

his faculties, and was able to do chores about the place to the end. He did not talk much of religion, but he piously read his Gaelic Bible, and in his daily life and otherwise he literally walked with God, if ever any man did in this world. The last time I saw him was on a stormy winter day. I drove up the "side line" by the farm, and in walking from the barn to the house I met him shovelling the snow off the road in the lane. When I asked him what he was doing out on such a day, he answered,—“You don't come so often but I might have a path open for you to the house.”

Margaret, the surviving daughter, got well, and came on after them, alone and penniless. Nor did she know what part of Western Ontario they had gone to. But the kind immigration agent in Toronto—I wish I knew his name—gave her a free ticket to Woodstock and some pocket money. From Woodstock she walked most of the way to Ashfield, over one hundred miles, and afterwards was twice married and raised two families of her own,—the brave girl.

One of the sons, Duncan McRae, staid with his father on the old homestead after the others had left, and was a man of the noblest qualities of heart and mind. He did not know the meaning of envy, malice or uncharitableness of any kind, and was by nature so friendly, generous, straight-forward and honourable in every way. But the more he helped those in want around him the more he seemed to prosper, and he had the best farm on the line. There was a rare cordiality in the pleasant, sincere welcome that every-