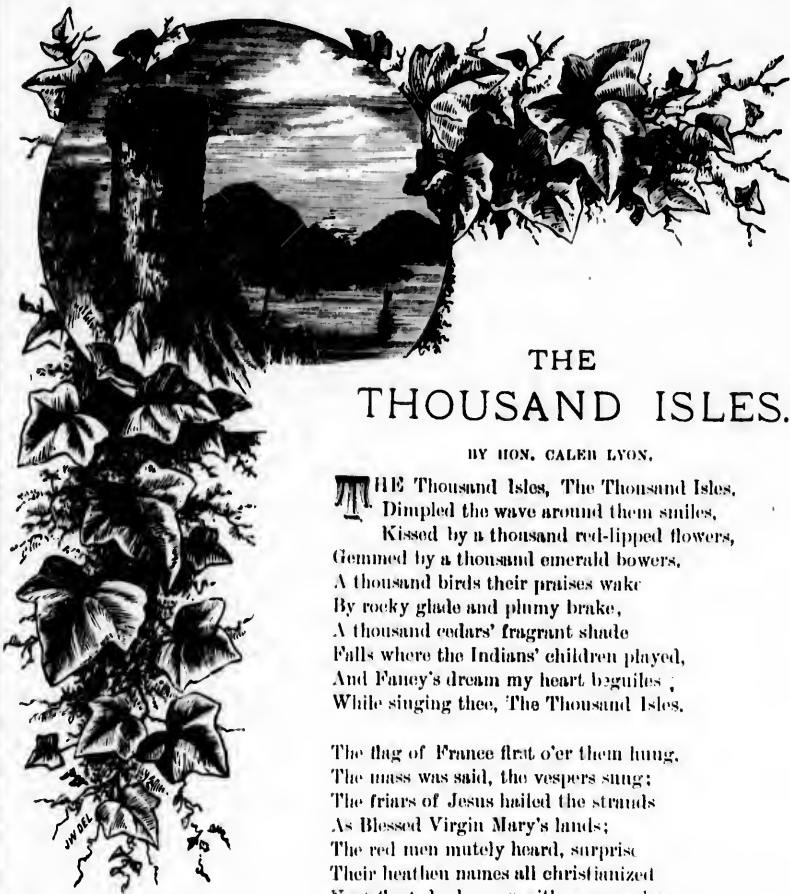


"And they were happy, and well content, sailing the way the river went."



THE THOUSAND ISLES.

BY HON. CALVIN LYON.

THE Thousand Isles, The Thousand Isles,
Dimpled the wave around them smiles,
Kissed by a thousand red-lipped flowers,
Gemmed by a thousand emerald bowers,
A thousand birds their praises wake
By rocky glade and plummy brake,
A thousand cedars' fragrant shade
Falls where the Indians' children played,
And Fancy's dream my heart beguiles;
While singing thee, The Thousand Isles,

The flag of France first o'er them hung,
The mass was said, the vespers sung;
The friars of Jesus hailed the strands
As Blessed Virgin Mary's lands;
The red men mutely heard, surprise
Their heathen names all christianized
Next floated a banner with cross and crown;
Twas Freedom's eagle plucked it down,
Retaining its pure and crimson dyes
With stars of their own, their native skies.

There St. Lawrence gentlest flows,
There the south-wind softest blows,
There the lilies whitest bloom,
There the birch hath leafiest bloom,
There the red deer feed in spring,
There doth glitter wood-duck's wing,
There leap the muscelonge at morn,
There the loon's night-song is borne,
There is the fisherman's paradise,
With trolling skiff at red sunrise.

The Thousand Isles, The Thousand Isles,
Their charm from every care beguiles,
Titian alone hath power to paint
The triumph of their patron saint,
Whose waves return on memory's tide;
LaSalle and Piquet, side by side,
Proud Frontenac and bold Champlain
There met their wanderings o'er again;
And while their golden sunlight smiles,
Pilgrims shall greet thee, Thousand Isles.