

The McPhersons were wealthy farmers in the old land, and Duncan the father, took a leading place in church as elder and precentor. He presented a beautiful high pulpit of ~~xxx~~ quarter-cut oak, in 1854, and it created much indignation when a young minister talked of removing it. He died in 1868. John died in London recently. Hugh was elected an elder in 1889. Dugald only survives, a fine type of a Highlander farmer. John Munro, and at a later date his cousin Neil, also held the position of elders. John S. McColl is seventy-five years old and looks less than sixty, and is a boy yet at heart. Dan McGregor, son of John, is teacher in S.S. No. 13 and is a power for good in the community.

Malcolm McColl died thirty years ago. One of his sons, Samuel, after teaching for some years, attended college, graduated as a dentist, and for many years has had a very successful dental practice at Bellevue, Mich., U.S. Another son, Malcolm, a man of great perseverance and excellent ability, graduated from the Detroit Medical School in 1894, and since then has had a large medical practice in that city.

It has already been stated that Miss McColl's father died in 1876. Her brother Duncan, after a brilliant record in the university, studied for the ministry, and completed his course in 1881. But his health failed, and though sought in a period of rest and service in Colorado for recuperation and recovery, increasing weakness compelled his return to his home, where the promise of a career of great success and usefulness was cut short by his lamented death, March 19th 1882, at age 29 years.

Miss McColl, speaking of her only surviving brother and mother, says "My only brother living is Dr. Hugh McColl, of Lapeer, Mich. He has had some more than ordinary success in the medical profession. He graduated in New York in 1872, practiced in Lapeer five years, took a post graduate course first in New York and in 1883 in Berlin Germany, and spent six months working with Mr. Tait, the famous surgeon of Birmingham, England. In 1898 he sailed from Victoria to Hong Kong, visiting China, Japan India, Egypt and the Holy Land. My mother, Isabella McCowan, was the daughter of John McCowan, of Barhead and Paisley, Scotland. She came out as a bride in 1841, and still lives at the age of 87 on the same farm on which she settled in that year. She bravely and uncomplainingly endured loneliness when my father would be kept absent for days at a time conducting meetings. At first she was in terror of the Indians, who would boldly come in and ask for something to eat, sidelaying her best chickens hanging from their belts. She first thought the ground hogs were bears and the squirrels wild cats, and had many a race for safety from the innocent creatures. She loves to recall the early days,