

THE MISSIONARY IN THE WOODS.

"Lights ahead, Sir, down there in the woods to the left; we are near sheiter now," said the guide to the missionary, who, with his companion, felt glad to end their long drive over deep snow, upon the slush and ice of the chain of lakes, through the vast forest which, without break, reaches away to the Hudson Bay. Pleasant indeed is the sight of the shanty lights in the deep woods, centres removed from the busy scene of city, town, or village, and cheery is the reminder in the smoke and flame as they curl upward through the camboose, of the great fire within, around which the travellers will soon be seated enjoying the hospitality of the men. The drive has been long—forty miles—and the last few hours have tried the mettle of men and horse, yet they have continued on and on, and now they are in shelter at rest. Outside the shanty, all is life and stir, for the fifty men whose home it is at least six months out of the twelve, have returned from the woods, and laying down axe and saw, bars and chains, in the glare of the big log fire, are preparing to enjoy, as hungry men can, the supper of pork and beans, good bread, baked on the hearth among the ashes, and Japan tea, strong enough to make the hair stand on end; for shanty men like their tea "strong;" they get nothing stronger, once in the woods, unless on the sly, and a blessing it is to the men this forced abstinence. Poor fellows! would that they always abstained, for most of them are intemperate, and some are "cleaned out" *even* before they get down home, and often are obliged to turn back and re-engage for the farm and the woods. This year, a mother's heart is aching for her wandering boy, and one young wife and new-born babe will miss husband and father. Whiskey is a curse on the Gatineau, and everywhere.

Silence is requested by the foreman in the shanty, who asks the men to sit down while the missionary addresses them. In the centre of the low square building is an opening ten feet wide by ten feet high. This is called a "camboose," and serves to give light and ventilation to the shanty, and allow the smoke and flame from the great fire to escape. How picturesque the men look as they wait for the service to begin; all nationalities are there; and some keep piling on huge logs, which brighten and give great warmth. A barrel is brought forward as a reading desk, and the only lamp in the shanty placed thereon, and service begins. What attention is given to the sweet hymns, telling in the gospel of Jesus and His love. Some are even eager to hear the loving message from God's Word. How plain and simple the way to God through Christ and forgiveness of sin. How easy to grasp this truth for anyone really desiring salvation. As the missionary gazes on the upturned faces, and looks into the fire and shooting sparks, thoughts of another scene crowd into his mind;