply quote Mr. Hutchinson, who is a recognized authority. He maintains that there is as much nutriment in a pennyworth of bread as there is in eighty-pennyworth of beer.'

An Austrian Government circular throws a lurid light on beer-drinking. I give a brief extract:—'Alcoholic drinks (including wine, beer, and whiskey, all of which contain the same poison—alcohol) are not mere deceivers; they always cause damage and often death. Scarcely an organ of the body is exempt from their influence—stomach, liver, and heart. Not merely whiskey, but beer and wine also injure these organs. The injury from beer is not from the alcohol alone, but also from the uncalled-for quantities of liquid beer-drinkers take into their stomachs. Weakening of the heart-muscle and the blood-vessels are the consequences of such use of beer. In beer-drinking countries these diseases are very common. In Munich ("the capital of beer-dom," as a German doctor calls it) every sixteenth man dies of what is called beer-heart. There also apoplexy and kidney disease abound, owing to "good Bavarian beer."'