

Young People's Department.



SERVICE IN A LOG HUT.

WORK IN THE BUSH.

SOME people speak of Algoma and all unsettled parts of Canada as "the bush." In many of these places there are no churches except at very long distances from one another, and many of our children in our old, settled parishes would be surprised to see some of the buildings which they call churches in the bush. There are some very nice ones, but many of them are built of logs and are very plain both outside and in. But the settlers are very thankful for even these, and so are the missionaries, for often they have to hold service in a house,—and you know, a settler's house is generally very small, what is called a log hut. Sometimes it only has one room, the beds at one end, the stove and table at the other. The above picture shows a little congregation assembled for service. There is to be a christening; perhaps all the children are to be christened. You see the bowl of water for the font. The service is in the sick room, so that the mother can see her baby christened and join in the service.

Many missionaries travel long, long distances, to hold just such a little service as that. They travel sometimes on foot for days and days together, sometimes on dog sleighs and on snow shoes, and they are often so tired when they get from one settlement to another that they can scarcely stand up to read the service and preach. But the people are very kind and think a great deal of these services. They will take the missionary by the hand and thank him with tears in their eyes for the service he has rendered. Of course many of them can read the service themselves, but that is not like the visit of a clergyman. There is something in

the voice of a clergyman that these people like.

Dear children, we ought to remember these people who are working so hard in the bush. They often feel very lonely and when a good man like a clergyman finds them out, it is a bright spot in their lives. They remember it for a long time and great good is done sometimes even by one visit. Pray then for missionaries and save your money for them. By doing that you will do a good work for God.

THE poet Rogers used to tell a story of a little girl, a great favorite with everyone who knew her. Some one said to her, "Why does everybody love you so much?" She answered, "I think it is because I love everybody so much." This little story is capable of a very wide application; for our happiness as human beings, generally speaking, will be found to be very much in proportion to the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us. And the greatest worldly success, however honestly achieved, will contribute comparatively little to happiness, unless it is accompanied by a little benevolence towards every human being.—*Dr. Smiles.*

I COMPARE the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of a year, to a bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to lift the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick. This we might easily manage, if we could only take the burden appointed to us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's sticks over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—*John Newton.*