

some of our Montreal gentry are just taking on their autumn tints. At one residence especially I noticed the leaves of every color, from varied green and red, pale pink, and deep crimson. One small house especially attracted my attention, that of Maxime St. Germain—a real old-fashioned humble country stone cottage, with the cross standing, a rendezvous in old time for prayer when churches were few and far between.

It was told me that this Maxime St. Germain, from a humble habitant, by the rise of the value of his property, has risen to great wealth, though still living in his humble way, and with his wife and brother still occupy the old homestead.

To make one understand the beauty of Moncklands, you must pay it a personal visit, and, in default of that, I cannot do better than copy a page of its prospectus. I can only say that I was utterly charmed even during my hurried visit.

The view is so lovely from the front. The parlors so tastefully, even elegantly, furnished, with a fine library in one of them, every token of refinement, and the spirit of order prevails with a carefulness of detail which must conduce to the comfort of its inmates.