

glide along for miles between woody banks and moss-covered rocks without sign of man. There are no villages, no camps, no sound save voices of the wood birds, the musical running of the rapids, the tumbling of the falls and the constant dip of the paddles. You feel that you are viewing a creation of nature's chief Landscape Gardener. You are a congregation, all by yourself, small but attentive and appreciative, to whom the great Preacher is delivering a mighty sermon without words. You will not forget it. In after days you will, perhaps, contrast it with the spoken word from the desk in some grand church and that silent sermon will be with you still, strong, refreshing and inspiring.

Bala, on Lake Muskoka, is the starting point for the Moon river trip. Guides who are familiar with every rock in the channel, who know which lively rapids are not safe to shoot, will, for a reasonable sum, furnish neat canoes and paddle where you will. You will not, in all probability, see a living soul after once fairly away on the trip. Start early. You will require no advice about returning. If you have never experienced the delight of a canoe trip, then there is a new sensation added to all the wealth of scenery on view wherever the eye turns. If the trip is made in the spring, and sometimes even as late as July, you will see the river drivers logging between Bala and the junction of the Moon and the Muskosh. After passing the Muskosh do not expect to hear the voice of man other than your guide. You are entering a wilderness of woods and rocks. A solitary bushranger may call from the shore and ask if you are going far, and warn you to carefully extinguish fires built at lunch hours; but the probability is that you will not see or hear even him.

Once in the Moon you will be enthusiastic over what appears to be a quiet little stream, and will wonder if, indeed, falls and rapids are before you. Ere you have ceased wondering, you have your answer; you hear a roar and in a moment your guide is saying, "We will have to make a short portage here." The carry is necessitated by the falls, and a dam is constructed to force more water through the Muskosh, to aid the running of logs to Georgian Bay.