

The drama of life hitherto has been a tragedy to both of them. Now it seems reopened by Providence, and under circumstances which add the strength of sympathy to the power of love.

Young Godfrey's phenomenal success in farming has ennobled the pursuit in the opinion of a great many, and among them Mr. Poirier. He receives even a warmer welcome now in the Poirier home than that denied fifteen years ago to the headstrong youth who seemed flying in the face of destiny. Agriculture is being justified of her children. How strange it is that one of the very noblest of avocations, that upon which more than any other our country's prosperity depends, should ever be considered unworthy of engaging the greatest talents and the highest culture!

The last scene in our story introduces us to Allison Godfrey's farm of three hundred acres, about five miles from Greenside, and the time is two years after the return of Grace, a widow, with her little girl.

A new house, to which the finishing touches have just been given, is gay with decorations, and the Godfrey and Poirier families and their friends are gathered there to await the home-coming of the squire and his bride. The house is not a mansion. It was not built to excite the envy of the farmers for miles around. It was built for comfort and convenience, while a regard for æsthetic effect is not wanting altogether, and it is in perfect harmony with the surroundings.

The grain has been harvested, the orchards are glorious with ripe and ripening fruit, the cattle and horses, Holsteins and Jerseys, Clydes and Percherons, are cropping the aftermath, the barns are full,—it is the season of reward, and more to Allison than all his farm and fame is the guerdon he has won after long years of bitterness and brings home with him to-day. A throng of his friends and constituents meets him at the station, and Allison and his bride are brought in triumph to their home. It is indeed a goodly company, representing the wealth and culture of the town and county, we find assembled to do honour to *only a farmer*.

## Our Contributors.

### IN JUNE.

BY IRENE ELDER MORTON.

**S**OME glad thing comes to me  
Always in June;  
Some new joy fitly set  
To a sweet tune;

Some dear long-absent face  
Answers some prayers;  
Or may be just a sign  
That someone cares.

Some good things hidden long  
From Summer's noon,  
Say, "Let us go to her,  
For it is June.

"Why cheat her any more?  
Are we not hers?  
Unlock the dusty door!  
Our being stirs

"With longings to behold  
A human face,  
And with a touch of joy  
Add some new grace."

When first Earth's wrinkled face  
Saw the white moon  
Shine on unfinished forms,  
There was no June;

But, as the thoughts of God  
Shewed perfect spheres,  
We think He called up June  
To gem the years.

When we are inward drawn  
To God's dear heart,  
And the white silence falls  
As we depart,

And the new air seems filled  
With some rare tune,  
How sweet our last earth-look,  
If it were June!

*The Chalet, Wilmot, N. S.*

## THE SINGER'S VIEW OF THE ART OF SONG.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

Myself I thought  
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
All righteous things.

—Milton.

"I WAS confirmed in this opinion," wrote England's loftiest master, "that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, of famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy." Thus he insists on purity and elevation of character in the poet, while at the same time he exemplified his doctrine; and one who best loved and understood this elder muse has named unworldliness—the disentanglement from superficial follies and vain shows—as a characteristic of the ideal singer, and also the constancy to work out the "soul's highest vision", whatever men may say.

Creative art \*\*  
Demands the service of a mind and heart  
Heroically fashioned—to infuse  
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,  
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.