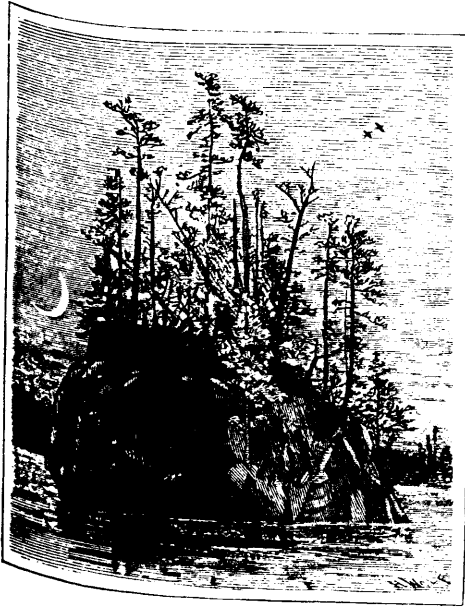


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THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.



LONELY ISLAND.

It is sometimes affirmed that Canada is deficient in fine natural scenery. Without going so far as the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountains, with their sublime magnificence of fiord and cliff, and lofty cloud-piercing summit, it would be a sufficient refutation of the unpatriotic sneer to point to the grandeur of Thunder Cape and Nipigon, to the beauty of our inland lakes, to the majesty of the

Falls and Whirlpool of Niagara, to the varied charm of Owl's Head and Memphremagog, to the stern and savage Saguenay, and, above all, to the fairy loveliness of the Thousand Isles.

The Lake of the Thousand Islands begins immediately below Kingston, and stretches down the River St. Lawrence for nearly fifty miles, varying from six to twelve miles in breadth. This area is profusely strewn with islands of all sizes, from the little