



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XIV., No. 19.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1879.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

A DAY AT OKA.

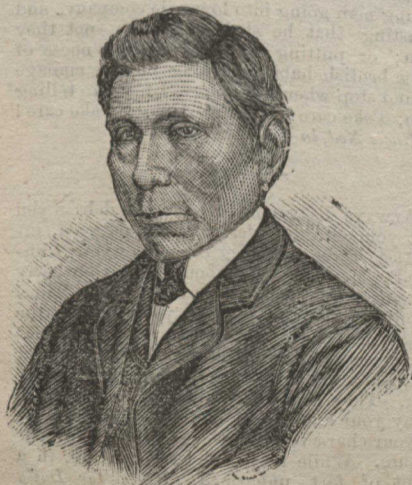
Here is a picture of the Indian boy referred to in the last letter about Oka. He is intelligent looking, as you see, and appears very good-natured also. His clothes are none of the best now, having seen a good deal of wear, and the chances are that before he had them they belonged to a scholar or scholars of the



AN INDIAN BOY.

St. James Street Methodist Church Sunday-school of Montreal, or scholar of other schools in the country. He is ready to race with you, to play a game of lacrosse with you, to run a message for you, or to do almost anything else that you may desire.

These Indian people are very honest. I can tell you a story about them. One day in early spring a few years ago, when the water in the river was very high, quite to the top of the banks, the wharf was overflowed so that the steamboat could not touch at it, but had to remain out in the river. I had to get on board, and some Indians got a canoe to row me out to it, and in jumping from a log into the canoe, a pencil case, much valued from being a present, fell from my pocket into the



CHIEF JOSEPH.

water, at that place, then some eight feet deep. Nothing was said, but I noticed that Chief Joseph, whose picture is on this page, saw it fall as well as I. The pencil I thought no more of, thinking that it had been lost forever. But some two months after the Rev. Mr. Parent and an Indian boy came into the MESSENGER office and presented me with the pencil as bright as new. As soon as the water had gone the Chief set the boys and girls of the village at work to find the pencil, which they did, it being embedded in mud to the depth of nearly two inches, and a little brushing up made it all right.

This Chief Joseph is a remarkable man. He is a perfect type of the Indian, being tall, strong, slow and careful in speech—though



REV. FATHER LACAN.

poetical in his thoughts and language—wide-awake and truthful. When a boy he was selected by a Roman Catholic priest at Oka to be educated for a priest, with the object of leading the Indians with him; but at the college in Montreal he learned that the land at Oka belonged as much to the Indians as to the priests, and began to defend the Indians even then, young as he was. For this he was removed to Oka, where he became secretary to the priests.

One day he found a number of New Testaments in the Indian language that had been given to them by a missionary, but had been taken away by the priests, who called it a "bad book," and began to read one. There he found how to become a Christian, and resolved to follow Christ and Him alone. Soon after the Indians made him their chief, and a Protestant missionary being sent to them, all but a few joined the Protestant church. Chief Joseph is now a missionary among the Indians at Caughnawaga, about ten miles above Montreal.

For nearly ten years, up to a few months ago, the Rev. Mr. Parent has been the missionary at Oka, and during that time his work has not been easy. His own history is very interesting. He is a French-Canadian and was born a Roman Catholic; but going to the United States to work he came in connection with Protestants, and learned the glorious

truths of the Gospel from God's own Word. He then went back home and his mother and brothers received the Gospel gladly, and were converted. After this he studied for the ministry, and then was sent to work amongst the French Canadians in the Province of Quebec, and afterwards to Oka. In both he was very successful, and in both he was persecuted, and suffered many narrow escapes for his life.

But the Indians love him greatly, and for the last eight years they have been persecuted together. When the Indians became Protestants the priests who claimed Oka and the Seigniorship to which it belongs, as their own, endeavored to drive them away by every means in their power; but they would not go, and in all their law suits, of which they have had many, have been defended by Mr. Maclaren, a Queen's Counsel of Montreal, who has been remarkably successful in their behalf.

The chief persecutors are the priest of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Lacan, the school teacher, Brother Philippe, and the "forester," as he is called, Joseph Perrilliard. But the more the Indians were persecuted, the more determined they were to stay at Oka, and now are stronger than ever.

The Rev. Mr. Parent is not alone at Oka. His wife is there also, and their very interesting family, Charley,



BROTHER PHILIPPE.



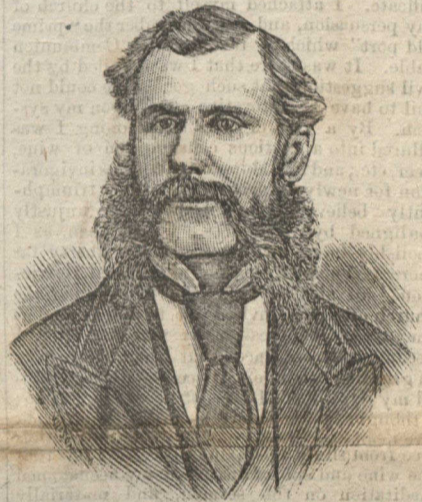
JOSEPH PERRILLIARD.

Arley and Rachel. Charley would not allow his picture to be taken, so I cannot show you how he looks. The boys are great hunters and fishers, and players at lacrosse. They can talk four languages, the Iroquois and Algonquin (Indian tongues) and French and English. With the bow and arrow they can shoot a bird flying, they can swim almost like fish, and row a canoe as well as anybody.

Charley is going to school in Montreal now. One day at a competition for prizes, where one was for the best shot with the bow and arrow, a friend asked him to try what he could do. He did not care much about it, but at last consented. The people there thought the shooting had been pretty good, but Charley made a bull's eye every time. "That's a queer target," said he; "they might as well put

"up a door;" but everybody had not been taught to shoot by Indians as he had.

Now I think I have got to the end of my space for this week, but am aware that in writing of some of the most prominent people connected with Oka I have neglected my day at Oka. That will have to wait, now, for another day.



J. J. MACLAREN, Q. C.

In the meantime I want to say a word about the artist who took all these pictures. He is a young man who is deaf and dumb; but he has a remarkable talent for drawing pictures. You see the pictures of the priest, teacher and forester. He sketched them at a trial when the Indians were untruthfully accused of setting fire to the Roman Catholic Church. They did not know that he was present, but he took out his pencil and paper, and in a few minutes he had the truthful likenesses of them which you now see. One of them objected to having his picture taken this way, and did not come to the court again until the trial was over, but it was too late. The teacher asked a lawyer's advice to see if he could not have the pictures taken away from him, but that would have been a very difficult job.

JOHN WESLEY AT YORK.—As he travelled to and fro odd mistakes sometimes happened. Arrived at York, he went into the church at St. Saviour's gate. The rector, one Mr. Cordeau, had often warned his congregation against going to hear "that vagabond Wesley" preach. It was usual in that day for ministers of the Establishment to wear the cassock or gown, just as we everywhere in France see the French abbe. Wesley had on his gown, like a University man in a University town. Mr. Cordeau, not knowing who he was, offered him his pulpit. Wesley was quite willing, and always ready. Sermons leaped impromptu from his lips, and this sermon was an impressive one. At its close the clerk asked the rector if he knew who the preacher was. "No." "Why, sir, it was 'that vagabond Wesley!'" "Ah, indeed!" said the astonished clergyman; "well, never 'mind, we have had a good sermon."—*Sunday at Home.*