

CAMP-MEETING AT CAPE CROKER.

Letter from the Rev. D. C. McDOWELL, Chairman of the Owen Sound District, dated August 10th, 1877.

I intended to have written you before this respecting my recent visit to the Indian camp-meeting at Cape Croker, but I learned the Missionary there had written, or was going to write, on the same subject. Nevertheless I thought I would give you a short account of my trip there, and what I witnessed at the meeting. I arrived home from Chatsworth, where I attended an interesting Sabbath-school picnic on Friday evening, intending to take the steamboat on Saturday morning for the camp-meeting then in progress, but, to my disappointment, I learned that the boat usually on that route was otherwise engaged that day, and there was no boat bound for the Cape. As I had made arrangements to go, there was no alternative but to hire an open sail-boat, which was done, and, accompanied by the Rev. S. F. Depew, prepared for a sail of thirty miles on the picturesque Georgian Bay. As the chief and a large number of the band of Indians from Southampton had arrived here, on their way to the meeting, we took as many of them on board as we considered safe; some of those left behind ran along the shore quite a distance, hoping we would take them with us. I admired the judgment and firmness of the young man in command of the boat, who stated we had "twenty on board, and could take no more." We started at two p.m., and, as the afternoon was calm, we did not reach our destination until 9 30 p.m. We had a pleasant sail, the weather was enjoyable, and the Indians sang sweetly for us the greater part of the way. We passed "Purgatory Bay," of which it is said, "no matter how calm outside, it has the power to keep its waters in constant agitation." I was glad our course lay at a safe distance from its turbulence. When we arrived at the parsonage we could hear the Indians singing, praying, and exhorting in succession; they seemed to continue the service the greater part of the night. Sabbath was a beautiful day. I preached through an interpreter at half-past ten a.m. In the afternoon Brother Depew preached, one of the Indians gave an exhortation, and we had a blessed prayer-meeting. Several of the Indians present are powerful preachers. Bro. Elliott, our Indian Missionary at Parry Sound, was there, and rendered valuable aid. As nearly as I could reckon there were three hundred Indians present, and there seemed few, if any, unconverted before the meeting closed. I have seldom discovered stronger or more satisfactory evidences of a successful religious work among white people than I saw among those children of the forest. From what I had heard I went to the meeting prejudiced against the band, but my prejudices soon gave way when I saw that the Spirit of God was powerfully at work among them. There are a few families of the Indians Roman Catholics. Some of those would come and listen to the preaching, and look wistfully on during the prayer-meeting. I went to them and asked if they would not like to unite with the rest in prayer? They replied they were Catholics. I told them they were welcome if they desired to come forward, which they did. Before closing the meeting I baptized a number of children and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It was truly a solemn and impressive season. It was the intention to close the meeting on Monday, but the blessed work continued with such power that we decided not to close until the following day. Tuesday morning all met on the ground, and, after devotional services, formed in procession and marched round the encampment,