

those oldtime redskins could choose a name. Hopatecong implies "honey water of many coves;" it has the melody and rhyme of harp notes; it is a lake of surprises and delights. With its seventy miles of shore it presents a varied beauty quite as superb as that of the Killarney region of Ireland. Its symphonies of wind and leaf may be compared to the exquisite harmony of flute and violin. To the tired toiler escaped from the grind of business it becomes the anchor of pure thoughts and memories, filling the heart with covenants of peace.

The Jersey Hills are not mountains, but so are nearer, more a part of one's self, and thus more lovable. The views are not grandly far, but

they perfectly fill the eye with their miles of emerald slopes. The Watchung Mountains reach an altitude twelve hundred feet above the sea level. The entire section presents a scenery so wild, so grand, so picturesque, so changeful from the extensive outlook over and beyond the fertile valleys, through the gorges, and alongside the rippling mountain streams, as to fill the eye and mind with beauty and delight. At Mount Tabor, in harmony with its sacred name, Methodist camp meetings are held in the summer. The Orange Mountains present some of the most beautiful suburban sights and scenes in the neighbourhood of the great metropolis.



A SUBURBAN COUNTRY HOME.

I dropped a note in the sea :
Lost, utterly lost, it seemed to be
As the swift ship sped along.
But the winsome winds and the currents strong
Drifted the note from the end
Of the world to the hand of my best earthly friend.

I was dropped off the world into space :
Lost, utterly lost, I seemed in the race
As the swift world sped along.
But the tides of love, than of seas more strong,
That back to their Maker tend,
Swept me on to the heart of my uttermost Friend.

—Bishop H. W. Warren.