

XXXII

Conclusion

IT IS NOW TWO YEARS SINCE I WROTE THE INTRODUCTION to this book, which is a long time to have a book on the loom. The whole face of the world has changed since then, and is still changing. Even today will not hold still long enough to have its picture taken.

In sharp contrast to this perplexing world, I can see from my window a lovely spring day, and a peaceful countryside. English meadowlarks are singing over Mr. Edward's green fields, though Mr. Edwards himself with his boyish step no longer drives the horses up and down the furrow. A red tractor does the work there now, and the crop has been changed from daffodils to cabbages and cauliflower, but the beautiful arbutus tree still stands out in the middle of the field, as perfect in outline as the tree which once stood in all its beauty on Page One of the *First Manitoba Reader*, over the unadorned sentence: "This is a tree". The cabbages and cauliflower in their ivory white perfection are satisfying to the eye, and if we could forget their predecessors, the dancing daffodils, which in other years made a golden carpet down to the sea, we might go the whole length and say with Selina Peake that "cabbages are beautiful".

Under the mellowing influence of this warm April sun, the physical world that lies before me is bursting with gladness. Brown bulbs have turned to blossoms of every hue, and the bare branches which groaned and rattled in the winds of winter are now frilled with pink