

your celery-plants, and only earth up on a dry day, doing so, more particularly first of all, very carefully, so as to avoid allowing any of the soil to fall into the heart of your plant. Preparations too may be made for the winter sowing of onions. They like a rich soil. A discarded strawberry-ground will do admirably for them. The seed may be sown pretty thickly. The last sowing of peas may be made, but certainly not later than the end of the month; for this select, therefore, your best piece of ground, and if your

soil should chance to be very dry, water the drills just before you put your peas in. And then, too, there is the crop very soon to be got in of winter spinach and turnips, and immediate attention must be given to the vegetable marrows, which, with the French beans, are a warning that our summer does not last for ever. And yet with a little painstaking we can, in a sense, prolong our summer in so far as our garden crops are concerned; and this, after all, is the main object that we gardeners have in view.

A SUMMER CAMP-MEETING IN AMERICA.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.



ALTHOUGH so much has been written about America of late years—so much that it would seem to those who do not know the country that nothing more can remain to be said—yet to those who do know it there seems a great deal left to say.

I do not think any one has described one phase of life there, to which, so far as I know, there is no parallel in this country.

I allude to that curious blending of religion and recreation, a sea-side camp-meeting. Americans complain, with much reason, that English people describe their country only from the ludicrous side, forgetting that what strikes them as absurd is really only so in the same way as many English customs seem so to French observers. If it is true that "familiarity breeds contempt," it equally breeds respect. Therefore, it is from no desire to write on the ludicrous aspect of things only that I choose this phase of life, so open to ridicule, so mercilessly ridiculed, in fact, by such Americans themselves as do not belong to religious sects who affect camp-services. I choose it because I think that it is new, and that it offers some suggestions to English people of the class herein described.

Ocean Grove—now a crowded summer resort with hotels, roads, squares, and hundreds of cottages, its stores, offices, and schools—was in 1869 a wild jungle. Asbury Park, a fashionable resort, purely secular in character, is separated from the sacred ground only by a tiny neck of land not a hundred yards wide in one spot, and a long narrow lakelet, for which the ferry fare is one halfpenny. In fact, if you will imagine the Serpentine to run north and south instead of stretching as it does in a westerly direction, and that the west bank is Ocean Grove, the east Asbury Park, and the strip of gravel path between Rotten Row and the Broad Walk the narrow neck of land before mentioned, south of which rolls the Atlantic, you will be able to form an exact idea of the proximity of this sacred city to the pomps and vanities of the world as displayed in such a popular American watering-place as Asbury Park.

I had heard much of the celebrated camp-meeting

ground of the Methodists at Ocean Grove; of the tent-life there; and, in order to realise so curious a scene, visited it last year.

The railway station is Asbury Park, and a stage runs from it to Ocean Grove. Asbury Park itself, as an instance of the wonderful growth of towns in America, is well worth description, with its large handsome station, crowded in the season with throngs of visitors in all the fashionable eccentricity of watering-place attire, and its vociferous stage touts shouting the various hotels for which they are "runners."

But Ocean Grove is the point of attraction for me, and entering a stage on which those words are conspicuously painted, I am driven though the main street of Asbury Park. Past huge hotels, that seem all verandah and flowers, and then we come to Wesley Lake, and know we are approaching the Ocean Grove. I get out of the coach at Coleman House on the Asbury Park side of the lake, for I prefer the secular ground as my abiding-place, and take a little red-cushioned boat with a white awning, and have myself rowed across to the "Sacred City," as the Methodists, without a suspicion of profanity, love to call it. Scarcely do I mount the broad wooden steps let in the green sloping bank, than I am conscious of a difference in the aspect of things—or perhaps I fancy it, impressed by the sacred names of places—now meeting the view. At the top of the steps I find a broad level road stretching before me further than I can see, with cottages at each side, and a sign tells me it is "Pilgrim's Pathway." I immediately feel as if I were travelling with John Bunyan, but am disposed to disappointment, for I find houses much like those in Asbury Park as to form, differing only from them as a Quaker differs from an ordinary wight; a certain quietude, a subdued colouring as to blinds and awnings, prevails. Then we come to a large square, beautifully laid out and cultivated, and a large and every-day-looking hotel. I express my surprise, and then learn that Ocean Grove, besides those who go there to worship, has a number of cottagers—as sea-side visitors who hire a cottage instead of boarding are termed—who, induced either by economical reasons (it being much cheaper than its neighbour

Asbury) or its exceeding quietness, overlook its restrictions, and go there for the season; but these people do not live within the precincts. Turning down another street, I soon found I was not to be disappointed, and that I was among the tents.

So far as I could understand the topography of the tented city without seeing any plan of it, I should imagine it something like a cart-wheel; the hub being the Tabernacle, the spokes the different "Ways" radiating from that centre, each named with some Biblical name. With the mind attuned to primitive things by the tents around, the silence broken only by the murmur of prayers or the swelling of hundreds of voices in the singing of a hymn, it is yet strange to find at the corner of a street of white tents a sign-post—"Mount Pisgah Way;" further on, "Mount Hebron Way," and that a few yards more bring us to "Mount Olivet."

In the Tabernacle, or at what are called "side meetings," there is continual prayer so long as the camp lasts. As it is not my intention to be statistical in this short paper, I will not say how many thousand persons the auditorium is said to seat; nor how many thousand "tenters" annually congregate within the precincts, some renting tents from speculators, others taking their own, renting the land, or pitching it on lots already owned by themselves. The tents so rented are, I believe, generally furnished; but it was amusing to note even in this sacred city, from which all light conversation, secular songs, and such-like profanities are rigidly banished, that the pomps and vanities of the world have power over the best of people. As I passed from street to street, if I may so call the passages with tents on each side, I noticed great efforts at display; in most cases a pair of long lace curtains made the division between back and front, or bed-room and sitting-room. In the front division is the chest of drawers with—as is the fashion in this country—the toilette-glass fixed upon it, the top decked out with more or less coquetry; a carpet on the floor, a small centre table on which reposes the large Bible, and generally a glass of flowers, two chairs (one a rocker) complete the usual furniture, but in almost every tent is the effort to put the best foot forward plainly visible. All this interior, as I have described, is visible to the outer world during the day, the front of the tent being entirely looped back. Its inmate is generally, if not at the Tabernacle, seated in a rocker near the door, reading the Bible and rocking industriously. A few are dressed in plain print of that loose, not to say untidy make, affected by many countrywomen, evidently taking their ease very much during their tent life; others, and the greater number, in very fashionably made dresses of black alpaca—a favourite best dress with this class of American women.

I say "this class" because, so far as I can learn, the great mass of those who go to Ocean Grove or kindred resorts to take their summer outing, and devote themselves to religious exercises at the same time, are of the well-to-do country classes—farmers' wives, tradesmen, &c.

In addition to these tents forming bed and sitting-room, many bring a second or kitchen-tent, which is immediately behind the other, and sometimes two or three families join in having one kitchen-tent, in which is a kitchen-stove, or, as we call it in England, a "kitchener." In many cases, however, families are supplied with their meals from a large restaurant just without the precincts. There are, besides this restaurant, shops of all kinds. Many persons who now own cottages, often very handsome, originally only bought lots on which they pitched their tents; and even now, in the well-built-up streets outside the precincts, one comes on an occasional tent pitched on a lot vacant in an otherwise complete row of houses. Within the precincts, however, all are tenters, some of whom have come from great distances. The usual duration of the camp is from the beginning of July to September, and those who come to stay the whole time generally have a small garden in front of their tent; beds neatly outlined with clam-shells, and flowers in bloom planted therein; often vines are trained all over the front, and hanging baskets, stands of flowers, and birds give a pretty, home-like look to the temporary resting-place.

Of course, although there are prayer meetings going on all day, every one does not attend all; some, as I saw, sat reading the Bible at the door of their tent; others go down to the beach, which is generally thronged, and if proof were wanted that the worldly spirit is not all banished by these pilgrims, it is that the bathing costumes, always very coquettishly made in America, are at Ocean Grove as much so.

All one's notions of "camp life" as pleasantly "roughing it" for a few weeks are overturned at Ocean Grove. Nothing is further from the intentions of these tenters apparently than "roughing" it. They have brought with them evidently all the influences of their provincial life as far as possible, even to the best parlour, represented by the bedecked front division of their tents, and their regard for fashion's dictates, as evidenced by the style of dress.

Many of the people frequenting Ocean Grove, and even Asbury Park, are limited to a certain sum for their holidays; and bathing-houses, like everything else in America, are very dear; if, therefore, custom did not sanction their mode of bathing—that is, going from and to their houses and tents in bathing-dress—the great pleasure and benefit of bathing would be reserved for those whose purses permitted the expense; as it is, the ocean is free to all who possess a bathing-dress; and what every one does, no one finds fault with. A bathing-master is always in attendance; the hours for bathing, changing each day with the tide, are published by him; he also, with assistants, has authority to prevent any one committing a breach of propriety.

With regard to the religious influence of these summer camps I can say nothing. I heard a great deal for and against. One phase of devotion there, however, there can be no question about; I mean the beach meetings. These take place on Sunday evenings on the beach, and are very impressive. Every

Sunday evening service is held on the beach, and there the thousands of Methodists from Ocean Grove are supplemented by great numbers of visitors from Asbury Park, drawn thither by the reputation these beach meetings have gained.

The preaching is probably much the same as that in the Tabernacle; but here, in the free salt air, there is no hysterical emotion, and as the sweet Methodist hymns are sung by those thousands of voices, with the great solemn Atlantic rolling almost to the feet of the singers, the effect is very beautiful, and the scene one never to be forgotten. Sometimes a crowded excursion steamer passes, the passengers will catch the melody as it rises, falls, swells, and is carried out to them on the breeze, and with hats off will join in it as they go on their way.

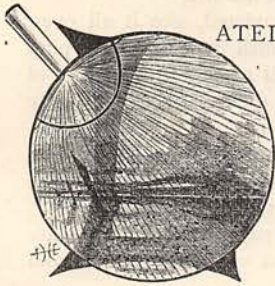
I have said something about the restrictions of life in Ocean Grove during the camp season; let me add that, of course, Sunday is most faithfully observed. No milkman is allowed to bring milk in the town on the Sabbath, nor is a newspaper allowed to be sold; those who want milk must seek it themselves in Asbury Park, and any one who wants a newspaper must do the same. On week-days during the hours

of prayer, that is to say nearly all day, from very early morning to midnight, smoking is prohibited, also whistling, the singing of secular songs, laughter, and loud conversation, and these rules do not apply to the precincts only; the managers of the camp meetings are the lawgivers also for the whole town, and those who have chosen it for its healthfulness, cheapness, or what not, have done so with a full knowledge that during the camp-meeting season they must submit to them, and observe them, at least outwardly.

I happened to be in Asbury Park on the last of August, on which day the camp-meeting breaks up. Some days before, people began to leave, but on that day the exodus was general. I was amazed on going to the "City of Tents" to see how thorough was the rout; where a few hours before there had been many acres of white tents, there was now not one; bare tent-poles still stood in many places, and the *débris* of departed housekeepers everywhere. The great Tabernacle—skeleton building as it is, the sides being open to all the winds of heaven, or at least all that blow during the torrid camp season—stands gaunt and deserted, and will echo no stirring words or songs of praise for another nine months to come.



A FEW REMARKS ON PEN-AND-INK DRAWING.



RECENTLY there has been a decided revival in the appreciation of drawings in black and white, and the example of the Dudley Gallery, in having yearly a "Black and White Exhibition," has been followed in many other places.

There is certainly a great charm in the judicious treatment and working of *monochrome*. Old china-blue and sepia are the best colours to use when a brush is made use of, but where, I think, a monochrome drawing is particularly pretty, is when the pen and ink are used.

The style is especially well adapted for small figures. Stothard's children, carefully drawn and shaded with the crow-quill, are very effective; and also grotesque figures which we may find in the initial letters of old manuscripts; when landscapes are preferred, the scenes best to choose are moonlight or winter views; the former because in nature there is not much colour to be seen at that period, and therefore the want of it is not so much felt in the drawing; and the latter because the markings of the leafless boughs and twigs can be so admirably produced by the pen. However, it is not so much my purpose now to decide what designs to choose, as to give hints as

to what materials to make use of, and as to the mode of working.

For fine work there are no pens so good as crow-quills; you are able to buy them both hard and soft; the inks to be used should be marking-ink, Indian ink, or ordinary good black ink, according to what you mean to decorate.

Doyleys are not so often to be found at dessert as they used to be, but still, where people *do* choose to have them, nothing is so suitable for them as carefully executed pen-and-ink drawings on round pieces of jean.

Jean is an old-fashioned material, or at any rate it is an old-fashioned name, and if the draper looks puzzled when it is asked for, you had better say you wish to have a nice good white sateen or slightly glazed calico; it ought to be smooth and rather shiny on one side, and rough on the other. In choosing it, be sure that there are no dirty lines where it has been folded.

The size of the doyleys should be between that of a tea-cup saucer and a breakfast-cup saucer. Cut the rounds very carefully. The drawing on them must be done in marking-ink so that they can be washed, and it is well to choose cheerful little designs that may encourage conversation at the dinner-table. Of course you can design your own original ones for yourself.

It does no harm to dilute the marking-ink somewhat, and it is desirable so to do where very light