

## THE ONE—AND I

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nice, cow-like people who slowly chew the end of an even, low-level existence, untroubled alike by assertive faculties or teething ambitions, are after all not really to be envied. They drift through life, not worrying much about anything, but just taking things as they come, to some bourne beyond, where such unaspiring virtue assuredly meets with a corresponding reward—safe as a two-and-a-half-per-cent investment—but slow. Such beings remind one of Mr. Kipling's Tomlinson, whose soul was not quite white enough for heaven and not quite black enough for hell, so that it had to live all the time between the worlds, and one gathers from the relation of Tomlinson's experiences that the wind which blows there is very cold. That brings me back, for the wind which is now playing games with my four previous attempts, here in the Qu'appelle Valley this April day, is quite delicious, softly assertive and proud with the vaunt of spring.

This beautiful valley, which literally gashes