

"Lying in the midst of twenty others, it was not an easy matter to find it, since boats might pass quite near, and, by the glimpses caught through the openings, this particular island would be taken for a part of some other. Indeed, the channels between the islands that lay around the one we have been describing, were so narrow that it was even difficult to say which portions of the land were connected, or which separated, even as one stood in their center, with the express desire of ascertaining the truth. The little bay, in particular, that Jasper used as a harbor, was so embowered with bushes and shut in with islands, that the sails of the cutter being lowered, her own people, on one occasion, had searched for hours before they could find the Scud, on their return from a short excursion among the adjacent channels in quest of fish."

#### IN THE PRESENT.

"Now, however, the inexorably rotating kaleidoscope of time has shaken away the savage scenes of old, never to be repeated, and new ones appear to the eye of the present. No longer in Alexandria Bay—fortunately still beautiful!—does Nature reign in silent majesty, for the constant flutter and bustle of the life and gayety of a summer resort have superseded her. But although Alexandria Bay is in the continual tumult of life, for some fortunate and



almost unaccountable reason, the Thousand Islands are not in the least tinctured with the *blase* air of an ordinary watering-place, nor are they likely to become so. There are hundreds, thousands of places, rugged and solitary, among which a boat can glide, while its occupant lies gloriously indolent, doing nothing but reveling in the realization of life; little bays, almost land-locked, where the resinous odors of hemlock and pine fill the nostrils, and the whispers of Nature's unseen life seem but to make the solitude more perceptible. Sometimes the vociferous cawing of crows sounds through the hollow woods, or a solitary eagle lifts from his perch on the top of a stark and dead pine, and sails majestically across the blue arch of the sky. Such scenes occur on a beautiful sheet of water called 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. In the stillest bays