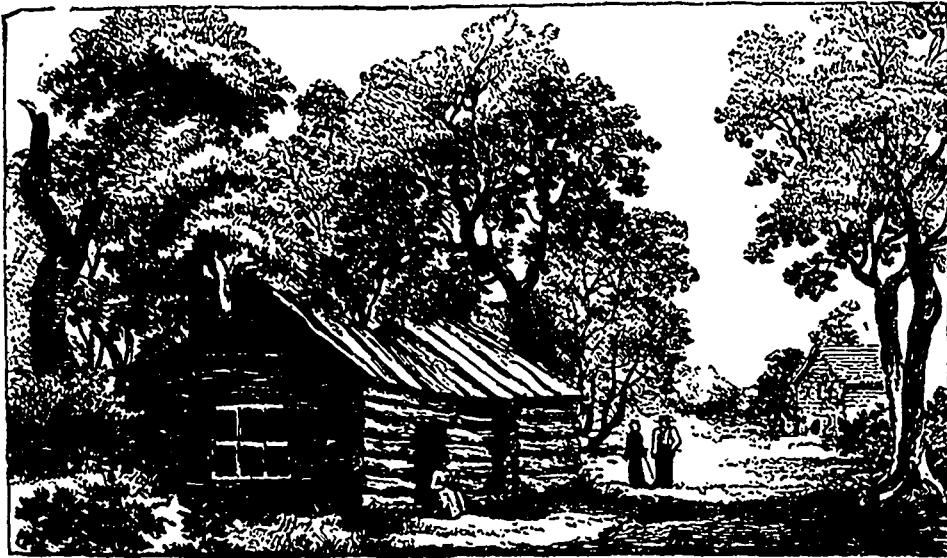


## Young People's Department.



THE LOG HOUSE IN THE BUSH.

HELEN.

### I.—THE CITY CHURCH.

**M**OTHER, the bells are ringing for church," said a little girl of one of our Canadian cities one Sunday morning. "I hear the cathedral bells, should we not be ready to go?"

"Yes, my dear, we are all ready now."

And to church they went, Mr. and Mrs. Redford and their little Helen. On the way to St. John's Church, which they always attended, Mr. Redford said: "The Bishop of Wideland is going to preach to-day, so I suppose we shall hear something about missions."

"What are missions, father?" asked Helen

"In distant places, Helen, they have but few churches, and but few clergymen. One man travels over a large space of ground, and preaches only here and there where a few people may gather together to hear him."

"How funny that must be, father, when we have so many churches here! How funny it must be to live in Wideland!"

Going home from church, little Helen said:

"Father, I liked the sermon so much to-day. I understood everything that the bishop said. He spoke of the woods, and he spoke of log churches. What a curious thing a log church must be, father!"

"Yes, dear, I am afraid we do not think enough of those who have not the fine churches to go to that we have."

"But, father, how much does it cost to build a church? How much did it cost to build our church, St. John's."

"It cost thousands of dollars, my child, I do not exactly know how many."

"But, father, the Bishop of Wideland said to-day that a church in the bush could be built and made all ready for five hundred dollars."

"Yes, so he did, and so I have no doubt it could."

"Well, father, why don't you build a church for some of those people?"

"I, child—I give \$500!"

"Why, is five hundred dollars a very large sum, father?"

"Yes, Helen, in that way it is considered very large. There was a collection taken up to-day for a destitute place where the bishop wants to build a church and place a clergyman—what was it he called that place?"

"I don't remember; do you remember, mother?"

"Yes, he called it Logwood."

"Oh! yes, I remember now," said Helen, "and I thought it such a funny name for a place—but what were you going to say, father?"

"Why," said Mr. Redford, "they had a collection for that object to-day, and I don't sup-