

THE HARVEST YE SOW.

There in the gardens they complain
It is too late to sow again—
The grief of laborers misplaced,
Of barren hours and seedtime's waste.
O blind in age and rash in youth,
Who have not learnt this common truth:
In earth or spirit, that alone
Is harvested which hath been sown.
—Pall Mall Gazette.



"Why is it that all clergymen get themselves up to look such frights?" The words were a defiant whisper, breathed into the ear of an elderly maiden lady, between one of the pauses in a "Faust" fantasia, and then carried to the ears of a tall, thin clergyman, who immediately flushed and looked away.

"Hilda!"
The tone was one of reproof. It came in a good second with the big drum!

Miss Lely and her niece were spending a few early summer weeks at Bournemouth in pursuit of peace and pleasure. A curious looking parson had wandered in front of the band-stand in search of a vacant chair. He had a long, thin face, wore an Inverness coat of ancient date and carried a small, black leather bag. Yet he was young, and should have taken some interest in his personal appearance.

"He has eyebrows like—like the pause marks in music!" the girl murmured, in defense of her sweeping criticism.

Somehow the younger Miss Lely felt she had a right to a grievance just at this time. Her family had lately been bent on coercing her into marriage with a clergyman who, according to all accounts, seemed to have the virtues of all the ages without any of the vices.

Hilda had never seen him. It was some family "arrangement" which the family, exclusive of Hilda, hoped would "come off" some day. The Rev. Ronald Martyn's father and old Mr. Lely had always been friends. The Martyns emigrated shortly afterward to Australia, while the Lelys stayed in the old country. Ronald was due in England on a long visit to some distant relatives, and the meeting fraught with so much importance was to take place soon.

"I shall not go out again," Miss Lely said, when they reached their lodgings. "If you want to go and hear more of the band this evening, Hilda, I will ask Mrs. Hunt to let her Mary take you."

"I am never tired of listening to that band!" she said. "And I'd love to go, aunty!"

And she went. Alas, yet another clergyman caught her eye. It was an old and decrepit one this time, who seemed to be enjoying the music so much that he went to sleep with a rapt expression on his face and not a thought about falling off the end of the seat. A tall, fair-haired man opposite, with limbs like Hercules and the face of an Adonis, strode across the grass and propped him up just in time.

A day or two later the scene was recalled to her. She and her aunt were crossing Old Christchurch road when a motor car whizzed round a corner without warning. The elder Miss Lely gasped; the younger pushed her with all her might out of the way of the advancing monster, and was in turn thrust out of danger by a mighty hand. There was a whizzing sensation in her ears; for one awful moment the street ran round, and the ground rose up before her and refused to stop—then she found herself clutching a lamp-post, while some one muttered in her ear:

"By Jove! That was a close shave!"

She looked up hastily. The hero of a few nights before was standing over her with an anxious expression on his clean-shaven face and in his deep blue eyes.

"Aunt Ellen! Where is Aunt Ellen?" she asked, a little wildly.
Her rescuer nodded in a sympathetic manner. "She is all right, if you mean the old lady in the black bonnet and spectacles," he said. "I expect she is home by now. They took her in a cab."

"A cab! Was she hurt, then?"
The tall man laughed. "Not hurt at all," he answered. "Only very much frightened. And I promised to bring you on immediately. But, of course, as you know, you fainted and I couldn't. If you are sufficiently revived I will call a cab."

Hilda laid her hand on his gray tweed coat sleeve. She had already decided in her own mind that the Rev. Ronald should wear dark gray tweed, when she suddenly remembered that he was a clergyman.
"Don't call a cab for me, please," she said, imploringly. "I can walk quite well. It will do me much more good than driving."
"All right. Then I will walk with you," he answered, cheerfully.
"Didn't I see you at the band concert in the winter gardens the other evening?" he asked.
Hilda nodded and smiled.
"You saved an old clergyman from tumbling off his chair!" she said, amusedly. "I saw you. Why is it clergymen are such a stupid set of men all round?"

He gave a slight start.
"So—er—stupid—clergymen?" he repeated dubiously, as if he had not heard aright.

Hilda thought him quite dense.
"Yes," she explained, merrily. "I'm afraid I dislike clergymen. It's very wrong of me, I know, because—"
She paused and a brilliant flush suffused her cheeks as she suddenly became interested in the sea.

"Because?" he repeated, patiently awaiting her answer.
"Because—oh! I'm supposed to be going to—oh! I don't quite know why," she said, incoherently. "You see—well, I darsay you will laugh at me—but I've always been brought up to expect that some day I must marry a clergyman! It is very stupid. Most probably if dad had wanted me to marry an actor I should have felt a distinctly rebellious desire for the 'cloth.' But as it is—"

"Human nature rebels, eh?" he suggested, with a laugh. "And the balance is in favor of the actor?"
"I don't know any actor, really," she responded, naively. "So I am afraid there is no balance!"
"And it's all dead weight against the poor parson," he murmured, taking a side glance at her.

Hilda shrugged her shoulders.
"Poor!" she echoed. "Do you like clergymen?"

"I never thought I didn't," he said, slowly. "In fact, I used to—"

"But you don't?" she began, merrily.
"No—since I knew you," he said, boldly, "I've altered my opinion!"

"In such a short time—" began Hilda.

It was fortunate that at that moment Mrs. Hunt, who had been on the lookout for them, opened the door, for Hilda had an uncomfortable feeling that things were going too far.

Miss Lely worshipped at St. Peter's and duly carried Hilda off to that church the following Sunday. The tall figure of the hero slipped into a pew just opposite and fixed his blue eyes nearly all the service through just below Hilda's pretty chiffon hat.

The elder Miss Lely prayed for the speedy return of the prospective bridegroom, and Hilda decided that certain tall figures looked equally well in gray tweed or black.

That Sunday was to live long in the memories of both ladies. The elder Miss Lely actually sat down and volunteered to wait for the young people if they cared to walk a little farther before returning to the house. Hilda glanced at her companion and met his gaze with rash courage. Soon he was speaking fast and passionately.

"Don't think me mad—and don't say I am presumptuous. But are you really engaged to that clergyman you talked of the other day? Answer me truthfully, please, because it makes all the difference in the world to me."

He turned his handsome face toward her, and his eyes were lit with an eager, passionate fire that Hilda found disconcerting, albeit delightful.

"I—" She stopped. They sat down, while she told him the whole story. He laughed as he heard it.

"And you intend to marry this man—this clergyman—whether you like him or no?" he asked at the finish.

Hilda looked down toward the sea. She had completely forgotten the waiting Aunt Ellen on the esplanade.
"I must see him first," she said, simply.
"But you have seen him!" She smiled softly.

"Not since I can remember anything," she answered. "I couldn't have the heart to tell dad I refused before seeing him."
"Suppose he is ugly?"
"If I loved him, it wouldn't matter how ugly he was!" the girl said in her soft voice.

The hero jumped up suddenly, and knelt on the gravel path, seizing both her hands.
"Hilda, darling," he cried, triumphantly, "I am Ronald Martyn! Only you didn't know it, of course. Don't you think you could pass over the fact that I am a stupid clergyman?"

"You aren't ugly," whispered Hilda, as if that settled matters.—Modern Society.

Stuttering.

Of the etiology of stuttering we know nothing definite. Direct inheritance in race, and possibly imitation is the chief factor when father and son are affected. There is usually a well-marked neurotic inheritance, others in the family having various forms of nervous complaints. But I have not been able to confirm Charcot's statement that stuttering and ordinary facial paralysis frequently occur in the same family. Shocks, frights and debility after some acute illness are the causes to which the onset is most frequently attributed by parents. Imitation is undoubtedly an occasional cause, children having often been known to start the habit when put in charge of a stuttering nurse-maid. A friend of mine who was extremely fond of horses and was hardly to be kept out of the stables acquired a most obstinate stutter from the groom. Adenoid vegetations are often met with and are important as a predisposing cause since they tend to prevent the proper filling of the chest with air. When present they should be removed as a preliminary measure, although it must not be expected that their removal will lead to a prompt cessation of the stutter.—Lancet.

In France land and grass are usually too valuable to be given over to sheep grazing, hence most of the sheep consumed are imported. All the supplies over a million a year.

THE AGRICULTURIST.

BY NATHL FOWLER, JR.

In the world's dictionary the farmer is defined as a plain tiller of soil, and the agriculturist or planter as one who has lifted the farm on to the plane of business.

The term "farmer," however, covers that vast company of workers, who, by the planting of the seed, raise any kind of a harvest, or who breed and raise cattle and other stock.

The planter of the South and the agriculturist of the West are both farmers, but, by right of courtesy, are described by other titles, because they carry farming into business, or rather apply methods of business to planting and harvesting.

The railroad may cease running, and things will continue to live. The stock-board may board up its doors, and the world will continue to move as it has been moving for centuries, subject only to transient financial cloudiness. Most businesses may go out of business, and the professionalist may no longer continue to practice, yet people will continue to live and propagate. But where there is no longer any farmer, there will be no longer any people, for the world will have starved to death.

The farm, with what the farmer stands for, is the essential factor of human maintenance.

The farm, then, is an indispensable necessity, without which the nations would never have begun their existence.

The wealth of the world is not in its business, is not even in its mineral resources, but consists in the cultivation of the earth's surface—in the farm.

The farmer is the original producer of that which makes life possible, and without which no life can be maintained.

The fundamental cornerstone of all physical progress was originally placed upon the farm, and there it will remain so long as we have physical natures and require material food.

Farming is our industry, the industry preservative of all industries. Notwithstanding the existence of hundreds of abandoned farms, and the constant exodus from the farm to the city, the farm, in its numerical and financial strength, is to-day the greatest power in the whole civilized world.

The farmer is not recognized as he should be, because he seeks neither notoriety nor prominence, but quietly does his work, allowing others to play at society and to receive its shallow reward.

Here, however, has been made a grievous mistake. The farmer, like the lawyer, should be proud of his profession, sufficiently appreciative of it to contribute to it the full measure of his self-respect. Because he does not do so, he has lost both the social and business prominence which really belongs to his calling.

To be in love with our work does not fully suffice. It is necessary to have the love for the work so appear before men that they may honor us, and, by respecting us, be more willing to become of us or to help us.

Some farms do not pay, partly because some farms cannot be made to pay. The barren farm is a worthless piece of property. The sooner it is abandoned the better.

Probably not more than one-half of our fertile farms pay as well as they would pay if the right effort was made to make them pay. It is but a common remark that a great majority of farms are unprofitable because of the indifference on the part of the owners.

Altogether too many farmers, instead of working their farms, allow their farms to work them. The situation, or rather the farm, is their master, instead of their being master of the situation.

The principles of business, the laws of progressive economy, are not applied to the farm as they are to other trades or businesses; consequently, the farmer is not always financially well-to-do; and usually, through no fault of the farm, but because he does not exact what he should from it.

The tendency to-day is unmistakably away from the farm. The farmer's boy, partly because he wants a change, but largely because the great unknown shines with a light apparently brighter than all the lights he has ever seen, desires to leave the farm and to earn his living under entirely different conditions, away from Nature as he had experienced it, where he may lead a life diametrically different from that of his childhood.

But the farmer's boy is not altogether to blame for leaving the farm. The fault, in more than half the cases, is due to the farmer himself and to the way the farm is conducted. The boy brought up upon the farm which is not properly cultivated, and where most of the work is drudgery, or is made to be drudgery, where intellectual growth is stunted, naturally, in the ignorance of his youth, assumes that all farms are like the farm of his childhood, and that the opportunities of life must be elsewhere. Therefore, he gravitates to the city, not so much because he loves the city, but because he feels that that which he knows nothing about, although he may think he does, is better than that which he does know about from actual boyhood experience.

because in a negative way he has been forced cityward.

If the average farmer works harder than does the business man, it is not always because he has to, but generally because he thinks he must. I do not deny that there is much drudgery in farm labor—there is. So there is in almost any other calling or work. But the excess of drudgery is often the fault of the drudge, not of the work itself.

So far as the long farm hours are concerned, they are no longer than those required of the majority of men in business for themselves and of members of all professions. The farmer has as much time on his hands, and generally more, than does the city business man or professional man. It may seem to him that he works longer, but he does not. As a matter of fact, the chances are that he works fewer hours than goes his city neighbor.

Lack of success in farming, unless the farm be unmistakably barren, generally comes from lack of intelligent application. Altogether too many farmers imagine that success is wholly due to hard and laborious labor. Labor is necessary to any successful result, but the labor in which the mind acts the part of partner does not wear men out. As hard as farming is, and as small as is the compensation it usually brings, it gives the farmer more than is received by the average city dweller—more, even, of actual dollars and cents.

The average city clerk, at the end of the year, has less money, and less ready money, than has the farmer; and the chances are that the city man has worked harder, although he may have enjoyed stated holidays and vacations.

Although the average city business man may take in more money than the farmer can possibly gain under the most favorable circumstances, he pays a greater penalty for what he obtains, and in the majority of cases is worse off than is the farmer.

If the farmer treated his work as he should, and applied to it the intelligence that is given to other trades, he would reduce the drudgery to a minimum, and ready money would not be a stranger to him.

Nearly all farmers make a living. Comparatively few, of course, grow rich from the proceeds of the farm; but more than half of the farmers, whether located on the rocky hills of Maine or on the rapidly producing Western soil, not only make expenses, but are able to save something every year.

The farmer is seldom found in the poorhouse. From farmers' children have sprung the majority of our great men, both of business and of the professions.

Many a man, who does not know anything about it, and therefore speaks with positiveness, claims that the farmer's life is narrower than most others, and that the farmer has little opportunity to better civilization. As a matter of fact, the farmer, unless he is located miles from the heart of progress, has a better opportunity to learn what he should know than has the artificially-living cityite, whose broadness consists not so much in the good things, but to an alarming extent in the bad things, of life.

The city clerk or city business man, working in a block and housed in a flat, does not have one-half as much opportunity to progress, in the truest sense of the word, as does the farmer on a fairly fertile farm, working as his own master on his own property.

The farmer, above all other men, is independent. His vocation is the only self-supporting business on earth.

The successful farmer is a man of education, although he may not have been book-taught. He is well equipped, so far as general knowledge is concerned, and, further, he is a man of business.

With the modern periodicals, and the distribution of every class of reading matter, the farmer has much opportunity for mental development.

There always will be some poor and half-starved men among farmers, but this class is far less prominent upon the farm than in the marts of business; and there are ten times more impecunious city workers than there are farmers in actual want. But right here let it be said that even the poorest farmers are better off than are the average strugglers of the great city.—From "Starting in Life," published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

Poet of Mushrooms.

Cornelle is known as the poet of many things, but it has required the finding of a hitherto unknown MS. at the Bibliotheque Nationale to reveal him as the poet of cooked mushrooms, which he apostrophizes as "glorious in their end if their origins are obscure." He compares "its white body and stem" to a parasol, relates its "life," its "struggle with the sun," suggests its relish with cream or mutton ragout, and declares its savory excellence as compared with asparagus, truffles or artichokes. The verse is not exactly that of the "Cid" or of "Polyucte," but it is Cornelle.—London Globe.

Europe's best sugar crop for 1906-7 is estimated at 6,473,000 metric tons.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JANUARY 20 BY THE REV. I. W. HENDERSON.

Subject: Man's Sin and God's Promise. Gen. 3:1-6, 13-15—Golden Text, 1 Cor. 15:22 — Memory Verse, 15.

This lesson, which is termed Man's Sin and God's Promise, might better be termed "the result of disobedience." When God put Adam and Eve into the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it, the Lord God commanded the man, saying, "Of every tree of the Garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thou shalt surely die." God gave this command unto the man and the woman because He desired to teach them the lesson of obedience. If the story in Genesis tells us anything it clearly tells us that "the man and the woman being gifted with the power of free moral choice were to be tested as to their fitness in this demand of God that they obey Him in this one thing. Strictly speaking the Genesis story tells us that the man alone was definitely commanded of God to obey. But in God's plan it is preposterous for us to assume that the woman was not as disobedient of the divine decree as was the man. It is noticeable that God gave to the man and woman in the Garden of Eden absolute freedom save in one particular. Their test of fitness lay in their ability to obey one simple solitary command. The results of that disobedience we have read. The age long consequences of this first disobedience and of centuries of sin we know.

Whenever man is commanded to obey and disobeys the demands of God there trouble comes. So long as Adam and Eve obeyed the will of God so long were they happy. And in like fashion in our day and generation joy only is to be found in the service of God, in the keeping of His eternal commandments. In the doing of His divine will Sin is disobedience. Adam and Eve were sinners because they willed to disobey their God. Disobedience brings for us as it brought to them inevitable, inexorable, vicious consequences. If we are to enjoy life to its fullest we must as individuals and as a society obey God. And if we shall decide by the exercise of our own free will to disobey the voice of God as He speaks to us in our soul's life we must expect logically, consequentially and inescapably to endure suffering and sorrow. That is the law of life.

But thanks be to God we have the promise that however great may have been our disobedience true repentance will meet with divine favor and human sins will be nullified by the grace of God in Christ. Listening to His gospel, accepting His revelation of the redeeming and sanctifying love of God, taking Him as our guide and our Saviour, we may enter into eternal happiness and become the possessors of eternal life.

The following special notes may prove of some value:

Vs. 1. "Serpent." represents sin and evil external temptation. Without much of an imaginative stretch we might consider it the symbolism of inner self will. "Yea—said," a subtle implication that the command was nonsensical. "Any," but God hadn't made such a prohibition. He had commanded abstinence from but one.

Vs. 2. "Fruit—eat," the woman with greater fidelity to the truth corrects the erroneous statement of the serpent.

Vs. 3. "Touch," but with a laxity of expression that was possibly born of not the best of motives, she herself makes an addition to the divine command. God didn't tell them not to touch it.

Vs. 7-12 Inc. are skipped in the lesson, but they ought to be understood. Especially is it wise to call attention to verse 8. The man and the woman in their sin "heard the sound (R. V.) of the Lord God walking in the garden." They didn't have to see Him to know the depth of their disobedience. They had merely to hear Him in order to become frightened. The lesson is obvious. In passing the man's unmanly excuses are worth noticing.

Vs. 13. God passes over the man's excuses and addresses the woman for an explanation.

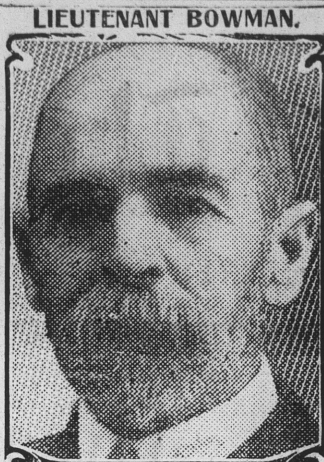
Vs. 14. "Belly," it would seem that at some time the serpent moved upright, as anciently he was sometimes represented. "Dust," the serpent was supposed to eat dust.

Vs. 15. "Bruise," better "crush." Of course we all understand that the heel is the part of a man's body a snake can reach quickest. And we are also aware that our first instinct is to crush a snake with the heel. But aside from other meanings it seems as though there is a deeper meaning in this verse. We are told by reliable commentators that "this verse is regarded as the first announcement of the gospel of redemption. The seed of the woman is Christ, who crushes the serpent's head, i. e., destroys the power of sin and Satan, although He Himself suffers in so doing. There is nothing to indicate that such ideas were in the mind of the writer, but the contest between mankind and the serpent naturally became the symbol of the conflict between good and evil, in which good triumphed in the person of Christ, but conquered through suffering. Moreover, ancient readers of this story knew parallel narratives, in which the serpent was an evil god and his antagonist a divine redeemer, and would naturally find a similar meaning here."

Inconsistency.
We should live and pray for the same thing. We pray against pride and ambition, but nurture them all the day long; against appetite, but pamper it; against temptation, but brave it. This is, in fact, an insult upon God, and acting as if we thought we could impose upon Him.—Ram's Horn.

Chiefest of Sins.

The one sin which excited the wrath of Jesus more than any other was the sin of hypocrisy.



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM.

Cold Affected Head and Throat—Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows:
"I have been particularly benefited by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. Use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack."
"Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."
—Chas. W. Bowman.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peru-na Almanac for 1907.

A RACE OF GIANTS

Americans of Future Will Be Stronger Physically and Mentally.

According to Dr. W. J. McGee of St. Louis the American of the future will be a taller man, stronger, more intellectual, more humanitarian and will live longer than the American of today. Dr. McGee read a paper entitled, "The American of Tomorrow," before the anthropological section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.
"At the present time," said Dr. McGee, in support of his contention, "every babe born lives on an average of 39 years. Half a century ago the average life was 27 years, and 100 years back the span of life was 24 to 25 years, thus showing that the longevity is increasing."
In the opinion of Dr. McGee, John D. Rockefeller is typical of the American of tomorrow. He described Mr. Rockefeller as "the incarnation of concentrated effort," and declared that from an anthropological point of view he undoubtedly represented the coming American. He considered Mr. Rockefeller's great wealth as only incidental and said whatever line of business Mr. Rockefeller had chosen he would have taken first rank.

Women Who Will Gamble.
The most difficult gambling to keep in check both in Singapore and Penang is gambling among Straits-born women of all classes from the highest downward. Frequent complaints are received from husbands whose wives have lost heavily, and it is known that there are five lotteries operating more or less daily in Singapore which are almost exclusively supported by "nonias." Education may possibly do something to stop this vice among the Straits-born ladies, but it must be confessed that its effect in that direction on their husbands and brothers is but small.—South China Post.

Substitute for Copper.
Aluminum for transmission of electricity is being used as a substitute for copper in some instances, particularly in California and northern New York, but its general substitution for copper is not anticipated by prominent copper-mining people.

A Paris paper devoted to scientific subjects announces the discovery of a practical method of shielding watches and clocks from all magnetic influences. It is said to be the work of a watchmaker named Leroy.

COSTLY PRESSURE.
Heart and Nerves Fail on
A resident of a great State puts the case regarding ailments with a comprehensive that is admirable. He writes: "I am 56 years old, considerable experience ailments. They are all alike on reserved energy at ruinous interest. As the whip stimulates but does not strengthen the horse, so do stimulants act upon the human system. Feeling this way, I gave up coffee and all other stimulants and began the use of Postum Food coffee some months ago. The beneficial results have been apparent from the first. [The rheumatism that I used to suffer from has left me, I sleep sounder, my nerves are steadier and my brain clearer. And I bear testimony also to the food value of Postum—something that is lacking in coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.—"Reason. Read 'The Little, the quiet little."