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NOTICE.

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A DAY AT OKA.

It does not seem like two months since I began writing about my day spent at Oka; but that time has elapsed and I find that I have hardly begun to tell what I saw and heard then, and have not used half the pictures taken by the artist on that occasion. The first article was principally about the general appearance of Oka, the second about some of the white people in it, or who are remembered in connection with it, and the third about some of the Indians there. Now, as I must bring these remembrances to an end, I will write a few words about some of the buildings there.

There are, or rather were two churches in Oka. But the little Protestant church which was always well filled was torn down by the enemies of the Indians, and afterwards the grand Roman Catholic church was burnt down—by whom has never been satisfactorily determined. The latter was one of the most valuable relics of the early days of the country, and its destruction has been generally considered a loss. It has been partially rebuilt, but the Protestant Indians worship in their school-house, which is not large enough to hold half of the congregation.

The artist has given a sketch of the inside of this school-house, with the Rev. Mr. Parent preaching. In this sketch he has introduced a picture of himself—the young man with the moustache immediately above the word "the."

The character of the village is that of many others with better advantages. Any one walking through its streets may see here and there a parcel of boys playing lacrosse or some other game; the pigs and chickens quite at home in the streets; there are ruined houses, and the children gathered around the cart wheel leaning against the house all show how much this village has in common with others.

In the morning the cart wheel forms the background of an interesting scene—that of the Indian girl milking her cow. In the evening every doorstep is crowded with Indian men, women and children, the young folk being predominant. Groups of them are engaged in singing familiar hymns, their sweet mournful voices and the peculiar sounds of their Indian language making them most affecting—as weird as if they were shriek-

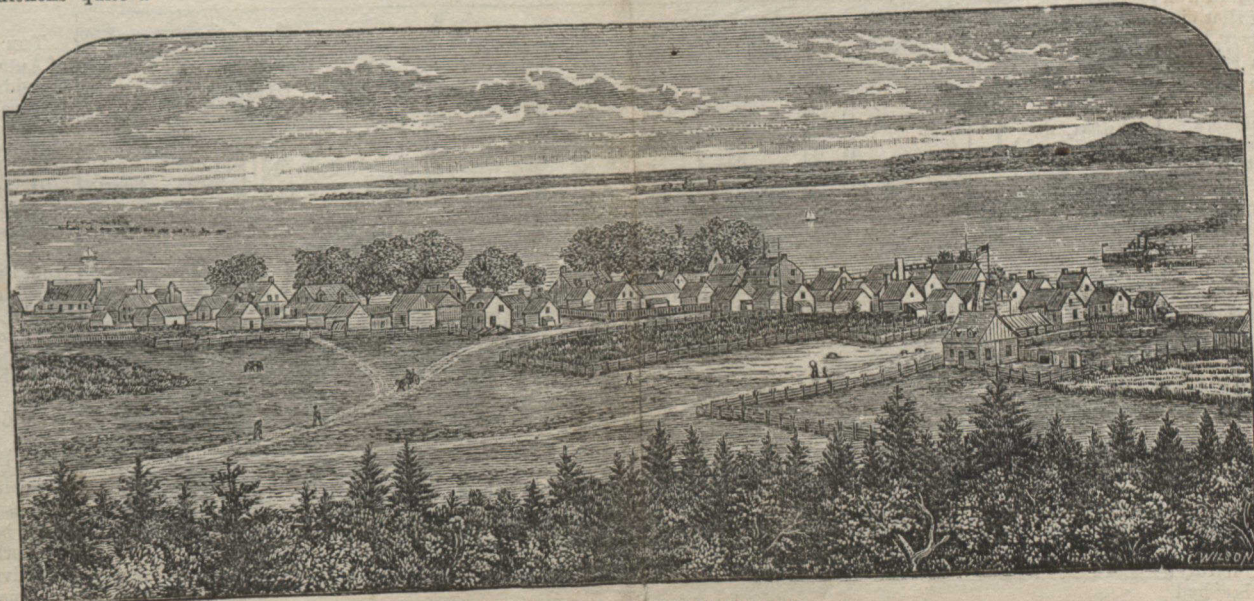


THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT OKA BEFORE THE FIRE.

ings from a solitary mountain. Beside them may be seen a group of women, whose language of long words seems inadequate to express their meaning as quickly as they desire; for their tongues rattle and chatter and clatter like nothing else in nature. All stop as the visitor passes, and if he is known his "Sego Es-kain-a-go-a" (Good morning—I hope you are well) will be returned in such a manner that he will have no doubt of the friendly feeling of those he addresses.

Before leaving the village I will take you to the sand-banks in rear to view it from there. The road is a dusty one, your foot sinking deep into the hot sand, and the sun glistens on it as on the frozen snow. But when

once the top of the elevation is reached the view repays the trouble taken in reaching it many times over. The little village reposes immediately in front, with a thin line of foliage separating it from the majestic river, which continually rolls on its course to join the St. Lawrence, while on the opposite side the level country is spread out with only here and there an elevation to break the view. But now a new object is added to the scene. The steamer is seen crossing over from Como on the opposite side, and I require to run very quickly—in reality while the reader's imagination flies with the speed of lightning—to catch it before it leaves the wharf. It is at the wharf long before I am;



VIEW OF OKA FROM THE SAND BANK.

but, fortunately, there is a good deal of freight to be put on it to-night, and it delays longer than usual. I just manage to get on board, however, as the steamer has started, hardly in time to bid adieu to those gathered on the wharf to see the artist off. And now as the little village is receding, as the steamer is propelled by the beating paddles and the current as well, we bid it adieu with the hope that the good work going on in its midst may gain and increase, and that its fruit may be seen in eternity.

MARRIED WITHOUT SHOES.

About twenty years ago a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of the Cheat Mountains, in West Virginia, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have two hands. And man was given two hands, one to scratch for himself, and the other for his wife," he said.

On the day of the wedding Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trousers, but bare-footed.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson. "When I can buy shoes I will wear them—not before."

And he stood up to be married without any thought of his feet.

The same sturdy directness showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money he saved he bought a couple of acres of timberland and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

His sheep increased; as time flew by he bought more; then he sold off the cheaper kinds and invested in South-down and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising cattle, horses, or gave their attention to experimental farming.

Johnson having once found out that sheep-raising in his district brought a handsome profit, stuck to it. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way, and that dogged persistence in following it, which are the elements of success.

Stock buyers from the Eastern market found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fail—the end of which course is that the man who married bare-footed is now worth a large property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point a moral for hordes of stout, able-bodied men.—Interior