

weather or the state of the roads might be. In later years he was in the habit of taking periodical tours around to see his old friends, sometimes on horseback but oftenest on foot. He did not care to travel by steamboat or train. He was always a welcome visitor wherever he was known. His talk was singularly entertaining, for both old and young, and he had a spontaneous hearty laugh.

He subsequently went to the State of Kansas, but not liking the Stars and Stripes as well as the good old British flag, he sold out his farm there, and moved to Manitoba, where two of his sons and their families had gone in the meantime. There he first located on a homestead north of Portage la Prairie, and again on another place near one of his sons; and where, after all his labours and wayfarings, and the number of expert housekeepers he used to have at home, the last years of his life were passed in a little cabin alone. He lived to be very old, and died in 1883, at his brother's house in Minnedosa. His grave is on a pretty hill overlooking the town and the beautiful valley of the Little Saskatchewan river there.

*My Sister Mary.*

One evening on the farm I noticed my sister Mary wearing a light muslin dress while milking the cows. But though I was born gleg, as the Scotch say, I failed in this instance to guess what was in the wind. She was only about seventeen then, and not very big for her age. But that night she quietly went away, and got married to John Potcher, a young English-