

flowers. Or are you in the mood for indolence and dreaming? Let us go to some quiet island and spreading shawls and cushions, or simply making a bed of the mossy rock or greensward, let us watch the clouds—the ships of the sky—or the white-winged vessels of the river, as they go racing past. Do music and sentiment invite you? The moonlight is nowhere so brilliant. Here is the skiff awaiting us, and with guitar or mandolin, or with the tinkling music of the banjo, let us float idly with the current and wake the echoes with song. Or perhaps the royal art of Isaac Walton has charms for you. Your oarsman is at the dock with his St. Lawrence skiff—the best in the world—cushioned and carpeted, with easy chairs, with poles and lines in order. If any one can tempt the wily bass from his hiding-place, it is he. He knows where they resort; he understands their times and moods; and your reputation as a successful angler is safe in his hands. There are fishing parties and excursions and picnics, *ad libitum*. You need never be dull or weary for lack of something to do. You may be as indolent or as active as you please and happy in either mood. It's a luxury to breathe this air. There is health in every inspiration. There's a fascination in the moving life of the river. There's a witchery in the night—the moonlight night, when the river is all silver—or the moonless night, when the stars above are doubled in the stars below. There's a splendor and power even in its storms, when the Northwest wind sweeps the channel and piles up the waters in angry and turbulent masses. Nature in all her moods here surpasses herself. To the lover of beauty or art or pleasure, the possibilities of this noble stream are limitless; and when Newport or Saratoga, or even Long Branch, are "stale, flat, and unprofitable," the charm and beauty of the Thousand Islands will be as keen and as new as ever.