

with him. Next I recall, his coming back to my father's house for the last time, both he and his wife worn out and run down as those who had worked beyond their strength and time. They had both been ill before they left Prince Albert, and the long trip of 500 miles across the prairie in the jolting canvas-covered wagons was a trying one even to people who were strong. When they arrived, Mr. Nisbet, though weaker than any one knew, was riding slowly in front on horseback, while his wife was in the wagon just behind. He rode up to the door and dismounted, and I remember well how he tried to engage my father's attention, and stood between him and the wagon when my brother went and carried from it the frail body of my sister, who was scarcely able to put her arms about his neck as he lifted her from that poor bed and carried her into the old home to die. For her the end was not long delayed, and after she had lost consciousness I remember how calmly, to outward appearance, her husband waited for the end, counting her feeble pulse-beats with his watch in hand, while all the