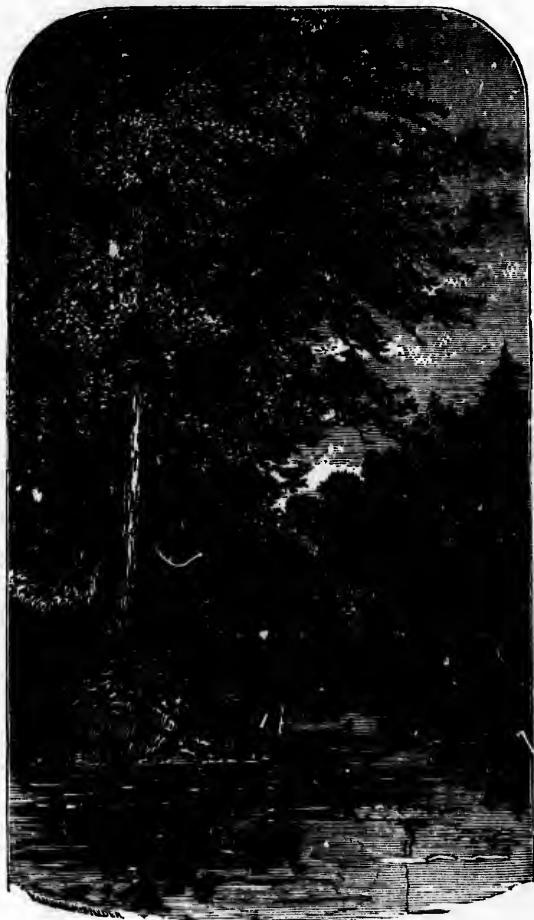


are spots that seem to lie in a Rip Van Winkle sleep, where one would scarcely be surprised to see an Indian canoe shoot from beneath the hemlocks of the shore into the open, freighted with a Natty Bumppo or a Chingachgook, breaking the placid surface of the water into slowly widening ripples. In such a spot, one evening after a day spent in sketching, when paddling our boat about in an indolent, aimless way, looking down through the crystal clearness of the water to the jangle of weeds below, now frightening a pickerel from his haunt or starting a brood of wood duck from among the rushes and arrow-heads, we found ourselves belated. As the sun set in a blaze of crimson and gold, two boatmen moving homeward passed darkly along the glassy surface that caught the blazing light of the sky, and across the water came, in measured rythm with the dip of their oars, the tune of a quaint old half-melancholy Methodist hymn that they sang. We listened as the song trailed after them, until they turned into an inlet behind the dusky woods and were lost to view. From such romantic and secluded recesses, one can watch the bustle and hurry of life as serenely as though one were the inhabitant of another planet."

IN RECENT LITERATURE.

During the past few years wherein the Thousand Islands have suddenly become one of the leading resorts for summer recreation, they have been prominent in the current literature and pictorial illustrations of the country. Newspapers and magazines have made them the subject of many long and interesting articles; reporters, essayists, romancers, poets and humorists have seemed to vie with each other in calling the attention of the public to this place of enchantment; and the consequence is that a vast and annually swelling tide of humanity flows that way, and many linger there from early June until late October.



SAFE POINT.