

Under a spreading Canadian
maple at Bernice's Corner in
Allmonte, Canada. Here I met
Uncle Peter, ^{who reared Dr. Nesmith} ~~who was father of~~
~~mother and spiritual~~
Nesmith. I even saw
the casket which Uncle Peter,
after the fashion of ^{Canada's} ~~the~~ ^{fugal}
~~Scotchman's~~ pioneers in
their ~~own~~ ^{own} mode, had skillfully
built and polished so that
it would be in readiness
for the time which ^{would} ~~invariably~~
~~come to all~~ overtake him -
of late, Uncle Peter had
taken to sleeping in his
caskets - perhaps to get
accustomed to it.

It was a rare privilege

3. to find Dr. Nesmith at ~~the~~
~~the~~ source of his nativity -
a man who could claim
that group of contemporaries for
friends could not have been
an ordinary man: Robert Tait
McKenzie, Dr. Luther Gulick,
his classmate, Amos Alonzo Stagg, and
a host of others. From them,
as well as from his genteel
origins, he learned the manners
of a gentleman and the glories
of ~~unselfish~~ achievement.