

body got at his door, and no man could be more hospitable and social by "his ain fireside." That settlement will never see his like again.

A close relationship was formed in time between our two families by the marriage of Duncan to my good-hearted sister Sarah. She looked after the old man's comfort with more than a daughter's care, and they all lived together in the most perfect harmony that I have ever known in such a case. But the three of them now lie in eternal rest, side by side, in the little graveyard on the next farm, and within sight of their once happy and cheerful home.

#### *A Veteran Pioneer.*

If it is true, as Dean Swift says, that whoever makes two blades of grass or two ears of corn grow on a spot of ground where only one grew before deserves better of mankind than the whole race of politicians put together, then "old Murdoch McLennan," as he was called, has done far more for Canada than all the public men of his time. For in his day he homesteaded as a pioneer no less than six different times, which is something that perhaps no other man has ever done in America or anywhere else.

He was born in Scotland, but came out to Nova Scotia with his parents when a mere boy, and helped his father clear the old homestead in Pietou county, where the family had settled. On growing up to manhood he went to Cape Breton, and got a farm of his own on Boularderie Island, by the shore of a beautiful arm of the sea. There he was married, and raised