

CHAPTER XVIII.

The author's mind loves to linger over and around those hallowed recollections of the past ; it seems like living life over again. In the autumn of 1872 there were special services held in the Moulinette Methodist Church by the Rev. John C. Garrett. There seemed to be no move amongst the congregation until one evening of the third week, when under the singing of the hymn—

“ When grace has well refined my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

Chorus—We are passing away,
We are passing away,
Like unto a long summer's day.”

During the singing of the hymn an invitation was again given to come forward and acknowledge Christ as their Saviour. Seventeen rose up and came forward. Amongst them were two sisters—fine young women, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Dixon, of Moulinette, and grand-daughters of the now sainted Alexander McNairn, of Maple Grove, whose memory is held dear in many Methodist households—the Misses Agnes and Libby Dixon. The youngest of them, Libby, a beautiful and lovely girl, in the following year, in getting a tooth extracted, the nerve of the face became injured in some way, causing a fever to set in. All that loving and fond sisters, with the most skillful medical aid, could do was done ; but no, the sands of life were rapidly going through the hour glass of time. God touched her and she was not, for God took her to her home in the city of the skies. Her remains lie reposing in the Anglican cemetery in Moulinette until the great Easter morning, when she shall arise to meet

