

One of the books that we had there was a history of America, and in that it said that money could be picked up off the streets, almost. I have since found it quite a difficulty. But that book put me into the notion to come out here. So when a colony of five hundred Icelanders were about to start for Manitoba, I got my father to come with them. He had just money enough to bring himself and one of his children, so he naturally chose his youngest and the one that was most anxious to come.

My mother died with consumption when we had been in Iceland about a year. I shall never forget the circumstances of her illness. I hated her, and turned from her just as we did in Greenland. She thought it was all right, and told me to keep away and to hate her, for fear the bad spirit would get me.

I said to my teacher one day: "I hate my mother."

"Why, my dear child, you should not do that."

"But I do hate her; she has a bad spirit in her, and Esquimaux people always hate their friends when they get bad spirits in them."

Tears ran down the good man's cheeks as he exclaimed, "Why, the dear child, she doesn't know anything!"

Then he took me upon his knee and began to explain that my mother did not have a bad spirit, but was sick. He dropped his school work entirely, and for three days devoted himself to explaining the Christian belief. Then he made me go to my mother and tell her all about it. My mother was glad—oh, so glad; and she died happy.