

“ Well, Captain, the rate at which your boat is going could not possibly justify the most sanguine in thinking that we should make Longueuil before another entire day has passed ! ” “ Patience is a virtue,” he replied.

Soon after I had dropped down to the yacht, we discerned a speck in the distance, which the field-glass revealed to be the “ Maud,” the name of our friend’s steam-yacht. She over-hauled us, like an express train : salutes were exchanged, as she flew along. Presently, night closed around us, as it did in ancient times around old Jacques Cartier with his flotilla of canoes slowly paddling up the river. We ran the anchor light up to our mast-head to prevent being run into by the Quebec boat, which sometimes passes very close to the stem of a tow in order to keep her channel. The waves caused by that boat, coming thus suddenly, very nearly threw one of our crew overboard by the unexpected rocking they gave to the yacht.

*Saturday, August 28.*—The last day of our cruise dawned upon us, struggling against the current, at the foot of the island. We fully expected to find ourselves within sight of Montreal in the morning. The steam engine, man’s powerful servant, must be at fault : there was a lamentable falling-off of headway since last night. Of course it was not a matter of life and death, our reaching home that