

Seeds of Pine

whereas, in all the world, wheat is the thing most richly alive. It won't die, not for thousands of years. We should put jars of wheat in the corner-stones of our state buildings, even as the Egyptians buried it in tombs of rock. It is the only food we could pass down the centuries to posterity, and apart from its scientific value, there is little doubt posterity would appreciate the gift infinitely more than those stupid name-lists of still stupider people. The grain should be of the highest grade, with the name of the grower and the exact location of his farm added thereto.

Yes! let us tuck away these northern wheat grains till England becomes a republic; the United States a kingdom; and until "the yellow peril" has turned white. Let us lay them safely aside for that day when labour and capital have become one, or till a still later epoch when instead of sex in soul, there shall be soul in sex. Then take them out, Posterity, and crush them into a sacramental wafer that all the world may eat of it as a loving pledge from the twentieth century.

If you think this too long to wait, perhaps you will recall that while the seven sleepers slept, Cæsar was superseded by Christ. Now, the time they slept was for the lives of three men.

In handling wheat, you have doubtless noticed that it is not only alive but possesses a markedly developed will-power. It is ever resisting conquest. They tell me that in the part of the exchange called "the pit," you cannot beat back wheat. Some men have succeeded for a while,