



A View in Muskoka.

tions far and near. It is a lovely place for enjoyment and rest.

But still there is many an aching back in Muskoka. On the mainland where the settler has made his home his surroundings have not been secured without hard and incessant toil. It is a land of bush and rock, of mighty logs and timber, and oxen always patient, and men sometimes so, are hard at work, toiling and tugging and slashing and cutting that a place may be cleared for a home; and the little log house is a welcome spot for the tired laborer to reach at night, and while the holiday seekers are all laughing and cool, the backwoodsman groans and pants as he swings his axe or rolls his logs.

And these good people of Muskoka have not forgotten their sacred duties or the holy character of their religion. If they can do nothing more than build a church of logs they do so, and beneath its humble roof they offer up their prayers and praises to God. The missionary in Muskoka has no easy task. The roads, where there are any, are very rough; the mosquitoes and flies are annoying, and in winter the frosts are biting and long, yet much heroic missionary work is done in Muskoka. It belongs to the Diocese of Algoma, and in winter when the lakes are all frozen and the settlers are at home, and no voice of tourist or pleasure seeker is heard, the bishop moves on from place to place to oversee the churches and cheer the faithful in their work for Christ. And such is Muskoka. Long may it thrive in its three-fold capacity of affording rest and amusement to hundreds of visitors, toil and a home to emigrants and settlers, and scope for the work of the Church which always appeals to the kindness and sympathy of more wealthy and flourishing lands.

TWO WAYS.

DON'T you feel dreadfully sorry for those poor little children Miss Landis told us about? I mean to earn some money for them."

Edith Gray and Lillie West were walking homeward from school and Edith had just

opened a small paper of candy as she made this remark.

"I'd like to help them; how do you earn money?" asked Lillie.

"Oh, I tease mamma to pay me for minding Willie, or doing errands, or helping Susan to dry the dishes, or most anything, you know. Didn't you ever earn money in that way?"

"No, indeed! I have to take care of baby, or do whatever else my mamma wants me to do. I wouldn't want to be paid for that! I'd feel mean to ask it."

"Well, I should think my mamma were mean if she wouldn't pay me for them when I want the money to give to the missionaries."

Lillie flushed a little indignantly: "Well, my mamma isn't mean and couldn't be if she tried; but I don't believe she will pay me for the things I ought to do because I love her, even if I should ask her, which I don't intend to."

"Well, we'll see who will give the most money at the next missionary meeting, and don't forget Miss Landis says the good of our lives is measured by what we really do to help others."

The little friends parted, Lillie looking gravely troubled and Edith contentedly munching her candy. Lillie was quite as anxious to help the poor children about whom the president of their house mission band had been telling them as was her friend, though perhaps she had not thought so much about the praise that would probably be bestowed upon those who would bring the largest sum.

When she reached home, Uncle Harry was there. Before he went away he handed her a dime as he said:

"If you find a little girl named Lillie, who is fond of candy, tell her Uncle Harry has a sweet tooth too, and so knows that it is always welcome."

Lillie thought over that dime a great while. Why couldn't she earn money by her own self-denial? She decided to try, and found more opportunities than she had guessed before she began looking for them.

Mamma, and papa too, approved of her plan, and secretly helped her forward in it. She missed the candy and fruit, it is true; but she gained an even larger share of the dear love of her parents and friends, and at the same time a discipline which was most helpful to her in all her after-life.

Edith lost these, though still enjoying her sweetmeats, and presently became known as a disagreeable child.

Curiously enough, both girls reported nearly the same amount at the next missionary meeting, but which do you think felt the happier in her gift? — *Messenger.*

A CLERGYMAN on board a ship began a sermon in the following manner:—Dear friends,—I shall embark my exhortation on the barge of my lips, in order to cross the stormy ocean of your attention, and in hope of arriving safely at the port of your ears."