

on the stage. He picks up volunteers, whom he trains with rare facility. Every afternoon he gives a new scene from oriental life—to-day, social customs; to-morrow, an Eastern meal, with turbaned and loose-robed guests partaking of it; the next day, the forms of worship, Turkish prayer. Turkish dervishes, the Turkish muezzin calling to prayers. Neither the sermon by Dr. Newton to the children nor the stereopticon pictures attracts or holds a greater or more interested throng than Mr. Van Lennep enacting oriental life and character.

I speak only of single features, but the indescribable influence of the social and Christian commingling has been the chief charm; and when the meetings closed last night we all joined with utmost heartiness in the tribute, well earned, to the leader and organizer, Rev. W. F. Crafts, whose engineering and organizing skill has been both tested and approved by this ten days' undenominational conference. I write, too, only of what I have seen and heard during these last two days of the conference. But from what I learn of others I judge that the interest culminated when, one evening last week, Mr. Beecher spoke to an audience of 1,200 or 1,500 in the great tent, on the training of children.

So much for the Parliament; what is the Parliament House?

Wellesley or Wells Island is one of the largest of the famous Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence River. Here an association, organized for the purpose, have purchased a thousand acres, and begun the work of preparation for camp meetings. "Everything is new," they tell me apologetically. That is, in truth, its highest commendation. We are in the midst of nature, most beautiful when unadorned. There is a dock where the river steamers land, and where at any time you can get a row-boat for a day's fishing, or a party can get a steam yacht for an hour's sail. There is a dining hall where you can get plain and simple fare, but good enough for plain livers, for \$1 a day. There are half a dozen cottages scattered through the grounds; in some

one of these you can get a room at 50 cents a day. The floors are without carpets, the walls are unplastered, the chairs wooden, the beds are straw, but the prices are low; everything is as yet neat and clean, and the company is of the most genial and attractive description. Or you can rent or purchase a lot and put up a tent. And this is evidently the favourite way. These tents are scattered in every direction through the trees. There are no roads but grass roads; no paths but such as the feet have made. Some of the tents have board floors; a few aristocratic ones are carpeted. More have no floor but the earth, and no carpet but the grass. Croquet before the door; the hammock by its side; the fishing poles leaning up against a neighboring tree, indicate the favorite occupations. The village is one of the utmost simplicity; the life is one of primitive fashion. And the great tent, a little removed from the centre of the village, if so amorphous a community can be called a village, gives by its exercises, morning, afternoon and evening, a gathering place, and furnishes the temporary town with a substitute for library, school, church and Sabbath-school.

The Parliament has adjourned; the village remains. It furnishes an audience, but does not depend on the audience for its inhabitants. Fresh air, cool weather, simple habits, plain fare, low prices, and an out of-door life are the real attractions to the camp ground.

Well, I said to my companion, as I came away, if I lived in New York, which happily I do not, I should be strongly tempted to buy a couple of lots with two hundred dollars, build the shell of a house with a thousand more, put up a tent or two for the older boys, and come to Thousand Island Park for my summer rest.

THEOPHILUS.

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There's many a trouble,  
Would break like a bubble,  
And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
Did we not rehearse it,  
And tenderly nurse it,  
And give it a prominent place in the heart.