

well acquainted, and they were men of peace and sobriety, rather above the common standard for intelligence. Of the daughters, one was married to Simon Fraser, Basin; she was the mother of Thomas Fraser, Foreman, and, consequently, the grandmother of your Iron King, Graham Fraser. They were married by Dr. McGregor, and in the doctor's house, in the midst of a tremendous snow storm. Another daughter, the mother of Mr. Fraser, postmaster, was married to a Fraser at McLellan's Mountain. The history of the other two is unknown to me. Of the sons, Donald and William were decent inoffensive men, above the medium size. Donald was sedate and peaceful, William somewhat jovial and off-handed; but James, always called James Ian Ruaidgh, was somewhat of a character. Too timid to be of much prominence in any community, he was, notwithstanding this timidity, a man of some note in the annals of the place of many springs. By no means deficient in mental power, he ranked high for knowledge and intelligence. Neither was he destitute of public spirit. He was a reader, and what he read he remembered. Much of his knowledge was derived from conversation. He met once with a man who had fought at Waterloo; from him he learned how the Belgian regiments turned their backs and fled in the thickest of the fight. He had Dr. McGregor's opinion of Robert Burns, that "God had given him great talents but he made a bad use of them." Of Dr. McGregor he was a devout admirer, and took pleasure in relating his pithy sayings. I think I see him yet. He owned a famous black mare, always very fat and sleek. Mounted on his favourite quadruped, he would jog along through Springville and its environs. In his hand he would have a rod which he would constantly flourish in empty air. But so tender was he that the rod would never be allowed to come in contact with the favourite animal's hide. Consequently, himself and the favourite animal made slow progress.

But what distinguished him most was his honesty and goodness. He was a devout man, and had he been in the days of Simon, none would have rejoiced more than he at the birth of the Saviour, or been more horrified at Herod's cruelty. Some days before the days of Rev. Angus McGillivray, he would, on the Sabbath day, gather the children around Springville together at some central place—first in James Grant, dyer's, house, and afterwards in the schoolhouse, praying with and for them, hearing them read out of their Bibles, and drilling them in their catechism. These services were very impressive—all the more so from the reverential air with which the whole was conducted. "The saint, the father, and the husband prayed." Yes, dear reader, when thus met under the training of the venerable man,

"We'd chant our artless notes in simple guise,  
We'd tune our hearts, by far the noblest aim,  
Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,  
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name."

James Ian Ruaidgh was the Robert Raikes, of Springville, if not of all the upper settlement.

His honesty was proverbial. It has been said of him that if he found even a pin, he would scruple about keeping it as his own. But