

mies who, of course, considered him disposed of forever.

With one more *conte* which bears striking testimony to the extent of Montferrand's fame, I will bring this sketch of him to a close. A regiment was being drilled upon the Place d'Armes, Montreal, and had just been drawn up in line when Montferrand happened along. The soldiers began to point him out one to the other, and in an instant all discipline was forgotten. The colonel, not comprehending the reason of this unusual behaviour, issued his commands, and the majors repeated them, but no one obeyed. Then the adjutant, who was at one end of the line, pointed with his sword towards a certain spot. The officers wheeled about and caught sight of Montferrand, who was rapidly moving away. The colonel smiled indulgently upon his men, the majors followed suit, and the soldiers understood that their momentary inattention was condoned.

Montferrand was going by; that was excuse sufficient.

Despite his eventful youth, Montferrand reached the goodly age of sixty-two, and spent the latter years of his life in Montreal, living in dignified retirement upon the fortune he had accumulated, and enjoying the esteem and admiration of his fellow-countrymen to the close. He was the most brilliant illustration of a period in Canadian history now past never to return, when might was the only law throughout the thinly settled districts — when brawn was of far more account than brain, and when a man of the Montferrand type received the homage of all classes instead of being relegated to the sympathy and society of the sporting element only. Wherever the French-Canadian goes he bears with him the name and the fame of Joseph Montferrand as representing for him the *ne plus ultra* of strength, agility and knightly valor.



SEA FOG.

BY PROF. THEODORE H. RAND, CHANCELLOR OF MCMASTER HALL.

Here danced an hour ago a sapphire sea;
 Now, airy nothingness, wan spaces vast,
 Pale draperies of the formless fog o'ercast,
 And wreath'd waters gray with mystery:
 The ship glides like a phantom silently,
 As screams the white-winged gull before the mast;
 Weird elemental shapes go flitting past,
 Which loom as giant ghosts above the quay

The vapor lifts! Again the sea gleams bright;
 The heavens have hid within their chambers far
 'Cloud-stuff' of gossamer, from which are spun
 To-morrow's skiey poms, inwove with light,
 The belted splendors for the rising sun,
 And rosy curtains for the evening star.

Bay of Fundy,
 August.