

more acceptable to her shipwrecked guests.

She has never posed as one who is conscious of having done an extraordinary service to her fellow creatures, and every attempt to bring her into prominence in this way has failed. She did her duty, and in that she has found her chief satisfaction and reward. Many years ago her brave work was brought to the notice of our Gracious Queen, and a letter full of kind words of Royal appreciation was received, together with \$200. The New York Life Saving Association were not unmindful of her having saved the lives of seven of their citizens, and a record of her brave work has been frequently made and her praise even sung in poetry by a sister of one of the shipwrecked men. May she live long and be lovingly held in remembrance as one of Canada's brave and noble women.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

MUSKOKA.

I am writing a letter on Muskoka. It is so lovely up in Muskoka, the beautiful lakes with islands dotted here and there. Our island is such a lovely one. We have a sand beach, and our house is up on a hill. We do not sleep in the house, but we sleep in tents. It is so lovely sleeping in tents. Sometimes in the night we hear a mouse or a chipmunk running over the top and down the sides of the tent. We have two boats and three canoes. We go out fishing, and we catch bass and pickerel. The first night I was up here I caught a pickerel. One night a chipmunk came on the verandah, and I threw some crumbs to it. Then I knelt down very softly, and held out a piece of crust, and it came over and took it and went running away as fast as it could with it in its mouth, and now it comes every night.

We go into the water bathing every afternoon when it is fine: I have learnt to swim very nicely. We go to a camp-fire very often, and there we sing and have a fine time. One night the ladies were out in a boat and they saw something swimming to shore. First they thought it was a log, but as it came closer they found it was a porcu-

pine. It came up on our shore. A porcupine is very hard to kill, because it has quills and also its skin is very hard. The quills are very sharp. If you were to get a quill into you, you could not very easily get it out again; it is worse than a needle. The porcupine's head is like the beaver.

We have three supply boats coming in every day. I have had \$1.00 given to me, so I am sending it to the Home. In Muskoka there are Indians; they come around selling all sorts of things, which they make of bark; they make them themselves. The children can speak English, but the women can't. . . .

Muskoka has done me a lot of good. I have grown a good deal. So now good-bye.

From MINNIE HULL.

THE GEORGIAN BAY.

DEAR EDITOR,—And now I am going to pretend to be a girl, and write a letter for UPS AND DOWNS, and anyone that likes may guess who I am, at any rate I know quite a number of the girls.

The summer holidays are mostly over now, so I thought I would tell a little about mine, as in some mysterious way I have found out that Minnie Hull was going to tell about her's this time. We were not so very far off from each other either, for she was in Muskoka and I was on the Georgian Bay, about eight miles north of Penetanguishene, and not far from Midland. And there was the squirrel, and tree-frog and the whip-poor-will, and the weird lonely cry of the loon; and a little boy of our party did say he saw a deer one morning! I am afraid I was not out quite so early, and did not see it.

We had plenty of boating and bathing too. Oh how I love a canoe! better any day than a row-boat, but of course it is a matter of taste. The movement has been called the "poetry of motion," and a very pretty descriptive expression that is. What is it that Pauline Johnson says in her poem on "The Song My Paddle Sings"?

"O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,

Sleep, sleep!

By your mountains steep,

Or down where the prairie grasses sweep.

Now fold in slumber your laggard wings.

For soft is the song my paddle sings."

Noiselessly, gracefully, without so much as a splash the paddle works its way through