

enjoying a comfortable night's rest, I arose refreshed to admire the commencement of the Thousand Islands which adorn the magnificent river St. Lawrence. The first stopping-place is Prescott, and there I walked ashore in search of Dr. Scott's house, but getting a little astray, and fearing the boat would leave me behind, I took advantage of Dr. Jones' gig, which I met on the way, jumped in, and surprised my friends, the Doctor and his family, all seated at breakfast. I merely shook hands, and drove to the steamer, which, to my surprise, had in the meantime moved to another wharf. We had on board a number of Norwegian emigrants, hardy, healthy-looking people, who were on their way to Chicago. One of these Norsemen had a child very ill, so we asked Dr. Jones' advice; but he shook his head, which, I believe, is always a bad sign. It proved to be in this case, for the child died while the boat lay at the wharf in Kingston. As we cannot admire Prescott for its beauty, but only say that it is always the same, its inhabitants kind and happy to see you, we shall carry you on to Brockville, which is prettily situated. The boat only stays long enough there for you to leave your card, not to make a visit. Here we left some of our passengers. Many visit Brockville for the purpose of enjoying the beautiful boating for which the place is famous. We now sailed among those lovely islands, of which so much has been written. One of the