

(for it was early winter) and placed it around the stooping shoulders of my father. Even then it impressed itself on my mind as a thoughtful, kind act, but as I grew in years and knew Mr. Nisbet more intimately, I feel that it was a pre-eminently spontaneous deed, and thoroughly characteristic of one who to the end of his days was a "son of consolation." I next remember him at the carpenter's bench, engaged in making the desks for the present Kildonan school, one day on which I was sent for him from his home, failing an elder messenger. I can see him, hatless and coatless, with the beads of perspiration on his brow, doing his own work and directing the other workmen how to follow the plans he had prepared. Next I can remember vaguely (for all these intermittent photographs are not equally distinct) the preparation for the outgoing to the Indian mission, and on the day of the departure I recall seeing my sister, Mrs. Nisbet, in the old home, giving a glass of milk to their eldest born, little more than an infant, with whom they were setting out on a wagon and cart journey they knew