

the rest of the family (Allison's mother was dead), Mr Godfrey presented his son with the deed of a farm that had lately come into his possession, and stocked it with all that was necessary to give Allison a fair start in the occupation he had chosen.

The home clouds vanished when the suns of common-sense and love shone; but clouds arose in another quarter that were not so easily dispelled.

We have said nothing as to young Godfrey's personal appearance. The sentimental story-writer would have given him the form of an Adonis, perhaps; but features of mind are far more important than features of body in the struggle of life. Suffice it to say that his manner and spirit had captivated the fancy of pretty Grace Poirier, the belle of Greenside. Allison was twenty-one; Grace was only eighteen. Her father, of French-Canadian descent, but scarcely betraying it except in his name, was a Protestant, and a gentleman of independent means, being a sort of silent partner in several financial enterprises. The Poirier family entertained a high opinion of Allison Godfrey, saw a brilliant future before him, expected him to be a burning and shining light in law and statesmanship, and welcomed the prospect of the prominence in society which his talents would give him, and in which Grace would share. When this dream was dispelled by Allison's definite rejection of the future mapped out for him and determination to expend his exceptional abilities in raising potatoes and oats, Mr. Poirier and his wife were very angry, and, deaf to the pleadings of their daughter, compelled her to write to Allison and tell him that as he preferred the farm to her, their engagement was at an end, and she did not wish to see him again.

Why could not Allison see that she whom he loved next only to conscience and duty was disguising her own sentiments under compulsion, and her heart was true to him while her pen wrote the cruel words? If he had insisted on an interview, it might have saved him and her many years of separation and sorrow; but he was proud, took her at her word, and picked up the burden of life uncomplainingly and carried it like a hero.

Ten years passed away. Allison Godfrey is a successful farmer. His education has certainly not been thrown away. Not one of his university acquirements but has been useful to him, either as an auxiliary or a recreation. He has introduced scientific principles into his farming and it is both more economical and more productive, and the farming is better done for miles around because of Farmer Godfrey's university training. His grain, roots, orchard and dairy products take the first prizes at the County and Provincial Shows. His contributions to agricultural journals are much sought after. His reputation as a successful and model farmer is not by any means confined to the province in which he lives. He is an enthusiastic lover of nature, and beautiful little pieces of nature-painting from his pen peep out occasionally from the pages of literary weeklies and

monthlies. Nor has his abandonment of the law blocked his way to political preferment. Already he has been solicited, and may yet be prevailed upon, to come forward as a farmers' candidate to represent the great agricultural industry in the House of Commons.

But success is not happiness. Nature, in her brightest moods, cannot make up for the absence of the sweet girl-face that was the centre of all his youthful dreams. He does not wear his heart upon his sleeve. The world looks upon him as satisfied with the realised rewards of his industry and heroism. But he has only been fulfilling through years of despair the task he assigned himself in an hour of hope. He has conquered himself, but he has not conquered his love.

Five years more have passed away. October has been flinging her golds and browns and reds about over field and forest. There has been a bountiful harvest gathered in from end to end of the Canadian Dominion. Even the farmers are jubilant, and their *Miserere* is turned into *Gloria in excelsis*. The Provincial Show is being held in Greenside. And such a show the Province has never seen before. Improved methods of farming, educated farmers, new markets, have wrought almost miraculous changes. The principal feature of the Exhibition is a lecture on "Scientific Farming" by Hon. Allison Godfrey, the farmer-statesman. Men interested in agriculture have come from other provinces to hear it. No better authority on the methods of farming can be found than he.

As the member for Greenside is passing through the Exhibition buildings, among his constituents, by whom he is revered and loved, he is brought face to face with a slight ladylike figure in deep mourning, closely veiled, holding by the hand a little girl of six or seven summers. A glance at the child's face makes him start, and fills the chambers of memory with the dreams of long ago. But the lady seems to be disturbed by the meeting, and disappears in the crowd.

After the duties of the day are over, Allison Godfrey learns from his father (now an old man, retired from business) and his sister Winnie that Grace Remington has just returned to her childhood's home, bringing with her her only child, a little girl, Mr. Remington having died quite suddenly.

Allison, of course, knew all about Grace Poirier's unhappy marriage, into which she was forced by parental unwisdom. Her husband was a lawyer, it is true; but he did not shine in the profession as his friends anticipated. His dissipated habits, perhaps, prevented a success which otherwise he might have realised, and shortened his life. All this was known to Allison; but he has never entered the Poirier home for fifteen years, and during that time the name of Grace has never passed his lips.

Our pen is too unskilful to describe the emotions that swept across the strong man's soul when the proximity and the sight of her whom he had loved once and forever, vanquished the long habit of self-control and self-repression,