

The order maintained on the ground was admirable. There were here no mere pleasure-seekers, nor was the sacred spot degraded to a religious Saratoga. At no camp meeting have I ever seen so little of the innovation of wordliness and dissipation. All the tent-holders seemed to be there on business with the Lord, and they "minded their business." The only exception to the above description was the afternoon of those days when the great outside world came in vast crowds to "see the circus." Then thousands thronged within and around the encampment, but left us again with nightfall.

The management of the meeting, which devolved mostly on Rev. J. S. Inskip, was most admirable. None of the services were allowed to be so long as to tire the body, and were often varied so as to relieve the sameness and the strain. The bell rang at five in the morning for the benefit of the sleepy. Half-past five a prayer-meeting was held in the pavilion; after breakfast, at eight o'clock, prayer and experience meeting; at ten, preaching from the stand; at one, a children's meeting; half-past two, preaching from the stand; after tea, a six o'clock prayer meeting; and then the closing public service at seven o'clock. At ten the bell rang for all to retire. The call was generally responded to, and we were seldom disturbed by night meetings, which may account for the freshness that was so apparent up to the close.

The preaching of the brethren of the Association was an intellectual treat, leaving out all the spiritual benefit conferred. These men, who are turning the American Methodist world upside down, are no mean men in any way you take them. They are men of deep thought, clear theology, strong faith, large heart and mighty sympathy. They are as varied as they could well be. Father Coleman is sublime in his marvellous simplicity; George Hughes has the genial richness of a noble type of Englishman; J. A. Wood is sweet-spirited and gentle as I would fancy the apostle John to have been; L. R. Dunn is logical and precise; W. B. Osborne is a veritable Boanerges; Alex. McLean would give one the idea of a model pastor; W. H. Boole thinks clearly, expresses his thought tersely and convincingly, a master preacher indeed; J. E. Searles is the embodiment of brotherly love; and then, at the head of them all, J. S. Inskip, the president, a man of massive brain, large soul, and mighty impulses. Varied as are their gifts and temperaments,