

never really felt, even in one instance, that he himself is depraved, or deserving of the condemnation of God's law? The Gospel calls are addressed to such a man in vain; Christ offers his blessings, not to those who trust in themselves that they are righteous, but to those who cast themselves at his feet and cry, "Lord be merciful to me, a sinner." Why seek shelter in a house of sand, when the mighty fortress stands open to receive you? Why cover yourselves with these vain and worthless disguises, when Christ has provided a robe of pure and spotless righteousness, in which being clothed, you will be presented blameless before the throne of God.

A CAMP MEETING.

To the Editor of the Christian Examiner.

SIR:—Among other peculiarities of American manners and customs described by such writers as Mrs. Trollope, I had read of those burlesques upon devotion called Camp Meetings. This was in Europe. A short residence on this continent convinced me that, in a great many instances, the pictures drawn by these travellers are caricatures; and though I had not seen a Camp Meeting, I began to suspect that in this also they had been guilty of exaggeration. My hope of finding the reality less extravagant than the picture, was strengthened by sometimes attending the ordinary public services of the Methodists, among whom, I believe, chiefly, if not solely, Camp Meetings are countenanced. There I saw nothing extravagant; reason, order, and decency pervaded the whole.

But I had been calculating too hastily. That rule of charity which bids hope the best, had, for once, led me to form an incorrect opinion. I have now seen a Camp Meeting, and, as the Queen of Sheba said of the magnificence of Solomon's court, the one-half had not been told me.

I asked myself, why are such scenes enacted so near us without being more heard of? They must do either good or evil. In either case, let attention be drawn to them. If they appear to do good, they will gain ground; if, on the contrary, their tendency is mischievous, they will thus meet with reprobation and be checked.

With this view, I have given as faithful a pic-

ture as I could, of that part of the scene which I witnessed. I have not confined myself to general terms expressive either of approval or of disapproval; because that might be to convey only my impressions. I have given the exact words and actions as well as I could recollect; and I can appeal to many present for the substantial accuracy of the account. I make this expose with no intention of bringing ridicule upon the body of professing christians among whom the practice prevails. My motive is very different. I consider that I myself am a member of that universal Church, of which, they also form a distinguished part; and that any thing which disgraces one part, disgraces, in some respects, the whole. The reason why I would call public attention to these scenes is this: *the credit of Christianity is concerned.*

The scoffer points triumphantly to such outrages against reason and decency, and asks, what we would have him to think of a religion that can put on such a guise; can it come from Him who put a spirit in man and gave him understanding? Some, I am aware, have a ready answer; they disclaim the connection. They deny that their religion is at all implicated; they even seem secretly to rejoice at such things, as furnishing a set-off to the superior excellence of their persuasion. This answer but ill satisfies a truly catholic mind. I wish I could reply to such taunts, that the Gospel—that Protestantism even—is not answerable for these extravagances; for that no considerable denomination of christians acknowledges them as a part of its forms, or even, as a body, approves of them. I am inclined to believe that it is so. I believe that the enlightened and respectable part of the Methodist community do not approve of the disgraceful proceedings to which I allude; if so, let them come forward and publicly disclaim them: they will be performing a duty which they owe to their own community and to religion at large.

The Camp Meeting which I witnessed was held in the neighbourhood of Hallowell or Picton, U. C. It began on Thursday and was kept up to the Monday morning following. Sunday was of course the principal day. That morning, the waggons and horsemen continued to pass the house where I was residing in rapid succession. At one time, I was informed, there could not be fewer than from six to eight hundred waggons on the ground, and from five to six thousand people. I could not help watching their appearance as they passed, and the words of Burns suggested themselves:—

'Some are thinkin' on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes'—