

Those who frequent these meetings for strictly devotional purposes, stay there night and day. The Sunday visitors, if I might judge from their appearance, were going on the spree—the young men to show themselves and their horses, the young women to show themselves and their finery. It was in fact, a regular fair; and the demand for refreshments must have been very great, for I learned that one booth-keeper received upwards of £25 in the course of two or three hours of Sunday forenoon.

It was in the evening of that day that I visited the camp in company with some friends. We arrived about nine o'clock. The night was very fine, though a little cold; and the effect of the lights among the trees, as we approached, was striking. The encampment was made in a spot which had apparently been once cleared, but it was now covered with young trees, so wide apart as to allow their tops to spread and form, as it were, a canopy supported on pillars. Around the sides were the tents and wigwags of those who remained day and night, and the tents where refreshments were sold; the middle space was occupied by rude forms, ranged in front of the stand where the preachers held forth. Fires were interspersed in various places, elevated on platforms to the height of six or seven feet; being fed with pine knots, they give a brilliant light. The groups surrounding the doors of the tents, some standing, some squatting on the ground, forcibly reminded me of gipsy scenes.

When we arrived, one of the preachers had already commenced his discourse. What the text was, I never discovered; but he was endeavouring to impress upon his auditors this very logical proposition, that, if he should succeed in proving the premises which he had laid down, there would be no escaping from the declaration of the text. This was at least a novelty in the art of reasoning; to make the truth of the text depend upon premises laid down by the preacher, and moreover upon premises that required to be proved. However, so important did this appear to Mr. —, that he repeated it at least half a dozen times, backing it with the assertion, that Jehovah is a God of equity.

What he seemed to be aiming at in the rest of his discourse—if he had any particular aim besides producing effect—was to show that 'God in wrath sends men from time into the eternal world.' For this purpose, he began at the beginning, and took a glance of history down to the present time; and the events to which he appeared chiefly to have an eye, were those in which horror was, or might be made, the chief element.

Among the first was the deluge. After a long parallel between Noah and many a "poor minister of the gospel now a-days," he finished with a graphic picture of the way in which the people ran from one flat of their houses to another, until at last, they were all sent from time into the eternal world.

Next followed the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. Here we were treated to a travestie of the dialogue between Jehovah and Abraham. The 'crack atween twa cronies' could not be more familiar than what we were given to understand passed between the Almighty and 'good ould Abraham,' as the preacher styled him. What was something new to me, 'good ould Abraham' actually ran through the whole of Sodom, on the instant, to see if he could find the requisite number of good men. How he thought to distinguish the good from the bad by such a flying inspection, we were not informed. While the orator was describing at the top of his voice the horror of 'good ould Abraham' at the wickedness of the Sodomites and his solicitude about their salvation, all of a sudden he lowered it to that hollow solemnity which prognosticates something of overwhelming importance. It was to assure us—and he laid his hand on his heart in testimony—that he possessed the same sentiments and feelings as 'good ould Abraham.' (*Groans, and 'we believe it! we believe it!'*) He then went on to describe all the horrors of that 'brimstone shower' which 'sent the Sodomites from time into the eternal world.'

To quench this fiery horror, we were led with the Egyptians into the Red Sea, to behold them engulfed in the returning waves, and 'sent from time into the eternal world.' I do not recollect what other death's feasts were described, until he came to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. Here he evidently intended to make a dead set at the feelings of his auditory. The miseries and barbarities of the siege, the horrors of the carnage when the city was taken, all were depicted with the minuteness of an eye-witness. Yet it was a failure. Though he capered from one end of the stand to the other, like a wild beast in a cage; though he raged, and thumped, and bawled, and screamed, returning upon the words as in the repetitions of music; though he continued this till his voice was gone, and you could hear only something like the blast of a broken-winded pair of bellows—all that was called forth was a few groans, evidently rather because the good folks thought that they *should* feel terrified, than because they felt any emotion whatever. Here the orator must have been suffering from heat, for he threw off his coat. He also apolo-