

In the old Indian days, this beautiful extent of the river, widening almost to a lake and crowded with a perfect maze of islands, went by the name of Manatoana, or Garden of the Great Spirit; and, indeed, in the time of Nature's undisputed empire, when the larger islands were covered with thick growths of pine, hemlock, white birch, and maple; when the wild deer swam from woody islet to woody islet, and each little lily-padded bay, nestling in among the hills and bluffs of the islands, teemed with water-fowl undisturbed by the report of a gun, it was worthy, to the semi-poetical mind of the Indian, to be an abode of Him who created all nature, and who had made this lovely region as an especial dwelling-place for Himself. But, notwithstanding the multitudes of summer visitors, the Thousand Islands are not in the least tintured with the air of an ordinary watering-place, nor are they likely to become so. There are hundreds of places, rugged and solitary,—little bays, almost land-locked, where the resinous odours of hemlock and pine fill the air, and the whispers of nature's unseen life serve but to make the solitude more perceptible. Such scenes occur in a beautiful sheet of water called the Lake of the Isle, lying placidly and balmily in the lap of the piney hills of Wells Island, reflecting their rugged crests in its glassy surface, dotted here and there by tiny islands.



MINERAL SPRING.

Near the Thousand Island House is a spring of mineral water strongly tintured with iron, clear as a diamond of the first water and cold as ice, and very beneficial for many diseases. A little creek, a perfect conservatory of aquatic and amphibious plants, winding in and out with many abrupt turns, leads to within a few paces of it. On either side of the open water of its channel is an almost tropical tangle and profusion of vegetation; water-lilies, white as driven snow, with hearts of gold, reposing on their glossy, cool green pads; yellow-docks, arrow-