

grain, barges with merchandise, shoot past us in the channel. Now we pass a great passenger steamer. Then another. Then almost at once, a third. The passengers wave hats and handkerchiefs, and shout their greetings.

Time passes quickly. The eighteen miles of the lake have been crossed, and just ahead loom up, as if extending to meet us, the two great arms of the ship canal. To the centre of this our pilot points. Our speed is checked, and we are soon moving slowly through, between the walls of the

But we are now ploughing up through the waters of St. Clair River, breasting a rapid current. Glorious old river! Not a few persons who have sailed the Rhine, the Hudson and the St. Clair give the palm to the St. Clair. Its banks are not as rugged and picturesque as those of the Rhine or the Hudson. But the waters are so blue and wide, and the banks are so green and fruitful that the views never lose their fascination. I have sailed up and down a hundred times, and each new excursion is more charming than the last. I think I am justified in writing at the head of this article, "The Rhine of America."

After leaving Algonac we swing across the river to the Canadian side, and touch for a minute at Port Lambton. Farther up we call at the Canadian port of Sombra. Opposite Sombra on the American side is Marine City. It is a village of sailors and boat-builders, hence well named. A few miles above is St. Clair City.

Over there on the hill stands the little church in which I preached my first sermon. The sermon was more than an hour long, because I got started and did not know how to get stopped.

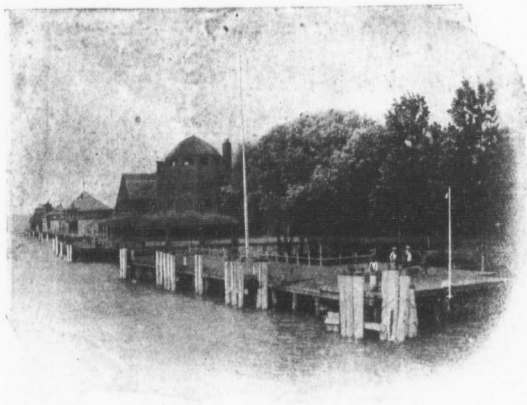
Just ahead there loom before us the twin cities of Port Huron and Sarnia. Above the buildings of one wave the Stars and Stripes, and above the buildings of the other floats the Union Jack. Between the cities ferries make frequent trips, and a very friendly feeling exists among the people.

Port Huron is worthy of a visit of days. It has broad streets, magnificent trees, palatial homes, and modern business blocks. But we dare not go too far from the wharf. It is a pity we could not take a run up to the "Fort," as we used to call it, where the blue waters of Lake Huron pour through a narrow channel into the river, tumbling and foaming as they come.

But the *Tashmoo* whistle pierces the air. All aboard for the return journey. The gong sounds, the gang plank is drawn aboard, and we are off!

The run down the river is remarkably rapid. The strong current unites with the power of steam to send us swiftly forward. It seems only an hour after leaving Port Huron before we enter the serpentine channel which bends through the shoal waters of the Flats. At the clubhouses and hotels many fishermen are taken aboard, with beaming faces and long strings of shining fish.

It is just dusk when the boat emerges from the canal, and



OLD CLUB, THE FIRST LANDING AT THE FLATS.

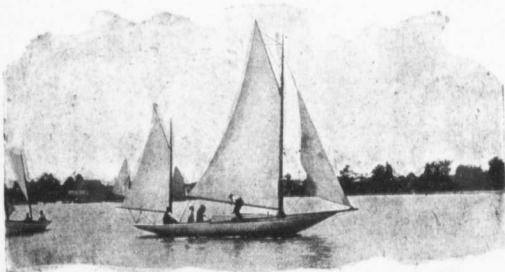
famous government channel. Emerging from the northern end of this channel, we are at the famous St. Clair Flats.

Imagine, if you will, 10,000 acres of land, covered with shallow water, with innumerable marshes and islands around which wind channels of clear water. Some of the islands are natural, others are artificial. The channel proper curves like a great serpent around these islands and through the marshes. On the left, erected upon piles, or upon land which has been made by excavation in deepening the channel, or upon the natural islands, are cottages, large and small. There are also great club-houses and hotels. All are gay with bunting and flags as if in holiday attire. All are peopled with happy, sun-browned children, and older people quite as brown.

The Flats is one of the famous fishing grounds of the country. In the fishing season hundreds of disciples of Izaak Walton throw out lines from the wharves or troll from launches and sailboats, and the catches of black bass and other palatable fish are enormous.

But on we sail. Two hours and a half after leaving Detroit we reach Harsen's Island. This island was a country appointment of Algonac Circuit thirty years ago. Not far from the spot where the charming Tashmoo Park is now located I preached on Sunday afternoons in a schoolhouse that would scarcely hold fifty people. In the summer my appointment was reached by boat. In the winter I crossed on the ice. One afternoon towards spring I went through the ice, and if I had not been pulled out by a friendly hand I would not now be writing down the fact.

After Tashmoo Park comes Algonac. In the old days the village was a sleepy place. The streets were covered with a carpet of green. In the winter season our isolation was almost complete. During the summer, however, the calling of the steamers and frequent boating and fishing excursions on the big river broke up the monotony of our lives. Now all is changed. An electric railroad runs to Detroit. Summer hotels and cottages have arisen. Many new people have come. It is now a most desirable place of residence.



A FLEET OF SAILBOATS IS MET IN THE RIVER.

speeds away across Lake St. Clair for Detroit. The shining lights of the buoys mark our course. Distant flashes tell of light-houses along the shore. Green and crimson shine through the darkness to tell the presence of approaching vessels, while little sparks here and there on the waters denote the presence of launch or sailboat. The starry sen-