

Baker? Why, I never expect to sing again this side of heaven quite as I did there, unless I should go back to Northfield. It would be about impossible to give here anything like an account of what was said as we listened during three sessions each day for two weeks. We shall leave that for another time, or better still, all who can should take the first opportunity to go and hear and see for themselves. I might say to such, what the steward of the Khan said to Ben Hur, when he enquired about the road to Daphne:—"The road to Daphne! You have never been there before? Well, count this the happiest day of your life."

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

CAMPING IN THE ROCKIES.

DEAR GEORGE,—The pleasantest expedition of my life has just come to an end. Camping out during the warm days of summer is always delightful anywhere, but to have for your camping ground the mountain heights of Colorado in addition to all the other pleasures, is to me the very climax of all camping, the desideratum of all campers, to whom there is the remotest possibility of attaining it.

With the exception of myself, our party were all of Boulder, a beautiful and romantic town of some five thousand inhabitants, nestling up close to the very base of the highest and ruggeddest of all the front foothills. Towering perpendicularly above the town, these great craggy rocks present a wild yet fascinating aspect, while the town itself lies at their feet, seemingly swept thither on the great prairie waves until it stranded—not as a wreck, however—on the shore of the opposing hills which seem to say to it, "thus far shalt thou go and no further." You can easily imagine, then, how desirable a place it is to live in, not only for its romantic situation, but also for its convenient nearness to other places of note and points of interest. It is only twenty-nine miles north of Denver; all the mysteries and pleasures of the Rockies are at its back; great Long's Peak is just a few miles to the north, while the still more famous Pike's