



Indian Camp Meeting at Greensky Hill

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- 17 they keep great feasts at the new moon
Sing Songs of war with melodows Tune
there late dead friends they rase them a
into those feasts in america
- 18 were this country blest with peace and rest
of all the world I wad think it best
there is plenty of all things at your Ca
for the use of man in america
- 19 but my native land weel mayst be
tho it again I showld near See
and the bonny Lass that wold compt awa
with me into america
- 20 for hir I Loved as dears my life
and She designed to be my wife
but her cruel parents kept her awa
when I came for america
- 21 they did her in a dungeon keep
till I was Saling on the deep
for her my heart almost broke in twa
Ere I came in america
- 22 If ever I reach the british Shore
I hope to See my love once more
then we no longer shall be twa
when I return from america

—End—

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INDIAN CAMP MEETING AT GREENSKY HILL:—One cannot live or resort long in Charlevoix, Michigan or its environs without gaining a keen appreciation of the importance of the August Camp Meeting, for the camp meeting days are gala ones in the life of the Indian Mission. There is a general influx of Indians to Greensky Hill from all over Michigan and Southern Canada. The whole grove is soon buzzing with activity. Numerous tents of torn, dirty canvas—open at the top and stretched tightly about poles firmly driven into the ground—house the several hundred folk who gather there for the encampment. The old squaws, too feeble to do any work, sit on small pieces of folded tarpaulin with their backs to the trunks of the big trees and smoke and doze at intervals. The younger women, while preparing the meals over the small camp stoves or open fires, gossip about their small affairs and laugh with pleasure at being together again. Now and then, they turn watchful eyes toward some sturdy black-haired papoose who lies in a crude hammock made from pieces of gunny sacking and discarded ropes. The flickering flames light the lean, dark countenances of the men as they sit quietly smoking, or talking occasionally about their work.

At last the meals are ready, and the families sit down and eat bread, cornmeal porridge with syrup poured over it, strong black tea generously sugared, potatoes, onions, and bacon or salt pork. With almost electric speed, they fill every cavity. Meal time is a busy hour, for each camp runs a boarding table with free board to all "out of town guests." These visitors, almost as numerous as the proverbially poor relations, go from camp to camp without embarrassment. They have never been harrassed by the

possibility of being on a dole. They expect and get the same treatment that Elijah received at the brook Cherith.

When the meal is over, it is time for the evening service. At this season because the Mission church is inadequate to seat the crowds, the service is held in a natural amphitheater nearby. Rude benches are the only seats except those for the local Indian preachers who are seated on the platform. Usually throughout the camp meeting except on Sunday afternoon, the services are conducted by the Indian preachers who often speak in their native language, for although the Indians around Charlevoix can use the English language with varying degrees of success, they commonly speak the Indian dialect among themselves. Their sonorous, beautiful words conjure a mystical enchantment in the strange scene. The lean, dark, intent faces fairly hang on the speaker's words. No one who has witnessed the service doubts the sincerity of the Indian's religious belief.

The Sunday afternoon service of the camp meeting is thronged with Indians, residents, and summer visitors. At this service, many Indians are baptized and join the church. On Saturday afternoon during the camp meeting season, a young Indian woman, a Carlisle graduate, came to our home to see my father, her pastor, and requested that her baby be christened on Sunday afternoon. My father consented. At the designated time in the service he remarked, "Will the young people who wish to have their baby baptized please bring it to the altar now?" Immediately the young woman and her husband came forward. The little month-old, black-haired papoose with its bead-like eyes, and in a spotlessly clean dress captured the hearts of the entire audience. The parents repeated the baptismal vow. After taking the baby from the parent's arms, my father pronounced the blessing upon it and lightly kissed its little cheek. As quick as a wink, Indian mothers from all over the audience came hurrying toward the altar carrying, leading, and dragging their offspring.

Little ones, big ones, fat ones, dirty ones,
Sore eyed, scabby mouthed, running nosed, squalling ones
Children by the tens and dozens
Round the altar fairly crowded.

In fact, the aggregation in numbers shared honors only with the Pied Piper's. Father somewhat disconcerted and nonplussed, proved his Christlike spirit superbly before an expectant crowd. However, thereafter as far as I know, the osculatory ceremony was permanently dropped.

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TOMTE:—This is a true story as given me by my grandmother who lived to be eighty-five. She was a native of Småland in Sweden, where her husband also was born. They belonged to the wealthy peasant class. In 1893 there was a depression in Sweden, and my grandfather lost his money. Neither my grandmother nor my grandfather had ever worked, but after losing the farm which had been in the family for several generations they emigrated to North America, and homesteaded in Roberts County, near Sisseton, South Dakota.

But the story concerns an incident which occurred before my grandparents were married. My grandfather had a nice young horse and a first-class carriage for two, a luxury not many people could afford. They knew about the *tomte* (toom-te) which inhabited the woods through which my grandparents were passing. They were driving