

to amuse the gods! Another, a freckled faced, ~~tan~~ tow headed Yank, who had drifted out to Alberta from heaven knows where, always brought forth from some obscure placen in his luggage a fine pair of white spats, which he put on regularly every Sunday. ~~With~~ With these, a clean shirt and his Sunday pants and coat, Lem made a great hit with our neighbor's youngest girl.

So the crop went in. During the haying period, I used to drive out with my housekeeper every afternoon, and I had all kinds of fun climbing up on the hay wagons and helping to tramp it down.

To me the growing grain however was like a miracle? It shot up from the bare earth and leaped along overnight. Soon it was a forest ~~as thickly~~ tall as a man, acres upon acres of mellow, drowsily stirring, murmuring ~~grain.~~ *grain, truly, armed so* In the evening we used to go through the grain fields, and it was ~~grew~~ so high that many a time I found no difficulty in hiding in it and daring my husband to find me. Sometimes, when the days began to lengthen into the night---in Alberta in certain months it is daylight till nearly eleven at night, and a great moon hangs above the waving grain, like an immense artificial balloon, orange colored, as if its interior was all fire, and ~~as~~ *the* sly as clear blue as a summer sea. Nevertheless the stillness of evening--- the quiet, ~~gentle~~ brooding hush of the ended day --- ~~as if~~ God's cathedral *had* hushed into prayer. ~~Came the harvest, and the work~~ Under the sun a dozen men following two binders going down the field with their wings whirling around. The stockers bending and rising, ~~as if~~ ~~and the whole of it~~ very single detail part of a vast canvas --- a masterpiece that no human hand might ever paint. *hope to achieve*

That was the harvest as I saw it my first year. But it meant incessant labor --both on the land and in the house. At that time I had not acquired the "grain sense". That is to say, later I was to feel that sense that all other things must pass --be put away until first the grain was harvested. It was a living, moving thing, whose life must be saved before the