

very busy shooting arrows at the birds amongst the trees.

The encampment was in the woods about two hundred yards distant from the stand just described. As I approached it I could hear the preacher distinctly reading one of Watt's Hymns.

The appearance of the meeting so far was entirely adverse to serious emotions. Yet the voice of the preacher, before I could fully see him in the congregation, and still more the words which he read fell with peculiar solemnity on my ear, the words were these

How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound—depart?

The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear
'T would tear my soul asunder Lord
With most tormenting fear &c

I was soon close on the congregation, and dismounted from my horse. For a few moments, I was a mere spectator of the novel scene, without attending to the religious exercise. I saw before me a circular space of sixty, or seventy yards diameter on which the trees had been cut down. They were laid in parallel rows with boards across them for seats; and here was a small congregation of some 50, or 60 persons, the ruin as I was told having prevented a large attendance. In the woods, skirting the circular clearing which had been made for the congregation, were a number of shanties constructed with boards for the occupation of those who were spending day and night in these religious exercises. The preachers stood on a covered scaffold erected at one side of the open space. He who led the devotions wore a jean coat, and had a handkerchief tied round his head and so presented a grotesque rather than reverend appearance. He prayed, after the singing was ended, and many loud and apparently earnest ejaculations from the people broke in on the address to the throne of grace which he was offering up. This, however is by

no means a certain indication of deep feeling in Methodist worshippers. and I saw very visible indications of listlessness and inattention amongst several of the people. The blessing closed this service. And an intimation made by the preacher reminded me, that the soul in vain courts the remotest local retreats to escape from corporeal cares. It ran in words like the following: "Brother———will preach at 5 o'clock, and the sisters are requested to have the dinners over, in time for prayer meetings in the shanties at 3 o'clock."

As I retired from this meeting, I saw a man in a state of intoxication at a stand where beer was sold; I had seen nothing in the services, peculiar to a Camp Meeting such as the retiring of companies for prayer or giving signals; and the solemnity of the scene fell far short of the Tent preachings that were so common in country parishes in Scotland on Sacramental occasions in my youthful days. Often have I mingled in the vast assemblage of sober worshippers on a hill side, or in a church yard, that were listening to the clear expositions and pathetic appeals that hour after hour were made to them by one minister after another from the TEXT. And the walk homewards often of many miles length afforded ample opportunity to meditate on the truth that had been heard. The kind of sutlery establishments which follow the Camp Meetings in this country, and are in some respects inseparable from the system of bivouacking day and night in the woods, indicate as I think, something reprehensible in the system.

In the evening a man who was apparently a half Indian called on Mr. Webster for some wine to be used in celebrating the Lord's Supper on the following day at the Camp-Meeting. Hearing him addressed as John Norton, and knowing that the lands which the late Major Norton possessed were in the neighborhood, I concluded that this might be the son of that remarkable man; nor was I mistaken.