

not whither. There, in that Indian mission, Mr. Nisbet toiled, erecting buildings with his own hands, teaching and preaching as he had opportunity, struggling amidst the lights and shadows of a difficult life, till he and his wife returned to my father's house utterly broken down by the strain of their labors, and died there only a few days apart. During the years at Prince Albert they made several trips home, and one winter was spent in Oakville, where his sisters lived, and where he left two of his children at school; but the journeys across the great plains were more wearing almost than the work at the mission. It would appear from the experience of Mr. Nisbet that the best people in the world are liable to be misunderstood—the servant is not greater than his Lord—for even when his life was being slowly worn away by his missionary toil, certain people, in the press and elsewhere, made attacks on his method of work at the mission. I remember well how heavily this lay upon him, and with what warmth of conscious innocence he publicly and privately defended his course and the action of those associated