

Where Do You Dump Your Garbage?

Joe R. Barnett has written an excellent tract entitled "Keep Your Tongue" wherein he begins by paraphrasing a story by L. L. Wightman. I would like to share it with you.

George Brown heard the clatter of a wheelbarrow in front of his house. He stepped to the window, wondering who it could be. It was Manley Strong with his wheelbarrow loaded with all manner of garbage. He turned into the yard and approached the front door. His collection of rotten apples, tin cans, ashes, and what not, contrasted strongly with the neat lawn and beautiful flower beds.

"Good morning, Mr. Brown. I've brought you a load of garbage, and I'm wondering where you wish to have it dumped." George Brown's eyes opened widely with surprise. "Where do I wish that stuff? Have you gone crazy? Do you see any signs telling you to dump garbage here?"

Manley pointed to a beautiful flower bed. "There is room for it there," he suggested. "I believe that's a good place to dump it." George Brown gasped. "You dump that stuff here and see what happens," he threatened.

"Would you prefer it in the middle of the lawn?" Manley asked. "Say, what's the meaning of this?" the irate owner asked. The best thing you can do is to get that stuff out of here.

Manley nodded. "I really believe this stud should be taken to the garbage dump," he agreed, "but I thought if you could dump your garbage where you pleased, I certainly should have the same privilege."

"What do you mean" George Brown asked.

"Let me refresh your memory. You'll understand what I mean. Do you remember talking yesterday afternoon with a group of boys? Before you left them you dumped a foul story on them, and also some profane language. Two of those boys are in my Sunday School class. I spend time and effort to keep their lives pure and clean, and they are as much a source of pride to me as your beautiful lawn and flower beds are to you. Yet you dumped your foul garbage on the minds of those boys. Having done so, you laughed and went away, leaving the garbage there to breed evil thoughts and possibly evil deed. You do not wish your flowers buried beneath a pile of garbage; neither do I wish the purity of those boys spoiled by your offensive language. You could remove this stuff from

your lawn, but it is more difficult to remove evil thoughts which have been sown in the mind."