

took place in the settlement, for the men mentioned were all prominent in the colony.

At the beginning of March, 1879, Valdís left for Winnipeg for work, travelling with Old Jón of Laufás. During his absence, I attended to his stock. This entailed two trips a day for me. On his return, Jón brought me a sack of flour as recompense for my work. This was most acceptable, for frequently one had to be very saving on flour.

When Valdís left, we placed our Guðrún with Sigríður, who lived a good mile away, to the north of Kristján Kernsted. I had to take her milk over every day, and soon I began to tire of doing this. What I felt more keenly was that every time I took leave of the child, the tears would come to her eyes. After a month of this, I decided to take her home. Well do I remember how, on starting out with my burden in my arms I was at the same time both happy and unhappy: happy in having my little child with me (she was then a year old and quite promising) and unhappy because I could not hope to give her all the care she ought to have. I travelled south along the road with my burden in my arms, and then rested in the shade of an oak, for the day was hot. Then I cut straight through the woods, along an opening where I was wont to cut hay, and so home.

Things turned out better than I had expected. My boy and I took turns at minding Guðrún. Nevertheless, our task was often difficult. Although Guðmundur helped me all that could be expected, the burden of the work, inside and outside, fell on me. My neighbors offered to do the washing and the baking, but I soon discovered that to take things over and to call for them took more time than if I did the work myself. Then there was the gratuity to consider. Consequently, I undertook to do all the work myself.

About midsummer, I went to Winnipeg, to bring Valdís home. She had been working on a steamer plying to Brandon. While I was away, Ingibjörg, Erlendur's

wife, looked after things. Valdís had earned but little.

When I was in Winnipeg, there was an extremely violent thunderstorm, with a vivid display of lightning.

I found it difficult to secure sufficient hay for my few cattle. My fields were continually being overrun by cattle, who cropped the grass and cut up the ground.

That fall, Jón Magnússon and I set out for Winnipeg, travelling by road. Cold weather had set in, and the day was bright and frosty. By the time we reached Netley Creek, night was closing in. Indians only lived in that vicinity, but we decided to ask for lodging. This was refused, so we continued on our way.

A maze of ponds and runnels extended out from the river which made it difficult for strangers to keep direction. I was irritated by the refusal of lodging, and strode ahead recklessly. I had a good sized stave in my hand, secured from the woods, and we carried our packs on our backs. Suddenly, I found myself sinking through soft mush. I floundered on about the length of a house, and the mush began to thin out. Then I took a back-stroke to the edge where I had broken through. Meanwhile, Jón had lost his head completely and was shouting. I told him shouting was of no use since everybody was asleep; he should try to crawl to the edge and grab hold of my stick. This he succeeded in doing, but as he took hold I lost mine — then regained it. With God's grace, I succeeded in inching my way up on the ice, Jón crawling backwards until the ice was sufficiently strong to support the two of us.

Much can escape one's mind in a moment of panic. Jón had a long cord in his bag which he could so easily have thrown to me. As for me, I felt no fear while I was in; my mind simply turned to my little Gunna, with the thought that she was too young to loose me there in the water.

Then we returned to the house where previously we had been refused admission. Jón threw his weight about and said that we should force entrance, if nec-