

who was to teach the school, together with other relatives and connections. When the whites had settled around Prince Albert, John McKay went farther afield as an Indian missionary, and a few personal recollections of James Nisbet and John McKay may fittingly close the present volume.

My earliest recollection of Mr. Nisbet is on the day of my mother's funeral, which took place on my fifth birthday, but some scenes of which are indelibly photographed on my memory. I can see yet the old house crowded, and then the long procession that carried out with it the dust of her whose death made a blank in my life, whose greatness I realized, not then, but more and more as the years have flown. My father, who was heart-broken, was not able to go to the churchyard, but as the funeral procession passed out he went down a little way on the field to have a last look at the coffin borne away on the shrouded bier. I can see him returning bent and in tears. With him was Mr. Nisbet, and as they walked Mr. Nisbet took the Scotch plaid he himself wore