

Sailing out of broad Ontario, we have on the left the Limestone City, our Canadian Woolwich, with its martello towers and forts. Here Count Frontenac constructed his stockade in 1672, and here during the war of 1812-15 was built a large line-of-battle ship of 132 guns, at a cost of £850,000, much of the timber, and even water casks, for use on these unsalted seas, being sent out from England. At the close of the war it was sold for a couple of hundred pounds.

Passing Forts Henry and Frederick, we enter the lovely Archipelago of the St. Lawrence—"Nature's carnival of isles." On they come, thronging to meet us and to bid us welcome to their fairy realm. They are of all conceivable shapes and sizes, scattered in beauteous confusion upon the placid stream. Some are festooned and garlanded with verdurous vines, like a young wife in her bridal tire, wooing the river's fond embrace. Others seem sad and pensive, draped with grave and solemn foliage, like a widow's weeds of woe.

Here the river banks slope smoothly to the water's edge, and the thronging trees come trooping down, like a herd of stately-antlered stags, to drink, or like Pharaoh's daughter and her train to the sacred Nile. See where the white armed birch, the lady of the forest, stands ankle deep in the clear stream, and laves its beauteous tresses. And behold, where the grey old rocks rear themselves like stern-browed giants above the waves, grave and sad, tear stained and sorrowful—brooding, perchance, of the old years before the flood. See with what nervous energy they cling, those timorous looking pines, with their bird-like claws grappling the rock as tenaciously as the vulture holds his prey, or as a miser's skinny fingers clutch his gold.

Here is a shoal of little islets looking like a lot of seals just lifting their heads above the waves and peering cautiously around—you would scarce be surprised to see them dive and reappear under your very eyes. And over all float the white-winged argosies of fleecy clouds sailing in that other sea, the ambient air in whose lower strata we crawl like crabs upon the ocean floor. How beautiful they are, those spiritual-looking clouds! How airily they float in the tremulously palpitating, infinite blue depths of sunny sky, like the convoy of snowy-pinioned angels in the picture of the Assumption of St. Catherine, bearing so tenderly her world-weary but triumphant spirit, white-robed and