

Islands surpass any other spot on earth. Giant forces have been at work here in the past, and the Titans in their sport have hurled rocks and islands broadcast, leaving the blue limpid waters of the St. Lawrence to filter through as best they can. There are islands which in simple beauty vie with those of Lake George. There are beetling cliffs which compare with those of the Saguenay. There are grotesque forms like the pictured rocks of Lake Superior. Here the river sweeps along, a deep, broad, silent stream; here it spreads out into quiet lakes or bays; here it rushes through a narrow passage, whirling and foaming, impatient at restraint. There are quiet shady nooks, where the sun at midday can scarcely find an entrance; there are sheltered spots which the rudest winds can scarcely visit. In the endless variety of river and rapid, of rock and greensward, of towering cliff and sandy beach, of headland and bay, the St. Lawrence, as it sweeps among the Thousand Islands, cannot be equaled. As the tourist moves along in the skiff or upon the steamer's deck, the view changes at almost every moment. New beauties present themselves before the eye has been satisfied with those upon which it already looks. A brief sojourn among the Thousand Islands can lead only to confusion or to a surfeit of loveliness; and one may spend months or years in this favored spot without exhausting its charms or knowing more than a mere fraction of its endless beauty. The lovely dowers which Frontenac saw in 1673—"as beautiful as can be seen"—still blossom in the crevices of the rocks and along the shore. Wild vines festoon the rocks and soften their roughness, while ferns and all manner of strange and lovely plants are found in the recesses of the Islands. The very rocks are carpeted with moss which invites the study of the botanist. Indeed, the student may find among the Thousand Islands a world even more strange and fascinating than the sportsman or mere pleasure-seeker. "It is there that you may find the Indian-pipe plant, while the scarlet columbines, the pink white water-lilies, the crimson baneberries and the snowy anemones, combine with the creepers, the ferns and the club mosses to make as beautiful and varied a carpet as I have ever beheld." You do not care to fish? Come with me then to the Lake of the Isles, or to some bay in either the American or Canadian channel, where the water-lily blooms luxuriantly, and let us gather a skiff half full of these queenly