

clear water ; abodes these of the animals of the forest alone, and temporary resting places for the wandering Indian, as he passes to and from the abodes of white men in the south, or the government stations northward, where he receives those annual "presents" of clothing and ammunition, which too frequently pass into the hands of the unscrupulous trader in return for the debasing fire-water. The traveller may find here and there a refreshing green meadow on these romantic islets, where the scant covering of mould on the hard rock suffices to sustain the short wild grass. These the red man has chosen as resting places for his dead ; and the carefully raised mounds of earth covered with bark, and their boundaries marked by stones, evince the care he has taken in the burial of his brethren. May the curiosity of the babbling antiquary never disturb their quiet repose, in search of wonders which have no place but in the conceit of his vain imagination.

Passing the long string of islands which forms a line between the main lake and the Georgian Bay, you cross the deep strait called the "Ship Channel," through which now glide the sailing and steam craft, where formerly none but the light canoe passed on ; and the high shore of a larger island stands out in bold relief against the expanse of water bounded only by the horizon. This is the smaller of the two islands named after the Indian spirit Manitou. For miles along the eastern shore, a cliff of hard stone rises to the height of thirty feet, rent and worn into deep fissures, among which the clear deep waters splash with deafening roar, or ripple with strange sullen echo. You climb the jagged stone, and on the top is a level surface, forming a good resting place ; while, high above, the shore rises almost perpendicularly to the height of more than a hundred feet, covered with low fir trees, which twine their roots about the rough rock, and draw scanty nourishment from the narrow clefts. The precipice almost defies the ascent of the strongest man. The scene is one of much grandeur, and forcibly reminds the North Briton of his own towering Trossachs. On this island there is no habitation of human being, save, perhaps, in a sheltered nook, the hut of the hardy fisherman, who braves the autumn storms and the bleak winds of early winter for his hard-won cargo. From the neighbourhood of this coast are dimly visible the lofty mountains of the north shore—bleak, barren, and untraversed but by the Indian, in search of game or wild berries to exchange with the white man.

Spread again the sail, and away for the Northern Islands. We reach the Great Manitoulin, a continent in size, though but the island of a fresh-water lake. Here, in the deep magnificent bays—where every kind of craft, from the steam-ship to the light canoe, may anchor in safety—are the stations and villages. The neat houses and clearances denote the progress of improvement ; while the numerous canoes and rudely-constructed boats, and the appearance of the copper-coloured denizens