

Not many months ago an urgent appeal was made in several papers by our worthy Bishop for earnest and zealous missionaries to assist in carrying on the great work that is now being done by so few, and sad to relate there was no response received from any who were qualified. Hence the necessity of seeking in the Mother Land for the required labourers to put in the field. It is too true that any clergyman leaving a Canadian diocese to take work in Algoma, must surrender all interest and claims in the Widow's and Orphan's and Commutation funds, and be divested of every resource except his months pay.

Still we think as a rule it is in the low estimate of the mission work which prevails, that the true reason for such indifference is to be found. Perhaps we might go further and say, that possibly this sentiment might be attributed to an oversight or deficiency in theological training, for, as a rule, how seldom do the thoughts and words of the lecturer in many of our colleges, tend to inspire the students with any of the spiritual or real self-sacrifice which is so essential to an effective ministry? Not but what many of our Canadian clergy are men of the highest type in every possible way, but how often has the necessary features of their ministerial life, had to be acquired during the banishment, as it may be called, that frequently follows ordinations?

For it must be acknowledged that the tendency of placing young inexperienced men at a remote mission post, is most injurious to the Church's success or personal edification. The life and surroundings are apt to prove more than the weak young heart can overcome, and hence the existence in such a state, has had the effect of smothering the feeble energies that might have, in a more genial atmosphere, become vigorous and bright. Possibly too much of such experience, has not been without effect in deteriorating the mission work of the present.

Camp Life in Muskoka.

(From the Banner.)

A word should be said on the language of Canada. A stranger when he first arrives in the country is inclined to think that there is no "common dialect"—no accent which can properly be called Canadian. He hears one man speaking exactly as if he came from London, or Oxford, or Cambridge; another as if he were from Edinburgh or Glasgow; a third as if he hailed from Dublin. But by-and-by he discovers that there is a distinct Canadian tongue, which may be described as very nearly pure English, with a slight graft of Scotch: Old English words linger in this tongue. For example, one is asked if he will have his meat "rare" or (underdone) or well done. It is good English, although we have lost the word at home. On the whole the ordinary Canadian speaks much more like an educated man than the ordinary Englishman, while the best speech of Canada is hardly equal to the best of England. It is so in almost everything—the average is higher, but the best is lower. It is very much what we should expect.

With regard to the "domestic manners" of the people, they are as various as the degrees of wealth or poverty which prevail among them, although there is little poverty. Here, again, the

average of comfort, &c., is higher. So, too, here there are people who live exactly like the "upper classes" in England. As a general rule there are fewer servants. They are more costly and more troublesome. There are frequent difficulties in securing punctuality at meal times and at other times. This has its effect in many ways, upon the customs of society; and it is perhaps here that delicately nurtured English people will be most sensible of the difference between home and colonial life.

There is a great deal of social visiting in Canadian towns, and people who addict themselves to this are generally known as "society-people,"—an amusing phrase which I have not yet perfectly understood. In the winter time it is particularly that balls, and dances, and parties are numerous. In the winter, too, the principal outdoor amusements are skating and sleighing. Of this latter the Canadians seem to be immoderately fond. We can understand this better, when we remember that it is nearly the only out-door recreation which is possible for women.

In the summer time, for two or three months, especially while the Courts are closed, every one does his best to leave the town and go off to the seaside, down to Murray Bay, on the St. Lawrence, or away up to one of the great lakes, or small lakes, in which Canada is so rich. One of the most favourite spots for the Upper Canadians is the district of Muskoka, which has three beautiful lakes connected together, and dotted all over with pretty islands, generally covered with wood. On these islands, which in many cases have become private property, there are dozens of parties "camping" throughout the summer for weeks, some of them in permanent wooden houses, others in tents. These last form a beautiful feature in the scene, often appearing and disappearing here and there over the lakes from day to day. The description of this mode of life I must leave to a lighter and fairer hand, with a more delicate touch; but I may mention an incident which will illustrate the prospects of emigrants in this country. I had just emerged from my "morning tub" in the lake, when I saw a boat rowed towards the Island by a single occupant. This was an attractive and enterprising farmer who lived on the side of the lake, and day by day supplied the campers with butter and bread and vegetables. On entering into conversation with him, I found he was Mr. Forge, of Pleasant Hill Farm, Windermere, on Lake Rosseau. He had come out from the old country (and it was pleasant to hear the Yorkshire dialect still lingering about him) as a settler. Nineteen years before he had come hither with only 8 dollars in his pocket—less than £2. At the present time he is the proprietor of a farm of 110 acres, and generally a well-to-do man. A neighbor told me that half of the farm was under cultivation, and was in excellent condition and thoroughly productive. The rest is doubtless waiting for his powers of development. It should be mentioned that Muskoka is by no means a fertile part of Canada, and that Mr. Forge had special difficulties from the sickness of members of his family. Yet he has accomplished this by honesty and industry, a result certainly not within the reach of poor men in the old country. He seemed very happy in the land of his adoption, and possessed the friendly regard and respect of the people among whom he lived, and of the campers on the islands. But I must now give place to my friend, who will give a more graphic account of our Canadian camp than I could:—

"We call it camping out, although we do not live under canvas. It is a very happy life we lead out here, living 'near to Nature's heart,' on one of the most beautiful islands in Lake Rosseau. A friendly gathering of friends, prepared to enjoy the freedom and ease, and willing to bear, without grumbling, any discomforts that may be met with in our country life. Early, or to sound sleepers it seems early, our hostess's voice is heard through the house, and we are made aware that it is time for our morning "dip," and in