

Certain it is that any person who will trace the march of Christianity through the pomp and glory of the Roman Empire, watch the irresistible tide of the barbarian invasion as it overwhelmed the Eternal City, trace the marvelous work accomplished in the early ages by the Roman Catholic Church through its devoted monks and God-fearing and Christ-loving men, see the progress sin made and the light going out in darkness, the work of evangelization passing into the hands of Protestants, behold the struggle between civilization and barbarism in the dark ages, follow the heroes of the faith as they thread the tangled forests and encounter fierce peoples with the message of the Cross, exult with the passion of the Moravian missionaries, and voyage with the great companies by which Christianity colonized the world, we will come back to our times and work with a deeper faith and a wider vision, a more profound enthusiasm for the triumphs of the faith once delivered to the saints. Let us fervently and gratefully thank God that He has counted us worthy to bear some little part in this great evangelizing work, reverently tread in the path of those sainted men and women who have preceded us, faithfully work, earnestly pray, and patiently wait for the fulfillment of the promise—

"The glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

S. J. MANNING.

St. John, N.B.

### THE "HANDFUL OF CORN."

WHERE did you get your seed wheat this spring? I asked my friend Mrs. Brien. I had just noticed their small field of wheat ripening in the August sun. It was the year that Mr. Leiter and the late Philip D. Armour had their great contention over wheat, which proved a source of much profit to the Northwest planters, but it was somewhat to the discomfiture of our own farmers for the time. A great many who had not raised wheat for years sowed some that spring, and all the seed wheat was bought up. That was why I asked Mrs. Brien where they got their seed. They do but little farming, and none of their neighbors raised wheat.

"I'll tell you" she said. "Ten, eleven year ago, dere was a gal from New Brunswick was visite at Frank Regan up here. Her folk use to live here, an' one day she come to see us. We was talk

'bout farmen', an' she tol' us w'at crop dey raise dat year, an' w'at fine crop w'eat."

"Annie, my gal, she say, 'I would like to see, some w'eat growin'.'"

"'Mis' Brien, de gal say, 'Didn't Annie never see no w'eat growin'?'"

"'No; we never raise no w'eat. W'ere'd Annie see w'eat growin'?'"

"'Den she say she was bring little w'eat in 'er trunk w'en she come, to show her frien' w'at fine grain dey raise to her place. She would bring some an' show us nex' tam she come.'"

"Well, w'en she come nex', she was bring two grain, all she could fin' leif o' w'at she bring, Annie, she put de two grain away in piece, papper, an' de nex' spring, she plant dem. De bots o' dem come up. Dere was 'ree ear an' she got spoonful o' w'eat. She keep dat to de nex' year, an' she raise cupful from dat. De nex' year we raise bowlful, an' de nex' one pailful. De year after dat we raise five bushel; den we didn't raise no more for five year."

"But you didn't keep the seed of that wheat for five years?"

"'Yes! I hang pailful, an' a half in a bag up stair, and dis year dat's what we sow.'"

The Briens lived on an exposed point of land putting into Cumberland Basin. The strong September gales tore off much of the small ends of the headed wheat, but I think they harvested eight bushels that year, and the years following of course as much as they wanted to raise, barring what the gales always claimed. Even that increased the strength of the seed wheat. The strongest kernels survived. The crop was a good help to these comparatively poor people.

I never think of that small patch of wheat, but I think of the "handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains." Annie had not despised the day of small things.

H. J. R. C.

IN CONNECTION with the Baptist Churches of Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska counties, N.B., the women of the W.M.A.S. Societies held a session in Florenceville Baptist Church on March 1st, which was of more than usual interest. Mrs. D. Newman Estey welcomed the visitors and Mrs. W. S. Saunders responded. Papers of deep interest were read by Mrs. Freeman, Mrs. Fash, Mrs. Saunders, and Mrs. Ferguson MacLean. Mrs. Hartley, of East Florenceville, gave an address which was very much appreciated.