

from near and far, many of whom I had not seen for years. A weatherbeaten company the older ones were, for they had faced many a cold wind, and had endured the vicissitudes of hail and frost. But their spirits had never faltered. They were a gallant company. The minister's wife had chosen the hymns and sang a solo which was one of my mother's favorites: "The City Four Square." One hymn seemed to me to be exactly the right word, and when I hear it sung now it takes me back to that little church where again I see that company of old friends and feel the fellowship of their presence, lightening our bereavement as the sunshine struggled through the frosted windows.

"I've wrestled on towards heaven,  
'Gainst storm and wind and tide,  
Now like a weary traveller  
That leaneth on his guide.  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land!"

We laid her away on the high field overlooking the Souris Valley, that cold March day, while the horses under their blankets stamped impatiently, blowing out their frosty breath in clouds, and there they lie, John Mooney and Letitia McCurdy Mooney, two people who played their part well, standing up to life while life lasted, two members in good standing of that innumerable host which no man can number called the People, the Common People, who carry on from day to day, without benefit of applause, unconsciously keeping alive the best traditions of humanity.

We stayed that day and night in Wawanesa and many of the old friends came in to my brother Jack's house.