

we discover a narrow creek winding its way far back among the tree-clad hills. This is a place rich with historic story, for it was its exquisite beauty that led the sturdy Empire Loyalists, about 1785, to found here the village of Kingston. Our purpose, however, is not to write history and so we pass on. Suddenly, in front, a little to our left, appears a small but rocky island. Its rugged outline seems suggestive of the dark past. Here and there its stony sides are dotted with dark evergreens, mingled with the brighter tints of mountain ash and maple. Its summit is crowned with grim survivors of the primeval forest, which, towering above us, lend a sort of solemnity to the scene. On the whole, this island presents the same appearance today as it did centuries ago, when gay Frenchmen were led by its grandeur to give to bay and island the names which they still bear.

Now the bay appears to open before us; on either side wide sandy beaches skirt the waters' edge; on all sides the hills rise sharply from the beach and innumerable points jutting out into the water form as many pretty coves and recesses. Here and there we see the white canvas tents of the few American and other tourists, who have accidentally learned of this enticing camping ground. Here and there, clustering among the trees on the hillsides, farm houses are visible. In the clearings, which are everywhere present, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep may be seen peacefully grazing in the evening sunshine.

Onward we glide as fast as our tiring strokes will carry us, until, as we approach the head of the bay, the hills recede on our right permitting the land to slope gently for some distance from the shore. Here the forest has yielded to the axe of the settler, and green fields, dotted with the homes of peasants, stretch as far as the eye can reach. These, bathed in the light of the sinking sun, present a picture of rustic peace, happiness and prosperity, unsurpassed in song or story.

At last, as the evening twilight shades into the softer light of the summer moon, we enter the dredged track leading to Hatfield Point. This village is at the head of navigation on Belleisle Bay. The channel is about three-quarters of a mile in length and its course is pointed out to us by two light-houses, one of which stands guard at either end. All is still, the rays of light descending from the light-house towers are reflected back by our rising and descending