

ANOTHER MONUMENT OF MERCY GONE TO REST AT OKA.—On the twelfth of last month the old chief, known as Father Oriety, died at Oka, the Indian village of the Lake of Two Mountains. He had reached the ripe age of ninety-four years, when his release from the troubles of his people, in which he had a full share, was given him. He must have been in his prime a man of noble presence, for even in his old age he presented a massive frame of body, with a noble and fearless bearing. He was in a number of battles in the war of 1812 to 1815, and several times to the North-west with the late Sir George Simpson, in his lifetime Governor of the Hudson Bay Territory. He was one of the party that accompanied Dr. Rae in his overland search for any remains of the ill-fated Sir John Franklin expedition; and so great was his influence with his tribe, and so highly valued were his services during the troubles of 1837-38, that he was made then a chief by the Governor, Sir John Colborne.

He was prominent in the party of his people, who, tired of priestly tyranny, gave notice to the priest of the Seminary at Oka that they neither needed nor desired his services any longer; and, subsequently, was among the first who joined himself to us, when, at their own request, we sent a Missionary to that place. In 1870 he was savingly converted to God, and from that time continued a steady and consistent member of our Church. The loss of this man to their Church made the priests of Oka furious. They tried all means—first by persuasion, and then by intimidation—to bring him back again, but all to no purpose. They next sought to influence his wife in their behalf with him, thinking that as she still, for a time, remained attached to their Church, she would act according to their wishes; but this she declined, out of respect for her husband, for whom she had a strong affection. Failing in this, they then turned upon him, as upon the other Indians who had left them,

the full action of their malevolent spirit. But he was firm, and could not be moved from his steadfastness to Christ and His little church of this humble people.

For several months before his death the old chief was somewhat simple and childish, his mind having lost its wonted power and vigour; yet he was always right and sound on the matter of his trust in Jesus. Shortly before he died, however, his mind regained somewhat of its clearness, and, recognising his old and affectionate wife, he said, "I am going to die soon, and to be at rest; you have been good to me, and now you must forgive me for any wrong that I have done you." Getting her ready concurrence to his wish, he added, "Then, good-bye," when he breathed out his soul in great peace. He, ere he died, expressed his desire to be buried in the cemetery of the Mission; and, although his desire was granted, yet the poor body has been sacrilegiously dragged from its resting-place, and what has become of it is yet a mystery.

A little girl, of about twelve years of age, also died a few weeks ago. She had experienced a sense of God's forgiving love, was for some time in our school, and had learned to read her Bible. A little before she died she said to her father, "I am going to leave you soon, and go to where it is all light, and to be with my Saviour; and, father," she added, "will you not come there, too."

Since the above, through a recent letter from Bro. Parent, I learn that God crowned their prayer-meeting a few evenings ago with the conversion of three persons—an old and a young man, and a young girl. Thus, the Lord is, by the living and the dying, giving testimony, full and clear, to the efficiency of our Mission to these poor Indians, and to the purity and power of the gospel we preach to them. Since our entrance upon this work, now nearly eight years, some twenty or more have passed away under a well-defined gospel hope to the Saviour's presence in glory; while about two