

in the marriage of Paul Tallard and Heather Methuen. After the tragedy of Athanase Tallard, arguably the book's most complex and most subtly imagined character, whose poignant fate in the course of the composition of the book came to dominate the writer's attention, these two representatives of the younger generation unite the two founding nations. The writer Paul and his wife Heather also come realize that he should set the scene of his next novel in Canada.

Having in the marriage of the two representatives of their ethnic groups ensured this promise for the national future MacLennan evokes in the concluding paragraphs a panoramic picture of the whole nation (from the Maritimes through the heartlands and then the prairie provinces to B.C.) engaged in the necessary preparation for the war: with the country – soberly and, as it were, maturely – moving 'into history as into matter-of-fact.' Previous to this, the voice of the authorial narrator also introduces some of the landmarks in the 'golden weather' of the fall of the year which saw the beginning of the War, and dwells on the aesthetically appealing diverse vegetation and fauna of the vast country.

In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick the moose came out of the forests on October nights and stood in silhouette against the moonpaths that crossed solitary lakes. In Ontario people looked across the water from their old river-towns, and seeing the lights of moving cars in the United States, remembered again that they lived on a frontier that was more a link than a division. On the prairies the combines rolled up the wheat, increasing the surplus in the granaries until it was hard to believe there were enough human mouths in the world to eat it all. In British Columbia the logs came down the rivers; people separated by mountains, plains and an ocean remembered English hamlets, pictured them under bombs, themselves islanded between snow-peaks and the Pacific. The Saint Lawrence, flowing past the old parishes, enfolding the Ile d'Orléans and broadening out in the sweep to Tadoussac, passed in sight of forests that flamed with the autumn of 1939: scarlet of rock maples, gold of beeches, heavy green of spruce and fir.