

THE
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ALEXANDER GRANT.

Suddenly, at mid-day, 4th August, 1897—just how, no one can tell—a light canoe capsized in the swift waters of the Nepigon. Without warning, its occupants, two strong men, were thrown into the current. One fought his way to shallow water, and turned, only to see his friend still far out in the stream, go down for the last time. Soon the lightening flashed the startling news west, east and south—"ALEXANDER GRANT DROWNED."

To a thousand homes the dire tidings brought deep sorrow—poignant sense of personal loss. Thousand anxious hearts followed the searchers for the body, six weary days. Modern appliances, none of them wanting, were all in vain. Fate as if to mitigate, in some small measure, the severity of the stroke, reserved to his own brother James the sad solace of discovery.

To his western home they bore what of him was mortal. Winnipeg wept at his grave as she had never wept for any of her dead. All ranks and conditions of her citizens joined in the last solemn tribute. From all over the land, ay, and from across the sea other hearts went out in sympathy deep and pure.

The tragic incidents of his sudden passing in manhood's full vigor had their part in arresting public thought, and compelling universal acknowledgement of the community's loss; but behind the tragedy lay a life, whose faithful years had left their impress in circles each wider and more distinct than the last.