

## Correspondence.

CHICAGO, AUG. 4th, 1890.

My Dear Young Friends:

The advantage which one may hope to reap from his holidays, will depend largely upon the object he has in view, and how he carries it out. If his life be one of isolation and loneliness, he goes to the City and finds recreation in the busy streets, among the rushing crowds, and is satisfied. If, on the other hand, he has seen as much of streets and crowds as satisfies him, he seeks the quieter localities and turns his steps towards the solitudes of nature. Belonging to the latter class, I turned my back upon the city for a short time, with great expectation of the delight of "a cot in the wilderness." Having been invited by some very dear friends in Chicago to spend my holidays with them among the "Lakes of Wisconsin," I turned my face towards the magnificent West, accepting Horace Greeley's advice like a wise and thoughtful young man. As all the tourists say, the trip to Chicago was without special interest, though I had the great joy of renewing some old friendships both in Windsor and Detroit, as I broke my journey by a day divided between the two cities. The centre of this Lake region lies four hundred miles North-West of Chicago. It has for years been the scene of the lumberman's and the trapper's operations, but only recently has it become the resort of the tourist, unless now and again some more venture-some spirit would penetrate its solitudes.

Minocqua, the terminus of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. in this direction, is a city of recent date and striking immaturity. The City Hall, Opera House and palatial residences of its merchant princes, are marvels of magnificence and grandeur, or rather will be at some time, yet indefinitely, in the future, as they exist, as yet, only on the city map. At present there are one hundred and fifty inhabitants, five hotels, fourteen saloons and three general stores. So far as I could learn by a stay of three or four hours, there is no church,—virtually no school. No Religion, and so far as the people seem to know or care, no God!

The objective point of my journey was Trout Lake, fifteen miles from the city mentioned above. This distance was by what was called a waggon road, winding here and there among the trees, with the houses almost hidden from view part of the time by

the rank growth of bushes and brakes that densely cover the whole surface of the ground. Through all that distance (15 miles) we pass not a human habitation, we met not a human being. The way is made more desolate, if possible, by the occasional appearance of deserted lumber camps. After five hours of journeying in the wilderness, we reach "Mann's Hotel." All about the fishing and boating, the pleasure exertions to various lakes and points of interest, the acres and acres and acres of white pond lilies, which always were greeted by me with the remark, "How the eyes of our Flower Committee would dance for joy" at this vision! All these things I must leave to a more convenient season.

I may see you (pv) almost as soon as this hurried letter reaches you; in the meantime, with no mean kind of friendship,

Your affectionate Pastor,

W. H. LAIRD.

## Picnics and Picnickers.

OF all the methods for giving amusement and pleasure in the summer season the old fashioned picnic still seems to have the first place, almost every day sees some company leaving the city to spend a few hours in some shady and grassy place, by the waters of the bay or lake, where fresh air and an abandonment of City restraint may be fully enjoyed.

Perhaps the popularity of the Picnic may be accounted for by the variety of pleasure it affords. To some the charm is merely in being one of a number that is going in for fun; to others it is in quietly rusticating in a little group, in some out of the way nook, free for a little while from the intrusion of business and the worry of home cares; others find it on the water, in the splash of the car and the gliding of the boat; and the romantic soul may gaze upon nature in field and flower and tree, until troubles, if any, are forgotten; then what a chance for frolic and fun the young have, in fact a Picnic may be said to be a feast of unrestrained enjoyment—it is pleasure let loose; there is freedom for all—a rollicking do-as-you-please air about which cannot fail in effecting a change on the temper of the heated and worried citizen. Like all mundane things, the Picnic is subject to some drawbacks: if the company is large, there may be inconveniences in the transit, and, unless you take it along with you, your bread may not be