

Then, a little quiet time and our favorite hymns, and under the clear starry sky those glorious words,

"The Heavens declare the glory of God;

And the firmament sheweth His handiwork. . ."

seem to gain new meaning and beauty. Then, after a word of praise and petition, soft and clear on the still night air rises the children's plea,

"Jesus, tender Shepherd hear us,

Bless Thy little lambs tonight;

Through the darkness be Thou near us;

Watch our sleep till morning light!"

and another happy camping day is done.

Now, when everybody snuggles into bed, is the time for quiet talks.

"I DO love God, by Gosh," sighs one wee mite.

"The worst of it is," laments another, "that Willie swears like ANYTHING."

(Willie is just half-past two)

"Well," replies a little wise-acre of six, "you'll have to help him. You've got to ask God to take the swear out of him, because he's too little. God can, you know, God can do anything He's a mind to, can't He, Teacher?"

Prayers are said, cots tucked up, wee flower faces kissed, older ones sternly reminded that "there must be no more talking, NOT ONE WORD" and all is still, save for an occasional stifled giggle, or tiny ripple of laughter.

Silently the grown-ups sit beside the sea, in peace and blessed quietness. One such evening remains a memory of beauty. The air was very still. Behind the purple hills a faint white glow heralded the rising moon. Just as the golden disk came into view over the shoulder of the mountain a faint wind stirred. Higher and higher rose the moon and louder sang the wind. And now the wavelets joined the chorus, and the tree-tops; louder, louder, louder still swelled the pean of praise clutching the heart with an ecstasy of delight, till the peerless moon rode high, and all the air was filled with song. Then gently, sighingly the melody died away till all again was very still and a golden path lay upon the face of the waters.

Sometimes the sound of weeping would call one to a tent in the wee small hours. Then, the toothache or ear-ache attended to, and the small sufferer comforted and asleep, one would stand and gaze for a blessed moment into the calm face of Night. Tall and straight stand the shadowy trees, sentinels of God, forever stretching pleading arms to Heaven. High, high in the unbelievable sky swing golden worlds, the sea chants softly far below, and the watcher's heart is filled with an almost unbearable joy, till the quick tears start, and, hands upraised, the whole heart goes out in silent, deep communion with the Infinite One.

Somehow God is very real, and very near—out under the trees, at night.

Ten happy days pass like one, and home-going time is here. An early, excited breakfast, a long hot wait for the boat. . . hark! here she comes, listen, the engines say,

"Don't go home, don't go home, don't don't. . ." But eager children climb on board and off she goes. A farewell cheer, a happy song dying in the distance, and one worker turns to another with a little sigh,

"How quiet it is here! I miss the little rogues already. Now we must get to work and set the cots out in the sunshine: the next party will be here tomorrow, and tomorrow comes so soon!"

"You're right. Hasn't this been a nice party though? And they did have such a good time!"

And in Vancouver at fifty dinner tables excited children let their plates grow cold while they intone a refrain they will repeat daily for a year,

"When we were at Camp, well. . ."

and,

"When I go to Camp next year. . ."

while happy mothers rejoice in rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes . . . we make a specialty of those—at Camp.

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It is indeed the organ of the soul."*

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