

The second of these sovereign movements is exemplified among us in the work of Dr. Grenfell, by which a population not indeed agricultural, and yet distinctly rural, has been uplifted economically and socially and spiritually to a new plane of life; the first opens before rural Canada to-day.

An old farm-house with meadows wide
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes this one thought all day:
"Oh, if I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking, all day long:
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old green meadow could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

—Annie Douglas Robinson.