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NOTICE.

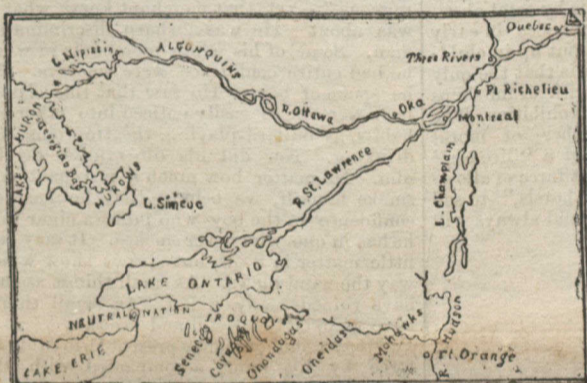
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We have arrived at the wharf on which is gathered a number of Indians, men and women, little girls with children in their arms, and any number of boys. These look with apparent indifference on the boat and its passengers, even those who get off or on. They do not generally show much feeling,

these people. As seen from the wharf, the village is long, narrow, and low, consisting of little more than two or three irregular rows of houses along the riverside. Most of these are better fitted for summer than winter, being built of logs where cracks are hardly closed well enough to keep out the winter's cold. Some of them are mere ruins, giving an evidence of how much larger this village used to be. At one time it was one of the most

important Indian settlements in Canada, and was placed in its present position that its people might be on hand to defend the white men of Montreal against their red enemies.

Taking a walk down the street many interesting sights are met, and my artist companion gets his paper and pencils ready. He sees an Indian boy and makes a picture of the obedient little fellow who hardly understands what is about to happen. An Indian just finished mending his canoe, and placing it on his shoulders carries it to the river, while a French-woman who is washing at the river is drawn as natural as life. That she does not use a washboard and tub every one who looks at the picture can see. She uses first a large flat stone, which stands on the canoe wharf; she then wets her garment, and placing it on the stone hammers it with a pebble until it is quite clean, dipping it in the water every time it becomes dry. The Indians wash in the same way and the clothes are said to be as clean as if a washboard had been used; but I must stop here, and tell more about them in another number of the MESSENGER.



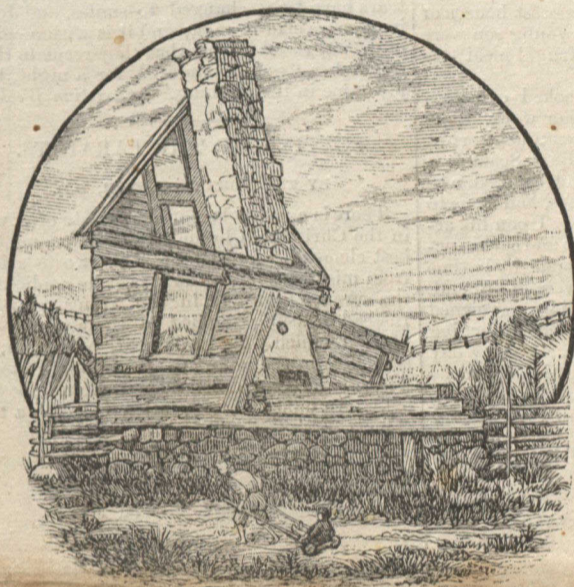
CANADA UNDER THE INDIAN REGIME.

A DAY AT OKA.

One bright sunny day in July, I took with me the artist of the MESSENGER and a companion and paid a visit to Oka, about which almost every reader of the MESSENGER knows something. It is a little tumble down village on the eastern bank of the Ottawa a few miles above its junction with the St. Lawrence near St. Annes. Its position may be seen on the map which represents Canada in the time, long, long ago when there were no white men in it but all was under the rule of the Indians.

The sail up the Ottawa to Oka on the day I speak of, was very beautiful. The river's banks and the beautiful island that nestled in its bosom were as green as the greenest grass could make them; the coffee colored waters of the Ottawa were as smooth as glass reflecting as a mirror the long shadows of trees, and the irregular ones of the island, wharves and buildings.

Long before Oka is reached the sand banks in the rear of the village are visible, in the sun's morning rays, glistening with such brightness that the eye is dazzled in looking at it. It is supposed that many years ago this spot was as green as any on the river, but that the turf became broken and the underlying sand was blown hither and thither, gradually the opening was enlarged until, as at the present, the bank for a long distance is one of shifting sand. To the right is an elevation with several curious looking structures. These are stations. On certain days, before the tribe became Protestant the Indians, headed by their priests, used to turn out in procession, and walk around this elevation stopping at each station. This was considered an act of great merit, which brought untold blessings.



A RELIC OF BETTER DAYS.

THE MAGPIE AND THE RAT.

A writer in the north of England gives the following anecdotes relating to the above-mentioned well-known animals:

About three months ago I brought a tame magpie with me out of Staffordshire to my residence here, and shortly after its arrival it flew on to the window-sill of my sitting-room, seemingly frightened; and on looking out of the window for the cause of its sudden appearance, I found several wild magpies in some trees opposite the window, chattering away very loudly to the tame one, which I found they must have previously assailed, as it was strutting about on the sill and chattering back to them in defiance. A short time after this occurrence, Mag flew to the window and knocked on it with its bill, which it invariably does when wanting food. The window was opened, and some pieces of bread put out, one of which Mag immediately picked up and flew with into the trees referred to, and gave it to one of several wild magpies which were there; and this performance Mag repeated several times, until it had fed the whole lot of them. And many times during the heavy storm we had at the beginning of the year,

Mag fed these wild magpies, which no doubt would have often been sorely pinched for food but for the charity of my bird. But Mag's benevolent deeds, I am sorry to say, are counterbalanced by very bad ones. One of the latter I will relate. On Saturday morning last, my aunt, before leaving her bedroom, put her watch into its case, fastened it up, and placed it on the mantelpiece. Now Mag must have been at the window and witnessed this, for as soon as the lady's back was turned, the wily creature flew into the room, unfastened the case, which was fastened with two hooks, opened it, abstracted the watch, broke the glass, and

was on the point of flying off with it, when my aunt fortunately returned to the room just in time to rescue her watch from the feathered thief.

Not many hundred yards from here, in the village of Sparrow Pit, which is distant from Chapel-en-le-Frith, about three miles, there is a farm occupied by Mr. William Turner. This gentleman has on several occasions lately missed some eggs from the place where his hens lay; and one day last week he was accidentally let into the secret of their theft, when, upon entering his yard, he was amazed at being the spectator of a wonderful amount of instinct displayed by two rats, one of which had a hen's egg across its shoulder, with its two fore-legs turned round over the egg as far as they would reach, to hold it on, whilst the other rat had hold of its tail, by which it was pulling it across the yard, egg and all, to where their holes were. Such a feat as this for two rats to perform seems almost incredible, but nevertheless it is a fact, as the gentleman's word who witnessed it is to be relied on. Many stories are related of the ingenuity rats display in getting at any coveted food which, were they not well authenticated, would be almost beyond belief.



OKA VILLAGE FROM THE RIVER.

NOTHING TAKES PLACE BY CHANCE: there is a design worthy of a God in every operation or permission.—The wisdom and mercy of God will be found written on every event.—Every pain you feel is necessary: God doth not afflict willingly, or for his pleasure, but for your profit.—Keep a good conscience, let it cost you what it may.—Jesus will receive you, though all the world reject you.—Jesus pleads for you when you cannot pray for yourself.—Aim at pleasing God in all things, and you will never go far astray.