

law out to help with the seeding. But I would hustle out to the fields at quitting time, for the chance to drive one of the teams in to the barn, and help unharness and feed them. From the first day on the farm I was a confirmed horse lover and no work was too hard if it contributed to their comfort and well being. It was a pleasure to curry and pet them. Willie noticed this, and more and more allowed me to handle them, so that before Fall I was working my own team, and very proud of it.

Church union was a very hot issue at that time, with many neighbours bitterly divided between continuing Presbyterians and those who chose the United Church. It was hard for me to understand the cause of all this bitterness, but it was taken for granted that I would be a Presbyterian. My first Sunday on the Island I donned my little Eton jacket and striped pants, hitched up the grey mare to the buggy, and proudly drove to the beautiful church on the hill with Becky and Sarah. It was easy to see that few present had ever seen the Sunday dress of an English private school, so this proved quite novel. Rev. Laughland was the minister at that time, and showed considerable interest in my emigration and background. My reception by the congregation was most warm and friendly. However, I never again wore my Sunday dress suit, which somehow seemed out of place in this simple country church.



**But Not From This Gianormous Deer Stomping
Emu Spotted Behind The School**

photo by DT