

the supplies this year; it was time for the children to be coming home from school and she wondered what was keeping them; the cows were coming up to the bars and she would have to get out and get the milking done before supper.

Her mind had become a sun dial which recorded only the sunny hours. She slept for long periods and enjoyed her meals. Sometimes in the morning she would waken up in a panic, loudly demanding her clothes and to know where she was, and where everyone else was, and why no one had called her. She knew it was late by the sun on the wall, but she had not heard the clock strike, and couldn't understand that for she had never forgotten to wind the clock!

That mood quickly passed as the kindly curtain fell again between her and reality and her spirit wandered in the green pastures and beside the still waters. The doctor thought it wonderful that she was free from discomfort and pain.

But now her eighty-five years were accomplished, and we were on our way to the Millford cemetery.

We stayed overnight at the Prince Arthur Hotel in Brandon. Many of the old friends came to see us there. They all had something to tell of her goodness and her overflowing hospitality. They told us death was just as much a part of life as birth and that Heaven lies at the end of a wellspent life, and I knew it was all true, but even that could not make me forget that something had gone out of the world forever, something dependable and satisfying. I had lost my sense of being young, for the only person to whom I was young, had gone.

We left for Wawanesa on the morning train, called the "Cannon Ball," and mother was buried from the Union Church by the Methodist minister, and although the day was cold and stormy the old friends were there