

wait, with the people milling about in the mud, two of our countrymen came, bringing a faint light, and directed us to a hovel which was under construction, and at the building of which a few Icelanders had worked.

Tired and hungry, we arrived at these miserable quarters. There was some food on the table, but only the strongest secured this, while the weak and the sick received nothing. Each thought of self, and of no one else. I could not bring myself to act like a wild beast.

The following day the people were allocated to the newly built huts, which were numbered, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. There was considerable space between them. Our family, and eight others, were assigned to number four hut. It will be left to the imagination what the atmosphere was like inside.

The houses were built thus: the walls and gable ends of logs, and the roof of boards. The beds were one above the other, with end to the wall. It was scarcely possible to sit upright in the side-beds. Such illness prevailed in these huts that the poor children were stricken wholesale.

Sigtryggur's plan was to have a communal table, with all alike sharing expenses. This system, however, did not last. There were those who tried to cook and did not do so well, and there were those who pilfered supplies. . . I do not care to describe it now, after twenty years; this was an unhappy period of my life. Also, we had to wait for our bed-comforters several days. All this was hard on the children, who were continuously taking ill. As for the men, they were unused to the work, and all were ignorant of the language. Most bitter of all, for me, it was to see my little Guðrún suffering intensely and to be unable to ease her suffering. She kept nothing down. There was little milk to be had and what little there was, was not good. About nine days from the time Guðrún became ill, God took her to himself, in his merciful embrace. She died at ten o'clock in the evening of Satur-

day, the eighteenth of October. Jón Ivarson made the coffin. She was buried on the twentieth, in Kinmount cemetery. Jón and Jakob Espolin dug the grave and were pall-bearers. Guðrún was a lovely and pleasant child, well developed for her years, and appeared to be endowed with good intelligence, I shall mourn the loss of my loved one as long as I live.

The weather was extremely hot and it was often with a most painful effort that I kept at work, but I forced myself to do so.

The pay was one dollar a day, till the New Year, and ninety cents thereafter. It appears that I worked thirteen days in October; 19¼ days in November; twenty-four days in December; 16½ days in January; 14½ days in February; and twelve days in March. During that period I earned \$95.45.

At first the foremen were exceedingly harsh with us, but towards the last they were very well disposed, and preferred to have only Icelanders in their employment, and gave us the best of reports. I worked for a considerable time for one employer, and a short while for two others, until all work ceased for lack of funds.

Sigtryggur and Friðjón set up a store in Kinmount for us Icelanders.

The surrounding country was not at all pretty and it was difficult to cultivate. It was hilly, cut with gullies, stony, and wooded, and it was very sparsely settled. Throughout the district, farm wages were exceedingly low.

We suffered no real mishap during the winter, apart from the grievous infant mortality. Upwards of thirty children must have died, and also upwards of ten grown-ups, chiefly old people. It was a sad time for the bereaved among us.

Jóhannes Arngrimsson came from Nova Scotia, on behalf of the government of that province, to induce people to settle there. Some of our group who had taken land north of Kinmount, but had abandoned the undertaking, decided to go east with Jóhannes. The party