

Don't you know that you are keeping me out of heaven? I cannot die until you give yourself to our Saviour. Promise, dear Marion."

"How can I promise, Fleda?" answered the blind girl, with a face as pale as death. "My heart is hard as a stone. I do not feel drawn toward One who has embittered my whole life with darkness."

"Oh, Marion, cannot you see that it is all love—love? God loves you too much to lose you. You would not come when the sky was clear. You felt no need. Self-confident, you believed you could guide yourself. Now, in the darkness, God says, "This poor, lost, blind child will reach after me, and I will lead her into light." Oh how long he has waited for you, and how near? He is nearer to-night than ever before. Will you not put your hand in his? and then he will say:

"The way is dark, my child, but leads to light; I would not always have thee walk by sight. My dealings now thou canst not understand; I meant it so; but I will take thy hand, and lead thee through the gloom Safe home."

Fleda sank back exhausted, and dozed. What was going on in Marion's soul none could tell, only that a conflict was waged there, silent, tearless, while every other eye was dripping. The summons to tea passed unnoticed. The physician and kindly friends came and went. Marion sat like a statue and Fleda slept. Occasionally she would rouse herself, clasp Marion's hand, and urge, "Will you promise me now?" and, with an imploring look at John, sink back. Then a spasm as of pain would cross Marion's white face, and that was all.

At eight o'clock John brought in the evening's mail containing the long-expected letters from Alice and Mr. Elmore. One look of joy as they passed from hand to hand, and then tenderly laid aside with the whisper, "Oh, if they were here to-night! They have come too late for Fleda." With an acuteness not uncommon to the dying, Fleda heard and understood, saying,

"Give me my letters, please, here under my pillow. I shall never read them, but do not grieve. The eternal years are long enough to compensate for all." Then slightly wandering added, "Kiss Alice and Dwight for me. Tell them," she said, with a bright smile and the sweet Scottish accent which she was so fond of assuming, "I am only waiting for Marion to go to 'Love's sane country.'"

The little circle involuntarily smiled, then wept more freely than ever. "Could this be death?" Surely; but where were its terrors? Often as her weakness would permit she repeated passages from the Bible or some choice work or rare, rich poem, or broke softly into song, interspersing all with the tenderest words of endearment to those about her:

"Are you not glad, Hattie, that you and John are here to go to the very edge of the dark shore with me? How kindly all is ordered! Do not fear. It is very, very bright beyond. How can we fear?"

While quiet and apparently sleeping a friend in the room spoke sadly of Fleda's suffering life—of what "she had lost in life, and death had come so early."

But the dying one with gentle rebuke roused herself to repeat these lines, calling on John to prompt her:

"With mercy and with judgment, My web of time he wove, And all the dews of sorrow Were lusted with his love. 'I'll bless the Hand that guided, 'I'll bless the Heart that planned, When called where glory dwelleth, In Immanuel's land."

"Wonderful!" whispered Mrs. Clair. "The ruling passion strong in death," I suppose."

"The grace of God in earthen vessels. Thanks be unto God!" answered the physician, and bending his gray head over the pillow, added, tenderly, "Fleda, dear child, we know not how to spare you, but we are very glad for you. I think death's dark shore will ever be brighter to us after you have crossed."

"I am so glad," she answered; then, shivering slightly, added, "Doctor, I am cold; raise me up, please. Where is Marion? I cannot see her, and yet the room is all light. Dear blind sister, let me go, for the day breaketh," she added, groping feebly for the bowed head.

In a voice sharp with anguish, Marion

cried, "Fleda, my angel, it shall be as you wish. Forgive me for burdening your last hours. I yield, now and for ever!"

Fleda's face changed instantly as with stiffening lips she said, "John, seal it." Mr. Saybrook instantly knelt down, amid words of ecstatic prayer, her head on Hattie's breast, one hand in her mother's, the other in John's, and murmuring, "How beautiful!" the wistful, earnest gaze of her passing soul, growing more rapt and joyful, passed, ere they were aware, on to the shining shore.

"May the Lord carry us over as gently," murmured John as he bore his fainting sister from the room. To Mrs. Hammond and Hattie, bending in an agony of affectionate grief over that fair golden head, the grave, gentle-hearted physician said softly, as he passed out: "She has but climbed the garden wall To bloom the other side."

Be comforted."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Nova Scotia CAN and MUST raise its "own bread."

"Bread is the staff of life." "Wheat is the blood thereof."

Dear Editor,—

"Seed time" is near at hand, and as I reflect that the welfare and prosperity of this highly favored Province makes it the imperative duty of every farmer to raise wheat, at least sufficient for his "own bread," (which he can readily compute by allowing 4½ bushels for each bbl. of flour.) And when I see the magnitude and importance of this subject, I esteem it my duty to prepare one or more articles for your valuable paper.

I could wish my pen a telephone wrought of thunder, and your Messengers "Lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are," Job xxxviii. 35, sounding the "battle cry" loud and long,

SOW WHEAT, CULTIVATE WHEAT, RAISE WHEAT.

We are living in a "new era," and we all hope it will be one of prosperity; and such it may be, if each one, letting "bye-gones" be bye-gones, will take hold of the plow and not look back. Then will we behold the dawn of a glorious future. By the "New Dispensation" each barrel of flour from the States will cost the purchaser 50cts. extra for revenue, which will pass to the Dominion Treasury. According to the returns for 1878, the imports of flour amounted to 314,526 bbls., and 226,850 bbls. corn-meal, duty 40cts. per bbl. As Ontario not only raises its own flour, but exports largely, it is very probable that at least one-third, or 104,840 bbls., came to this Province at an expense of some \$733,880, duties upon which would be \$52,420. The total cost for "bread-stuffs" imported into the Province from all sources, if I mistake not, (I speak from memory, having mislaid my note of statistics,) is not far from \$2,000,000. Now it is evident that every dollar sent out of this Province is tending to a "financial crisis." I repeat, we must, and can, raise our "own bread." Hark! what do I hear? "Please stop, sir; we formerly raised plenty of wheat, but the weevil came, and we gave it up." That will never do; if other countries were to act upon that principle there would be "famine in the land." Ontario is troubled with the weevil and fly, but they don't give up. In a communication from Cape Breton lately, the writer said they did not sow much wheat, but probably about enough for the weevil. In Ontario they understand that, "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully," 2nd Cor. ix. 6. I will only say in passing that the story of the weevil is too old, and many years residence and observation has convinced me that there is no insect to prevent wheat-growing in this Province. But, on the contrary, I will demonstrate to you by figures from the various authorities at my command (for I am at home on "wheat culture," that the soil and climate of Nova Scotia produces more wheat per acre than any other Province in Canada, and is fully equal to the average of the "wheat-growing" States of the Union. We only need to devote more acres to its culture and we will have "bread enough and to spare,"

as will be seen by the following statement.

First we will compare Nova Scotia that buys, with Ontario that sells:—

ONTARIO.

Population, 1871..... 1,620,851  
Acres of wheat..... 1,365,705  
Bushels raised..... 14,230,400  
Product less than 10½ bushels per acre.  
The breadth sown average to each person about one acre, and some two bbls. flour to each.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Population, 1871..... 387,800  
Acres of wheat..... 19,300  
Bushels raised..... 237,897  
Product more than 11½ bushels per acre.

The breadth sown averages to each person about the twentieth part of one acre, and perhaps 22 lbs. of flour.

Thus we see why Ontario, whose soil yields less than 10½ bushels to the acre, exports flour, while Nova Scotia, the soil of which produces 11½, or 5-pecks, more per acre, imports.

We find that New Brunswick comes next as follows:—

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Population, 1871..... 285,594  
Acres in wheat..... 18,834  
Bushels raised..... 204,911  
Product about 10½ bushels per acre.

QUEBEC.

Population, 1871..... 1,191,516  
Acres in wheat..... 242,723  
Bushels raised..... 2,087,076  
Product about 8½ bushels per acre.

I think the foregoing facts will open the eyes of some of the "We cant's." But I am not through yet. I will make "honorable mention" of some of the Counties, and then we will take a short trip "out West." It appears that Kings Co. leads in wheat (as well as potatoes), yielding an average of 13½ bushels per acre; Annapolis next, with 13 1-5; Cumberland, 12½; Guysboro, 12 1-16; Inverness, 11½; Pictou, 11½; Colchester, 11½; and Antigonish, about 11 per acre.

In all the preceding estimates I have taken the census of 1871, in which year there was not as much wheat reported as by the census of 1861, or even 1851, which returned 297,157 bushels, and 1861 returned 312,081 bushels, from which we observe a decrease of 84,534 bushels since 1861, and even 69,660 less than 1851. The crop for 1870-1 we find equal to 50,555 bbls. flour, which, at \$7 per bbl., represents \$353,778, but, as compared with 1861, a loss of \$131,572; thus drawing our life's-blood and tending to a financial suicide.

We will now take a trip to the "wheat States" of the Union, and perhaps visit Manitoba, unless our route should be impeded by the bad roads, tornadoes, fire, flood or famine, the grasshopper, Colorado beetle, army worm, locusts, mosquito, wood-ticks, gnats, fleas, the fever and ague or Indians, all of which and many more are furnished gratuitously to the settlers in "the West." As we journey we will consult the "Guide Book" of "Minnesota and its Resources," (which State lies just to the south-east of Manitoba,) published by direction of Horace Austin, Governor. It says that according to the census for 1850, but four States made an average of 15 bushels per acre. The largest known yield of the great wheat-growing State of Ohio was but 17½ bushels. But the average of that State for 10 years ending in 1868 was less than 10 bushels per acre. In 1859 it produced only an average of 7½ bushels, and Iowa only 4½ bushels per acre. The official returns for 1868, of the States of Minnesota was 17 bushels; Illinois, 11 31-100; and Iowa 9 95-100 per acre.

"Minnesota yields the best average, (17 bushels) up to the year 1868. Since then we have no report. But I have at hand the one for Manitoba, published at Ottawa by the Department of Agriculture, which contains important facts, and from which I learn from the testimony of Hon. Mr. Sutherland, given before the Committee in 1876, that the grasshoppers made their appearance in 1867, and they have appeared there every alternate year since, and it is very probable they are the same in Minnesota. But still they continue to send us flour.

The average of wheat in Manitoba is not presented, but Hon. Mr. S. and Mr. J. Macoun say they raise about 30 bushel per acre. Mr. S. says he has raised 60 bushel per acre, and that he has it on good authority that 70 bushels

have been raised. Well then, let us return to our own "Acadia," and I will tell you of some things it has accomplished and can do again. But first permit me to say that as the census for 1861 does not give the number of acres devoted to wheat I cannot present the average for that year, but it is evident there must have been about 15 bushels to the acre.

The number of farmers was 37,897, nearly one-fourth of the male population, beside 9,306 laborers. In 1871 we have 49,644, an increase of more than one third in farmers, with about the same number of laborers, viz., 9,153, giving a total of more than one half of the adult male population devoted to the farm, from which we must conclude that the dearth in wheat comes from the small amount sown.

We must change all this or the country cannot prosper. We see that Ontario has about one acre of wheat to each inhabitant. Minnesota, from whom we also purchase, and with a population of 44,000 (at time of estimate), has 1,006,007 acres given to wheat, or about 2½ acres to each, and our "glorious heritage" gives us but the twentieth part of one acre and perhaps 22 lbs. of flour, while Minnesota, with liberal hand, offers to each of her sons and daughters a homestead in the floury land of 2½ acres and nearly 8 bbls. of flour to "keep house" with. With such facts before us we need not seek further for a solution of the stringent times through which we are passing, but which must and can be alleviated, and in the near future, see advancing prosperity. The remedy is,

RAISE WHEAT, RAISE WHEAT, RAISE WHEAT.

Now please remember about Manitoba. Well, there is much of the soil in this Province that will produce by deep plowing and pulverizing from 20 to 30 bushels per acre. Now for the facts, Mr. F. S., at Cleveland, South Mountain, Annapolis Co., recently raised about 32 bushels good wheat per acre. The same season the writer of this raised at the rate of 42 bushels per acre (by the drill process, (using the head of a rake, inserting the teeth from 1½ to 2 inches deep and drop one kernel in each, with the rows 9 inches apart). At Victoria, North Mountain, Dea. W. P. raised 100 bushels on 3 acres, and I am informed by the very best of authority that on the farm formerly owned by Judge H., near Margaretville, Annapolis Co., that seventy bushels of wheat was raised per acre, and I have no doubt there are many other instances in Kings and Annapolis quite equal to those named, and to sustain this opinion I have before me a valuable little hand book, entitled "A Description of Nova Scotia," written by the Deputy Provincial Secretary, Herbert Crosskill, at the request of the Government, and the Council in a Minute of March 16th, 1872, say they "are of opinion the information therein contained is correct and reliable," and was approved by Sir Hastings Doyle, Lieutenant-Governor.

In this manual the average of wheat in Kings and Annapolis Co.'s is put at 18 bushels, which it will be observed is better than the best in the Union. Therefore I again say, Sow wheat, sow wheat, sow wheat. Plow deep, pulverize the soil, use good seed or none.

I cannot close without calling attention to the article copied in your paper of the 2nd inst. from the Toronto Globe entitled, "The Wheat Crop of the World," by Mr. Dodge, late of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. After presenting the statistics of the nations, the Globe says, "The calculation is widely astray in alletting Canada only 16,000,000 bushels." I need not quote all it says, but the point is it says, "It will be seen that our crops of 1877 amounted to nearly 45,000,000 of bushels." Now we will see who is astray. The crop for 1870-1, by census, is 16,753,294, raised upon 1,646,762 acres, an average of 10 3-10 bushels per acre, and upon this Mr. D. based his estimates. We have no means of judging of the increase in the acreage of wheat since 1871, but certain we are it is not sufficient to give 45,000,000 or nearly three-fold the crop of 1870-1, and upon the same acreage would require the untold average of 27 bushels per acre, which, with such a result, would make Canada the Grainary of the Globe. My closing advice is, Sow wheat! sow wheat!! sow wheat!!!

BLOOMFIELD.

For the Christian Messenger.

To the Members of the W. M. A. Societies, and friends of Missions.

The Central Board of W.M.A. Societies for Nova Scotia at their last quarterly meeting passed a resolution to the following effect:—

Resolved, That in view of the claims of the mission cause, and the pressing need that the women of the churches should feel their responsibility in this great work, the Central Board recommend that members generally should subscribe for The Canadian Missionary Link, and endeavour to increase its circulation in the churches to which they belong, believing that its perusal from month to month would tend to add greatly to the interest which is needed to maintain the mission in an efficient manner.

The terms are 25 cents a year, payable in advance. The editor suggests that where several are taken in one locality, the whole number be addressed to one individual, in this way saving labour and extra postage. Each address in full sent to

MISS J. BUCHAN,  
Yorkville, Ontario,

with the money, will receive prompt attention.

In a letter from Mrs. Armstrong in the last number of this interesting paper, she writes:—

"Dear Sisters of the W. M. A. Society. I am so glad of a Missionary Link that reaches all your homes, and belongs in common to you all, that I cannot help telling you so. We are anxious to hear about your work at home, for we depend on it for supplies; while doubtless the earnest workers at home are quite as anxious to know what is doing out here, for you look hither for your harvest. Thinking of these things I hail our little paper as a 'link indeed,' to bind together many scattered interests, and make us all, I trust, stronger and wiser by the union."

It does not seem needful that anything further should be said, but we trust that a large number of new subscribers will prove the utility of this appeal to the sisters of the Baptist Churches in Nova Scotia.

On behalf of the Board,  
MARIA R. SELDEN, Sec'y.  
Halifax, April 14th, 1879.

For the Christian Messenger.

A Word about Mission Work.

The conversion of the heathen has long been a subject for thought and consideration by God's people everywhere. The best plans and means are sought for conveying the light of the gospel to the hearts of the dark and benighted.

The cry is still wafted to us on every breeze, "Come over and help us."

Take India, where the gospel has been preached for many years. We might call it the centre of mission work, a place which perhaps is in a better way of being opened up for missionary work than any other country, as God has been so wonderfully and mysteriously working his plans and allowing so many movements of a political nature to go on favorable to the progress of Christianity. Even now in India there is but one missionary to 27,000 or 28,000 souls, and yet India is far better supplied with missionary labor than most parts of the field. Heathenism in some of the Islands of the Pacific is a thing of the past. The Spirit and power of God has swept idolatry out of existence. For this we thank God.

A great deal has been done in connection with mission work, and a great many efforts, and successful efforts, too, have been put forth for the advancement of God's cause, yet how little is being done at this present time to what might be done.

True, God's servants are working with abundant success and many souls are being brought to Christ through the power of His Word, especially in India, where thousands are coming to a knowledge of the truth. But how is it there is so little being done to conquer this great enemy, Idolatry? Is it because God is slow to answer prayer and to perform his promises, or is it because there is not as much of the true genuine missionary spirit dwelling in the hearts of God's people that there should be? If we consider this, I think we will find the latter is the reason. We may not have been aware that this great work has a claim upon us. Unless we do our duty respecting it we shall not be clear of the blood of those dark and benighted ones who are deprived of the privileges we enjoy.