

self—and then would say, "I do not need as much as the others, I will not be going out, and you youngsters must go." On the trip from Winnipeg . . . sleeping out at night . . . making camp in the rain . . . her problem was to keep father from catching cold . . . for once he had had a serious attack of bronchitis . . . his stockings had to be kept dry, and that was not easy . . . I thought of these things and many more, and rebelled at the thought that this valiant sould would be fettered in a broken body, perhaps for years. I thought of how she kindled to those lines from the Rubaiyat:

"Why, if the soul can fling the Dust aside,  
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,  
Were't not a shame—were't not a shame for him  
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?"

I had bought her a copy once, not knowing how she would like it, but she read it.

"It's a heathenish thing, Nellie," she said. "But there's truth in it."

She was too old to have her leg set, so the doctor put her in a cast to ease the pain as well as he could. When I went to see her I got a surprise and a rebuke for my lack of faith. Her God had answered her prayer. Not as she expected, but nevertheless she was spared what she dreaded, for during the year that she was confined to bed, she did not know that she was bedfast, nor did she suffer. By a merciful delusion her mind went pleasantly back to the years of her strength. She was back in Ontario with her sister Ellen and Mrs. Edward Lowery. She was getting ready to move to Manitoba, weaving blankets and getting clothes made for the children, or it was harvest time in Manitoba and she was walking out with my father to look at the wheat. It was the best crop we had ever had, and there would be money enough to buy all