

CHAPTER II

AN ADVENTUROUS EXPEDITION

Sing a song of loving!
Let the seasons go;
Hearts can make their gardens
Under sun or snow;
Fear no fading blossom,
Nor the dying day;
Sing a song of loving
That will last for aye!

—ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

THE village of Elmbrook had the finest situation for seeing what its neighbors were about of any place in the Province of Ontario. It stood on the crest of a high ridge, from which the whole earth fell away in beautiful undulations. From almost any house in the village one could see for miles down the four roads that wound up to it, and there was always a brisk competition in progress as to who should be the first to spy an approaching traveler.