

IN DIXIE AND MANITOBA

A TRUE STORY OF REAL LIFE

In the year 1890 we were sent by the Stationing Committee of our church to the bright little town of Norland, in southern Manitoba. It was hard for me to reconcile myself to this move. Manitoba then stood for all that was wild and dreary and out-of-the-way to the people of the East.

The morning after our arrival, I stood looking rather disconsolately out of the dining-room window of the parsonage, thinking with longing retrospect of the comforts and advantages I had left behind, when my attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance in the garden joining ours of a very stately, very handsome old lady. The morning sun glinted on her snow-white hair and brightened the colors of the pale purple ribbons in her dainty lace cap. She walked with indescribable grace and dignity. The little house from which she had emerged was the strangest dwelling I had seen for human habitation. It was quite round and had numerous little windows in it. It was painted a dull brown, and had morning-glories and