

UP THE STREAM OF TIME

it knew with these roads, started largely with the idea of attracting our neighbours from the south; but now they will attract Canadians as well, and form a chain between settlers drawn to farm in the West, but who might have shunned the isolation their predecessors battled against. So the new roads will help to develop the country and bring it a new prosperity.

Here alas, is the end of my voyage "Up the stream of time" which I have given you in these sketches of days gone by. How much longer I may be in Canada nobody can foretell, but when the hour strikes for my departure from many kind and loyal friends, and the lovely land they call home, it will be with an ache in my heart as I stand on the deck of the ship that carries me eastwards. My thoughts will fly to the flaming glory of Laurentian autumns, to green forests and snow-capped Western mountains, to peacock-coloured lakes drowsing in summer's heat, and golden grain-fields framed with brilliant wild flowers. In my ears will ring the eerie laugh of loons on silent waters, the plaining of the whip-poor-will in summer evenings, the strange drumming of the mosquito hawk's strong wings as he plunges earthwards in his nightly hunting. All these things I shall recall as my ship slips perhaps down the mighty length of "Le Fleuve", towards the cold grey waters of the Atlantic which I must cross again, for the last time, before I tread the rolling fields of my East Anglian homeland.