

emergencies. The torches threw a feeble light in the path and scared the wolves. These fatiguing night-journeys were quite unlike the carriage drives of physicians now-a-days. Self-denying Dr. Willyum McClure, riding faithful Jess to visit his Drumtochty patients, had few experiences to compare with Dr. George Buchanan's perilous trips afoot in storm and darkness. Later he bought a stout pony, which bore him over a portion of the territory, but to the last he was obliged to walk to districts lying beyond the big swamps. No thought of remunerating him for his medical services entered the minds of patients belonging to the congregation. They took it for granted that his meagre salary as a minister entitled them to command his talents as a doctor and a teacher also. He was expected to officiate at births, baptisms, marriages and funerals, to heal the sick and educate the rising generation without charge. His work as a doctor alone would have been ample for the average practitioner, yet none suffered from his neglect to be at the bedside until recovery or dissolution rendered further attendance needless. He smoothed the pillow of the dying, consoled the sorrowing, bestowed his skill and medicines freely, set fractured limbs and performed all kinds of surgical operations. To him many a Beckwith mother and child owed the preservation of their lives, and many a man was indebted for his rescue from the jaws of death.

Going on his pony one day to visit a person dangerously ill, father met a large wedding-party from the Irish settlement, in a back township. All were on horseback, each steed bearing a young man and woman, and this meeting occurred in a swamp. The first couple greeted father, the youth enquiring: "Plaise, sur, I make bould to ask if yez be the clargyman?" Told that he was, the speaker said he and his fair companion were on their road to his home to be married, in presence of a number of friends. Father told them to go on and he would return as soon as possible. The young man demurred, saying it would inevitably bring bad luck to go in one direction while the minister went in another. Father then proposed