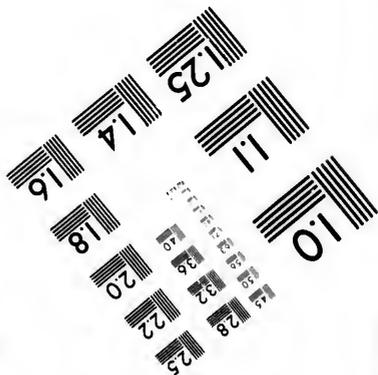
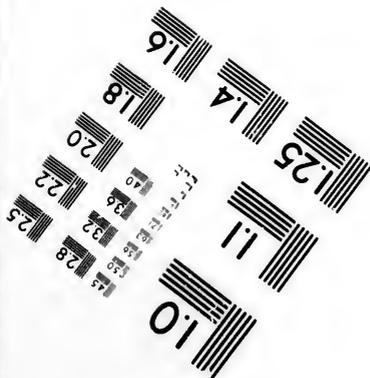
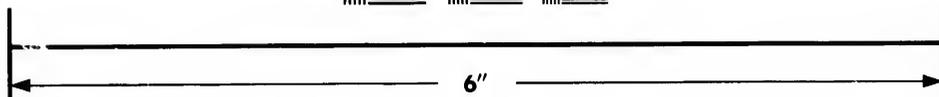
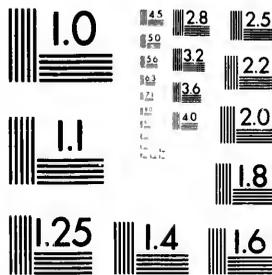


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

**© 1981**

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata  
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to  
ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement  
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,  
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à  
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
				✓							

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

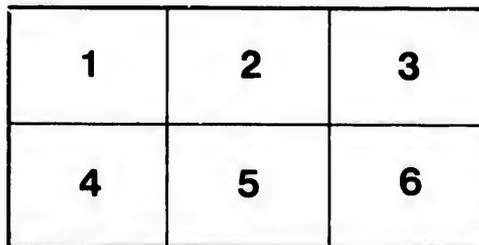
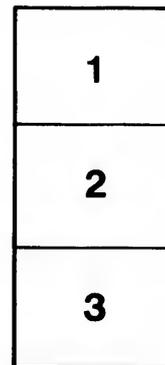
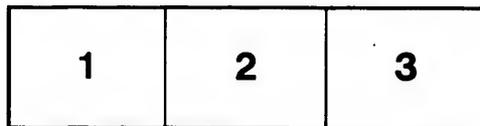
Library of the Public  
Archives of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

La bibliothèque des Archives  
publiques du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

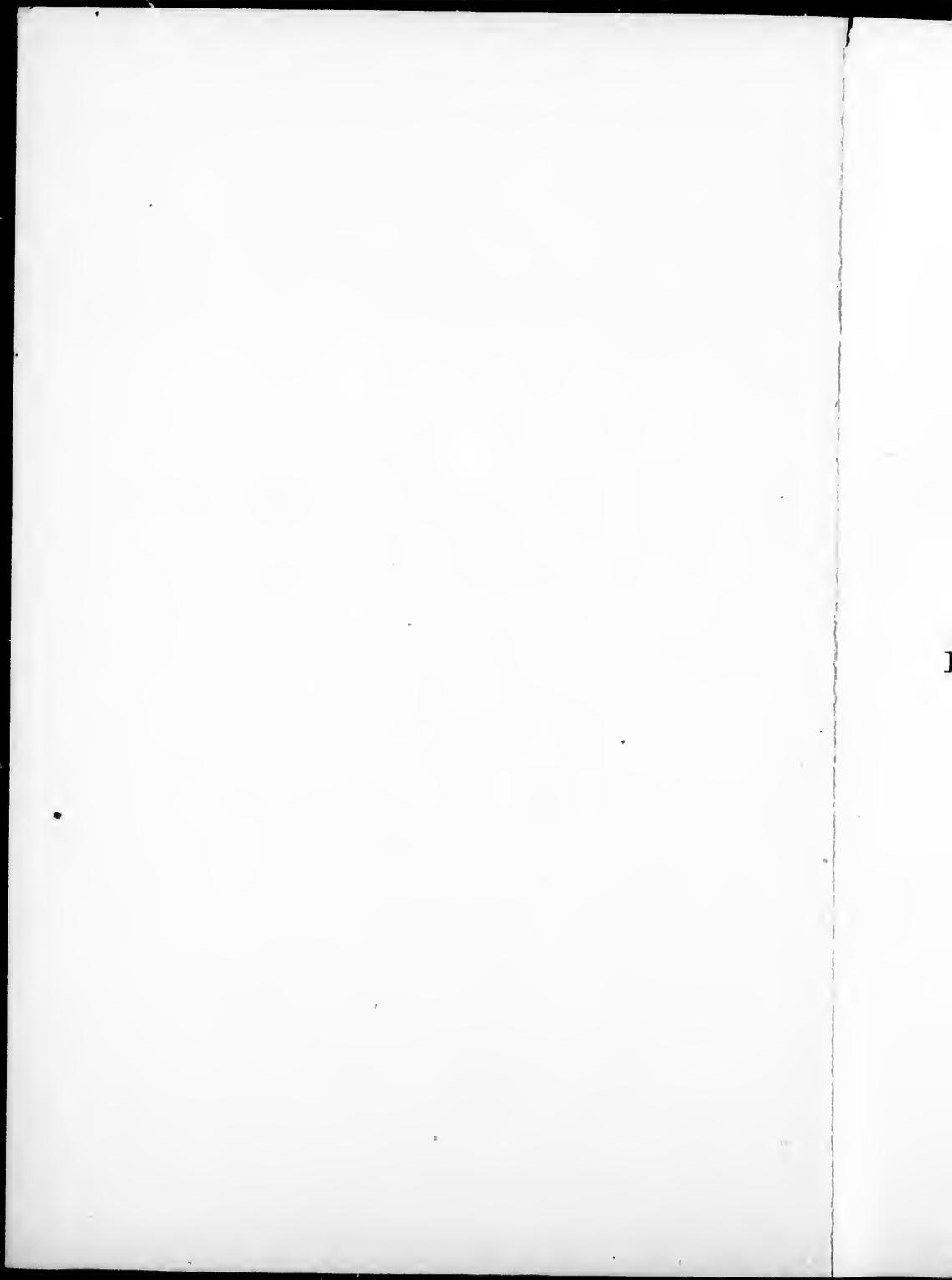
Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

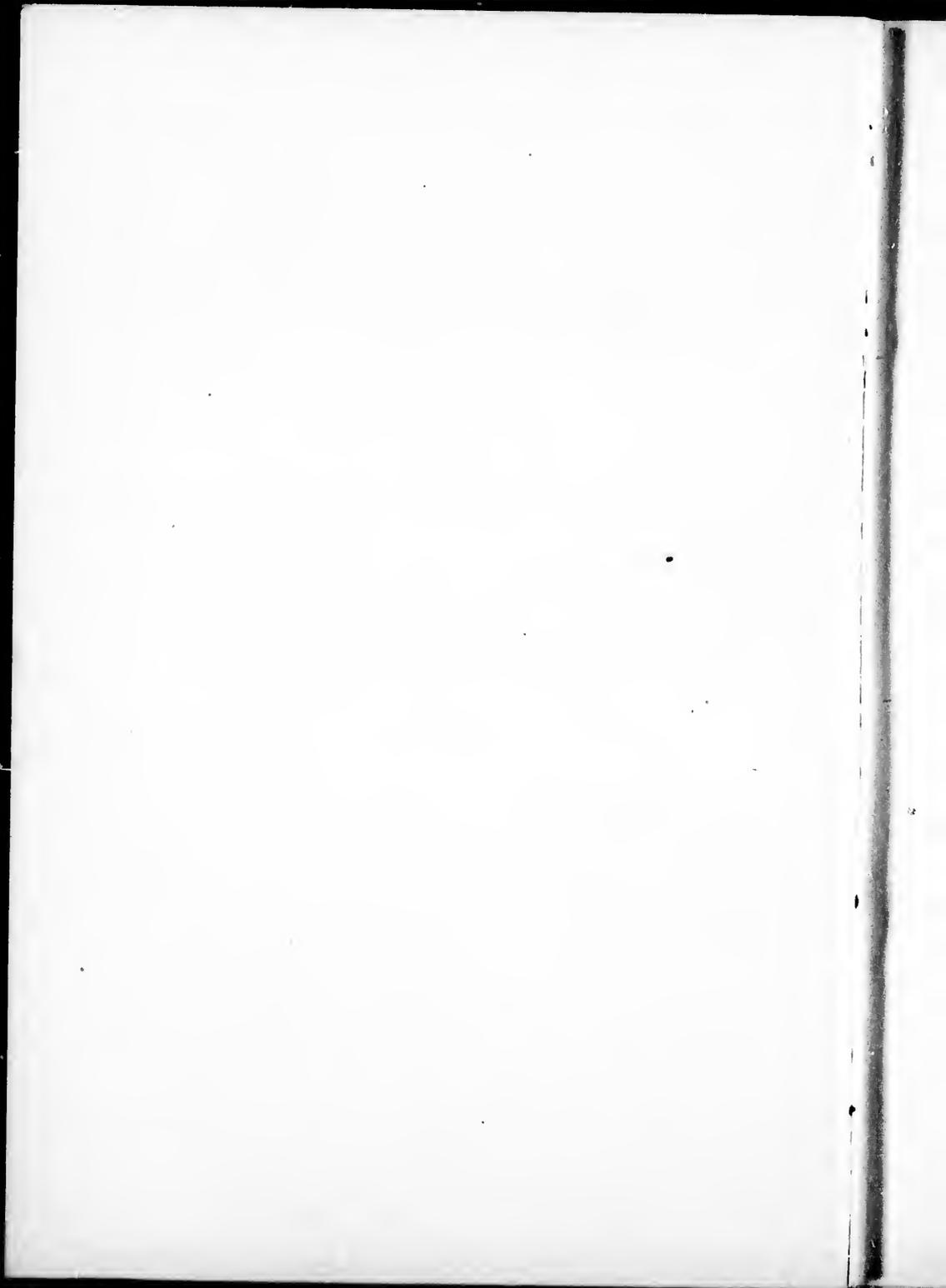
errata  
to

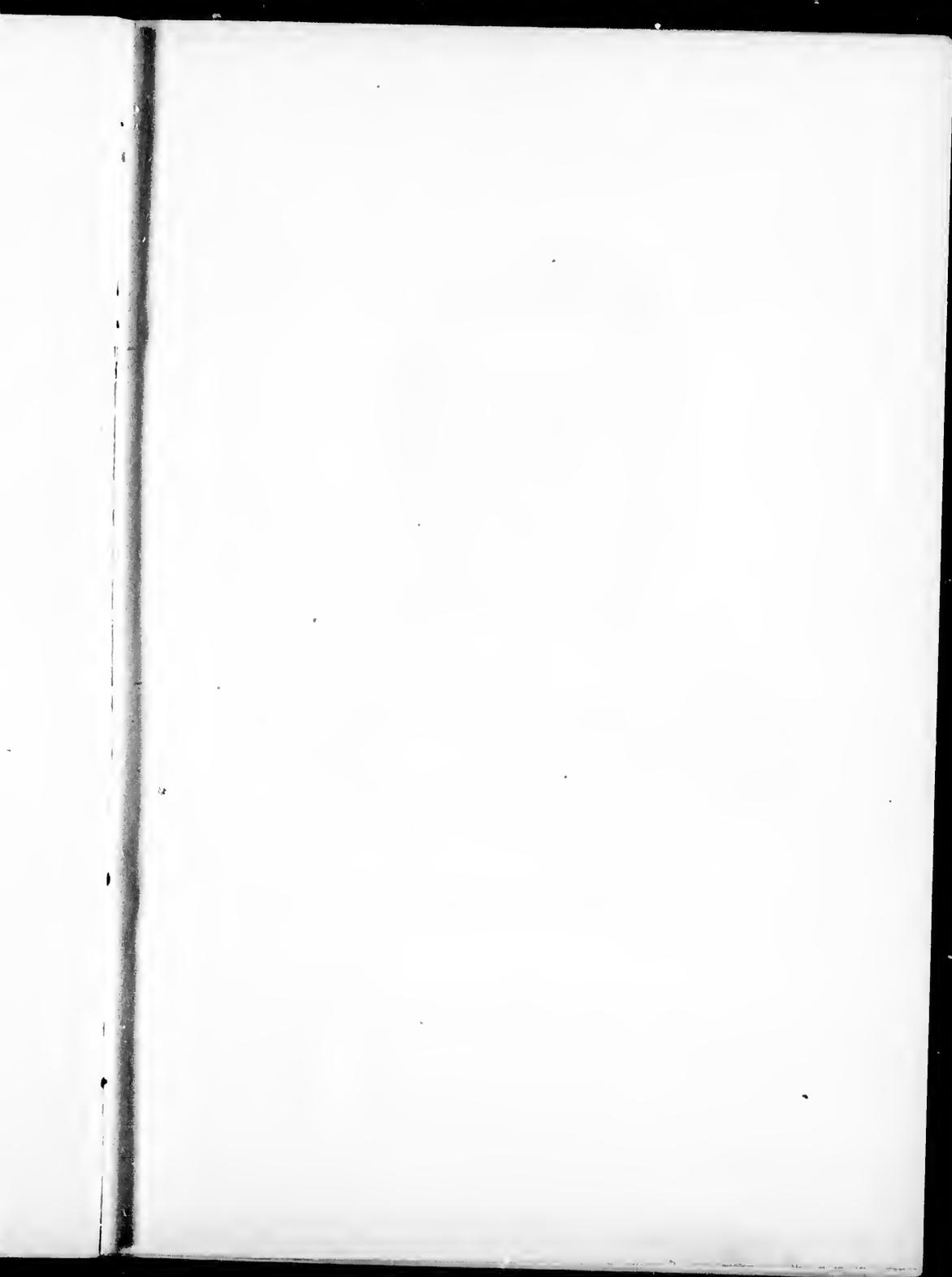
pelure,  
n à

32X



LIFE OF REV. AMAND PARENT.







REV. AMAND PARENT.

THE LIFE

REV. AMAND PARENT

AS FURNISHED TO THE  
METHODIST CHURCH.

THIRTY SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN THE  
EVANGELICAL WORK IN CANADA

SEVENTEEN YEARS IN CONNECTION WITH THE  
CONFERENCE, AND

FOURTY YEARS AMONG THE OJIBWA INDIANS.

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 KING STREET EAST.

AND  
JAMES W. COATES.

HALIFAX: S. E. HESTER.

100



REV. AMOS PHELPS.

THE LIFE  
OF  
REV. AMAND PARENT

THE FIRST FRENCH-CANADIAN ORDAINED BY THE  
METHODIST CHURCH.

FORTY-SEVEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN THE  
EVANGELICAL WORK IN CANADA.

THIRTY-ONE YEARS IN CONNECTION WITH THE  
CONFERENCE, AND

EIGHT YEARS AMONG THE OKA INDIANS.



TORONTO:  
WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 KING STREET EAST.  
MONTREAL: C. W. COATES. HALIFAX: S. F. HUESTIS.

1887

ENTERED, according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, by WILLIAM BRIGGS, Book Steward of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture.

57561

and  
the  
of

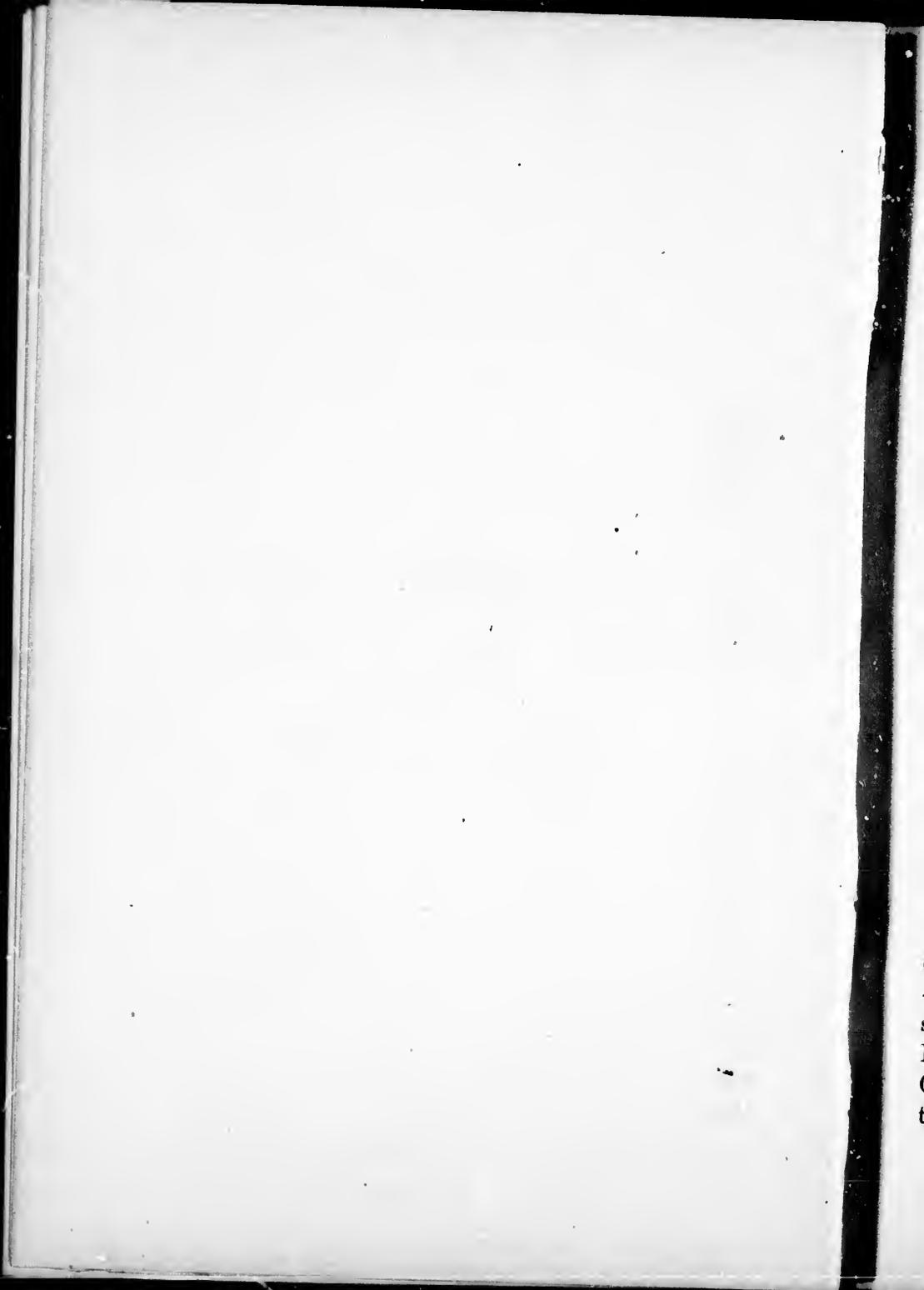
TO

*My Wife,*

MY FAITHFUL AND LOVING HELPMET

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.



## LIFE OF REV. AMAND PARENT.

### CHAPTER I.

ERSONS who have been brought together for the first time at a certain point in the journey in life, and intend proceeding together in the same direction, will find it agreeable to know something of each other. The desire to obtain this knowledge is quite natural. I will therefore begin by giving the reader a brief sketch of my early life.

I was born in Quebec, the ancient capital of Canada, in the year 1818. My father was a French-Canadian, a ship-builder by trade. Both my father and mother were Roman Catholics, and had a fairly good education, considering the limited educational advantages of those days as compared with the present. They were by far the greater number who could neither read nor write. Persons receiving letters often had to travel a considerable distance to find some one who could read them, and the same may be said of writing,—some one had to be sought after who had learned something of the art, before a letter could be written. My parents, like the most of the French Roman Catholics, were strongly attached to the Church of their fathers.

An incident that occurred when I was quite young will serve to illustrate, to some extent, the views my father entertained of Protestants. One of my brothers brought home a small dog one day, and, as a matter of course, the naming of the dog became a topic of family consultation. My father had read the history of the Reformation by a Catholic author, and he said: "We will name him Calvin; that name will do for a dog."

When I was four years old our family moved westward, to within forty-five miles of Montreal. The place at that time was an unbroken wilderness, but at the present writing the whole aspect of the country has changed. When I had attained the age of ten years I was sent to school. This pleased me very much, as I greatly desired to be able to read and write, and when I had reached this point I was a delighted boy.

Father died when I was fifteen years of age, and mother was left with six children. The death of my father made it necessary for me at once to turn my attention to some line of business at which I could obtain a livelihood, so I left home to learn a trade; at which, for my work, I was to receive one dollar a month.

I had been applying myself earnestly to my trade for three years, when the rebellion of 1837 broke out. Not having any spare love for the English at that time, it did not require great pressure to induce me to go with others to give them a good drubbing. They, however, survived the conflict, and it is no doubt better

for the French-Canadians that they were not successful in their attempt to demolish the English. My first and last engagement was at St. Charles, P.Q., where I was exposed to fire for two hours, when I was only too glad to get away and give my place to some one who might value it more than I. Those who had taken up arms against the Government were subjected to great privation. I had been without food for two days and a night, and enforced fasting was not agreeable to me. I was then sixteen miles from my employer's home, and it was four o'clock in the afternoon. The want of food and the excitement had well-nigh exhausted me. When I turned my back upon the foe, and started for some safer place, the balls were whizzing about my head, to my great discomfort. I felt, such was the danger, that at any moment I might fall never to rise again. What was most natural for a man to do under the circumstances, was just what I did—I ran "for all I was worth" for about a mile, without losing much time to "look behind," until I reached a place which I supposed would afford me some security. There I sat down under a large tree to rest. But even here I was unsafe, for I had no more than touched the tree, when a cannon-ball went smashing through the tree-top, cutting off several branches, which was not at all reassuring. The reader can easily imagine I lost confidence in the place as one of safety. My rest was of short continuance; I started through the woods, widening the distance between the enemy's lines and myself just as rapidly as it was possible for me to do. I made good time in

running. I found some families here and there in the woods, who had sought safety there on account of the battle that was being fought not far from their homes.

I finally reached my master's house at eleven o'clock at night, nearly exhausted. The next day my mother sent a man to St. Charles to ascertain whether or not I had been killed in the battle. A few days after I had the pleasure of meeting my mother. She was greatly delighted to see her son again, not knowing but that he had been slain. She nevertheless said some very severe things to me relative to the part I had taken in the rebellion.

One of these unwelcome truths was this—"that I did very wrong to take up arms against England; that the government of England was the best in the world." She said, "The French once ruled over Canada, and it was tyrannical, but it has not been so with the English."

In the days of my boyhood I waited on the priest at the altar, and would sing for him. If it was mass for the dead, at which I assisted, he would give me fifteen coppers (cents) for my share. It was part of my duty to pour wine into the cup for the priest to drink when he was celebrating mass. The priests alone drink the wine at communion; the people simply get the bread or wafer. Young as I was, I have often been struck with the fact that the priest generally allowed me to pour on until the cup was full, which gave him quite a quantity of wine for one religious service. I have often thought, boy-like, that the priests were greatly favored, as they could drink all

the wine they desired at the communion, and no person questioned the propriety of the act. The object of this institution is to commemorate the death of the blessed Saviour—"Do this in remembrance of Me." Many times I have thought the large portions of wine taken by the priest did not affect his memory favorably.

Before my mother's faith in the Roman Catholic Church had been in the least degree shaken, or her affection diminished, she said to me in conversation: "While still in Quebec, attending the celebration of mass, I noticed that the priest officiating had been drinking pretty freely of something more stimulating than either tea or coffee, and the man who was leading the singing was in the same pitiable plight. During the singing of the Litany, the priest interjected these words, 'Saint Jean est sous,' to which the latter chanted in response, 'Maison base étou.'" The witty, though slightly irreverent, introduction of this rhyme into the solemn service of the Litany, instead of shocking the congregation, really "brought down the house," if one may be pardoned the somewhat disrespectful application of the phrase. The people laughed heartily, but it is doubtful if this profanity of worship left a beneficial impression upon their minds.

The readers of this who think that Roman Catholics are improving, are mistaken. There is no change for the better. No one would be more delighted to witness an upward tendency or a more liberal policy in that Church than myself. The more recent events give no indication of advance on right lines. The Imma-

culate Conception was only discovered and promulgated a few years ago. The changes are not for the better. I most devoutly wish they were.

The winter following the rebellion I spent many anxious hours, fearing I should be taken prisoner and punished for the part I had taken in that sad affair. When out at work, the imaginary tramp of soldiers or policemen in search of just such persons as myself was a source of no little uneasiness. The incident I am about to relate will show the unrest many felt regarding the danger of being made prisoners by the Queen's troops. One day, while four of us who were equally guilty or equally innocent, were taking dinner in the woods at the edge of a brook, seated on the ground and making most of the situation, all at once the ice gave way;—the water having fallen from under it, there was nothing to support it and it went down with a tremendous crash. We were on our feet in a moment, supposing the great noise was caused by troops approaching to hie us away to some "black hole," if not something worse. We were bound, however, if good running would secure safety, we would do our best, each one for himself, to escape from the pursuers, whoever they might be. We ran; we were safe. How true the words of the Good Book, "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth." Wrong-doing makes cowards of men.

---

## CHAPTER II.

I DECIDED to leave Lower Canada and go to the United States, having become thoroughly disgusted with such an unsatisfactory way of living. Being a good Catholic, as the word goes, I would not think of leaving home without making my confession to the priest. - If I did not do this I should not secure the priest's blessing, and I might become an apostate among Protestants. So I made my way to a priest and asked him if he would hear my confession. He consented, so I made a general confession of all the sins I had committed during my previous life, so far as I could remember, and of course received the desired absolution. Not being quite certain that I had yet received sufficient strength to serve among the Protestants, with whom I was sure to come in contact in the United States, whither I was going, I paid him a certain sum of money to say mass for me when away from my own people. Having fully made up my mind to leave Canada, I did so on the tenth day of May, 1838.

It was not a light thing for a young man to do— to leave mother, and home, and all the religious associations of childhood, and go among strangers, and what seemed worse still, to live where I should be deprived in a great degree of the ordinances of the Church. It was thus I looked upon the situation; for at this time I was a most ardent and devout Roman Catholic. The people whom I should meet

would be strangers, and their language unknown to me; I should be unable to converse on any subject, or even to make my wants known. But I had decided to go and make the most of my circumstances, fully determined to acquire a knowledge of the English language as rapidly as possible.

The day of my departure from home was to me a day full of sadness and gloomy forebodings. I found it very trying to leave my dear mother and home, with all I loved, especially surrounded as I was with so many attendant circumstances which were unfavorable. My only experience away from home was limited to the short period I was absent during the rebellion, and the time spent in learning my trade. During the latter period I was only nine miles away, and therefore could visit home at short intervals. On the day above named, my brother and I left our home for the United States. We went to St. John's, P.Q., which was forty miles west of our home.

I was struck with the beauty of the Richelieu river, on which the town of St. John's is built. At this time travelling was mostly performed either by private conveyance, stage-coaches, or boats. Railroads were few and far between. There was no G. T. R. or C. P. R., nor many other R's. I think it is since that time that the now celebrated triple "R" panacea has been introduced, so that R's have been multiplied in several respects. Now we can ride on the one, and carry the other on our person.

We took boat at St. John's for Whitehall. There were many things along the route to attract attention and

elicit admiration. One thing particularly impressed me when we reached the United States, and that was the superiority of the buildings as compared with those I had seen in Canada. Of course, I knew but little of my own country. I made the remark to a fellow-passenger, that everything had a better appearance, a livelier air, than in the land we had just left, to which he readily agreed. To me Whitehall seemed a marvellous place, as I had no recollection of having seen a city till my eyes beheld this one. Here we boarded a canal-boat for Troy, N.Y. There was no abatement to my astonishment when we reached the latter place, as it was still larger than the former. From Troy we proceeded to Albany, the capital of the State. I could but exclaim, "What a wonderful country is this!" Here we had a new and inconvenient experience; our funds were exhausted, and my brother and I realized that our situation was indeed critical.

It was Saturday night, and here we were in a strange city, among a strange people, who spoke a strange language, and without money, without credit, and friendless; what could we do? While walking through the city about nine o'clock, undecided as to what we should do, we met a French-Canadian, to whom I made known our condition, at the same time telling him we were from St. Hyacinthe, whereupon he asked me if I knew a Mr. Lapoint. "Yes, I have seen him," was my reply. He then informed us that Mr. Lapoint was keeping a boarding-house in the city, and it was altogether likely we should find quarters

there. From the directions received, we found the house without much difficulty.

We were met at the door by an elderly person, who proved to be the man to whom we had been directed. I asked him if he would take two boarders. His very agreeable reply was "Yes, sir." "But we have no money." "That makes no difference at all," he said without any hesitation. Although we expected in the near future to pay for any accommodation we might receive, it was nevertheless a great favor to find a shelter and obtain food on that memorable Saturday night. The last meal we had had was breakfast that morning, so that we were quite prepared to do justice to the repast which was soon prepared. I am not certain but the old gentleman, whom I had seen a few times in St. Hyacinthe, was apprehensive we should be expensive boarders.

The next day being Sunday, I went to mass. I noticed some difference in the mode of performing the mass here from that which I had been accustomed to in Canada, and the pronunciation of the Latin by the Irish priest varied somewhat from the pronunciation by our French priest. We obtained work in Albany, and remained there a few weeks, then left for Massachusetts. Travelling afforded us an excellent opportunity to note the contrast between this country and the one we had but recently left.

There is no concealing the fact that Protestant towns and cities, on the whole, are in advance of those where the citizens are Roman Catholics. Notwithstanding the striking difference, I was at that time

ignorant of the cause producing it. The kindness of the people was remarkable.

One day my brother went into a house to obtain something to satisfy our hunger. He was ignorant of English, and could only make himself understood by signs. These, however, proved sufficiently intelligible to secure the desired object, and I soon saw him emerge from the house carrying a pan filled with doughnuts. The lady who had so generously supplied our wants refused any compensation.

We continued our journey to a town called Insdale. Here I engaged with a farmer. The farmer and his wife proved to be pious and God-fearing persons. I had not been long on the farm when one Sunday, as one of the farmer's sons and I were out strolling about the fields, we discovered pigeons in great numbers. I said to the young man, "If you get a gun, we can shoot some of those birds." His reply was altogether unexpected, and was not the answer I would have received in my own country: "My father will not allow anyone about our house to use a gun on Sunday."

Though favorably impressed with this respect for the Sabbath, I thought it strange, as in that part of Canada from which I came we could hunt and do many other equally objectionable things, under the eye of the priest, and not be reprimanded. On the contrary, the priest himself, after mass, would take part in the games we played, or race horses on a course. There is absolutely no Sabbath with the French Roman Catholic after he has attended mass. Even to-day

the same things are being done on the Lord's Day in the Province of Quebec. A Saint's day commands more respect than the Christian Sabbath, I am sorry to say. The clergy could prevent the wholesale desecration of the day if they were so disposed.

---

### CHAPTER III.

THE following fall I hired with a blacksmith, who was a local preacher in the M. E. Church. God was leading me on in a way I knew not, and now I can see that what then appeared to me as a matter of course were links in the chain of Providence, leading me on to a religious life.

Morning and evening this man conducted family worship, at which I was present. At this time I was making progress in the English language, so that I could understand the greater part of what I heard.

I now conceived it would advance my worldly interests to attend worship on Sunday. People would think more of me for doing this than to be sauntering about during service. I did not sit long under the word before I began to suspect myself, and what I called my religion as well.

About this time a brother of mine came from Canada to visit me in Massachusetts; on his return journey I accompanied him as far as Albany, N.Y. While there in a public house, taking dinner, a young man

came in and volunteered the information that he "had just met a man selling bad books" (Bibles). I asked him if he had read the books. To which he replied, "I would not dare read any of those books, for they are bad."

"You dare not read any of those books because they are bad," I said; "but you dare tell us they are bad, and yet you do not know what they contain. You claim to have common sense and a good education, having just completed your college course, and you condemn a book as bad which you have never read. How then can you know the book is bad?"

"I heard so."

"Would it be right for me to say your brother was taken prisoner some time since for shooting a man, if I had obtained my information from a life-long enemy of your family?" said I; and I added the following piece of advice: "My dear young friend, you will find it safe to abstain from condemning either books or men on the information of others. Have some reason of your own before you rashly pass judgment."

At this time the light was beginning to dawn upon my mind, and doubts were taking possession of me as to the truthfulness of the teachings of Romanism. I told the young man that the priest who prevented him from taking that "Book" and reading it, knew that if he read it he would discover things the Church did not want him to know. For instance, the priest tells us that a child dying without baptism goes to a place called "limbo," and not to heaven, although the Lord Jesus Christ says, "Of such is the kingdom

of heaven." Children are not saved by an ordinance or ceremony, but through the atonement of Christ. It would be a sad state of things if children were consigned to the "limbo" of Romanism for no fault of their own, but because of the caprice or carelessness of others. God has not committed the salvation of infants to the convenience of either parents or priests. Once concede that water baptism is requisite to salvation, and that to render the act efficacious it must be performed by a priest, and you put a tremendous power in the hands of the priesthood, which cannot but result in evil.

Even now, in this Province, the people feel the crushing effect of some of the dogmas of Rome. A priest professes to have power through the mass to release a soul from purgatory, and yet he will allow a poor soul to suffer if his friends cannot give money for prayers to be offered for his liberty. Money makes marvellous changes in some priests; it increases their love for souls, and gives efficacy to their prayers, thus greatly enhancing the potency of the "mass." Money has a purchasing power outstretching the narrow limits of time. I can only hope and pray that God in His infinite goodness will remove the dark pall from my dear people, and save them with the power of an endless life.

"To the dying health restore,  
And eye-sight to the blind."

While still with Mr. Lyman—the name of the person for whom I was working—one evening, when it was

quite late, I heard the voice of some one, as if talking aloud in the barn. I walked towards the place whence the sound came, to ascertain, if possible, the cause, when to my very great surprise the voice proved to be Mr. Lyman's, who was engaged in earnest prayer to God for the salvation of the young French-Canadian who was working for him. It is simply impossible for me to describe the feelings which took possession of my soul when I heard that good man pleading with God, at midnight, in this out-of-the-way place, for a stranger.

Mr. Lyman was utterly ignorant of my presence in the vicinity of his Bethel. I do not think he knew where I had gone that evening. "At midnight Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them," and gracious results followed. It was so in my own case. All night I was haunted by that prayer. I would think of the man, the prayer, and the object. The night was one of unrest and sleeplessness.

The next morning I listened to the reading of God's Word and prayer with a burdened and an anxious heart. I was afraid of myself. I had not at any time in my previous life such feelings of alarm. I would gladly have got away from myself, if that had been possible. But it was not possible, so I had to carry my load with me, not knowing what the end might be.

A terrible dread seized me that I might turn Protestant. Like a horrible nightmare this idea possessed me when alone. But I resisted it with all the force I possessed, often saying to myself, "I will not change my religion; I can not, I will not be a Protestant." I

was so wrought upon that I wished myself dead, and even wondered why I had not been killed in the rebellion in Canada. I prayed in my own way, as I had been taught in the Church of my fathers; still my poor heart was ready to break. It seemed as if God did not hear me.

Although I partially understood the English language, I could not read the English Bible, which I was anxious to do. I therefore concluded to have one I could read, so I sent to New York for a French Bible. When it came I hesitated somewhat about the propriety of reading it, having been taught that it was not for the common people. But I overcame the struggle which had been going on in my mind, and began reading my new book.

I began at the first chapter of Genesis, and read with a great deal of interest and wonder until I had progressed as far as the twentieth chapter of Exodus, which contains the ten commandments, as given to Moses on Mount Sinai. When I read that commandment—"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above," etc., I concluded my Bible was not correct, and that I was the subject of imposition by some unprincipled publisher. This commandment was quite in opposition to what our priests taught. I had not met with this prohibition in any of our books, and therefore concluded this Bible was false. The best thing I could do in this dilemma was to send to Canada and obtain a Bible approved by the Church of Rome, then I should have the truth on this subject.

In course of time I received my Bible from Canada, and as quickly as possible began a comparison, when to my great astonishment I found them to be much alike, except some few words, such as "you" instead of "thou," and "penance" instead of "repentance," etc.

My embarrassment, instead of diminishing, increased. I was in greater trouble than ever, and most heartily regretted sending for the last Bible. Perplexed, and driven nearly to despair, I knew not what to do. Being greatly depressed in spirit, I felt a sort of self-abhorrence. Nothing seemed to please or satisfy me. I felt I could not long survive unless some change for the better took place.

What the end would be I dared not predict; I feared to think of the future. The very foundation of my hope and help appeared to be giving away. I conversed but little, having no desire at times to make known my true state to others. In this frame of mind I attended a prayer-meeting, which, before the close, took the form of a fellowship-meeting. During its progress a man related his religious experience, and then gave a brief exhortation, which I can now see was appropriate and profitable, but which at the time gave me very great offence, so that I resolved not to attend any more such meetings. I could not rid myself of the thought that all he said was directed to me, and to me only. Such was the effect produced on my mind by this address, that the morning following I told Mr. Lyman I was greatly grieved and offended at what I had heard the evening previous from Mr. Patridge. I said he had no business to

speaking about me as he had done. Mr. Lyman's kind reply was that he was sure Mr. Patridge had no reference to me more than he had to himself. No doubt the Holy Spirit was showing me my guilt and danger, and the consciousness of my own sinfulness caused me to believe the remarks of the good man were simply an exposure of my wickedness.

When I could get an opportunity to pray alone in the shop, I was not slow to improve it. I implored God to have mercy upon me. I seized every spare moment to read the Word of God. Although my bedroom was cold, that did not prevent me from reading the Scriptures. I became more and more interested in the wonderful things revealed.

At night I would get myself wrapped up in the bedclothes as snugly as possible, and with a tallow candle on a stand near my bed, would proceed with my reading and continue it until I became overpowered with drowsiness, and had to resign myself to "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

---

#### CHAPTER IV.

NEARLY every morning through the winter of 1840 I awoke to find my Bible on my breast. Latterly I had been reading in the New Testament, because it taught me that Christ died for my sins and rose again for my justification. I did love to read of Him as my

Saviour—as well as the Saviour of all men, “especially of them that believe.” If the reader will turn to the first epistle of Paul to Timothy, the fourth chapter, and read from the first to the fourth verse, he will be in possession of a passage of Scripture which gave me such a shock as I had not before felt. The truth at once flashed upon me that the Church to which I was so ardently attached must, through her clergy, be implicated in what is there stated; still I did not wish to believe it.

As meetings were held regularly in the neighborhood, I resolved to go to the next one, and when the evening came I was there. It was one of those occasions when everyone seems happy. The “Hallelujahs” and “Amens” could be heard from every part of the house. I verily thought the people were crazy. These exultant manifestations bewildered and frightened me, and I wished myself at home, whither I should have gone at once but for the respect I entertained for Mr. Lyman. I remained, accordingly, until the close of the service.

On the way home, Mr. Lyman asked me “how I liked the meeting?” I regretted the question had been put to me, as I feared a statement of the facts, as they impressed me, might wound his feelings and alienate his good-will. However, he had asked the question, and I could not say I liked it, when in reality I was more like a frightened child than anything else. Then I ventured to say, “Mr. Lyman, did you like it?” “Oh! yes; the Lord was present in great power.” I desired to know how he could tell

an's kind  
no refer-  
No doubt  
d danger,  
caused me  
re simply

y alone in  
I implored  
very spare  
h my bed-  
m reading  
interested

up in the  
n a tallow  
oceed with  
e overpow-  
myself to

ter of 1840  
Latterly I  
, because it  
d rose again  
Him as my

the Lord was present, and asked the question. To which he immediately replied, "I felt his presence and power in my heart." "Then, if the Lord was so near you," I said, "why did you shout so loud? The Lord is not deaf; He can hear you without making such a noise." "Do you not," said Mr. Lyman, "feel like shouting when you are happy?" Well, unfortunately for me, I had no personal experience in that direction. If I could meet the dear, good man now, I could answer the question he then asked me with a hearty "Yes."

I had heard too many things about the Methodists, from those who had no love for them, to have my mind dispossessed of prejudice all at once. I had heard them spoken of as crazy people, who went into the woods to hold meetings; that they remained there for days together, climbing trees and turning summersaults, and indulging in other grotesque performances.

I have reason to know that the priests have more real dread of the Methodists than of any of the other Protestant Churches. They will invent all sorts of preposterous statements regarding them. It is not uncommon for those gentlemen to say, that as soon as a French-Canadian gets into the United States, these rattle-headed Methodists meet him and ask him if he can read the Bible; then invite him to attend the Methodist Church, saying how glad the minister will be to see him there. If the Frenchman accepts the invitation, the supposition is that by and by he becomes bewitched, and then he is gone forever. It is said that even the Pope himself, with all his assumed

power, cannot restore one to the fold of the Church who has been brought under the influence of this dangerous people.

Later on I was permitted to be present at a "love-feast," held on the occasion of a Quarterly Meeting. The love-feast in some respects was a counterpart of the one at which I received such a fright. The people were just as demonstrative, probably more so. However, as I had survived the former meeting, and had received no perceptible injury, I concluded I could not fare worse at this; nor did I. As it was the regular Quarterly Meeting, wine had been provided for the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. When I saw the bottle, and heard the shoutings of "Glory!" and like expressions, together with the loud "Amens," from a score of persons at the same time, I was not quite certain but some of these so full of animation might have partaken too freely of the wine. But then I had read of the day of Pentecost, and how some of the people, amidst the marvels which transpired on that day, said, "These men are full of new wine." The thought of this passage of Scripture led me to think I too might surmise falsely of these Methodists. And now, after a long, intimate and happy union with this people, I know that wine-drinking is not one of their sins.

Thinking of the apostles, and the Pentecost, and looking upon the men and women before me, only added to my trouble of mind, and increased my wretchedness. I now resolved to watch Mr. Lyman's actions more closely than ever, to see if I could not find some fault in him.

I determined to scrutinize every word and act of his, thinking I should doubtless soon find out his wrong-doing; but I could not, after close observation, take exception to his life, unless it was that he spent too much time in attending religious meetings. So that, like the accusers of Daniel, I could not find any occasion against this Lyman, "except I find it against him concerning the law of his God."

The exemplary conduct of this Christian man did much to obliterate the narrow prejudices which possessed my mind, consequent upon my early religious training. His life was altogether different from what I had been accustomed to see among my own people. And as a natural result, I respected the man, and began to respect his religion also.

Now, there was a prayer-meeting at Mr. L.'s house at which I was present, for, notwithstanding my feelings of dread and distrust at first, I usually put in my appearance at the meetings when the time arrived. I had fully made up my mind to take part in this service by praying in French, but when the opportunity came I could not. I thought the people would laugh at me, so I let the meeting close without praying aloud. My feelings were not, as may be imagined, of a pleasant character just at this time.

As there was to be another prayer-meeting the following week, I resolved again that I would take part in this meeting, and would pray in English. This resolve somewhat composed my mind, while I anxiously looked forward to the time for the assembling of the praying people. The evening arrived, the usual num-

ber of Christian people were present, when who should come in but my brother! Then the enemy suggested that my brother would deride me, and I had not the courage to carry out my good intention.

The company separated, and I was more miserable than ever. I was afraid to make any more promises, lest I should not have power to keep and perform them. "Better not to vow, than to vow and not perform." It seemed as if I could not long endure life if this state of things were to continue.

---

## CHAPTER V.

MR. LYMAN had a brother living three miles distant, at whose house a prayer-meeting was soon to be held. I made my way to the place. But as I went I was enabled to say, "By the grace of God, I will either pray or speak for the Lord at this meeting." The service had only begun when violent trembling and agitation seized upon me. When an opportunity was afforded for speaking, I rose with difficulty and said: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." These words came readily to my mind, and as I could not master many words of English, I thought the Blessed Spirit put these words into my mind and mouth. Never at any time before in my life was I so happy. I had

begun a new existence—I had a new life. “A new creature.” What did all this mean? I could shout as loud as any of my Methodist friends now. I seemed in a new world. Had men and things around me changed, or was the change in me? It must be in myself, although it did seem to me that all these people had undergone a transformation since the meeting began. I loved them now; before I respected some of them, now I loved them all as brethren. I thought I could do anything to serve them. The days of darkness had fled. My burden was removed, and I rejoiced with exceeding joy in God my Saviour.

“O what shall I do my Saviour to praise?  
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace!  
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,  
The weakest believer that hangs upon Him!”

I went home with dear brother Lyman, who was greatly delighted at the conversion of the young Frenchman. To this man I owe an everlasting debt of gratitude. His consistent, upright, godly life, together with his prayers, and the interest he manifested in my general welfare, had a wonderful influence upon me. I passed most of the night in singing hymns I had learned from the Christians with whom I had been associating.

When I first saw my brother Abel after my conversion, I told him of the power of God to save, and at the same time presented to him the necessity of personal salvation. I emphasized the fact that Christ only could save us from sin. He too became thought-

ful and serious, yes, anxious, about his soul. He sought God, imploring mercy, and mercy was obtained. He rejoiced in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Praise the Lord! The fire of Divine love burned in my soul, and I was eager to have others made partakers of like precious blessings.

I had a friend, a shoemaker, to whom I told what God had done for me. I also read the Word of God to him, and invited him to attend the religious services with me. He did so, with results of the most encouraging character. The Spirit applied the truth to his conscience, and he became greatly alarmed about himself. Such was his state of mind that sleep forsook him, and in his anxiety he said, "Pray for me. Won't you pray for me?"

About this time he said to me one day, "I am going to meeting to-night, and I want to speak, but what shall I say?" I asked him if he wished to save his soul, to have peace with God, and become a Christian man? He promptly replied that was what he wanted. "Well, then, when the minister invites the people to speak, you rise at once and ask those present to pray for you." He was at the service according to promise, and as soon as an opportunity offered he rose and spoke with considerable feeling, making a request for prayer. His request was promptly responded to, and many were soon engaged in prayer on his behalf. Our prayers were heard, for at that meeting he was brought into the liberty of the children of God, and was enabled to rejoice in the pardoning mercy of God. In subsequent conversations regarding his conversion, I have heard him say that he saw two suns.

Mr. Lyman had taken a great interest in me from the time we became acquainted. Now he said to me, "You ought to preach Christ." Acting on the advice of this good man, a time of meeting was named, and all the French-Canadians of the place came to hear the word from their fellow-countryman. I did the best I could, God helping me. My brother Abel also gave his experience. Then Mr. Blondin, the converted shoemaker, spoke. Up to this time the French people present had been quietly attentive, but one of them now rose to his feet and said, "Now, Mr. Blondin, we can hear the Parents speak, but we do not want to hear you, because you do not tell the truth: you said to some persons the other day that when you were converted you saw two suns at once; now, sir, we do not believe any such nonsense."

I did my best to explain the effect of the Spirit's operations on the human mind, the great change effected in the heart when the natural darkness is removed and our minds become radiant with Divine illumination. Everything seems new, and we appear as if in a world of light. It is difficult to make the carnal mind understand this. The explanation was well taken, and the meeting closed harmoniously.

Evident tokens of the blessings of God on my efforts to do good gave me great encouragement to labor on. Every Canadian I could approach I spoke to of Christ, of the necessity of personal salvation, and I have reason to believe, with good effect.

Mr. Lyman was a local preacher. What a boon these men have been to Methodism! I trust our

Church will encourage the local preachers, and I pray that their future may be as bright and useful as the past has been. Well, Mr. Lyman would invite me to go with him to his appointments, and as I now took great pleasure in his work—the blessed work of inviting men to the Saviour—I often accompanied him. Sometimes, after he had spoken, he would ask me to speak. At this time I had acquired such a knowledge of the English language as to make myself pretty well understood, and that without any scholastic training. Thus opportunity was afforded me from time to time of speaking in public. I had a strong conviction that I was called of God to preach the Gospel of His grace to men.

---

## CHAPTER VI.

AFTER my conversion to God, in March, 1840, I had a great desire to see my mother—now sixty years of age—and my brothers and sisters. I wrote my mother, and informed her that I had become a Protestant. I thought it better to let her know before I went home that I had abjured the Roman Catholic Church. This would be a preparation for our meeting. It was my intention to leave for home in September, but O! how slowly the months seemed to pass. I was anxious to see my own family again, and tell them of the wondrous work God had wrought in me. I prayed for

direction that my way might be made easy, that help would be given me to do my duty in the fear of God, and that I might be fitted to defend His truth before priests or bishops. I greatly desired that I might be made a blessing to my dear mother and the rest of the family.

I was delighted when the first of September, 1840 came, as that was the day upon which I had resolved to return home. And accordingly on that day I turned my face once more towards Canada. But what a change had been wrought in me by the Holy Spirit since I left home two years ago! "None but they who feel it know."

What am I that I should be the subject of such amazing mercy; that I should be in possession of such peace and joy? I took stage at Insdale, Mass., to Albany, N.Y., one hundred and sixty miles, thence by boat to Whitehall and steamer to St. John's, Que. While on the boat between Whitehall and St. John's, a good opportunity was offered me of conversing with the Roman Catholics on board, of whom there were a goodly number. I inquired of them about the United States,—if they did not find it a good place to live in— if they had not found the people very kind, obliging, and attentive to strangers? To my questions their reply was, that they desired no better people to work for. "Would you," I said, "like to know the true cause of their kindness to every person?" Yes, they would like to know. "Of course," I said, "there must be some good and sufficient reason for the goodness of heart which they manifest, and for the great prosper-

ity, the evidences of which are everywhere apparent. In the first place they have the Bible, the Book given to us by God Himself, to teach us how to live that we may glorify Him on earth, and dwell with Him eternally after the present life is ended. It is, in a word, a revelation from God to men, that they may know and do His will." I spoke to them of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, and continued to converse about the Blessed One until we reached Canada.

There was a young man on the boat who had been converted a few months after my conversion. He had been listening attentively to all that had been said, and when the opportunity occurred he came and asked me, "if I was not afraid to talk to those Catholics, knowing as I did their hatred of Protestantism, and distrust of even the slightest tendency in that direction. Are you not afraid they will conspire together against you, and throw you overboard?"

"No; I am not afraid. I am only doing my duty, and the God whom I serve will take care of me."

"I would not dare do it," he said. "They will have your life if you are not careful."

I, however, continued during the trip to pray and speak about the one thing needful until we reached St. John's, and I was happy in having this opportunity of sowing the seed. The result will only be known in eternity.

I was forty-five miles from home when I left the boat at St. John's. We were four days making the trip between Insdale and that place. During the remaining distance homeward I had a great struggle

with the foe of humanity, Satan. Numerous were the suggestions now as to my returning. Such as—“It would have been better for you to have remained away; your return is going to give your mother great pain and trouble, and without doubt you will find no shelter, even where you expect it: your friends will turn you out of doors. What are you now but a detested heretic, not fit company for the holy Roman Catholic?” I felt no little concern about my own people, as I wanted to do them good, and only good. Would my way be closed? Would I have no chance to tell them of the wonderful love of Christ? I prayed earnestly to God to send me help to qualify me for whatever work He had for me to do, and to make me a blessing to all whom I might meet.

It was a delightful evening as I drew near home; the sun was just setting in great beauty. The western horizon appeared like burnished gold. I could more easily describe the scenes around me than what was going on within. When I left home I was full of fears of another kind. Whatever misgivings I now had were of a different character, for my thoughts and hopes were all turned from the old channel.

My feelings at the sight of mother and home were altogether indescribable. Those only who have had such a mother, and whose circumstances correspond in some degree with mine, can form a conception of how I felt. When we met, my dear mother was weeping. I said, “Now, mother, I am back to you again, but not in the same spirit I left you. I am a changed, a better boy.” But she could not speak,

and it was evident that she was greatly troubled. Her emotion was not that of joy, but of bewilderment. We spent the most of the night in conversation, and it was not until early morning that we retired.

During the day I visited several of my former acquaintances, some of whom plainly indicated that they were afraid of me. Others as clearly showed their pleasure at meeting me, and invited me to visit them again. Nearly everywhere I went, the conversation would turn upon what some called the "new religion." The whole village was excited over it. Some persons said, "young Amând Parent was a good boy." Others, however, pronounced me decidedly the reverse. But it affords me great pleasure to bear this testimony—that a large majority spoke in favor of the "new religion," as they were pleased to call it.

My mother manifested the utmost concern. I was her son, and she felt an interest in me others could not. Her mind was so wrought upon that, during sleep, my name was frequently upon her lips. Once, as my sister and I were sitting together, and mother asleep, as we believed, we heard her say quite distinctly, "Poor Amând is lost."

The next day I asked her if she would go with me to see the priest? She said she would be glad to do so. So we went together to his house and were kindly received. My mother soon remarked that she had come with her son to talk with him (the priest) about religion. The priest asked mother if I was a good Catholic. To which she answered, "No, he is a Protestant." "Well, well," he said, "it is only a passing

fancy ; he is too intelligent to become a Protestant ; it will soon be out of his head, and he will be all right." To this I replied : " Sir, it is not only in my head, but in my heart also." " Don't you believe, then, that we priests have power to forgive sins ?" " I do not, sir ; none but God can forgive sin." " Then I will show you from the Bible that we have the power." " If you show me your authority from the Word of God, I will at once confess my sins to you," said I.

He went into another room to search for his proof on this point. He remained a long time absent, and I remarked to mother, " He cannot find the passage he is searching for, but I know where it is to be found." " Then you had better tell him where it is," she said. I called out, " If you look in the 20th chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and the 23rd verse, you will find what I think you are looking for." He turned to the passage and read, " Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them ; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." " Now," he said with a triumphant air, " is not this plain enough to show that we have power to forgive sins ?" " Well, sir," I said, " you will admit that the apostles were informed as to their mission ; if they had understood that in the sense in which you do, they would have had those to whom they ministered confessing their sins. But what is the fact ? We do not find during the life of any one of the apostles, that they ever said, either in public or private, ' Come to us and confess your sins, and we will forgive them and grant you absolution, and then you can say a few prayers and it will be all right.'

No, they never so understood it. When Paul and Silas were in prison, with their feet fast in stocks, praying and singing praises at midnight, and the earthquake so shook the foundation of the prison that the doors were thrown open and the prisoners set at liberty, the jailer cried, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' What was the reply of the Divinely instructed Paul? 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' He was a faithful minister of Christ, and knew whereof he affirmed. Yes, and thousands since have received the pardon by simply believing in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Then the priest, addressing my mother, said: "Madam Parent, your children are very clever; they can make white appear black, or black appear white." To which mother said, she "did not think her children were any smarter than the children of other people."

He soon saw that his flattery did not take with us, and before leaving he said to mother: "Your son is a lunatic, and the sooner you send him away from home, the better it will be both for you and your family." "Sir," said my mother, "I am a Catholic, and I have eleven children besides this one, and I wish from my heart they were all like him." "I am afraid," said the priest, "that he has already done you harm." "No, he has not; but there is one thing I intend doing—I will study his Bible, for he says there is no purgatory in it." "No, there is none mentioned in it," said the priest. "Then why are you telling the people every Sunday that the souls of the dead are detained there, suffering as though they were in hell? And,

when my husband died, you took money from me to say mass and offer prayers for his deliverance?" "Well, Madam Parent, the Church teaches that there is such a place, although God does not call it purgatory. But we are in God's stead, therefore you are to hear us, and receive our teaching as from Him."

I should have said, that just before this conversation took place, he had invited me to take a place outside of his house, and, of course, I accepted the invitation, and consequently was in the street. The conversation between mother and the priest she related to me on our way home. Mother's mind was more at ease about me after this encounter with the priest. She did not believe me so much out of the way as she at first had apprehended.

---

## CHAPTER VII.

THE Sabbath following I went to mass. I did not, however, make the sign of the cross, as I had formerly done, but knelt, as I would have done in my own church. The next day all manner of things were being said about me, and my conduct in church was condemned—probably because I had not employed my fingers as dexterously as formerly in making signs.

Notwithstanding the absence of outward forms, I could say with Paul, "God forbid that I should

glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." The next Sunday I came in for a large share of notoriety. The priest said, during the service, "There is a dangerous young man in the village; he has changed his religion, although he has been carefully and religiously brought up, and now the poor deluded victim's feet are on the verge of hell." He warned the people not to speak to him; to have no business transactions with him; to give him no money, nor take any from him.

Well, I survived the priestly boycotting, and actually grew stronger. This priest was about to leave the place and go to another parish, and, as a matter of course, wanted the money due him by his parishioners. One elderly lady was behind in dues, and had not the money to pay the father. She asked me to lend her the amount. I said, "Yes, I will lend you the money on condition you tell the priest it came from young Parent." To this she agreed, and gave the money to the rev. father, telling him from whom it was borrowed. He took it, notwithstanding what he had said on the previous Sunday. While the priest was denouncing me in the church, an accident occurred which might have resulted in the loss of life; but, as it was, few were at all injured. One of the sills of the floor broke, and precipitated about one hundred and fifty people seven feet into the space below. Those who knew me, and had heard the denunciation of the priest, thought the accident a visitation from heaven for his proscription of me. My own idea of the cause was a defective sill.

A brother of mine, who lived in the same parish came to see me one Lord's Day, and being a man of the world, his conversation was of a character in which I could not join. He attributed my reticence to some other cause, and was displeased. As I was desirous to change the conversation to something profitable, and in harmony with the sanctity of the day, I remarked: "Leandre, you gave me a book when I left home for the United States, with the observation that it was a good book. I have thought so too. Now, brother, let us look at some passages in that book." I opened at the 20th chapter of the book of Exodus, where the ten commandments are recorded. The Church of Rome has omitted several verses from this chapter; one commandment is missing altogether. "Where," I asked, "is the rest of this chapter?" He was slow in replying, and bewildered at the announcement, so I continued, "I know, if you do not;" and I read from my Bible the 3rd verse: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath," etc. When I had finished reading, my brother seemed perplexed at what he had heard. "Your Bible is not at all like Mr. Auger's," he said. This Mr. Auger had been in possession of a Bible for many years, which he was in the habit of reading. Although nominally a Roman Catholic, with all his family, he had not been inside of a church for years, except on some special occasion. He had a married son who was living in the house with his father, with whom my brother was on terms of

intimacy. My brother proposed that he should visit me on the following Sunday, and requested him to bring his Bible. When Sunday came, my brother and Mr. Auger, jun., appeared at my mother's house, and we proceeded to compare Bibles. To their surprise and disappointment, they found Mr. Auger's Bible agreed perfectly with mine; but they were determined not to let me off with the agreement of the two Bibles. Hence they inquired if I would go with them to see the priest; to which I gladly consented.

On entering the house, we were requested to be seated. The conversation between the priest and the visitors was of a general character for a while, when my brother remarked that I had come with them to converse with him on religious subjects. To this he paid little or no attention for a time, and, turning to me, asked how I liked the States, and what salary I received? I surmised that he was not anxious for the conversation.

"I came here for a short talk upon another subject," I said; "I would like to have your judgment upon this Bible. Is it a good book?"

This, however, did not elicit any opinion from him as he busied himself just then in concluding a bargain with a man for making a statue, six feet high, to represent Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary.

In the meantime I had turned to a passage about images and began to read; this took his attention as my conversation did not, and we at once made the discovery that he was not utterly indifferent. He became excited and angry, and finally ordered me to

leave the house. I could not do otherwise than obey, and was somewhat apprehensive that he wished to assist me in my exit. When I had left the house he called after me—

“Young man, when you want good advice come to me, and you will find me ready to give you all the good counsel you may require.”

“Sir, when I feel like being turned out of a house, you may expect a visit from me, but not until then,” I said. “A good shepherd careth for his sheep, and if one be lost, will seek diligently after it until he finds it; but a poor shepherd is likely to do just what you have done to-day—turn them out, to stray whithersoever they will.”

Both my brother and Mr. Auger left the house quite dispirited, as they saw clearly enough that the priest was unable to defend his own cause against the truth.

Mr. Auger, at this time, was one of the principal officers in the Catholic church. From this occurrence these men began the diligent study of the Scriptures. At first they found opposition in the prosecution of this work from their wives. After the lapse of a few weeks, my brother's wife, in his absence, would take his Bible and read it, always leaving it just where she found it. One day, on his return, he at once saw that the book had been removed; he, however, remained silent. But not long after she took up the Bible in his presence, and began to read it with evident delight. The pleasure she expressed to her husband regarding the contents of the book was not begotten in the few minutes spent at that time in its perusal. Ultimately

the Bible became the daily reading of my brother and his wife. On one occasion a man said to me in the presence of my mother :

“The Protestant religion has no power to work miracles.”

“Have the Roman Catholic priests any power to perform miracles ?” I asked.

“O, yes !”

“Well, where and when has a miracle been wrought by them ?”

“In the next parish,” he said ; “the other day a woman who had been sick many years was cured, and it was done on this wise : The priest had a procession formed, and they went along carrying God to the house of the sick woman, and she was cured ; now she is perfectly recovered.”

“Do you know this to be true ?”

“O, yes ! quite true,” he said, “the priest mentioned it last Sunday.”

During the week I went with my mother to market in the same parish in which the miracle was said to have occurred, and desiring to learn something further of the truth or falsity of the story, I inquired of a number of persons, and even of her next door neighbor. The reply I received from all those acquainted with her was, “She is dying.” I then said to mother, “You see the kind of miracles the priests work.”

There existed the most incredible superstitions among the people, who were ready to believe almost any preposterous falsehood. In those days the following popular story was current among the people of Quebec:—

If a person neglected partaking of the Sacrament for seven years, he would turn into a *lougroux*, a shapeless animal without head or limbs (its mode of locomotion is not described). In order to regain his estate of humanity, it was necessary that the blood of the monster should be shed; this kindly office being usually performed by a friend, a complete restoration resulted.

After my return home, my mother did everything in her power to win me back to the faith of her Church. Among other things, she went on a pilgrimage to St. Anns, below Quebec city, where miracles were performed. She fondly imagined, poor mother, that these efforts would have some influence upon her wayward son. The Roman Catholic Church teaches that "the end sanctifies the means." My mother, at the time of which I write, believed all that the Church taught; women, as a rule, are more devoted papists than men. Afterward, my mother told me she had not seen any miracles performed herself, but the priests had said they were really accomplished at St. Anns.

It was considered a much more serious crime in those days to curse the wafer than to curse God Himself. The people would perform work on Sunday which they would not touch on a fete day. If a fete day should fall on Monday, and there was work which must be done on either Sunday or Monday, it would invariably be performed on Sunday. The Sabbath is of little account with Roman Catholics in the Province of Quebec after mass.

Men will take horses to a course to practise for a coming race, and if the priest has a fast horse, he may

sometimes be seen with the members of his flock on the track ; this is of frequent occurrence, while ball-playing, card-playing, skating, croquet, etc., are some of the games practised on the Sabbath. Political speeches at the church door, and the proclamation of sales, when the service is over, are quite common. These sins are all chargeable to the priests. The people generally do as the priest commands, and the Church authorities could at once wipe out this foul stain from the Church and the country if they so desired. They will have a fearful account to render at the Judgment for permitting their people to indulge in such wholesale desecration. Will the newly-appointed Cardinal set his face against this fearful profanation of the Lord's Day ? I pray he may, and that the morals of the people in this regard may improve.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

A MAN accosted me one day, saying, "So you have turned your coat?" I thought of the proverb, "Answer a fool according to his folly." And I answered, "Yes, sir, I have, and for a sufficient reason: my coat was put on when it was very dark, and as long as the dark continued I wore it as at first; but as soon as the sun rose in the east and cast his bright rays upon my poor coat, begrimed with the dust of years, I saw it was wrong side out, and I turned it right side out, so

that now I have a clean new coat." "You Protestants," he said, "are not easily caught or puzzled; you have an answer always ready."

This same person made the following statement to me: "A young man who came here a few weeks after your return, whom the people called a Protestant, was brought in contact with the priest. The latter conversed with him, and no doubt convinced him of the error of his ways, for in a short time he came back to the Church of Rome." That statement, however, did not pass at par value with me. I know too much of Rome, and feel too strongly the power of truth, to believe it. I have not known a single instance of a French-Canadian leaving the Church of Rome, consequent upon having read the Word of God, who ever returned to his former allegiance. I have known a few who called themselves Protestants, but were not; they may have had some few rays of light, felt slight uneasiness as the light dimly revealed their moral condition, but the truth had not been received in its power and fulness. There is a great difference between the dusky twilight of the morning and the blaze of the sun at noon-day. Men who have once walked in the sunlight are not so soon led away from it into former darkness.

My mother was fearful to have me pray in the family, lest it should in some way reach the ears of the priest and incur his displeasure, although the family at this time were not doing their duty as good Catholics. They were not attending their church, and those of my brothers and sisters who were still at

home with mother were reading the Word of God ; so that they had virtually abandoned their former faith.

I felt I could not remain in Canada, and the time was drawing near when I proposed leaving to return to the United States. But when the day came for me to leave, I was undecided about going. I wished to remain in Canada, and do what I could to save my own people, by showing them the good and the right way. But for other reasons it seemed better that I should return to the States.

I placed my trust in my Heavenly Father, knowing that if it should be for the best for me to come back to my home at some future time, He would so order my steps, and open the way for my return, and the door, also, for me to preach. My mother and several of the family, as above intimated, were already Protestants at heart.

Having heard that there were two Protestant missionaries engaged in Christian work, a few miles from St. John's (I was ignorant of their denominational leanings, but they were said to be Protestants), I advised mother, before leaving home, to send for these men.

An intelligent Protestant, Francois Xavier Cloutier, with whom I had conversed on the subject of my change of faith, was advised by mother to go and secure a visit, if nothing more, from one of these men. He went and was successful, for not long after, in the month of May, 1841, one of the missionaries came to St. Pie. After the missionary left, many of the people vented their anger upon my mother in abusive epithets.

In the month of December I sent my mother a small book entitled, "The Journey of Life," which clearly pointed out the significance of life, the necessity of a godly walk and conversation, with the relation the present bears to the future. A few weeks later I received a letter from her, expressing her great delight with the book. In the same letter she said: "How glad I should be to have you at home now to pray with us; I would not care now what the priest might say about it." A change had been wrought in her heart by the power of the Holy Spirit. She was "created anew in Christ Jesus." One of her neighbors said to her, "Mrs. Parent, your conduct will turn all your friends against you; already nearly everyone in the village is opposed to you, and they will starve you, or burn your house over your head when you are asleep." "My trust is in the living God; I am not afraid," was my dear mother's reply. We had sent her eighty dollars from the States, and she had the bills changed into silver.

That amount of silver seemed riches in that humble community. It was a bewildering sight to one of the women of the place, who probably had never seen so much money at once before. My mother said to her, "You see how good the Lord is to me, if the priest is against me." No doubt it was from this woman that the report originated that mother had sold herself to the devil, and had obtained a large amount of money from the transaction. One said, "I have seen the money; surely that must be proof; where else could so much money come from?" That person took a

sensible view of it who said in reply, "You are a fool! The devil has no money to give; all he has to give is promises, and Mrs. Parent is a better woman than you think."

---

## CHAPTER IX.

IN September, 1841, while living in the United States, I sent to Canada urging my mother to come to me with the remainder of her family—two of my brothers being already with me. Circumstances prevented them from joining me at that time, but as my mother with eight of her children had become converted to God, we were a happy family, notwithstanding our continued separation. All this time, one thought, one ambition, was paramount, and I was earnestly seeking some avenue for its fulfilment. I trusted that at no distant date I might be enabled to return to Canada, and bear the glad tidings of the Gospel to my French fellow-countrymen. The missionary to whom I have already referred, heard of me while visiting at St. Pie, and through this means I received letters from the Grand Ligne Mission, urging me to go to Canada to engage in evangelistic work among the Roman Catholic French-Canadians in the Province of Quebec, then known as Lower Canada.

Nowhere, not even in the oldest centres of Catholicism, is there so much ignorant, intolerant bigotry as then existed, and to a large extent still exists, in the

Province of Quebec, and I was anxious to do my part in the great work of reformation. I learned, however, that this was a Presbyterian mission, maintained and controlled by a committee of that denomination in New York, with Dr. Kirk as presiding officer. Having no sympathy with Calvinism, I for a time hesitated, debating whether to remain in the States or return to Canada and work in connection with this mission.

In the year 1842, the late Dr. Cote, one of the ministers connected with the Grand Ligne Mission, came to see me in Massachusetts. He strongly urged me to dispose of my small property, and remove to Canada to join the mission in the great work of saving our poor deluded countrymen from Romanism. While fully realizing the importance and urgency of the work, and while it was a manifest opening to the labor in which I trusted my life and abilities might be spent, I still hesitated. I was a Methodist, and in my narrowness of vision I could not with ease bring myself to work under a mission dominated by a sect with whom I was not in harmony, and who had, to my knowledge, vilified Methodists because of their claim to a knowledge of individual salvation. The son of a Presbyterian clergyman once said to me, "I am glad you are one of the elect;" to which I replied, "How do you know this, since you say it is impossible for it to be known; if I do not know what takes place within me, I think you know less." Not long afterwards I read "Fletcher's Checks," which gave me new light on the question of sectional differences, broadening my views and making me more tolerant.

My religious education was then very limited; at eighteen years of age I had never seen a Bible, and at this time had not read the whole of the Scriptures. I decided against accepting the proposal from the mission, although assured by those in charge that the fact of my being a Methodist would not make the slightest difference. So for the present I pursued the even tenor of my way, living a Christian life, rejoicing in my salvation, often feeling with the poet—

“ Oh, for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free !  
A heart that always feels Thy blood  
So freely spilt for me !”

A person said to me, “Mr. Parent, you have changed your religion.” “I have not changed,” said I; “it was impossible for me to change, as formerly I was without religion of any kind. If,” said I, “I asked you to exchange watches with me, and I had none, could we exchange? Impossible, for I should have none to give in return for yours; but if you gave me your watch, it would not be an exchange, but a gift. Thus was it with me—I had no religion. I have learned that the entire law of God consists in loving our Maker with our whole heart, and our neighbor as ourselves.”

Continuing, this person said: “That sort of a religion is very easy. You do not have to confess your sins to a priest, and do penance, and say long prayers.” “My friend,” said I. “We confess our sins to God. It is against Him we have sinned, and it is He alone who can forgive us; for He tells us that if we confess our

sins, He is faithful and just to forgive them, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Read your Bible, and you will learn all these great and glorious truths."

Not long before my removal from Massachusetts, a railroad was in process of construction near my home, and a large number of men—mostly Irish Roman Catholics—were employed about the work. At intervals of about two months, a priest made visits to these works, usually coming on a Saturday to receive the confessions of the men, about two hundred of whom usually availed themselves of that privilege.

On the following Sundays the men would in the morning partake of the Sacrament, in the afternoon indulge in a free fight, while on Monday a physician was invariably required to repair the broken heads. The priest used to deal with these men upon strict business principles, charging each one twenty-five cents for receiving his confession, and a like amount for administering the Sacrament. The lack of spirituality and the gross sordidness of this system were utterly abhorrent to me—an offence to every sacred feeling and religious principle.

A child of one of these laborers died, and there being no Catholic graveyard in that vicinity, it was buried in the Protestant cemetery. When the coffin had been lowered into the ground, the Catholic friends and mourners poured a bottle of "holy water" into the grave; and after the funeral ceremonies were concluded, they had the same bottle filled with whiskey. They also emptied this, but not in the grave; consequently the proceedings terminated in a characteristi-

cally Irish fashion. One of these men, in conversation with me, said he would rather go to hell as a Catholic than to heaven as a Protestant—such is the blind bigotry resulting from this perverting system of so-called religion.

In the year 1843, after much earnest thought and prayer, I made my final decision, and determined to dedicate my life to the conversion of my Canadian countrymen from the errors of Romanism. It was a sore trial of my faith to exchange my peaceful home and pleasant associations for life among a people who neither knew nor loved the Bible; whose ignorance and superstition seemed a remnant of the dark ages, and from whom I should encounter bitter opposition, if not positive persecution.

After concluding all matters of business in Massachusetts, I came to Canada and entered upon the work to which my life has since been devoted. With some misgivings, I went at once to the Presbyterian Mission at Grande Ligne, and there became acquainted with Madam Feller and Mr. Roussy, who were in charge of that establishment. They appeared to be able, intelligent Christian workers, well fitted for their responsible position. I was delighted with them, as well as with the orderly appearance of the place, and gathered courage from my surroundings.

Not long after my arrival, I was asked by Mrs. Feller if I would take charge of one of their subordinate stations, sixty-five miles from Grand Ligne. Here were a number of French converts who, she was informed, had been led, through some means, to entertain

Baptist views. This defection troubled Mrs. Feller, who was at that time a staunch Presbyterian. I consented to visit Berea, with the intent of spying out the land. The teacher in charge of the mission was a lady from Switzerland—a fine person, entirely devoted to the work. I soon learned that the reports which Mrs. Feller had heard were quite true, and that the converts at Berea were strongly tinctured with Baptist doctrine. It appears that Mr. Beaudin, the agent at this station, had recently declared his belief in the leading tenets of that denomination; and, influenced by him, a large number of the people were strongly inclined to adopt these principles. Mrs. Feller decided to put an end to the matter; accordingly his case was reported to Dr. Kirk, in New York, and he was summarily dismissed. He did not, however, leave the place, but established a congregation of those favorable to his views.

I remained at the mission, attending school, visiting the people, and making myself known to them; at times holding meetings—always striving earnestly to fit myself for the accomplishment of good results when I should settle to permanent work. I ever bore in mind that my life was not my own; and, whenever opportunity offered, I always tried to say a word for Jesus.

---

## CHAPTER X.

ON one occasion, while travelling in one of the French parishes on the St. Lawrence river, I arrived at a school-house at about four o'clock in the afternoon, just as the school was closing. The teacher, an aged man, interested in my appearance and probably noticing that I was fatigued, kindly invited me to remain over night. There is nowhere a more naturally hospitable people than the French-Canadians in the Province of Quebec, and knowing that the invitation was dictated solely from that motive, I consented to remain. I found this man to be more than ordinarily intelligent. We passed most of the night in reading the Bible and in discussing the various questions which occurred to us.

It was evident from his troubled look that the arguments I advanced were to him new and startling. He said: "Supposing I should become a Protestant, the Catholics would turn me out of the school, and what could an old man like myself do with neither means nor occupation?" I assured him that if he decided to choose the better part, he need have no fear for the future; the Lord would certainly provide for him and his family. After praying with these good people in the morning, I pursued my journey, but with less success. After travelling all day, at night-fall I could find no shelter. The report that I was a Protestant having become current, was sufficient to close every door against me; the people even setting their dogs on me

when I stopped upon their premises. After dark I found my way into a stable, where I rested and slept a little, but was up and on my way again before day-break. On my return to the mission, I was surprised and pleased to find my acquaintance the old school-master there. He had in the interval courageously renounced Romanism, and seemed delighted to meet me again with the welcome news.

On another occasion I called at a man's house, and during the conversation asked him how far he lived from a church. "Many miles," he replied, "but still too near." This strange reply aroused my curiosity, and I learned from him that the church in question was Roman Catholic, and presided over by a priest whose iniquitous practices were widely notorious. I did not feel called upon to defend the Roman Catholic priesthood, and I hope the views of Protestantism I presented to him, with the comparisons which naturally arose, may have resulted in ultimate good.

I was after a time surprised to learn that the very mission with which I was allied was surreptitiously destroying the results of my labor, by bringing the doctrinal points of Presbyterianism to conflict with my teaching. One of my brothers had joined me in evangelistic work under the Grand Ligne Mission, but soon left, owing to disagreement with those in charge upon the very matters which in my case were a stumbling-block and rock of offence.

I decided also that it would be wise on my part not to continue longer with the mission, but when I broached the matter to Mrs. Feller, she quoted to me the

result of Jonah's disobedience to the Divine command, as a warning. Thus far the good I had been instrumental in accomplishing convinced me that I had been under Divine direction.

During the latter part of my stay at the mission, I formed the acquaintance of a young man of superior intelligence, one of the stamp who use their reason. He was searching for light, and one day asked me "if by the grace of God men could live without sinning?" I read him numerous passages of Scripture, explaining their meaning, and was instrumental in leading him from the bondage of Romanism to the light and liberty of the higher life. Nevertheless, owing to the difficulties of my position, I finally left the mission and returned to my trade, which I followed for some time.

After I had worked for several months, I was surprised to receive a visit from Mr. Beaudin, the Baptist to whom I have referred. He urged me to resume my work as an evangelist, under the Baptist mission of which he was in charge. To this I demurred, foreseeing the same difficulties which had caused me to sever my connection with the Grand Ligne Mission. Mr. Beaudin assured me that both he and his people were well aware that I was a Methodist; that my views should be considered, and that I need anticipate no trouble from that source. Mr. Beaudin was a very devout man, and quite as much a Methodist as myself, saving the single point of Baptism by immersion.

I resumed evangelistic work under Mr. Beaudin, and shortly afterwards became united in marriage to a

Christian woman from Champlain, New York State, who by teaching school, and in various ways, was of great service to the mission.

The work of the Lord gained a fresh impetus among the French-Canadians; in fact, made such marked progress that the priests, in alarm, tried to win our converts back to Rome, promising that if they would only return their dereliction should be overlooked; those who did not wish to confess their sins to the priest should not be compelled to do so, and that they need not attend mass oftener than they should see fit. With all this latitude, however, they were enjoined to say nothing derogatory to the true Church. The priests, much to their chagrin, did not succeed in inducing any of our converts to desert us.

One day I was surprised by a visit from a priest, who came apparently to ask me what my religion was, as that was his first question. I told him that I belonged to our Lord's religion. He replied that he thought I was a Methodist, a peculiar manifestation of heresy he probably wished to investigate. I assured him that, although a member of the Methodist congregation, I still belonged to the Church of God. I invited him to read the Scriptures and pray with me, but he suddenly discovered that urgent affairs demanded his immediate attention elsewhere, and decamped.

In the days of which I write, the country where I was located was new, undeveloped, and sparsely settled.

In the month of May, 1845, I went to hold a prayer-

meeting at a place about five miles distant from the mission, three miles of which was through a dense forest. There were few roads in those days, and we followed trails and paths through the woods. After the meeting I started on my return, and as the woods were thick, and the night very dark, I provided myself with a pine root for a torch, which furnished a very good light. I had got fairly into the woods when my light went out, and as I had no matches, I was forced to remain where I was all night. Wild animals, especially bears and wolves, were numerous in Canadian forests in those early times. I was not disturbed, however, and reached home the next morning, to the great relief of my wife, who had passed an anxious and sleepless night.

I announced at one of my appointments that at the next meeting I would prove that the Church of Rome was not the Church of God. The time arrived, and the school-house in which we held our meeting was quite filled, a large proportion being Roman Catholics, some of whom, animated by a malicious spirit, remained outside of the building to annoy me and my congregation; in fact, they locked us into the building. The meeting was a glorious success, and many were influenced for good,—notably one man, who had always been a strong Romanist, who arose in the meeting and frankly said: "I am convinced that the Church of Rome is not the true Church." This man with the greater part of his family left the Roman Church and embraced Protestantism, to which faith he remained steadfast until his death, many years afterwards.

About this time, also, many Roman Catholics in the vicinity of Milton became so disaffected that they called upon their priest for proofs that the Catholic Church embodied the only true religion. They instanced the case of a Mr. Tetreault, of Roxton, who had been a Romish priest, but had become converted to Protestantism, and since had constantly and publicly denounced the falsity and corruption of his former faith. They insisted that their priest should meet this man in a public assembly, to discuss the matter, otherwise they would abandon the Church. The priest, after vain excuses and repeated efforts to avoid such a controversy, finding no avenue of escape, finally consented, and the time and place were appointed. The meeting was to take place at Roxton, in the house of a Roman Catholic whose wife was a Protestant. The priest arrived at the house before Mr. Tetreault, and a message was sent to the latter to learn the nature of the subject to be discussed. At Mr. Tetreault's request, I went to the priest and told him the argument would be upon either of two subjects, "Purgatory," or "The presence of God in the wafer." He angrily cried, "Does that apostate priest really think I would allow myself to discuss religion with him?" Said I, "You have agreed to do so, and if he is wrong, I should think you would consider it your duty to convince him of his error, and bring him back to the true faith. However, if you do not wish to meet him, you must accept me as a substitute." He consented with bad grace, and opened the conversation with the statement that all priests who left the Church of Rome were bad priests.

“Supposing that were true,” I said, “they need not leave the Church of Rome in order to lead wicked lives. Look over the long list of your Popes of infallible pretension! How many of these, while usurping Divine attributes, were monsters of iniquity, disgracing humanity with their gross vices and evil deeds. You remember at one time a woman was Pope; at another time there existed three rival pontiffs, and sometimes so bitter was the contest for the Papal chair that the aspirants were even murdered by the opposing faction. You recollect, too, that one of these holy fathers called upon the King of France to be a godfather to a child born to him. If there were time, I might multiply instances of Papal corruption. As for the priests, they have been drunkards and adulterers by hundreds, using their sacred office as a cloak for a life of licentiousness. My friend, do not censure the men who leave the Romish Church—that cage of unclean birds—to preach the pure gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. If the Catholic Church possessed the immortal truth—the secret of salvation—its priests would go among the converts we have made and succeed in winning them back to itself. But you forbid your people the Bible, God’s own guide to truth and eternal life; you tell them it will lead them away from the right path. Your language means that God was wrong when He said in John, fifth chapter, thirty-ninth verse: ‘Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and these are they which testify of Me;’ and again, ‘Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the word of this prophecy, and keep

the things which are written therein : for the time is at hand.' Many similar passages might be quoted. I ask you, sir, What man would dare to say that the all-wise God made a mistake ? May the Lord God have mercy on the man who presumes to say the Bible was not made for all men to read ! I might read you many passages in which unmistakable reference is made to the Romish religion, and to the head of that system. St. Paul speaks of it in second Thessalonians, second chapter, third and fourth verses : ' Let no man deceive you by any means : for that day shall not come, except there be a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition ; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped ; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.' Sir, you read that whole chapter and you will learn the true character of that ' man of sin.' It is such passages as these that the priests fear to have the people read, and consequently prohibit the study of the Bible, as well as all discussion with Protestants on these and kindred points."

During our conversation, which lasted two hours, the house was thronged with interested listeners, who did not hesitate to tell the priest that he could bring forward no arguments to refute mine. In fact, not having the shadow of a case, he could only reiterate, " It is false ; I do not believe it ;" and, as it was evident that the audience enjoyed his discomfiture, he at length beat a confused and undignified retreat.

The discussion was a great triumph for our cause.

Many Roman Catholics called upon me, telling me they were glad I had spoken so strongly as I had to the priest, for he had insisted to them that we had no ground to stand upon, and they were now convinced to the contrary. One of the merchants of the place was anxious for me to go to Montreal and talk with the bishop, saying that this priest was not an educated man, but that His Lordship could answer me. I assured him the bishop would be no better able to controvert these facts than the priest.

The prosecution of evangelistic work among the French-Canadians is extremely difficult and discouraging, so powerful a hold has the Romish Church upon its deluded followers, and so bitter and unscrupulous the vengeance it wreaks upon those who dare to cast off its bondage. Converts are completely ostracized. Relatives and friends are prohibited from all association with the abandoned heretics. Their property is destroyed, and they are subjected to every imaginable injury and indignity. This state of affairs was more marked forty years ago than at the present time.

In mixed communities, the Protestant element checks and balances the power of Catholicism, even tipping the scale, by reason of educational superiority and greater freedom of thought and action. Still, though robbed of its worst material features, the spirit of the Inquisition exists as strongly in the Province of Quebec to-day as it did in Southern Europe in the middle ages. When the Roman Catholic abandons his tyrannical system of superstition, in many in-

stances his life becomes unbearable, and he is forced to sever old associations, and seek a home where religious freedom, with the rights of property and citizenship, are more secure. Many remove to the United States.

I recollect that at one time, in the township of Roxton, one hundred and forty people left for different parts of the States and Ontario.

When I was stationed at West Farnham, a man with his family of thirteen children became converted to Protestantism. On the following Sunday the priest denounced this heresy from the pulpit, warning his congregation to have nothing more to do with the apostates. He cited the case of another family who had left the true Church, and were, in consequence, hunted from the parish; intimating that the same fate would probably result in this case. Shortly after, the converted man told me that he should be obliged to leave the place (although it was a great grief to him to do so), and remove to another part of the township.

Another convert was one day accosted by a priest on the subject of his change of religion. The man replied, "I have not changed my religion, for I had none before. You priests are continually telling the people that yours is the only true religion, and that you are able to perform miracles. Now, I cut my foot the other day, and have not been able to work since; if you can heal my foot, I will promise to attend your Church again." "But you have no faith," said the priest. "You are right," the man replied; "the only miracle I have ever known of you performing is that of making your poor ignorant people believe you are

able to create the body of Christ in the Sacrament. God created man, and yet you profess to create Him. How do you explain that?" The priest, unable to crack this theological nut, hastily walked away.

A parish priest one Sunday, while denouncing heretics from the pulpit, recommended that the warmest kind of a reception be extended to Protestant colporteurs. Said he, "Should any of those vendors of Bibles and bad books call upon you, let the housewife show her devotion to our holy Mother Church by throwing boiling water from the tea-kettle upon them."

One day a man called upon me, with the rather startling inquiry of how much I would pay him for his soul. "Why do you ask me that?" "Because I have a debt to pay, and must have the money," he replied. "You poor, ignorant, wretched man! Has some one told you that I buy men's souls for Satan? Go! tell the liar that, instead of selling souls to the devil, I try to save them for Christ."

---

## CHAPTER XI.

DR. COTE, to whom I have already made allusion as being attached to the Grand Ligne Mission, was afterwards stationed at St. Pie. He had for some time entertained doubts as to the propriety of infant baptism, and was not averse to severing his connection with the Presbyterians. At all events, he refused to

administer the baptismal rite to children at St. Pie, and was at once reported by the Rev. Philip Wolf, teacher of theology, to the Committee charged with the administration of the affairs of the Grand Ligne Mission. Dr. Cote was called to account for his conduct, with the result that he at once left the Presbyterians and joined the Baptists.

Strangely enough, it developed at this time that Mrs. Feller, with Mr. Roussy and others of the mission, who had so bitterly opposed the introduction of Baptist views, and had been instrumental in Mr. Beaudin's dismissal, had themselves become strongly imbued with the doctrine they had formerly condemned. At the investigation in the case of Dr. Cote, this further defection became known, with the result that they were all dismissed from connection with the Presbyterian Mission, and soon became thorough-going Baptists.

About this time Mr. Beaudin, who was ignorant of these changes, was summoned to attend a Baptist committee meeting in Montreal. When he entered the committee room, and saw there Dr. Cote, Mr. Roussy, and his old enemy, Mrs. Feller, he was so startled that he at once left the building, was not seen for several days, and was only found after diligent search. Mr. Beaudin had in his earlier days been subject to periods of mental aberration, and the unexpected encounter at the Baptist Committee Room, with those who had been hostile to him and to that denomination, produced a temporary return of his old malady. Mr. Beaudin was found at the end of a week, and

though still suffering from melancholy, returned home to Roxton. On his arrival his friends met him, expressing their satisfaction at his safe return. "Is that true? I thought I had not a friend in the world!" he said. He decided after this trouble that for the future he would not definitely associate himself with any particular sect or mission. He wished to build a church to be called an Evangelistic Church, and having obtained recommendations from Mr. Miner and other local men of repute, went on a journey to the States, to collect money for that purpose. It is with grief and regret for my old friend that I record his mysterious fate. After collecting a considerable sum of money, which he deposited with a friend in New England, he almost immediately disappeared, and has never since been heard from. Whether living or gone to his eternal home, is a matter of which his many friends have to this day no certain knowledge. It is more than probable that he has long since laid down the burden of life at the gates of the Heavenly City. I knew Mr. Beaudin intimately; he was a devoted, self-sacrificing Christian man, ever ready and anxious to do everything in his power to further the cause of Christianity. I am convinced that his labors were the means of accomplishing great good, and that many are now in heaven through his instrumentality.

After Mr. Beaudin's departure, I again returned to my trade, but still retained two preaching appointments, and the Lord approved and blessed my efforts by turning many from darkness to light.

There is a great tendency among those newly con-

verted from Catholicism, to rush to the opposite extreme. Having broken the shackles of priestly bondage, the sense of freedom is almost intoxicating, and they often become impatient of restraint or guidance, fancying they are capable of being a law unto themselves. Children of but a larger growth, they must be fed with the milk of the Word—watched and tended with patience, wisdom and love.

The principles of the Methodist Church are well adapted to the requirements of our converts; the doctrine of sanctification especially was of great assistance to me. It seems incredible to me now that I could ever have believed that a fallible human being could have power to absolve me from sin. I can now rejoice in the knowledge that no third person stands between my Saviour and me; He is our High Priest; and the propitiation for our sins. It is our privilege to walk with God as did Enoch in the days of old. If, then, God Himself is willing to forgive our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness, why should we resort to a priest for absolution?

A few cases might serve to illustrate how great is the gulf between God's way of salvation, as set forth in the Bible, and this depraved system of human invention. An individual, while on his way to confession, dies suddenly unabsolved; or he fails to find the priest, after repeated visits, and dies without confession; he is, of course, condemned to perdition, the duration of his punishment depending upon his wealth or the generosity of his friends. And, by the way, we Protestants gather from the Bible that riches are a

decided stumbling-block in the pathway to heaven ; but with the papist it is the reverse—money paves his way to the glories of the hereafter, since it is upon the amount of lucre forthcoming that the number of masses depend which free the soul from purgatory. Again, a poor old man goes to the priest for confession ; his tithe, a bushel of wheat and two bushels of oats, is unpaid. The priest refuses to listen until the debt is discharged. In vain the old man pleads his poverty, his large family, his inability to pay. He is old and may die with his sins upon him, but the priest is inexorable, and drives him from his door, wretched and despairing. Yet God offers free salvation, “without money and without price.” God says: “Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.” Yes, it is money which lubricates all the wheels and springs of that gigantic machine, the Romish Church.

When I was learning my catechism, preparatory to first communion, another small boy came to the house for the same purpose. When the boy entered, the priest said to him: “Your father has not paid his tithe, go home! I will have nothing to do with you;” emphasizing the command with a blow on the head which knocked the poor little fellow down and sent him away crying.

In the vicinity of my home, at this time, 1855, we very seldom saw or heard a Methodist minister, the nearest station being at Granby, about eight miles distant. Methodist services were, however, conducted about once a month by the Rev. Rufus Flanders, at Ball’s Corner, a few miles from Roxton.

When I first learned that a Methodist clergyman was to preach at Ball's Corner, I awaited the day with great longing, and when the time arrived I was on the watch for the preacher. I was not only desirous of hearing him preach, but was anxious to become acquainted with him; for, though I had been converted in the Methodist Church, my association with Methodists had been limited. I finally saw Mr. Flanders coming on horseback, and running to him, I made myself known, and as my mother was staying with me then, I invited him to our house. He called and prayed with the family, after which we proceeded together to his appointment. It was a great treat for me to hear so able and godly a man as Mr. Flanders. He continued to preach at Ball's Corner for some time, and his labors there subsequently led to a great revival. Mr. Flanders appointed me a class-leader at Ball's Corner, which I accepted with great reluctance, especially as the members of the class were English people, and my knowledge of that language was limited.

However, the work at this place prospered, and the membership of the church was considerably increased. I invited these English people to attend our French meetings at Roxton, which many of them did, and our work everywhere seemed to flourish.

Hitherto I had been laboring simply as an evangelist, or lay-preacher, amongst the French-Canadians; but in 1856 Mr. Flanders asked me if I felt disposed to enter the Methodist ministry, and continue the French work under the direction of the Conference. I told him that since my conversion I had felt a call to do work

of that character, and related how I had left the States with that intention. He left me with a promise to do what he could to bring about the object he had suggested.

One day, while away from home, a message was left for me to go and see a man named Ball, a distant neighbor—a Universalist—who was ill. I had, not long before this, discussed religious matters with Mr. Ball, but did not seem to have made any impression upon him, and I was in doubt whether this might not be a trap of the Catholics to involve me in some difficulty. I went, however, and was glad to learn that my fears were groundless. Mr. Ball was really ill, and had sent for me to go and pray with him. He acknowledged that his Universalist religion failed to give him consolation and a sense of security at this time of greatest need. I did my utmost to dispel the clouds, and show him the Saviour in His true character. He was grateful, and seemed comforted. Soon after he was baptized by Mr. Flanders, and at the mention of the Trinity he responded "Amen." He died a true Christian, in certain hope of a glad resurrection.

Mr. Flanders again approached me on the subject of entering the Methodist ministry, inviting me to go to Granby to meet several Methodist ministers of the District, in company with Bro. Charbonnell, who was also engaged in French mission work. The Rev. John Tomkins, one of the most venerated pioneers of Eastern Townships' Methodism, was at that time Chairman of the District. He inquired if I

was willing to give my life to the work of God by joining the ranks of the Methodist ministry. Feeling keenly my educational deficiencies, I replied that I could not give him a definite answer without more thought and prayer. He told me to think it over, and when I should come to a conclusion on the matter, to write him.

I felt that, under God, I owed my salvation to the Methodist Church ; I was convinced that it possessed superior adaptability to the French evangelistic work ; it was of my capacity, only, that I was doubtful. But after a time I was led to see that God was calling me to the work, and that casting aside all questions of self, it was my duty to obey. I accordingly wrote Mr. Tomkins that if the Church would accept me, I was at its disposal.

After my decision was made, a missionary who had been for some time engaged in the French work, and whom I supposed I thoroughly knew, surprised and shocked me by telling me I was a fool to enter the ministry. He said : " I have been connected with this work for some years, and find no pleasure in it ; nothing but vexation and trouble ; I am heartily tired of it." I replied that I thought if a man were happy in God's love, he would be happy in His work ; and the nearer we live to Christ, the more thankful we are to work for Him, even if we do sometimes meet with trouble and reverses. The poor man proved in his after career that he was sadly unfit for the work of saving souls.

I attended the District Meeting at Clarenceville in May, 1856. After a brief examination I was, by a unanimous vote, recommended to the Conference, the result being that I was taken upon the usual four years' probation. I entered upon my work at Roxton Pond, where I organized a class of twenty members. This was the first Methodist class-meeting established among French-Canadians in the Province of Quebec. Being a novelty, it did not at first meet with general approbation; but as an encouragement and assistance in the Christian life, its usefulness was ultimately recognized as beyond all question.

After my reception in the Conference I resided in Roxton, where I labored for five months, the Lord blessing my work. I moved from there to Farnham, where I rented a small house having only two rooms. I began my work here by visiting from house to house. In my visits I found the Roman Catholics very bitter against me, owing to the fact that I had strayed from what in their ignorance they called the "true Church."

They did everything they could to drive me out of the place. I at first held meetings in the church, and many of the Catholics came to hear me; but the priest, hearing of it, told them they must not go, but must drive me from the place. A few nights after this command was issued from the altar of Rome fifteen or twenty men came to my house, and, using a piece of timber for a battering-ram, broke my door to pieces. I jumped out of bed, but could not identify any of them; but if they thought thus to frighten me away they counted without their host, for I had come to

stay, and by God's help meant to shake the foundations of Rome's altars in that place. At one time I was away on a missionary tour; my wife and children were alone in the house; it was in the month of January, and one of those cold nights that are common in the Province of Quebec. About twelve o'clock at night, a gang of Rome's faithful ones broke the windows in the house, and with threats almost frightened my wife to death. My family passed that night with the wind whistling through the house, and were nearly frozen.

My wife, who was constitutionally delicate, never got over the effects of it; she died a short time after. Thus does this monster, wrapped in the mantle of religion, make war on defenceless women and children.

During my troubles I was much encouraged by the sympathy of fellow-Christians—not only those of our own denomination, but also others; the members of the English Church were very kind to us. The Lord blessed our labors in the conversion of souls.

I was again removed by the Conference of 1858, this time to St. Armand, where we found the same spirit of persecution.

The priest, failing to frighten me away, next tried to ruin my character by accusing me of bigamy, declaring one of my wives to be living in Farnham, and the other with me. Farnham was about twenty-one miles distant from St. Armand, and I brought such convincing evidence that they lied, that they publicly confessed it was a story without foundation. This attempt to defame my character resulted in good for

the cause of God. While preaching one evening, a woman who ran away from her house because I entered, came up and made herself known to me; she became a good Christian and was the means of doing much good.

This attempt at blackmail on the part of Rome was the means of opening up my way for good work.

I now took advantage of the tide that for the time seemed to be in my favor, and carried on my work with renewed vigor, visiting from house to house, and reading the Bible to the people. The priest lived six miles away, and therefore his influence was not so direct. After visiting the families in the neighborhood, I appointed a meeting, and it was well attended. I was glad to see the English people at the meeting, their presence encouraged me in my work.

After establishing regular services at this place, I went to the village of Bedford, and there by appointment I had a good meeting. I was now to have another evidence of the hatred of the holy-water men. An Irishman came to my house, and I noticed he was under the influence of liquor; he had a long knife, and I saw he meant mischief. His first question was right to the point. Said he, "Are you a Catholic?" I answered by saying, "Yes, sir, one of the best kind." This answer seemed to surprise him; extending his hand, he thus accosted me, "Shure, thin, you're a man afther me own heart." He pulled a bottle out of his pocket, filled with his much-loved potion, and asked me to drink. I told him I did not use liquor. "Bedad, thin, yer honor, shure ye miss a lot of fun." I thus got rid of a troublesome customer.

A very intelligent Roman Catholic came to the parsonage to have me read the Bible; he became deeply interested in it. One day he asked me if I had any tracts—if I had, he would distribute them among his people. I gave him some, and they were the means of doing much good.

I had now regular services at St. Armand, Dunham and Bedford, and prayer-meetings twice a week. At one of our prayer-meetings the blessing of God rested on our labors—there were nine converted and left the Church of Rome; this repaid me for all my trouble and persecution. The influence of this meeting was felt among the English as well as the French population.

In the year 1859 I was called to pass through one of the greatest troubles I had yet experienced. My wife, who had never fully recovered from her fright and exposure when our house was broken into, was now called away, and I was left with four motherless children. She who had been the partner of my joys and sorrows, who had stood side by side with me in the battle against wrong, and in many an hour of despair had cheered me with her Christian sympathy and childlike faith, was now no more.

There are times when it is hard to say, "Thy will be done;" but through the grace of God I was enabled to do it, and know that my loss was her gain.

Her funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. R. A. Flanders, who paid a high tribute to her worth as a Christian.

The following Sunday I preached to a large congre-

gation, and the Lord blessed my efforts; under the influences that surrounded my wife's death the Word was very powerful. After this sermon I asked all those who wished to be prayed for, and desired to lead a new life, to stand up, and all, with two exceptions, rose to their feet.

I continued the meeting for two weeks, and as the result we had thirty-six conversions, eighteen English and eighteen French-Canadians. I immediately organized two classes, the minister of the English leading one and I the other; and what grand times of refreshing we had! In this place there lived a man who was a drunkard and bully; he got into a fight with another man and broke two of his ribs. I visited the man when he was sick, and had some serious conversation with him which eventually resulted in his conversion. The report got out that in my preaching I had said disrespectful things about the Virgin Mary; this bully said he would thrash me for it. At our next meeting he was there with the intention to whip me, but in preaching I spoke as any Bible student would about the mother of Jesus, and he was much surprised. The result of it was that those two pugilistic characters were converted to God and became lambs of the fold. Their wives, seeing the change, also became Christians and wielded a powerful influence for good among their neighbors.

One day a man under the influence of liquor came and lay down under my shed and began crowing like a rooster, saying that when Peter denied his Lord the cock crew, and he was crowing because I was like

Peter. I have every reason to believe that this same man set fire to my barn, for in about two hours after it was in flames, and I lost everything that was in it.

We were nobly aided by our friends in this loss ; the people turned out and helped me to rebuild, and Dr. Bradley gave me all the hay I needed for the winter. This incident gave a new impetus to the work, the Roman Catholics saying the missionary must be a good man or the people would not help him as they did. How true it is that our extremity is God's opportunity ! At one of our meetings a young Englishman, who was a leader in all that was wicked, was so moved by the Holy Spirit that he stood up and asked if there was salvation for him. I asked him if he was a sinner ; if he felt he needed a Saviour. He said, "Yes." "Then," said I, "you are just the man Christ is looking for." This man was soundly converted. His mother was opposed to my coming to the place for fear I would disturb her peace and stir up the Catholics ; but after her son's conversion she publicly testified her joy at my coming.

While preaching at Bedford, one of the resident ministers came and said I must change my hour of service, as it conflicted with his. I said to him, "It is impossible for me to do this, and, as my mission is to the French people I do not see how it can affect you." "Well," said he, "if you do not comply with my wishes I will send the Irish Catholics to chase you out of the place." I answered him by saying that if he did I would pray that the Lord might convert both them and him ; and that was the last I heard of it.

In the year 1860 I again married, the partner of my choice being Miss Maria Stewart, of St. Armand West.

During the latter part of the year 1866 I moved to Roxton, my ancient field of labor. I had visited the above-mentioned place during the year with much success, often stopping with a Roman Catholic family. After my arrival the same family often invited me to their house, but being afraid of their neighbors, they asked me if I would be kind enough to come at night. I said I would, so I went every night that it was possible for me to do so, staying from nine p.m. to three a.m. Finally they both got converted to God, and were made very happy in their Saviour. As soon as that blessed event took place they came to meeting.

The next Monday morning his father and mother came from Granby to see them, and the day after the mother asked for holy water. The son's reply to this question was, "There is a bottle in the house, the contents of which superstition and ignorance may call holy, but I cannot accept it as such; I emptied it some time ago." The zeal of this daughter of Rome for her creed, and her interest in the welfare of her son, eventually gave her possession of the bottle in which the holy water was kept. There being a little left in the bottle, the mother poured it on her son's head, while a smile of fancied triumph wreathed her countenance as she asked, "Don't you feel better, my son?" The answer came like a winter wind, chilling the hopes of the mother: "No, I feel worse; that water makes me cold and wet."

The mother, finding the water a failure, thought she

would try what doctors call heroic treatment, and bring him to the priest. The son, in obedience to his mother's request, went with her to the holy father. (I confess I have not seen much holiness about these fathers unless in their stockings, having no wife to darn them.)

In the meantime I had been watching for their return to Granby. Late in the afternoon I was surprised to see Bro. Senical with his wife and family, also his father and brother. Coming as they did from the direction in which the priest lived, and having no knowledge of what passed between him and his mother, I was very anxious about him; but as subsequent events proved, I had no cause for anxiety. He was fixed on the Rock that Rome's bulls and anathemas have failed to move.

On arriving at the priest's the mother introduced him by saying, "Here is our lost son; Parent has ruined him. Can you restore him to the arms of the Church again?" The priest then began to catechize Brother Senical. The Bible became Brother Senical's weapon. The holy father could only defend himself by saying, "Your Bible is a Protestant book." "This book," said Brother Senical, "is for the world, and if any part of this Bible is not good will you show it to me?" The priest then said, "Give me your Bible and I will give you a good one. I have not got a Bible just now, but will get one to-morrow." Brother Senical told him not to forget it, for having once realized the power of God's Word he would not be without it.

Brother Senical had fought the battle with Rome, and neither her smiles nor her frowns had conquered.

He had boldly entered her portals and successfully resisted the arguments of her priesthood and the influence of a mother whose maternal feelings were governed by papal influence. He could exclaim, "I am more than conqueror."

This victory gave greater impetus to the cause of Christ. The family being a prominent one, those who once opposed the Gospel, when they saw this family embracing the religion of the Bible, reasoned thus: It must be good or they would not accept it. They thus became a lamp lighted in the gloom of superstition which by the brightness of its light illumined the minds of many other children of Rome. The work of God now began to prosper. The next neighbor to Brother Senical was suddenly convinced of the fact that something more than mere form and priestly absolution was necessary to get the peace that passeth all understanding.

Moral courage is one of the grandest characteristics of man. This man was conscious of the errors of Rome, and also conscious of the severity of the ordeal through which he had to pass—a struggle in which a multitude of forces were opposing him: his parents were ignorant and superstitious; his wife, who should have been an helpmate for him, was, as all Roman wives are, the tool of the priest. When he could go to meeting without it being known by any of the family, he went. But at last his wife found it out; then began her persecution. The combined forces of priest and wife drove him to seek forgetfulness in the wine-cup. One evening the presence of God was powerfully demonstrated

in the meeting, and the heart of this man yielded. He went home, and his wife thought he was sick; but it was the sickness of the soul which only Christ can heal, and he at last was healed. Yes, He who touched the blind eye in the days of His flesh touched the spiritual vision of this man blinded by Rome, and into his soul poured the everlasting beauty of our Father's love.

He learned to read, and began to read to his wife. She ordered him to stop; he then knelt down to pray, and she tried to drown his voice by various means; in fact, did everything to try him. He would reason with her, but all to no purpose. At last he came to me for advice. I advised him to take the matter to God in prayer and ask for grace to bear up under the burden, that he might, by an example of Christian fortitude and patience, win her to Christ. For a long time it seemed as if his prayer would not be answered, but as a reward of faith the answer came.

We were agreeably surprised one evening to receive an invitation from this woman to take tea. On our arrival at the house I asked the husband what had happened. He informed me there was a change in her conduct, she had been in good humor all week. And this was the last of her opposition to her husband's religion. She shortly after became a child of God, joined the class, and was until her death a living epistle of Christ's power to save. She died a short time after, leaving as a legacy to her husband and children the memory of a life of Christian love which, though short, was replete with earnest devotion.

About this time a poor but intelligent family, whose home was about thirty-six miles west of Montreal, moved to Roxton. A short time after they came I visited the family; at first they seemed afraid of me, and it was some time before I gained their confidence. After a few visits I noticed the father came to our meetings. In one of our meetings I prayed for our enemies; this man noticed it, and he thus reasoned with himself: If these people by the power of their religion can forgive their enemies, I want to have that same power. How true that "God moves in a mysterious way!"

We appointed a meeting a short distance from his house. Bisson came to the meeting, and I saw he was under deep conviction. Finally he came right out from under the power of Rome, and forsaking her priests and her unintelligible masses, paid homage only at the altar of the cross and to our great High Priest, even Christ Jesus.

This man often told me afterwards that he hesitated a long time about coming to Roxton; there were so many French Protestants there, and he was very much afraid he would lose his religion. But he would always conclude by saying, while a halo of joy would wreath his brow: "Brother Parent, it was a glorious loss, for this loss was my gain; it was only losing the shadow and gaining the substance."

Our Baptist friends having heard of the success of our work, thought they would like to receive some of the fruit, and immediately began to persuade the people that it was necessary to go under water. But

they failed in their attempts, most of the converts remaining true to God and Methodism.

I think this year was one of the most successful years of my ministry; the Lord blessed my labors in the conversion of souls.

I took up an appointment at a place called St. Pie. It is astonishing the number of saints we have in this Province, but the saints of Rome do not influence the morals of the people. At this place my work was signally owned of the Master; many came out from under the cloak of Rome and the dim light of her altar's candles, and standing surrounded by the radiance of the lamps of the Gospel, and breathing the gentle zephyrs of our Saviour's love, felt new life and peace within their soul; while from their lips there came a song of joy and victory:

“Jesus, the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky;  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.”

In one of our meetings at this place a very promising young man was freed from the shackles of superstition. But lynx-eyed Rome saw she would lose a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, and made the most strenuous efforts to save him for herself. Coaxing, threatening, and all the usual means resorted to by Jesuitism, were tried; but all failed, and the young man rested not until he had perfect peace.

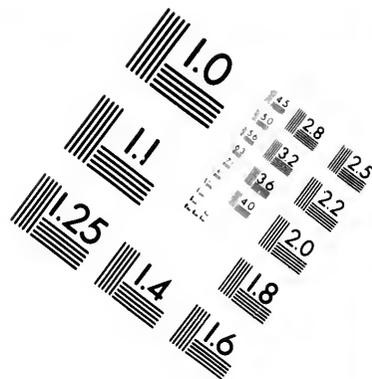
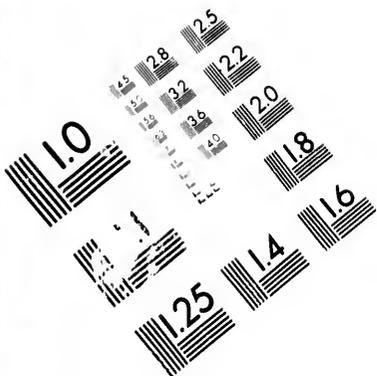
There are many Protestants in our beloved Dominion who are inclined to think that Rome is emerging out

of her primitive form, and that the spirit of intolerance of the fifteenth century is gradually fading away. In order to prove that we are not to accept the seeming friendship of Rome as genuine, I will relate another incident illustrative of her spirit.

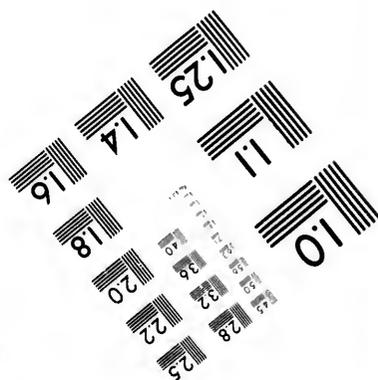
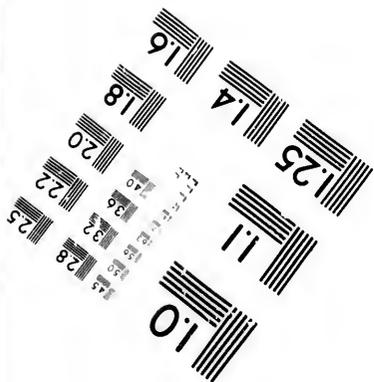
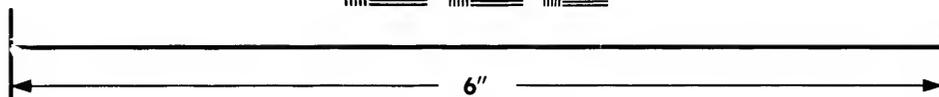
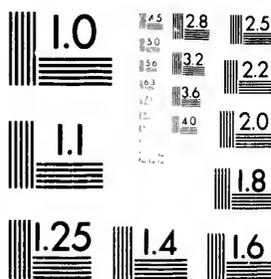
In the city of Quebec a young man about twenty years of age, whose parents were Catholics, by some means became possessor of a Bible. Reading and studying the Word of God, he became a changed man. His former associates missed him in their usual haunts, they missed him at mass, and noticed he was very remiss in his religious duties. His father at length asked him what was the matter. His answer was that he had been reading the Bible, and its teaching pointed him to the Lamb of God, and not to the priests of Rome.

What was the result of the son's action? The father went to see the priest. Some time after this visit to the holy father the father and son were talking; the old man picked up a block of wood, with which he struck the son and felled him to the floor. Some men who were passing at the time heard the noise and ran in and picked up the wounded boy. After the son came to himself he left home, and is now living in the United States.

Driven from home by a father's hate, that hatred fanned to such a flame by the priests of Rome that it scorched and burned a parent's love, and nearly made a father the murderer of his own offspring; and this in our own country, under the light of the nineteenth century! Go tell to those who have not seen the scars

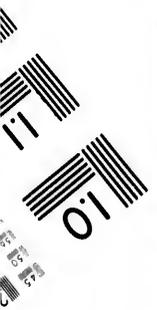
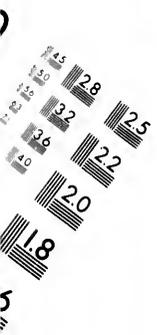


**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503



of a Roman lash, or witnessed the struggles of her captives to free themselves, that she is changed. But to me she is the same until her convent dungeons are open to the world and her confessional shut up forever by the power of the gospel.

Just about this time I thought I would be honored with the martyr's crown. I was driving homewards, and the day being extremely warm I was very thirsty. Stopping at a farmhouse near the road, occupied by a Roman Catholic family, I asked the woman if she would give me a drink. She graciously granted my request. I drank the water, thanked her, and drove on. I had scarcely driven half a mile when I was taken very ill. When I reached home I went to bed and kept growing worse. The Rev. John Davis came to see me, and thought I was poisoned. He gave me a strong emetic, and I got relief. I had all the symptoms of poisoning, and unless it was in the cup of water I do not know where I got it. But the Lord frustrated the evil designs of Rome, and made me, one of His most humble ones, the instrument of leading many out from darkness into light.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

I RECEIVED a very pressing invitation from a Catholic family to visit them. Considering it a door opened by the Lord, I accepted the invitation, and spent a very pleasant time with them. I noticed they were anxious to know something about religion, and I made

it a point to teach the gospel in my conversation. I visited this family very often after this, until the priest, hearing it, prepared to give me a rough reception. There was a bully in the place who was a tool for the priest, and he met me at the house of this family.

You can imagine my surprise to meet my pugilistic friend there. I paid no attention to him, but took out my Bible and began to read and expound as usual. Finally, he interrupted me by asking if that was a good book I was reading. I answered by asking if he ever heard of a bad Bible. "Yes," he said, "the Protestant Bible is bad." "Now," said I to him, "here is a Catholic and Protestant Bible, and I want you to show me the difference between them." "No," said he, "I am not prepared to do it to-night." "Well, sir, I am prepared to tell you that you know nothing about it; the priest told you, and you have to believe it. Now, sir, if you were an ignorant man who could not read, there might be some excuse for you, but you know better. You came here to-night for the purpose of retarding the progress of the good work going on; the priest sent you; but let me tell you that neither you nor your priest can stop this work, because the Lord Jesus Christ is in it, and not some Papal Nuncio."

I now began to get a little vexed at the opposition of the priest and his tools, and I told this man just what I thought about a man who would allow his wife to lock him in the cellar, for I had heard she did so. He started on the double quick for the door and never troubled me again. I saw the same man a few

years after and found him in very poor circumstances. I told him frankly that if he did not repent of his sins he would be lost. I left him then, hoping the Lord would change his heart and that the tool of the priest would become an earnest soldier of the Captain of our salvation. Time after time I have met with just such characters in the service of a Church whose characteristic is the gloom of useless symbolism.

I had been preaching in Shefford for some time, and the people seemed to be interested in the work. The priest as usual gave strong opposition; he persuaded the people that the Church of Rome was the only true Church, and that all outside the pale of her influence would be lost. I immediately announced that I would prove from the Bible that the Church of Rome was not the Church of God, and that whatever her primitive history was, to-day she was a mass of corruption.

This announcement filled the house, and there were many intelligent men in the congregation. I asked the Lord to help me, and He did. We had a splendid meeting; the Word seemed to have convincing power. At the close of the meeting one man stood up and acknowledged the truth of what had been said, declaring himself to be no more a Roman Catholic. The action of this individual caused a wonderful sensation; it was like a thunder-clap in the room. Another victory for Christ! I felt like singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

This meeting was not to be closed without a slight manifestation of Rome's hatred to Protestantism.

When we were ready to go home we found the door locked on us, and we had to break the door to get out. The man who locked the door afterwards fell off the wall of a new Catholic church, and was injured so badly that he died from the effects of the fall. But the Lord made this opposition an instrument for good, and Shefford was richly blessed.

The general impression among our Protestant people is that the deluded followers of Rome are all perfectly satisfied. This, however, is not the case; there are many who are conscious that all is not right.

As proof of this statement let me relate a conversation I had with a man who did not know who I was. I was in the habit of driving into the country and visiting the homes; in one of those homes the following conversation took place:—

“Do you not think your religion costs you a lot of money—is it not rather expensive?” “Yes, sir, it is all money; the rich have a better chance of getting to heaven than the poor. If a poor man dies the priest can do nothing for him, he is buried without any ceremony. No mass is said for the repose of his soul; he has to take his chances in the future, and according to Romish doctrine those chances are very poor unless the poor widow can pay for masses for his soul.

“When the rich man dies the bell tolls for hours, and when the corpse enters the church they place it on a splendidly decorated dais or elevated stand. Candles of varied hues are placed around the body; the priest, his attendants, and the church are decked in their most costly apparel, while the soul goes right to

heaven amid the smoke of Rome's incense. One hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars will give you swift passage to glory, if Rome is true." There are many of Rome's children who are conscious of her inconsistency but are afraid to make public their sentiments.

It is a law in the Church of Rome, that if an individual commits suicide, or dies from the effects of liquor, he cannot be buried in consecrated ground. To show how Rome can accommodate her canons to circumstances where she can replenish her coffers by so doing, let me relate the following incident:—

A young man, the son of wealthy parents, who was attending the Medical College and had just completed his course, received his diploma, and came home preparatory to beginning his practice. He had not been long at home before it was noticed that the ginshop was his most regular resort. He was, in fact, a confirmed drunkard. Here was a sudden blow to parental pride—the idolized son a common drunkard! At last—thinking, perhaps, that if he were removed from the influences surrounding him he would reform—he was sent to Albany, and money furnished to establish his practice. But all was useless. The father eventually had to bring him home, and in a fit of temporary insanity, caused by liquor, he committed suicide.

Now, here is Rome's inconsistency; she buried him in consecrated ground. The father's money was the *open sesame* to the doors bolted by papal laws.

A farmer, who was wealthy, became sick and died.

Before he died he requested to be buried upon his own farm. After his death the family remembered his request, but did not know what it meant. They went to the priest about it, and he said, "Perhaps he thought the ground in the cemetery too wet; we will bury him under the church—it is built on high land." But they had to pay one hundred dollars for the grave and fifty dollars for the mass. If this were the end of this incident it would not startle us very much, but the family stipulated with the priest that the body should not be covered for some time. They had a brother away from home, and they wanted him to see his father. The priest agreed to the proposition. In the spring, when the brother came home, they went to see the priest, but he informed them that he intended putting a new floor in the church, and when the old one was taken up he would send for them. On the next Sabbath, after mass, they asked the priest if they could now see their father. "Oh," said this truthful father, "I forgot all about it, and the floor is now put down solid."

A short time after, it was learned that the priest had sold the corpse to a doctor for a large sum of money. The boys wanted to prosecute the priest, but the deluded mother told them it would be an unpardonable sin. This devil with the sacerdotal robes pleaded as an excuse that it was for the benefit of the Holy Church.

I am not surprised that many of our Protestant people find it hard to believe that, under the garb of religion, such atrocities can be committed. Could we

but roll back the gates and let the light of day flash on the inner gloom of Romanism, such a channel-house of iniquity would meet the gaze of the curious witness as would make him turn from the scene with a shudder of horror.

And yet within her cloister walls are the daughters of Protestant parents breathing an air poisoned with the emanations of Rome's dark deeds. If I had a voice that would belt the world with its power I would send its reverberations sweeping across the oceans until its vibrations would touch every mother's heart with its power, and each tremulous note would say, "Save your daughters from Roman convents if you would save their virtue and their innocence." None but those who have been liberated from the power of a corrupt priesthood know the depths of her degradation.

---

### CHAPTER XIII.

AT about the age of fourteen I went to confession, and the priest's questions during that ordeal were of such a nature as to make virtue blush and drive innocence forever away from the character of budding man or womanhood; and those who enter the confessional, children, come out with the first seeds of evil planted in their nature.

The confessional is Rome's greatest power. Even the sanctity of home and family life is made subservient to the tyranny of the confessional, like the coils of the serpent as they gradually wound themselves

around Neptune's priest, crushing the life and power from his being until Laocoon lay a helpless victim in its folds. So the coils of the confessional are wound around the family circle until it becomes a helpless victim in the power of a gigantic religious swindle, whose aim is to hoodwink the devotees who in vain seek peace at the shrine of her numerous canonized saints.

All this time the work of God was going on, and many Roman Catholics were converted to God and went on their way rejoicing in a free salvation.

This was a comparatively new part of the country, and the people as a rule were poor. One of those who were struggling with poverty felt it his duty to pay the preacher something, and he signed two dollars and also bought a hymn-book. This man paid his subscription and also provided for his family that year, notwithstanding the anathema of the priest; his example was productive of much good. Many followed his example and religion prospered. He was one of the most devoted men, and his wife and family were useful members in the Church. Thus the Lord led us on, and when the storm seemed greatest and the gloom blackest, there suddenly came a calm and the darkness was illumined by the fulfilment of promises such as "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

The year 1869 was one of deep affliction. Hitherto our stay was unclouded and the sun of prosperity seemed to shine on our pathway, but now clouds were gathering on the horizon and the storm was about to break. The first intimation I had of the gathering

storm was the return of my eldest son from college; he was taken sick with fever and kept getting worse.

About the same time another of our family took small-pox, and, after lingering a short time, died. My son was also taken about the same time, and as if our cup of sorrow were not already full enough, I was also stricken with typhoid fever, and our house became a hospital. Surely it was a midnight of sorrow, and to make the storm still more severe, the neighbors were afraid to visit or help us. My wife was worn out with watching, but God sent us a kind friend in Mrs (Rev.) Engalls, whose practical sympathy wonderfully sustained and helped us.

The loss of my children and late wife seemed to be a burden of unbearable magnitude, but He who has said, "Cast your burdens," gave me strength for the burden and heat of the day; and, gazing on the new-made graves and vacant places by our fireside, I could exclaim: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Our Protestant friends sympathized with us in our deep affliction, but the Roman Catholics looked upon it as a judgment on us for leading so many away from the Church of Rome. But, praise God, the storm passed away, and the sky became bright as we caught glimpses of the bright and Morning Star. Looking earthward we saw but the graves of loved ones and the tear of sorrow; but looking through the rifting clouds, and piercing by the eye of faith the gates of the city supernal, we saw the beckoning hand of our Father calling us to work for heaven and home.

Blessed be God! we were enabled to carry on the work, and many precious souls were saved and became champions in the cause of Christ. We toiled on in glad expectancy of the "Well done" of our Father. And now I am to bid farewell to Quebec and her numerous saints, and leave the work that is dear to my heart for other scenes, that I may begin the battle with the enemy of patriotism and virtue under new and different influences.

---

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE Conference of 1870, which held its session in the picturesque city of Hamilton, appointed me to the Lake Huron District, that I might learn if a missionary in that region would not be a benefit to the cause of Christ. In obedience to the call of the Church I went. I had a brother living there at a place called the Ben. I spent a few days among the French Protestants there. On my way to this place, in the village of Bayfield, being curious to know the history of this people, and meeting with a man who was a Catholic, I questioned him as to their character. I rode with him, and on the way there I spoke to him about religion; he seemed to be a sincere Catholic. Among other things, I asked him if he knew those French Protestants. Not knowing my profession, and being French, he took me for a Catholic, and therefore spoke without restraint. He said they were the most consistent people he had ever met. Having known a few of them previous to their separation from Rome, I made special enquiry

concerning them, and found they were all sound in the faith and leading exemplary lives. I asked particularly concerning my brother, whom I had not seen for a long time; his answer was, "He is one of the best men there." I then told him he was a brother of mine, and I felt like praising God for a religion that makes bad men good, and not only makes them good, but keeps them good. This young man at length asked me what my occupation was. I told him I was a Methodist preacher. "What," said he, "you are not a Catholic?" "Oh, yes," said I, "but not a Roman Catholic." After an explanation as to the meaning of the term catholic, we parted, and I trust the seed I feebly tried to plant in his darkened mind may take deep root, watered by the Holy Spirit.

As I preached to this people we had many times of refreshing, and my own soul was wondrously blessed with the knowledge that, though in a strange country, the Master was with me, owning and blessing His work. I returned to Hamilton, and the Conference sent Bro. Joseph Dorion from Quebec to take up the work, under whose efficient labors it prospered.

In the Province of Ontario papal influence is not so strong, hence it is a land of Bibles. How different from poor papal-blinded Quebec. Forty-five years ago in this Province you could hardly find fifty Bibles; but, blessed be God, the light is growing brighter, and if Protestants do their duty, Rome's triumphs will soon cease, and Christ shall reign supreme.

There is not a more solemn hour during the session of a Methodist Conference than its closing. Here are

a lot of men who, after a year of earnest toil, sometimes in the backwoods of our country struggling through swamps, or toiling up mountains, weary with work, and receiving but the wages in many instances of a day laborer—many of them men who would take the foremost positions in any other avocation.

At the close of Conference, the Methodist ministry stand waiting the final reading of the stations; they have labored three years on their former circuit, have made many friends, and perhaps in the village graveyard there is a tiny mound indicative of the fact that "the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away." As each man's name is announced, how anxiously they listen for their destination, perhaps it is hundreds of miles from their last field of labor. Then farewells must be spoken, old and tried friends parted with, and new ones made, and yet, amid these scenes of sadness, the servant of God will sing,

"O happy day, O happy day."

At the close of the Conference of 1870, you may imagine my surprise, dear reader, when I was informed that my next labor would be among the Indians of Oka. I knew nothing of the Indian language, nothing of their habits, only what I had learned by repute. And that knowledge was not much in their favour; but being a Methodist missionary my duty was to obey the commands of our Captain. Hence, I immediately began my preparations. And, by the way, that is one advantage a missionary has: it does not cost him much for freight, his possessions are comparatively meagre in quantity.

It was some time before I had the courage to inform my wife of our future home; and as I looked upon my wife and little ones, who, though accustomed to the privations incident to a missionary's life, were strangers to savage nature, it seemed as if I could hardly grasp the fact that we were to bid farewell to a people whose faith, though antagonistic to our own, were at least of the same color and nation, and whose language we could understand.

Duty being the watchword of a Methodist missionary, the sacrifice had to be made, and we prepared to pitch our tent among the wigwams of the dusky sons of the forest, once the proud proprietors of our beloved land.

At length the day of my departure for the beautiful Lake of Two Mountains came. I took the train for Montreal, arriving there on Friday. Not knowing what means of transport were necessary to take me there, I visited a very dear and valued friend whom I had met at a missionary meeting at which Dr. Punshon presided. Being fortunate enough to find him at home, I told him I was going to Oka, and I wanted information as to how I should get there. This friend, though a layman, was thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit, and, having frequently visited Oka and its inhabitants, gave me ample information concerning my future arrangements. I shall never forget the hospitality of this friend and his estimable wife, so zealous were they in looking after our comfort. They were, indeed, brother and sister to the missionary and his family.

After a hasty goodbye to my friends, I took train to Lachine, thence by boat to Oka. After a pleasant trip on the lake I caught a glimpse of what, in the future, proved to be a home pregnant with hardships; but, blessed be God, it was but the price of victory.

There is always a feeling of loneliness connected with a missionary's first view of his new home, but in the majority of cases this feeling is counteracted by the hearty grasp of the hand as our new friends bid us welcome.

My reception on arriving at our destination was such as to damp the ardor of the most enthusiastic philanthropist, unless his philanthropy emanated from some source not found in depraved human nature. It was by the grace of God alone that I was enabled to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done."

The boat was at last made fast to the wharf, and I at length stood on the threshold of an experience compared with which all our former labors were but child's play. Here were no pleasant greetings; no fervent "God bless you, brother;" no sister to cheer the wife of the missionary in this the hour of her trial; but, instead, a number of Indians, who gathered around us and with fixed gaze seemed to say: "What business have you here?"

After some time I met with one who spoke French, and he volunteered to show me where Chief Joseph lived. I went with him. Arriving at his dwelling we were informed by his wife that he would not be home till evening. As I walked through the village and saw the indications of Indian indolence and

priestly superstition ; dilapidated, dirty-looking homes, and their inmates in keeping with the place, the full realization came on me that my wife and family would have no companions but these, and that we were not only to teach them of Christ, but also teach them cleanliness and decency. "Father, if it be Thy will, let this cup pass from Me," came to my lips.

At last Chief Joseph came home. He was a fine, intelligent-looking Indian, and seemed to be born a leader.

The great question was, where should I live. The chief and I started out to look for a house, there were none vacant. The only vacant place was a house belonging to Chief John's mother ; I got two rooms of that, the other part being occupied by two dusky families. It was the only place vacant, so we had to accept the inevitable, remembering that He whose cause we had espoused had not where to lay His head. The next day was Sunday ; we began our meeting about 10.30 a.m. I think there were about one hundred and fifty in the congregation ; they were very attentive and seemed to enjoy the service. The dusky mothers with their papooses strapped on a board,—and, by the way, those Indian babies are an example to our more civilized youth, they never disturb the congregation,—the mother will hang the board up on a peg as we would our hat, and there they stay, monuments of Indian stoicism. In the service the Lord seemed to be with us, but what was my surprise after service to see the male part of the congregation starting for a place called the Sand Hill to play lacrosse,

Chief Joseph with the rest. Surely, thought I, the Gospel does not affect them very much; but in this act I recognized the influence of Rome's teaching and example.

The priests of the Seminary are exceedingly anxious to throw all blame of the Oka trouble on the shoulders of the Methodists, and that they were the cause of the Indians leaving the Church of Rome. But as Rome herself is a gigantic falsehood, so this statement is false.

The circumstances of the case are these: The Seminary recognizing in Joseph an Indian of more than ordinary intelligence and influence among his tribe, with its usual foresight immediately began to patronize him; they sent him to college at Montreal in order to prepare him for the priesthood, but He who is no respecter of persons would not allow the mind of this Indian to become dwarfed by the teaching of a religion that, in some respects, is inferior even to the pagan worship of his fathers whose hope was strong in their Manitou and Happy Hunting Grounds.

By some means the chief while at college became possessor of a portion of the New Testament, in which he found that Peter had a mother-in-law, and if a mother-in-law, of necessity a wife. And thus the first weak point in Rome's armour was discovered. Joseph began to question the priest on the subject, but received no satisfactory answer and his faith began to waver. The Seminary, conscious that now he would not be over-zealous in the faith, withdrew their patronage and resorted to other means to secure his allegiance.

There was, however, a nobility in the character of this Indian that scorned anything that was not true, and Rome's false dealings with his tribe were so apparent that he severed his connection with them by demanding his rights and the rights of his people.

About this time the Indians wanted a chief, and they asked Joseph if he would become their head chief. He complied with their request on certain conditions; the conditions were that they would stand by him in his opposition to the actions of the Seminary.

The day for the election of the chief came and Joseph was chosen as leader, not to lead his people against other tribes as his forefathers did—to win scalps on the field of battle and return in gory triumph to his tribe—but to lead them in a battle against an enemy who would rob them of their birthright and drive them from the ashes of their fathers.

Immediately after Joseph's election to the chieftainship of his tribe he began the battle against injustice. It seemed as if some of the spirit of his fathers sparkled in his eye as, followed by the members of his tribe, he approached the Seminary. Everything in the shape of a stick or weapon of any kind was left behind for fear a wrong construction would be put on their action by the Seminary. They approached the priest determined to have their rights. The priest in charge of the Seminary, seeing the Indians approaching, demanded what they wanted. Joseph, whose flashing eye sent forth a brighter gleam as the injustice of Rome to his people came up before him, in scathing tones said, "We have come to inform you, first, that

you have not dealt justly with us, and that we want you to leave our land, as we do not want to be robbed of our heritage; and you are yearly robbing us of the best of our property, therefore we would like to have it in more honorable hands."

All that nobility of character for which this chief was noted was displayed in this his first battle with a power who for years had been robbing the Indian of his heritage.

Here was a courage worthy of imitation: this child of the forest braving an enemy, daring to throw in her teeth the injustice of which she had been guilty; and this foe of such gigantic power that political leaders bow in sweet submission when she makes her demands. Who can but admire the heroism that in scathing terms denounced this power as a robber of individual rights:—"This land was given you in trust for the tribe to whom it belongs; and how have you betrayed that trust? By selling the timber and filling your treasury with the proceeds of stolen property. This land is ours—ours by right of possession; ours as a heritage, given to us as a sacred legacy. It is the spot where our fathers lie; beneath those trees our mothers sang our lullaby, and you would tear it from us and leave us wanderers at the mercy of fate. And this you call keeping a trust. Away with such hollow pretensions!"

What was the result of this demand of rights by the chief? Rome answered the demands of justice by sending to Quebec for a posse of police all armed to

the teeth, and by force of arms made many of the Indians, with the three chiefs, prisoners.

One of the faithful tools of the Pope came to Oka the day before the arrests were made—came as an inquisitor-general. This son of Rome—a brother of the bishop—thought he would intimidate the Indians by his august presence. This man, as if he controlled the laws of the land, or as if the laws of our country had to bend to the mandate of Rome, speaking with assumed authority, told the chiefs that he would shut them up in Kingston penitentiary for life if they did not obey the priests. This individual also informed Joseph that the Government had bought land for them in Doncaster. Joseph replied by saying, "We will never go there. To go there means extinction. We will not exchange a productive soil for barren rock in order to suit the whim of some Papal Nuncio. We will die on the soil of our fathers, and our bleaching skeletons shall be a witness to nations yet unborn of Rome's injustice and greed."

The prisoners were now taken to St. Scholastic and there brought before the judge, and what was the charge? It was simply an emanation of the mother of falsehood, a fabrication of Rome. "They came," said the priest, "with the intention to kill the priests of the Seminary and drive them away by force. The Indians were confined in the jail about seven days. Joseph, ever mindful of the interest of his people while incarcerated, began translating the New Testament into the Iroquois language—a work for which he was eminently fitted. The Conference of 1869 will be

memorable as the period when Methodism became the defender of the Indian. Joseph, after he had thus began the battle, feeling the necessity for some one to lead them spiritually, called on Mr. Delaronde, a Baptist, and asked him if he knew where they could get a minister to teach them the plan of salvation. Mr. Delaronde told them they had better go to Montreal and ask the advice of an eminent Christian man who is always ready to help the needy and distressed.

This friend of missions asked the Indians if they had left the Catholic Church forever. "Yes," answered they, "we will not be entangled again with the yoke of Rome's bondage."

Thus answering affirmatively this question, they were at once the subjects of this Christian gentleman's prayers, and also his work. He provided them with money and seed grain; but, better still, through his interest their spiritual wants were supplied. And this year, 1869, Methodism took up the battle of the red man, and fought the powers of Rome. And now those Indians recognize in the Christian's God their God; in the Christian faith their faith; and will, we believe, find a rest in the Christian's heaven.

About this time a very sad accident occurred about five miles from Oka. A brother of the Hon. Mr. Abbott was drowned; the Indians were sent for to search for his body; after some time they found it and gave it to his friends.

After a few days in Oka, I started for my family in Roxton, in the townships. I made preparation for the journey; left Roxton early in the morning, in order to

take the train at Granby. After an uneventful journey we at last arrived at our destination and began work among the Indians of Oka.

Our furniture was placed in the rooms we had engaged, and after a woman's tact had made a proper distribution of our goods, our two rooms began to assume a homelike appearance, and we were happy in prospective rest and comfort. But, alas for our hopes. Scarcely had we lain down to rest ere we became conscious that our right to possession would be contested. The attack made on your humble missionary and family was of the most severe kind: our foes, though of liliputian dimensions, did not lack courage.

The next morning Mrs. Parent prepared for a war of extermination, and after a vigorous and prolonged battle was rewarded with victory. And henceforth our slumbers were not disturbed by an army of blood-drinkers, known generally by the cognomen of bed bugs.

On Sabbath morning the Indians began flocking to meeting, and we had a gracious time, only I found it very unpleasant speaking through an interpreter; however, I soon got accustomed to it. After meeting we had a repetition of the scene of a former meeting, lacrosse, ball and many other games then became the order of the day. I spoke to the chief about it, and told him it must be stopped at once. After explaining to him the nature of Sabbath desecration, he became a champion for the observance of the Sabbath.

The Indians were exceedingly ignorant and superstitious, and to add to these evils there were ten

places in the village where liquor was sold. Another evidence of the effects of papal influence: instead of enlightening and civilizing these sons of the forest, they corrupted their simple nature by surrounding them with principles the nature of which is debasing.

Under such teaching, and as the result of Rome's superstitious rites and unintelligible masses the Indians were firm believers in witchcraft, and any sickness or misfortune of any kind was attributed to the poor witches; they and they alone were responsible for the evils existing in the tribe.

The wife of Chief Joseph was a firm believer in witchcraft, and on one occasion gave me some trouble. One of her daughters died, and Joseph asked me to bury her, requesting me at the same time to preach against believing in witches. I began the service, the second chief being my interpreter. She was quiet while I was speaking, but when the interpreter began she called him a liar, and in every way attempted to keep him from speaking, so thoroughly had Rome hoodwinked this woman.

It was amazing the control Rome had over those Indians. The year I went to Oka the hay crop was very light, the season being so dry. I saw a man passing with a load of hay. I asked him where he was going. He said, "To the priest." "How much will he give you for the load?" "Two dollars; I owe the priest ten dollars, and I must pay him in hay." I said to the Indian, "Here is ten dollars; go and pay the priest, and get a receipt for it." The man did so, and thus saved his hay.

The long-robed gentlemen of the Seminary were in the meantime trying to coax the Indians back to the Church; but all their coaxing failed. When coaxing failed they tried more severe measures and attempted to force them into the Church.

The Indians were beginning now to see the difference between religion as a reality and a mere form; they gave practical evidence of their appreciation of the work of the missionary. One day they went to the woods and cut and drew to the home of the missionary enough wood to last him all winter; and this was not all, those who had no horses came at night when we were in bed and cut it ready for the stove.

The priest hearing of what they had done forbade them cutting any more wood, but the Indians paid no attention to him. Then the bailiff came to arrest them, and now began in earnest the pending struggle. We had a prayer-meeting to strengthen the sufferers. When the officer came to arrest them they made no resistance, but immediately went with him, trusting in the Christian's God. They were brought to trial, but through the able defence of an eminent Christian lawyer they were soon at liberty. To show the heartlessness of Rome's priesthood, I will relate the following incident:

One morning, while the men were in the woods at work, an Indian woman, seeing a priest approaching the house, told him to go back—she did not want him in the house. The priest paid no attention to her entreaties but came on. When he reached the door, the woman put the broom-handle across it in order

to keep him out. This fiend in sacerdotal robes seized the broom, striking the woman a blow which felled her to the ground. He then kicked her. The next day the woman was very sick, and nearly died. This priest was taken before a magistrate, but, as usual, Rome's influence is greater than justice, and he was acquitted.

The Indian's cup of sorrow seemed to be full and running over, but, notwithstanding the persecution they suffered, the work of God increased rapidly; and the gloom of superstition, which Rome had wrapped round them as a mantle, was fading, as the light of the gospel of peace flashed its beauty on their path; and from many Indian voices might be heard, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

We were now engaged in special services, and the Spirit was mightily moving the hearts of the people. There was one case of remarkable interest—a young man, about thirty-six years old. He was a leader in all wickedness; a great drunkard; he would be on the spree for a long time, and when in this condition would abuse his wife most unmercifully. One evening, in the meeting, I heard some one groaning and crying, and did not know what to think of it. Finally, I closed the meeting, and then I found it was this hard case.

At the close of the meeting I went to this young man, shook hands with him, and asked him concerning his strange conduct. "Oh," said he, "I am lost!" Pointing him as well as I could to the Lamb of God, I asked him to get down on his knees and pray. We

all knelt down and prayed with him. It was not long before the peace of God that passeth all understanding came into his heart, and he became a sober, industrious man. His wife and family came with him to meeting, and became earnest Christians. The conversion of this man was the means of leading many more to the Saviour.

There was an old chief, about eighty-five years old, whose wife was a Catholic, whom the priest tried hard to get back to the Catholic faith. He came to me one day and asked me how he should get rid of him. I told him to tell the priest that he would send for me the next time he came, and that settled the matter.

One day I noticed an unusual commotion among the Indians. There were about twenty-five of them standing in a group, with fear depicted on their countenances. They seemed to be watching something. I went up to them, and there I witnessed more of Rome's work. A number of Roman Catholics, with two or three bullies among them, all armed with clubs, were threatening them with imprisonment if they did not immediately obey the papal authority.

Here was a dilemma. I immediately asked what they wanted. The bailiff, who was a tool of Rome, said he came to arrest some of the Indians. I asked him to show me his authority. When he produced his warrant I told him to arrest those whom the warrant mentioned and no one else.

Turning to the mob, I demanded of them their reason for coming in such a manner to arrest a few men who were law-abiding citizens and had never

given any offence. I asked the names of those for whom the warrant was made out, and these men gave themselves up without trouble. I told them not to fear the consequences but to look to God for help; these men were taken from their families to be tried for the same offence, and what was the offence, simply cutting wood on their own land to keep their families from freezing to death.

Protestants of our beloved Dominion, and all who love justice, gaze on the devilish cruelty of a power that cares not for the tears of widowed wives or starving children, but with the iron heel of her power crush the life-blood from her innocent victims in order to appease her greed for wealth and power.

Rome, thou mitred and gorgeous-robed woman; thou whited sepulchre in whose depths are hidden the ruined and decayed corpses of individual liberties; whose altars are stained with the blood of its helpless victims; whose incense is putrid with the stench of ruined homes—remember that thy charnel-house will be exposed, and for every pain inflicted thou shalt suffer an hundred-fold. Yes, methinks that Oka shall, in the day when your secrets shall be revealed, be written on thy brow; and when you plead for entrance to the city of the King, from the lips of the Judge shall come, Remember Oka. And as in a procession of angels the dusky forms of those whom you tried to destroy enter the gates of the city supernal, with a loud noise it shall close forever on you and your note of triumph shall be a shriek of despair.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE Conference of 1872 removed me to Lacolle; a native missionary, who could speak the Iroquois language, being sent to Oka in my place. I labored on the Lacolle mission this year assisting the Rev. Mr. Brown, and also taking charge of the French work in the place.

The Rev. John Borland had charge of the French district, and being convinced of the necessity for a church at Oka, the school-house being too small, Mr. Borland thought it better for me to go once or twice a month in order to superintend the building of the church.

Under the able and wise administration of Mr. Borland—a man in every way fitted for the work, fully consecrated, and deeply interested in French evangelization—a man whose every visit left an influence for good, beloved by all, he made everything secondary to the success of this great work. This entire self-surrender, together with the blessing of the Master, resulted in great good being done.

My time now was altogether taken up with forwarding the interests of the church at Oka. In order to raise the necessary funds for the building, I took a trip to Kingston, and with the assistance of Bro. Shaw collected the sum of \$85.50, and this with other sums materially assisted us in our building operations.

I had a great deal of travelling to do this year, my appointments being so scattered. Mrs. Parent very

often went with me. The winter of 1873 we had very deep snow. In April of that year we started for a place called Henrysburg; the snow was melting fast, and as a result there was a great deal of water on the road. Our way lay through a Roman settlement, the night was dark, and we knew not the moment we should be thrown into the water. At last, in a very bad place, we were upset and thrown into the water.

Here we were, wet and cold, three miles from home, with no friendly shelter. I determined to try if I could not get help from some of the Catholics. I succeeded in getting a man to help me get my horse up, and we again started on our journey, arriving at home wet and cold, late at night. In the month of October I again moved to Oka. We had a great deal of trouble moving; we got to our journey's end about nine o'clock in the evening, and had to move into our house that night. I rented a house from a widow woman, a squaw. The house was very dirty; in the upper part of the house we found an idol—a relic of pagan worship. We did not know what to do with it, but decided to hang it out of the window, and let the owner come and get it; we did so, and the next morning it was gone.

I was very much surprised to find an exaggerated account of this incident in the press afterwards, stating that I had tied a string around the neck of the idol, and had drawn it through the streets.

The Indians seemed very much pleased to have us back again; they manifested their love for the missionary in true Indian fashion, that is, by giving Mrs.

P. and myself Indian names. They called Mrs. P., Little Heaven, and me they called, Look to Heaven.

After getting settled, I immediately turned my attention to completing the church, and for this purpose started on my second collecting tour. And although not as successful as the first time, yet I received some encouragement, for which we were grateful.

I often thought when soliciting subscriptions for this church, if I could bring the scenes that were being enacted daily—scenes that would make the blood of any patriot and lover of individual liberty boil with indignation—scenes in which the main feature was: Rome standing like some gigantic monster with sword unsheathed, emitting sparks of fiendish hatred, as she attempted to slay and destroy the liberties of those who for years bore on their backs the scars of her iron heel. If I could bring those scenes in panoramic order before the people, the purse of wealth would be open, and the persecuted Indian would soon have a building in which to worship.

After much labor the church was finished and dedicated, and the Indians rejoiced in prospective happiness. But alas! this was but the signal for renewed persecution by those whose jealousy was aroused by this monument of Christian zeal and fidelity.

We were again startled by another arrest, this time a man who was industrious, one of the better class of Indians. The bailiff came in the night and took the father away from the midst of his family. Thus do

those whose deeds are evil love darkness rather than light. The priest went to see him while he was in jail, and offered to give him his freedom at once if he would go back to the Church of Rome. The Indian answered that he would die first; he would not be entangled again with the yoke of papal bondage.

A short time after this man was liberated, he was in Montreal, and while there saw the coffin of the priest through whose influence he was sent to jail. Looking at the coffin he said, "You sent me to an earthly prison, but God has incarcerated you in an eternal dungeon."

The Indians have some songs commemorative of the days when the white man's face was unknown. The following verses I have translated from the original:

"In the dark wood and forest wild,  
My father roved, rude nature's child,  
With tomahawk and bended bow,  
To lay the bear and red deer low.

My brother in his bark canoe  
Across the waves so gaily flew,  
To shoot the wild duck in the brook,  
Or catch the bright fish in the lake.

My mother in the wigwam stayed,  
The wampum's various hues to braid,  
Or pound the samp, or dress the skin,  
Or sew my father's moccasin.

And I, a little Indian maid,  
With acorn cup and wild flowers played,  
Or by mother sat the livelong day  
To weave the splinted basket gay.

I could not read, I could not sing,  
My Saviour's name I did not know,  
From out the good Book could not bring  
The tidings that I longed to know."

This man Gabriel lived in a very poor house, a building about twenty feet square, all in one room. He wanted to rebuild it, and for this purpose went to the priest and made arrangements for getting the timber. The priest gave him liberty to cut the trees by paying a certain some of money.

Notwithstanding the promise of the priest, when he began to cut the timber he was again imprisoned. While in prison he caught cold, he came home and grew worse, and it was evident he could not get better. He died after about eight days' sickness, and his death was owing partly to the house in which he lived.

This man was another victim of papal intolerance, and his as well as the blood of hundreds of his tribe stains the altars of Rome's temples, and will eventually roll in a billow of vengeance, sweeping the last vestige of Romish pomp from the pages of the world's history.

About this time I became conscious of the fact that there were many early deaths among the Indians. The mortality was very high, especially among the female portion of the tribe. In seeking for the cause of this I found it could be attributed to nothing but their ignorance of all laws, the observance of which are conducive to health.

I have no hesitation in affirming that this evil, as well as others, had its source in the Church of Rome. She being conscious that she could have no absolute

possession of the land belonging to the Indians as long as the tribe existed, took good care to keep them ignorant of all sanitary laws, thus hastening their extinction as a race, and then she would claim their lands.

This may be considered a far-fetched idea; but those who have watched her actions in her dealings with the Indian—in fact, to the careful student of Rome's character—it is not at all incredible. This is but the course pursued by her for ages; and a power governed by principles that are the embodiment of all that is devilish can pursue no other course. In order to show on what basis the black-robed gentlemen of the Seminary claimed the exclusive right to the lands of the Indians, let me quote the words of two of her eminent divines.

The savages of the Lake of Two Mountains consist of three tribes: The Nipinguins, Algonquins, and Iroquois. The territory occupied by these tribes is attached to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, on the following conditions, viz.: That those who are the occupants of said Seminary shall provide for the maintenance and instruction of the Indians, and in every way look after their interests. Now, have they done so? If not, then I claim they have forfeited their right to all control of the property.

That they have not complied with the conditions is a self-evident fact. On the contrary, they have not only neglected to provide for them, but have, in every possible manner, left them to their own resources, and even prevented them from helping themselves. This

was proved at the time of the trial, and, if necessary, further evidence can be given. They have thus forfeited all right to any control of the land whatever.

We now had our church nicely furnished, and our congregations were large and attentive. The Indians are nearly all good singers, and we thought we would organize a choir, which we did. We brought our own instrument into the church; my daughter played and led the singing.

We had a choir of fifteen or twenty voices, and it was a treat to hear those Indians sing. They sung in the spirit. Their music attracted many to our services, and we were rejoicing at the success the Lord had given us. A very noticeable feature of change was that—even among the Indians who were as yet nominally Catholics—all feeling of respect for the priesthood was changed to hatred.

As an instance of this, a young Indian was sitting on the steps of the Roman Catholic church one evening; the priest asked him what he was doing there; the young man said he was merely resting. The meek dignitary of Rome took hold of him to push him off the steps. The Indian resented by giving the holy father a black eye!

What a change! The oppressed became the avenger; and he who once bowed in humble submission at the feet of a papal dignitary now stands on the dignity of his own manhood, and forever snaps the links of Romish shackles.

A young squaw, still a Catholic, but who had been enlightened by the Gospel, went to confession; the

father confessor put one of those questions that will make virtue blush. She immediately answered by slapping him in the face and left this box of iniquity forever.

It was noticeable that during the troubles at Oka the Catholic Indians were never punished for cutting timber or anything else; they were the pets of Rome and hence escaped her malignant hate.

The Protestant Indians, avoiding as much as possible giving their persecutors any cause for making arrests, and Rome finding no way in which she could trouble them, at last invented a plan by which the Indian should feel her hate. Many of the Indians had very good gardens and had fenced them in; they depended on their gardens for a part of their living. One day the now familiar face of the sheriff and his bulldogs were seen in the village, and the question on every lip was, What are they going to do?

We were not left very long in doubt as to their intentions. They proceeded to the house of Chief Joseph and began to pull down his fence. The chief, who was working a short distance away, came up and asked what he had better do. I told him to keep quiet and I would go and see these men.

Arriving on the scene I found the work of demolition going on. I demanded the sheriff's authority for pulling down the fence and destroying the man's property. He said, "I have the authority of the court."

His answer reminded me of a story I heard of an Irishman who had a case in court. On being asked if he lost it, "Shure thin," said Pat, "how could I gain

it whin the coort is in hell and the devil the judge?" So it was with the Indians: the court was in the pay and under the influence of Rome, hence the injustice the poor Indians had to suffer.

I gave the papal bullies a piece of my mind; it was getting so warm for them that one of them stepped up to me as if he would strike. A young Indian standing near, and seeing the movement, stepped up and told the bully if he touched me he would mark him for life. Another of those bullies attempted to kick a squaw. I told him not to touch her; "if she did anything that deserves punishment arrest her, but you shan't abuse her."

They had now completed their work of destruction and were leaving the place; as soon as they were out of sight the squaws began to rebuild the fence. During the whole transaction the Indians had exemplified in their conduct that meekness and Christian fortitude which is born of firm trust in God. They gave us an example of Christian calmness worthy the imitation of their white brothers. Some of the more warlike spirits said to me, "The priests may be thankful that we have been taught of God that we are not now Catholics. If we had not known the love of God we would scalp every priest in the Seminary."

Thus we see that the Gospel can make even the savage nature as gentle as the child. They forget revenge and only love and pity for their enemies exist where formerly their nature would lead them to make the blood of their enemies pay for the injustice done them.

On the Sabbath following this trouble we had our meeting as usual. After our meeting was over, we were surprised to see flames issuing from the shed adjoining our house. We hastened to put the fire out, and after a hard struggle we conquered. Had we been half an hour later our home would have been in ashes.

The Seminary at length imagined it had struck a deathblow to Protestantism in Oka. It had by one of her gigantic swindling operations got an action against the chief of the Iroquois for building a church on a piece of property which it claimed to own, although the Indians had been in peaceable possession for a hundred and fifty years.

The whole operation by which the Seminary got this action was a legal farce. Mr. Maclaren, the Indians' legal adviser, was at the court when the trial was to take place, but the other party did not appear; the second court the same thing happened, the non-appearance of the lawyer of the Seminary. It was arranged by this court that Mr. Maclaren should receive legal notice of the appearing of the lawyers of the Seminary. At the next court the trial was held; the Romish tools were there, but they did not notify Mr. Maclaren, and thus they had everything their own way, and got a judgment in their own favor. They afterwards tried to prove that they had notified Mr. Maclaren, but they failed to do so, and the failure cost them three hundred dollars.

The Indians were now to suffer their greatest loss and their Christian principles put to the greatest test they had ever received.

One afternoon I was suddenly startled by a man coming with all haste to my house, and from his manner I could see he was the bearer of evil tidings. When within hearing, he shouted, "Oh, Mr. Parent, they are pulling down our church." (See page 157.) Although prepared for almost any outrage on the part of Rome, this news was like an electric shock to me. I said to the man, "Go back, and when it is half down come and tell me." I did not think I could bear the scene. When they had nearly completed their work. I went to the church, and what a scene of destruction met my eyes.

Here lay the ruins of a building that cost me many prayers and much labor, the result of earnest work and self-sacrifice of those persecuted Indians; the house in which the Gospel was preached now a mass of debris, the result of papal hate and jealousy. None can describe my feelings but those who have passed through similar scenes.

But I had to control my feelings and give attention to the Indians. I could see by the flashing eye and heaving bosom of the chief and his people that the old warlike spirit of the Iroquois was being awakened.

The chief came to me and said, "We will shoot these dogs; we will suffer no longer." "No," said I, "if you did you would be hung, and your life is worth more than theirs." It required all my influence to keep him from putting his threat into execution; but, by the grace of God, bloodshed was avoided, and we were able to leave the punishment of these papal demons in the hands of Him to whom alone vengeance belongs.

This was indeed a day of mourning ; the tears were coursing down the dusky cheeks of men and women, while I could not refrain from weeping. " Ah, Rome, thou hideous monster in the garb of religion, for every tear thou hast caused you shall give a blood drop and your fancied victory shall be but the destruction of your power. And this work of destruction shall sink you deeper in perdition, so deep that as those you have thus caused to weep cleave the air of glory on angel pinions, they shall catch your wail of eternal despair."

We were having success in our work, although meeting with such opposition. Our Sabbath-school had increased rapidly, and many of the children used their influence to get their parents to attend, and in many instances were successful. Thus, the good seed was being scattered, and the influence of Rome, even among those who were still under her rule, was gradually growing weaker.

As an instance of this a woman who was as yet a Roman Catholic, and an eye-witness of the destruction of our church, came to our house and asked if I would take her into the Church, giving as her reasons that she did not think the Catholic religion good, or it would not do such deeds.

" But," she said, " your religion is good ; it makes the Indian better ; he does not get drunk and beat his squaw ; the whole village is changed ; the Indians do not get drunk and fight like they used to before you came here."

The Indians very often during these troubles would say the priest might be thankful they were Methodists.

To show the genuineness of the work on the character of the Indian, I will relate the following incidents:—

An Indian named Nicola got burned out, and lost everything he had. A short time after, a Scotchman gave him a barrel of flour and some other things to help him in his trouble. This man lived across the river. On Saturday he asked Nicola if he would carry him across the river on Sabbath, and offered him money to induce him to do it. But the Indian, true to his principles, said if he would wait until Monday he would carry him over for nothing.

The man was so struck with the fidelity of this Christian Indian that he made it known to the whole tribe, and put five dollars on the collection plate.

Another Indian was travelling on the train. A man who was sitting near him pulled a flask out of his pocket, and asked him if he would not take a drink. The Indian said, "No, I do not drink." "Well," said the man, "it will not hurt you." The Indian said, "It may not hurt me; but there are many others whom it does hurt, therefore I will not use it." The man raised the window of the car and threw the bottle as far as he could. About three weeks after this the Indian received a silver watch accompanied with a letter stating the sender's pleasure in thus recording fidelity to principle.

And yet these men whose fidelity to principle is worthy of imitation were treated as dogs. The wife of one of them went to the Seminary to purchase some flour; it chanced to be a bag she had purchased from them, having their mark on it; the clerk immedi-

ately tried to keep the bag. The woman would not give it up, she having bought and paid for it.

This fiend in human form seized her by the hair, threw her down and abused her unmercifully. Why this inhuman treatment of this woman? simply because she fought for her rights. It seems to me, dear reader, that Canadians ought to blush for very shame when a power such as Rome is allowed to abuse the wives of the children of the land we love.

Let every loyal shout be hushed, every Canadian banner be furled, every tribute of praise to our liberties be silenced, until Canada's sons shall make the haughty brow of Rome touch the dust at the feet of Justice, pleading in humble submission for the rights she denied to others.

---

## CHAPTER XVI.

THUS far I have been leading you, step by step, into the inner court of papal Rome; now we shall see she will resort to any measure that will accomplish her end.

The Indians one day summoned a council of the tribe for the purpose of considering the advisability of rebuilding the fence around the commons. Forty-five Indians met at this council, and it was decided to rebuild. Rome, ever on the alert, and watching for an opportunity by which the Indians might be driven from their homes, at once procured warrants to arrest them. The Indians decided this time to resist

the officers, and for this purpose began to organize and prepare the defence. Some years previous the Government had given the Indians a small cannon. When they began to turn their backs on Rome she took the cannon from them, placing it where it could not be found by the Indians. By some means Chief Joseph had learned its whereabouts. It was found in the cellar of a French-Canadian, and he told the Indians they could get it when his wife was out. The Indians watched the house closely, and as soon as the man's wife, who was a devout Catholic, left the house, they immediately removed the cannon. They then brought the cannon to the school-house. Chief Joseph advised them to go home, but the young men wanted to load and fire it off for their own amusement. For this purpose they started for the wharf, where they usually set it off.

On their way to the wharf they noticed flames issuing from a stable belonging to the Seminary. They thought, by firing the cannon, it would give the alarm, and they immediately fired. After giving the alarm, the Indians ran to assist in putting out the fire. Here was an example of doing good for evil. After all their sufferings at the hands of Rome, they were willing to help her in her hour of trouble; but alas! this child of the devil, with a robe of self-righteousness on, immediately threw the guilt on the shoulders of those who would aid her in saving her stolen property. Just as the Indians reached the stable they saw a Frenchman coming out of it, looking around as if to see if he was noticed.

I had gone to Montreal, and came back late in the evening with Mr. Flint, the *Witness* reporter. I had not heard of the fire until about four o'clock in the morning, when I was awakened by the cannon, and I then saw the fire just above the roof of the stable. I immediately thought that trouble would follow. From my knowledge of Rome, I knew she would try and implicate the Indians. Subsequent events proved my conjectures correct, and that I was not mistaken in papal character. Fourteen Indians were immediately arrested, an inquest was held, and fourteen innocent men were sent to jail.

The conduct of the Indians in this trying ordeal was above reproach. While in jail they kept up their prayer-meeting, and the time was passed in singing the praises of Him who has said, "I will not leave you comfortless." Could such men be guilty of such a crime? We answer, No! Chief Joseph now began to translate the New Testament into Iroquois, completing the four Gospels.

It might be interesting to the reader to know the conduct of the police who were chosen by Rome for this work of arresting the Indians.

A policeman entered the house of an Indian to arrest him, the man was not at home. This man asked the woman where he was. She replied she did not know. He then started to go upstairs to find him, and the woman told him he was not there. Now, this fiend struck the woman and felled her to the floor, where she lay unconscious while her husband was carried to prison. This same monster went to another house to

arrest the only son of a widow. The woman began to plead with him in her own language, the tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks ; but instead of being moved by her tears he struck her in the face and knocked her down. This inhuman work was all done thirty-six miles from the city of Montreal, and by the consent of an organization that the world calls Christian, but whose principles are such as would make the arch-fiend blush to own her as his child.

When the news of our troubles reached Montreal many of our friends came to see us. I was busy preparing beds for our guests, when I was suddenly startled by the entrance of a large stone. It was thrown through the window, and without doubt aimed at myself. The stone passed close to my head and made a large hole in the wall on the other side of the room.

My wife, who was sitting at a window, saw a policeman running away from the house just as the stone entered ; he was a large man and wore a badge on his breast. This happened about nine o'clock p.m. ; about ten minutes after this I sent for the chief policeman to protect my house, and what was my surprise to find the same man sent whom my wife had seen running away from the house immediately after the stone had been thrown. When I spoke to this man about the outrage, he denied having anything to do with it. This same man let the lie out a short time afterwards. He and his companion were overheard talking about the matter, and they wished that Parent was killed.

My son, who was in the village during the time the police were there, heard this bully say that he would kill that Parent before he went to Quebec. The evidence I had was so clear that I would have had no trouble to convict him for trying to kill me, but after some persuasion by my friends I consented to let the case drop; and the Lord took the matter from the hands of human justice, and issued a writ for the man to appear at the bar of judgment. Just before I got the warrant, this man went to Quebec, and was shot dead without a moment's warning.

The trials of these sons of the forest seemed to give greater impetus to the Word of God; the spiritual interests of our mission at Oka were never better. In our prayer-meetings and public services conversions were taking place, and while the prisoners made the walls of their cell resound with hymns of praise, those who were free took up the strain and made the walls of the home of their persecutors tremble with their vibration.

One evening the Notary Public came to my house with an official-looking document, the contents of which informed me I must leave within twenty-four hours. I immediately went to Montreal and asked the advice of a lawyer concerning the matter; he advised me to pay no attention to it, and I heard no more about the matter. I received advice from many friends telling me the sooner I left Oka the more certain would I be of my life. One night when I was away from home, and no one in the house but my wife and children, they were awakened by hearing a noise downstairs.

My wife, putting her trust in God, went down, but when she got half-way the midnight prowlers escaped through the window.

After this the Indians would come and watch the house all night, keeping guard over the home of the missionary. As another instance of Rome's cruelty I will relate the following incident: An Indian woman was lying in bed with a babe a few days old. The priest ordered her to leave the house; the woman in her trouble sent for me; her husband being away, she asked me what she had better do. I told her to remain where she was, as I did not think the priest would insist on her leaving in her present condition. But such fear had the Indians of Rome's hatred that the poor woman being weak fainted away as the horrors of being at the mercy of the priest came before her. The voices of hundreds of these poor persecuted souls—persecuted for what? for daring to exercise the right to worship the Lord, to pay homage at the shrine of the Eternal instead of some consecrated image—cry out from their tombs for the lovers of liberty to rescue them from the grasp of papal hate; and shall we as Protestants, as Christians, let those notes of despair lose themselves in the vault of Christian indifference? No, a thousand times no; let every voice take up the echo and sing:

Rescue the Indians, care for their sighing,  
Snatch them in pity from Popery's sway;  
Weep o'er the suffering ones, save from oppression,  
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Chorus—Rescue the Indians, hark to their wailing,  
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

Down in the Indian's heart, crushed by Rome's power,  
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore ;  
 Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,  
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Rulers of Canada, duty doth summon you,  
 Succor the red man, stand up in your might ;  
 Shake off indifference in the name of the Highest,  
 Show to oppressors you dare to do right.

Rescue the Indians, duty demands it,  
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide ;  
 From persecution quickly relieve them,  
 Show the poor Indian the Queen's on their side.

---

## CHAPTER XVII.

WE are living in an age and under a flag that protects the liberties of the individual. Were a stranger to say anything to the contrary we would immediately resent the statement as an insult to our nation and teach him that our assertion concerning our liberties is true. Yet, strange as it may seem, there is a power antagonistic to our boasted freedom that makes abject slaves of the sons and daughters of Canada. Yea, even makes the rulers of our fair land to serve at her shrine, while she wraps around them her shackles of serfdom. Let every loyal Canadian heart wake up to the fact that this power is usurping the rights that have been given us as a sacred legacy by those who purchased our freedom with their blood.

Let the following prove the true character of this

power: Some of our Indians had quite a distance to come to meeting. One evening as they were on their way to our meeting, it being dark, they met a number of Rome's followers all armed with guns; they fired on the Indians; the women were nearly frightened to death, but fortunately, owing to the darkness, none were hurt. Finding all their efforts vain to keep the Indians from a knowledge of the Gospel, they tried to keep them from going to hear it. Through the providence of God the very means they used to hinder the work of the Gospel, became a power for good; it reflected the true character of the Papacy, and even the mind of the Indian caught a glimpse of its hideousness, and drove him to Christ for refuge. After this attempt by Rome to murder the Protestant Indians, many of those who were Catholics left the Church and joined our little band.

A short time after this, one of the Catholic Indians came to me and asked me if I would take him into the Church. I asked him why he wanted to leave his Church, and he said, "The priests are bad men." He then told me that the priest had offered him a farm, and promised to support his wife and family for two years if he would kill me. I asked him why he did not do it. He said, "I could not, you are too good a man." I took this man into the Church and never had reason to regret it; he became a thorough Christian.

It has been said that the Indians are dishonest and revengeful. Those who make such statements know nothing about them; a more honest, straightforward character than a Christian Indian cannot be found.

I was absent from Oka for a year ; when I came back an Indian came to me and handed me a dollar. I asked him what it was for, and he told me I had lent him a dollar before I went away. I had been informed they were revengeful, but in my dealings with them I found them the very opposite; their meekness—that is, of those who had left Rome—was proverbial. The example of the Christian Indian is worthy of imitation; they gladly suffered persecution for the Master's sake, and cheerfully bore the insults heaped on them by their oppressors.

It is also said that the Indian is lazy, but when we take into consideration their mode of living, the habits to which they had been trained, if among them there is found an inclination to indolence, it is not to be wondered at. There are some who are industrious and anxious to get along, working hard to provide for their family.

---

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE year 1875 confirmed me in my opinion regarding Rome's influence on our Government. The Rev. John Borland, Chief Joseph Louis and myself went up the Mattawan river to locate lands for the Indians. We travelled nineteen days, but could find nothing but rocks and swamps. We reported to the Government, and we were told that in the spring we might explore the French river and take the best land we could find. But in the spring the Hon. Mr. Scott wrote me, stating that this land was required for other purposes.

This Mr. Scott was not the Minister of the Interior with whom we were dealing, but placed there to fill the vacancy made by the temporary absence of the Hon. Mr. Laird. This man was the tool of the Pope, being one of his children, and, consequently, was not friendly to our cause. I did not show this letter to the Indians, they were already so discouraged by the vacillations of the Government.

The Government offered to give us land for the Indians in any part of Ontario that we should fix upon, The Indians said to me, that if the Government wished to place them in some barren region, they would not go ; they preferred dying at home and be buried with their fathers. But never did I hear the Indians say, they wanted to leave Oka. To this place they were bound by a thousand ties : it was their home, and the home of their sires, and they could not leave it.

The trial in connection with the burning of the Catholic church now came off. The fourteen Indians who were arrested were now to appear before the court. The Seminary had forty or fifty witnesses to testify against the Indians. Much against our wishes Mrs. Parent and myself were also summoned as witnesses. Two Indians were accused of having started the fire, and the others were accused of being accessory to it.

One of the Protestant Indians was in Montreal just before the court began, and a priest offered him fifty dollars if he would swear the Indians guilty. The poor savage said to this enlightened holy father and pillar of an infallible Church, "I cannot swear that, because it is not true."

One of the Indians said to a man, "Why don't you do what the priest wants you to? I have sworn just as the father wanted me to, and I got my fifty dollars, and you will get it too." This same hireling of Rome afterwards swore that he saw two Indians on the roof of the stable, one of them pouring oil on, and the other igniting it. We had fifteen witnesses who testified that they saw this man coming out of his house about four o'clock, and asking where the fire was. After being cross-questioned by our lawyer, he admitted he was about four acres from the fire, and between him and the burning building there was about forty elm trees, making it almost impossible to see the building at all. But this man swore in the interests of the Pope, and could easily obtain an indulgence, and get a free pass to heaven. The conscience of Rome's followers is exceedingly elastic when her interests are at stake, hence we need not be surprised at an abundance of false swearing.

They also accused Chief Joseph to be one of the fourteen who set fire to the building; but it was proved that he was in a boat about half-a-mile from the fire.

On coming to the fire the chief ordered the Protestant Indians to come away, or they would be accused of mischief. Some of the Indians seemed pleased to see this building destroyed, and when the bell fell they shouted for joy.

The trial was a farce from beginning to end, the judge favoring the priests as much as possible: Rome's money, and Rome's political influence bore down the

scales of Justice. The Protestant Indians had no money, and those who should have been their friends were afraid of Roman power. But the few friends they had were loyal to their interests, and did all they could for them, and through the efficient work of our lawyer the court closed without bringing a bill against them. The Indians were let out on bail to appear at the next court.

During the interim between the courts, the Lord gave us showers of blessings, many were converted, and many more left the Church of Rome, and came with us, being persuaded by the example of the Christian Indians it was the better way.

Owing to scarcity of work, and being prohibited from cutting anything in their own land with which to make lacrosse sticks, and other saleable articles, many of the families were very destitute. Mrs. Parent, on visiting some families, found them almost starving; she immediately crossed the river and collected some provisions for those who needed them most. The officiating priest, in preaching one Sunday, said they ought not to leave their good mother the Church. One man spoke up and said he did not consider her very good. The priest immediately ordered him to be put out. When outside, this man explained himself by saying that this good mother ate all her children up by taking all their earnings to keep her. Many of our Protestant people would be surprised at some of the stories that are told of the doings of the holy fathers in the Province of Quebec.

A man told me the following story, and said it was

true: A child of Rome went to confession, and among other sins he confessed he had stolen a pig. The priest asked him if it was worth a dollar. The man said yes. "Well," said the priest, "put your money in that box and I will pay the man for his pig." The man put two dollars in the box. The priest asked him why he did that. The man said they were so cheap he thought he would try it again.

The time had now arrived for another trial of the Indians, but it was but a repetition of the first. There was no bill found, and the Indians were again let out on bail. To show the kind of law the judge believed in when working for Rome, I will relate the case of a Protestant Frenchman. This man's uncle—who was a Catholic—died; he went to the priest and asked him much he would take to bury his uncle. The priest stated the price, the man furnishing the candles. After the funeral, the man sent for the remainder of the candles, but the priest would not give them up. The man then sued the priest, but the judge decided the case against him because it was customary, and custom became law.

Yet though it was customary for the Indians to use the land at Oka, and cut what they wanted, in their case it never became law. Now, why would the rule not work in both cases? Simply, because the judge was courting the favor of Rome, and filling his coffers with Rome's ill-gotten gains.

One night I was called to marry a couple on the other side of the river. Mrs. Parent went with me. It was very dark. When we got about half-way

across the wind began to blow very hard—sometimes it seemed as if the canoe could never reach the shore ; but knowing we were in our Father's care we felt safe. We reached the shore in safety, performed the ceremony, and started another matrimonial ship across the ocean of life.

One day, a short time after this, a Roman Catholic came to me and asked me if I could give him something to eat, as he was starving. I asked him why he did not go to the priest. He said he had been there, and the priest sent him away and told him when he was nearly starved he would give him a few potatoes. This man was the one who swore so strongly for Rome at the trial.

Thus does Rome treat her people. When this gigantic corpse of religion is dissected by the scalpel of Justice, and its true nature revealed in the judgment, it seems to me that the gates of heaven will have to be tightly closed, or the stench of the carcase, poisoned by her evil deeds, would taint the air of heaven. Yes, the sweet aroma wafted from the amaranthine homes of Beulah would leave a deadly miasma, and angels flitting by on golden pinions would cry, "Unclean!"

In all our work we were very much encouraged by the practical sympathy of our friends—not only Methodist, but also other denominations, especially our Presbyterian friends.

I would also remember with gratitude the valuable assistance of John Dougal, the editor of the *Montreal Witness*—a man of sterling character, one who was

not afraid to champion the cause of justice, but who, through the columns of his paper, became a trumpet, the notes of which reverberated the tidings of papal hate throughout the Dominion, and awakened a slumbering people to the fact that they were pressing to the bosom of our Dominion a viper that is only watching for a favorable moment to insert its poisonous fangs into the vitals of a young nation, and leave her corpse bleaching on the field of the world's history ; and then, looking on the ruin, in triumph exclaim, "I have conquered !"

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER trial of the Indians. This time the case was to be tried at Aylmer, about one hundred miles from Oka. I came very near being placed in a bad position at this trial. The bail required for the Indians was very heavy, amounting in all to twenty-eight thousand dollars. I was personally responsible for a part of it. One of those Indians had no horse, and could not hire one. He came to me and told me it was impossible for him to go. I immediately went in search of a horse, and after much trouble succeeded in procuring one. Thus I got out of my difficulty. I afterwards learned that the gentlemen of the Seminary had forbidden the people to give me a horse.

On arriving at Aylmer we had some difficulty pro-

viding a home for the Indians; the Catholics had used their influence to keep the people from assisting us. They told all sorts of stories concerning the Indians, and the people were really afraid to have anything to do with them. Through the providence of God we were successful at last; the people from the surrounding country gave us bed-clothes and provisions and we got along nicely.

This trial was something like the others; it was on the principle that the end justify the means, and hence only a cartoon on justice.

On Sabbath we had a meeting in our church at Aylmer; the Rev. Mr. Hammond was pastor in charge—a noble man, who treated us with brotherly kindness. After the service I asked a brother of Chief Joseph to speak. One man said to me after hearing him, "If there is religion, that man has it."

The persecution of the Indians opened the eyes of our people to the real character of their oppressors, and those who were induced to think the vileness of Rome exaggerated were now convinced of its reality.

At one time the Indians made money by hunting. Beaver fur was very dear, being worth \$7.00 a pound. One man, a good hunter, caught 500 lbs. in one season. When they returned from the hunt it took nearly all their money to pay the Church for its prayers, and the remainder was spent in whiskey. This was while they were children of Rome.

At one of our trials there were six Roman Catholic and six Protestant Indians; out of the six Catholic Indians only one could sign his name, while five out of

the six Protestants signed theirs. This fact is significant, and proves that Rome took very little pains to instruct them, rather keeping them in their primitive state of ignorance.

---

## CHAPTER XX.

THE Conference of 1879 now assembled. At my own request I was sent to the Waterloo District. The day at length arrived when we should leave Oka, and I confess it was hard to part with the Indians. Here God had wonderfully blessed our labor; it was with fears within and fightings without that the battle had been carried on for eight years. Viewing the battleground now after a lapse of years, I sometimes wonder how we were sustained.

Just before we left the Indians asked us if we would come to the school-house; on arriving there we were surprised to find all our Indians there also. They said they wished to bid us goodbye. We were then placed near the door, and all of them with tears in their eyes gave us their farewell. My heart was too full to speak, and while the tear glistened on the dusky cheek of men whose stoicism is proverbial, we were deeply moved. They followed us to the wharf, and as the boat bore us away from the scene of our trials and triumphs they shouted a last farewell. But we trust that in that land of eternal peace, when the grand old Gospel ship drops anchor 'neath its golden portals, the first to meet us will be the once dusky sons of the

forest, whose war-whoop had been changed by the Gospel to a song of peace, and who, for the sake of Christ, bore insult and injury with Christian meekness and humility.

The following is the Rev. John Borland's report of our work at Oka :

"Our Indian Mission work is an object of growing interest. Oka still gives thanks to God for her supplies of grace, and to the many friends who have never grown weary of helping a long-suffering and Christ-living people. The long-continued oppression and wrongs they are made to endure have compelled several families to seek a refuge of quiet and subsistence in some other place ; but those who remain still maintain a good confession of faith before many witnesses of the grace that sanctifies their hearts.

"Brother Parent, who, with his wife, has rendered invaluable services to this people, both in temporal and spiritual matters, for a period of eight years, is now about to sever his connection to enter another sphere of labor. Our hope is that his successor will take his mantle and render to those Indians the judicious and faithful ministrations and supervision they have so signally had from his predecessor." I will now give an extract of my own report at the close of my labors.

"The year now closing is the eighth I have spent on this mission. I look back over the years with feelings of gratitude to God ; His continued presence has cheered me amid the many complicated and fierce trials through which I have passed, while His grace, so manifested in the conversion of souls and support

of this interesting people, has strengthened and quickened me for the labors of each succeeding year. Our Sabbath and week-day services have been well attended. The prayer-meetings have been special seasons of delight and refreshing. The Sabbath and week-day schools have maintained their interest for good. In the former is an adult class which I have regularly taught; Mrs. Parent and my daughter having supervision of the others. We have lost by death five, and by removal forty-three; our present membership is two hundred and thirty-two."

During the latter part of this year my attention was called to a French settlement, named St. Mark. It is about fifteen miles from Oka. A colporteur visited this place and his labors were productive of good results. I have visited this place and find a work of much promise going on. Our meetings are of a most delightful character; four are truly converted to God, while quite a number are earnestly seeking for Gospel light. Several of these are in prominent positions in the place. It would be well to give them regular preaching and continue the work now begun.

There are a few names that will always be held in pleasant remembrance by myself and family in connection with our work at Oka, such as Mr. G. Young, Dr. Burs, Messrs. Morton, Armstrong and Parks—men who by their practical sympathy nobly assisted us.

We were now settled down in our new home, a pleasant village about one hundred miles from the scene of our former labors. It was a marked change; here we have associates with whom we can converse

in our own language. A pleasant parsonage and comfortable home, hence we have felt it was a rest and relief from the work of the past years.

Here in Waterloo I found one family of French Methodists and two Baptist families; the Baptists moved away shortly after I came. My work here was visiting the families to whom I could gain access. I also visited South Stukely and established services in the house of my brother-in-law, who was driven from St. Cesaire by persecution.

Much good was done here, but those who left the Church of Rome went to the States to avoid persecution. This constant removal of the converts from Rome is the cause of the seeming non-success of the French mission.

The Roman Catholics of this place had heard of me at Oka and were up in arms, and their antagonism was fed by the priest. Meeting with one of them he thus accosted me: "So you are the man that caused those good fathers at Oka so much trouble." "No, my friend," I said; "they were the cause of the trouble. I went to help them make good men of the Indians and they did not like it. The priest said he could pardon their sins, and I said no man can do this but Christ, and this is why they began the trouble."

In the year 1880 we were again summoned to Aylmer in connection with the trial of the Indians. Through the efforts of Mr. Maclaren the Indians were all discharged and the case finished, we hope forever, as far as human courts are concerned, but woe to the oppressor when they stand arraigned before that

Judge with whom no chicanery of Rome will prevail, and to whom all secrets are open.

Then will the Indian soar on golden pinions above the ruins of the man of sin and forever sing the triumphs of the Cross.

A man came to me who lived in the township of Ely. He asked me if I would go out to his neighborhood and preach occasionally. He showed me a petition containing a number of names requesting me to come and preach for them. After making further inquiries I found that there were two Methodist families residing in the place who had come from the States, and also three families from the Baptist Church. I asked these people if they were Baptists. They said, as far as the mode of baptism was concerned, they were; "but we do not believe in excluding any Christian from the sacraments." They then asked me if I would take them into the Methodist Church and become their pastor. I wrote to Mr. Borland, asking him what I ought to do in the matter, and he answered, "Take them in."

I then organized a class of eighteen members, and began regular services. Our work was blessed, and souls were converted. Our Baptist friends, however, could not leave the question of the mode of baptism at rest. A young married man, who was converted in our meetings, wished to be baptized. The Baptists persuaded him that he would have to go under the water—and thus this disturbing element came in. I preached on the subject, and the man decided, much to the sorrow of the Baptists, to be sprinkled.

Some people blamed me for going there because there was a Baptist church there, but I do not think any blame can be attached to me. I simply went there by express invitation of the people.

This trouble about baptism taught me more forcibly than ever the necessity of instructing the converts from Roman error in the doctrine of the Word of God.

I well remember, in the year 1841, while in the State of Massachusetts, two men came from Boston and began to preach that the end of time had come. These men had a great influence over me. Knowing as I did very little about the Bible, I was easily influenced. It is imperative, that those coming out from papal darkness have the light of God's Word to guide them, that the sophisms and evils of religious tramps may be seen by them.

After laboring two years at this place I was sent to Roxton, a former charge. I found it very much changed. Babes had become men since I had left, and the whole place gave evidence of the industry of its inhabitants.

The township of Roxton has been blessed by the preaching of the gospel. We have there now about fifty French-Canadian families who are Protestants, and many have gone from there to Lake Huron and the Eastern States. There is no place in which our people have such an influence. At one appointment we have a class of fifty members. They meet in a school-house. My brother was the first man to break from the chains of Rome, and he immediately began itinerative work, reading the Bible to the people in

their houses; thus beginning a work that to-day has grown to wonderful results. While holding meetings in this place a man, who was a member of the Church of England, asked some of our converts if they would not rather join his Church. They said, "No; it is too much like Rome."

I caught a very severe cold this year, and was confined to my bed for some time; but the Lord raised me up, and I again engaged in my much-loved work.

I opened another appointment at Shefford Mountain, where, I trust, much good has been done, notwithstanding the usual hostility of the priesthood. Some were converted and made to rejoice in a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

My experience has taught me that we can reach the Roman Catholics more readily in a private than in a public house. They are afraid their neighbors will see them, and tell the priest if they go to a church or school-house. One man said to me, "If I had your religion I would be glad." A wealthy man, in the parish of St. Cesaire, who had Protestant neighbors, was informed by the priest that he must give them a wide berth. The man said to his spiritual adviser, "Is it not true that our religion is the religion of Christ?" "Yes," said the priest. "Well," said the man, "then I am not afraid, for my religion must be better than theirs." "But," said this holy father, "these Protestants are so skilful in argument they will make you believe black is white." Thus is Rome ever ready with her sophistry to hoodwink the unwary, and keep her people in darkness.

This man, however, was determined to have a Bible and learn for himself. The priest then threatened he would refuse him absolution. The man obtained a Bible, read it, and became convinced of the errors of Rome, and immediately severed his connection with her. He was afterwards converted, and became a burning and shining light.

And now, dear reader, I must bring my little book to a close, and as I pen the concluding lines I am conscious that my work is nearly done. The vigor of my youth is passing away; and as I meet with those, now men and women, whom I took as babes in my arms, I know I must soon cross the river, and then make my report at the throne of God.

My life has been a checkered one; and often I have been discouraged—and sometimes the shadows were deep, and sad seemed my path to the goal—but the Master would flash the light of His love on the darkness, and I could rejoice in the midst of trouble, and with David of old could exclaim, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.”

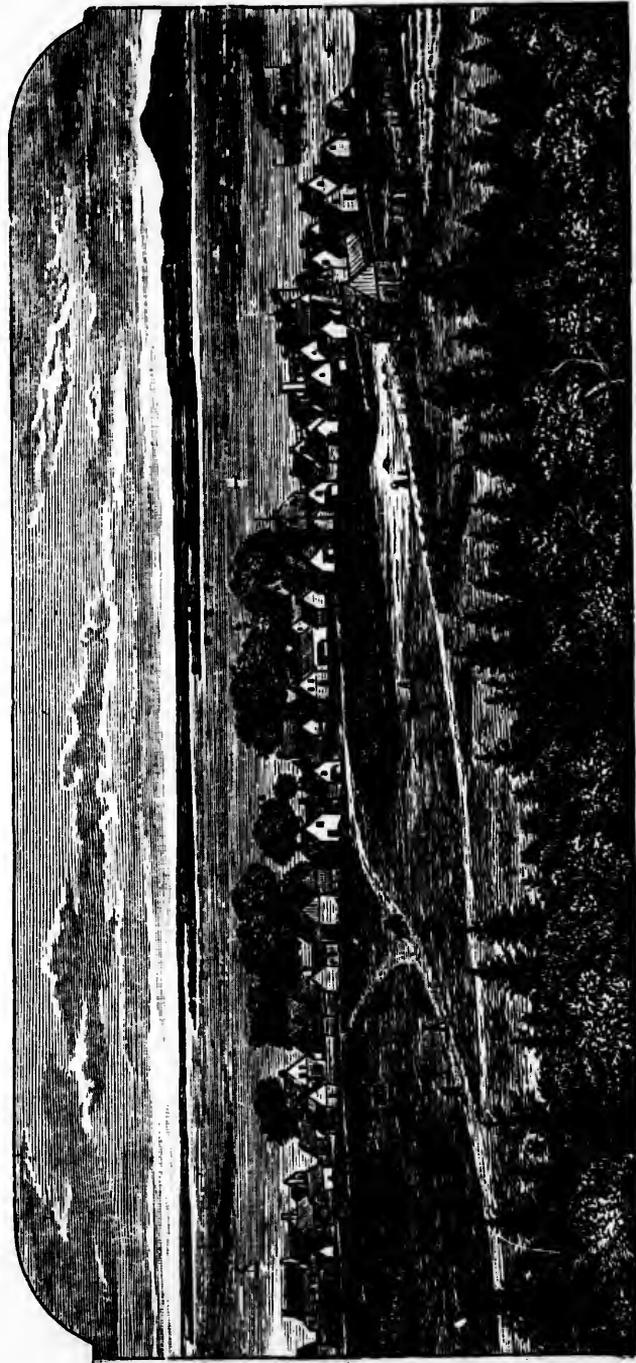
My earnest prayer now is, that the notes of the grand old gospel may ring around the universe so loudly that the vibrations of its power may shake the foundations of the structure of Papacy until the gigantic whited sepulchre shall fall a mass of ruins, and on the debris shall be erected an altar of praise to our God.

a Bible  
ened he  
ained a  
rrors of  
n with  
came a

e book  
I am  
igor of  
those,  
in my  
then

have  
were  
at the  
dark-  
, and  
gh I  
f will  
Thy

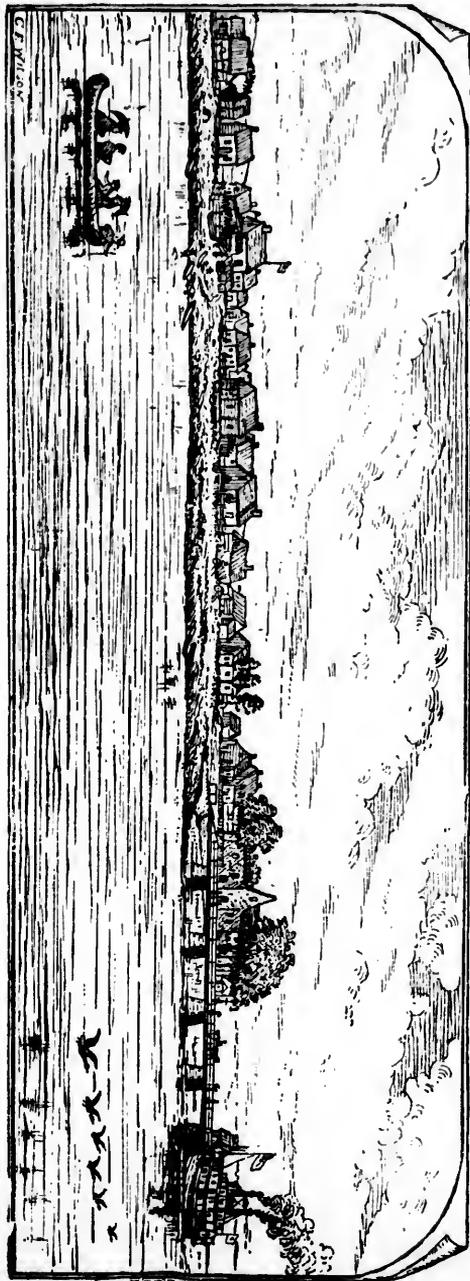
the  
e so  
the  
the  
ins,  
aise

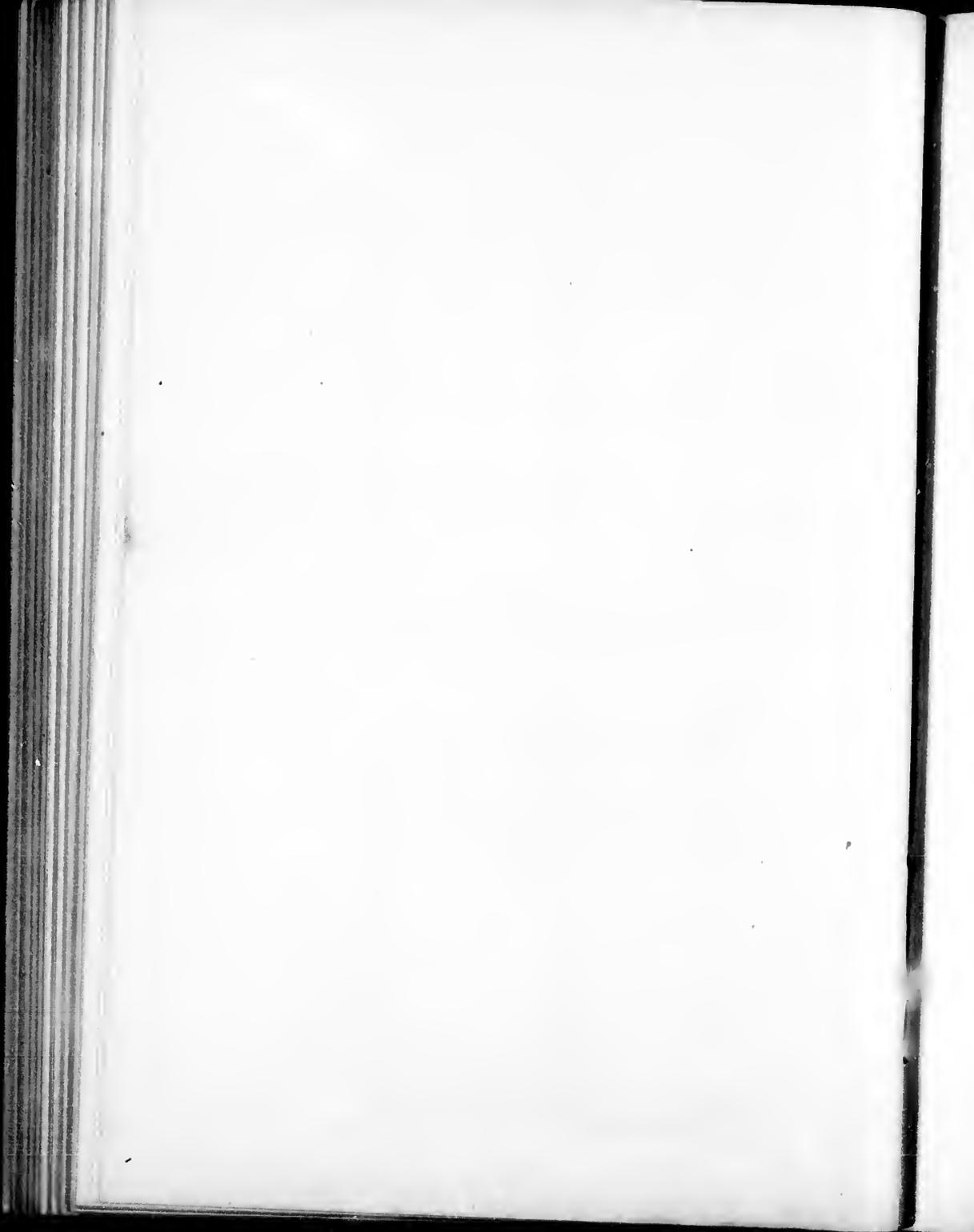


VIEW OF OKA FROM THE SAND HILL.

VIEW OF OKA FROM THE SAND HILL,

VIEW OF OKA FROM THE RIVER.





## OKA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

### CHAPTER I.

**I**N the eighth day of December, 1875, the news was carried to Montreal, and thence disseminated throughout Canada, that a little Methodist church at the Indian village of Oka had been torn down by an unfriendly party of men, armed with legal authority for this action.



THE INDIAN CHURCH BEFORE IT WAS PULLED DOWN.

The church was an unpretending structure which had been built through the voluntary contributions of friends in Montreal and elsewhere. It was unprotected by trees, and, although small, being much larger than

the buildings surrounding it, had formed a prominent feature in the landscape. Previous to the time when this church was razed to the ground, very few of the thousands who yearly passed up and down the Ottawa River, and whose attention was directed to the village, behind which rose the remarkable bank of glistening white sand that attracted the eye even when miles away, knew aught of it, except that it was inhabited by Indians.

To some there was pointed out that clump of trees, trimmed to perfect a striking natural resemblance to a bear stooping down to drink from the river, and which for this reason had gained much celebrity as "The Bear." All, with the exception of less than a score, were ignorant of the heart-burnings of those who dwelt in the little houses by the river-side; ignorant of the deep sense of injustice and wrong, real or fancied, that most of them felt and still feel, and that behind this little village lurked a history both interesting and instructive.

It was little thought that the attention of the whole Dominion would be riveted to this peaceful-looking spot, and that its name would have to be mentioned with discretion between friends with certain differences in religious belief. In any account of the history and character of the residents of Oka, the causes which brought them so prominently before the public must take no inferior place, and that they may be fairly exhibited is the writer's desire, although that what he may write will be read without prejudice he dare not expect.

It is possible, however, that a candid account of the events, which, through the suspicious state of public opinion, have assumed an importance so much above what they really deserve, may lead to a fairer understanding of the questions which come to an issue around this village, whose solution will be determined by the most impartial judge, Time. It is a pleasant task to allow the mind to wander listlessly over the scenes which we may easily suppose to have been transacted on the river which for ages has flowed past Oka's front, and those stern ones history has handed down to us. We can imagine the savage loves that may have been plighted beside the smoothly-gliding waters, and the fitful gleam of the camp-fires as reflected in their depths.

It is not difficult to call up the hideous contortions of the "Medicine Man" as he performs his demoniacal incantations, the savage war-dance, the torturing of prisoners, and the self-inflicted tortures by the braves to show their capacity for enduring pain, the ambuscade, the battle and the scalping-knife.

As the centuries increase in numbers the white man invades the stream, the black gown of the Jesuit being amongst the first garments to become associated in the Indian mind with the intruders who claimed the land and its owners for the Church and for France. By water, by land, painfully paddling their frail canoes up the stream, toiling around portages, subjecting themselves to all the indignities that the rough people they lived amongst thought fit to inflict—not so much out of unkind feeling as to learn whether the strangers

were gifted with endurance like their own,—sleeping on leafy beds which, one says, had not been made up since creation, but were none the less comfortable to limbs as tired as his, they steadily advanced to regions hitherto unknown to their countrymen—who were impelled only by the lesser incentive of gain—there to suffer indignities greater than ever before, but still to be successful in winning many to the Cross. The superstition and narrow scope of ideas of those amongst whom they worked made the task a difficult one, and thus the record of their labor becomes of greater interest.

The principal tribes amongst whom their labor had to be performed were the Iroquois, Hurons and Algonquins. The Algonquins were the natural allies of the French, and adhered to them through good and evil. For this they had a double reason. Although the territories of the tribes speaking their language covered the divisions of country now known as North Virginia, New Jersey, South-eastern New York, New England, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the Province of Quebec to beyond its northern boundaries, the shores of the Upper Lakes, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky, the fact that they lived by the chase and migrated here and there like the patriarchs in Eastern lands, and were subjected to great hardships, was sufficient to prevent them from being numerically strong and equal in power at the time of which we speak to those red men who tilled the soil.

## CHAPTER II.

CLOSELY huddled together between the southern inlets of the Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, in the midst of the virgin woods, were found the Hurons. They dwelt in towns pretty compactly built for purposes of fortification and defence against their enemies, particularly the Iroquois. Their dwellings and their language would indicate that they were a branch of the Iroquois stock, notwithstanding the hatred existing between the two. Their towns would cover from one to ten acres. The dwellings were huddled together with little attention to convenience or order. In fact, this was precluded by the manner of their construction. They varied in size from thirty-five to two hundred and fifty feet in length, though all were about thirty-five feet broad, and as many high.

This uniformity in width must have been caused by the rude frames being made of saplings, which were planted in a double row and lashed together at the top so as to form a Gothic arch. The roof was made by binding other poles to these, transversely, and the whole was covered with large sheets of bark made to lap each other in layers like shingles or tiles. Underneath was a network of poles on which were hung weapons, skins, ornaments, clothing, and the golden harvest of the cornfields. Along the whole length of the crown of the roof an opening a foot wide was left for the egress of the smoke and the ingress of the light. A scaffold about four feet in height, covered by thin

sheets of bark and surmounted by mats and skins, extended down the side of the building. On the scaffold the occupants slept in summer, and beneath was stored their firewood. The fires extended in a row down the whole length of the building, each one answering the wants of two families, whose members slept around it in the winter. There being no sufficient outlet for the blinding smoke, inflammation of the eyes was a common disease, and many of the aged were blind. Sometimes as many as twenty families lived and slept in the one chamber. The moral condition of these people needs no further reference. Parkman describes the scene which presented itself to the Jesuit pioneers of this region as follows: "He who entered on a winter night beheld a strange spectacle: the vista of fires lighting the smoky conclave; the bronzed groups encircling each,—cooking, eating, gambling, or amusing themselves with idle badinage; shrivelled squaws, hideous with threescore years of hardships; gristly old warriors, scarred with Indian war-clubs; young aspirants, whose honors were yet to be won; damsels gay with ochre and wampum; restless children pell-mell with restless dogs. Now a tongue of resinous flame painted each wild feature in vivid light; now the fitful gleam expired, and the group vanished from sight, as their nation has vanished from history."

The men hunted, fished, built the houses, made weapons, pipes and canoes, and feasted. The women in their early lives were wantons; after marriage, drudges. In early spring they gathered the firewood for the season, then had to perform the tilling, sowing,

harvesting, curing of fish, the dressing of skins, making of cordage and clothing, the preparation of food, and on the march bore the burdens. Champlain says "their women were their mules." Thus in a few years after marriage the women became shrivelled hags, whose ferocity and cruelty far exceeded that of the men. The Indians were inveterate gamblers, and often staked their all on the result of the game: one village would play against the other, and an early writer relates that one midwinter the men of his village returned home through the snow, three feet deep, without leggings and barefooted, yet in excellent humor, having left these very necessary protectors from the cold in the hands of the successful parties in the game.

Gluttony was a science. A host would put his all into a single feast and invite the village to partake. If the visit were of a medical or mystical character, it was necessary that each guest should eat all placed before him; failing which the gravest consequences might result to him and to the nation. Prizes were offered to the most rapid feeder.

After the torture of a prisoner of war, he was killed, boiled and eaten. If he had been courageous, his heart was roasted, and, being divided into small pieces, was given to the young men and boys to increase their courage.

But the greatest feast was that prescribed by the Medicine-man as necessary to the patient's cure. Parkman thus describes it: "The Indian doctor beat, shook and pinched his patient; howled, whooped, rattled

a tortoise shell at his ear to expel the evil spirit ; bit him until the blood flowed, and then displayed in triumph a small piece of wood, bone, or iron, which he had hidden in his mouth, and which he affirmed was the source of the disease, now happily removed. Sometimes he prescribed a dance, feast, or game, and the whole village bestirred themselves to fulfil the injunction to the letter. They gambled away their all ; they gorged themselves like vultures ; they danced or played ball, naked, among the snow-drifts from morning till night. At a medical feast some strange or unusual act was commonly enjoined as vital to the patient's cure ; as, for example, the departing guest, in place of the customary monosyllable of thanks, was required to greet his host with an ugly grimace.

"Sometimes, by prescription, half the village would throng into the house where the patient lay, led by old women disguised with the heads and skins of bears, and beating with sticks on sheets of dry bark. Here the assembly danced and whooped for hours together, with a din to which a civilized patient would promptly have succumbed."

## CHAPTER III.

THE third tribe to which we shall refer, and by far the most influential in shaping the destinies of this country, was the Iroquois—the Romans of the western hemisphere. They were intellectually the superior of the other Indian tribes, and thus proved one of the primary steps offered by phrenologists, inasmuch as they carried the largest heads on the continent previous to the advent of the whites.

It is evident that they originally consisted of one tribe, which was divided into eight clans, named the Wolf, Bear, Tortoise, Beaver, Deer, Snipe, Heron and Hawk. Jealousy grew into discord, and discord into war, until the tribe was divided into five distinct nations—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas.

Their villages were ranged in a long line along the Mohawk valley from the Hudson and Lake Champlain to Niagara. Each of these nations was subdivided into the above-mentioned clans, members of each of which were found in all; and on the subsequent confederation of the nations, when they became known as the Iroquois or Five Nations, these families reunited. This formed a second bond of union of great importance to the solidity of the united nation. The glory of effecting this confederation tradition has ascribed to an Onondaga chief named Atotarho, whose descendants, known also by his name, subsequently held the chief dignity amongst them. The confederacy was ruled by

a council of fifty hereditary chiefs or sachems, belonging to the different nations, from eight to fourteen being contributed by each.

Another council, whose functions were purely civil, was composed of elected chiefs, and thus was made up of men who had arisen through ability, address or valor. There was also a third council, which has been called "The Senate." This was participated in by all qualified by age and experience. This Lafitan describes as "a greasy assemblage, sitting *sur lem derrière*, crouched like apes, their knees as high as their ears, or lying, some on their bellies, some on their backs, each with a pipe in his mouth, discussing affairs of state with as much coolness and gravity as the Spanish Junta or the Grand Council of Venice."

The young warriors had their councils also, and the women as well, and the opinions therein arrived at were represented before the Senate, the council of old men, or the Grand Council of the Sachems, by deputies appointed for the purpose. Thus the system of popular government was carried to an extreme, and the young men were no less ambitious to be famous in the council than in the battle-field and the chase. When a Grand Council of special importance was called the whole population would gather together. The minor councils would be held as well as the general one, and the old men around one fire, the young braves around another, the women around a fourth, all consulting simultaneously and sending their opinions to the final court, it was a wonder if the matter were not viewed from every light, and no wonder that the confederacy became the

most powerful on the hemisphere, a marvel to even the enterprising Europeans for their astuteness and the union which ever existed in their movements. The latter was occasioned by the fact that the council must be unanimous in its decision—a marvel only to be accounted for by the fact that the wills of this stubborn people were bent and moulded by the all-controlling influence of patriotism.

These people dwelt in houses like those previously described, were strongly attached to their land, and, in comparison with the surrounding tribes, were excellent farmers. They were ferocious, taciturn and cruel to their enemies, yet of a social disposition, gossipy, ubiquitous visitors when at their villages, and exercised the most unfailing hospitality.

When one was destitute all were ready to assist. When a young woman was permanently married the other women of the village contributed her first year's store of wood, each bringing an armful. If anyone was without shelter the men of the village joined in building him a house. If any was without food he need but enter the nearest house and sit by the fire. Without a word being said, food was placed before him, and he might eat his fill. Words of thanks were neither given nor expected.

These tribes were the people, in their natural state, amongst whom the missionaries first began their labors, and without some knowledge of whom thus described it would be impossible fully to understand the elements which united to make a community like that of Oka, where Algonquins, Hurons, and Iroquois

dwelt side by side. On May 16th, 1535, Jacques Cartier with his officers and men assembled in the Cathedral of St. Malo, and received the blessing of the Church on the occasion of their second voyage to Canada's unkindly shore. Early in September they anchored at the shore of a thickly-wooded island, now known as the Island of Orleans, where the wild grapes hung from the trees in generous profusion. They visited Stadaconé and its greasy royal ruler, Donnacona, and set sail farther up the river to Hochelaga, where they found a large Indian town nestled close to the foot of the mountain which now overlooks Montreal, and surrounded by a palisade made by a triple row of trunks of trees so arranged as to give great strength, and to afford the inhabitants valuable means of attack and defence. The people that inhabited both of these towns were of the Huron-Iroquois race.

Sixty-eight years later Samuel de Champlain visited these sites and found them deserted, and without a vestige of their original grandeur remaining. In the short interval circumstances had occurred which plainly illustrated how great events often result from insignificant causes.

In this case, as in nearly all others of moment, there was a woman deeply interested. Hochelaga was a peaceful and united town when the daughter of a Seneca chief, as a recent Huron writer tells us the traditions of his forefathers assert, fell in love with a Huron brave. The feeling was reciprocated. The Huron should have known that his station was too low for him to aspire to the hand of one so great as the chieftain's daughter ;

but love gives courage, and the young man proposed for the lady's hand in the most approved form of those days. He was refused, of course. Had the young man been a Montrealer of the year 1878, he might, on this, have eloped with the chief's daughter, or he might have pined away and died of unrequited love. But he did none of these. He took a stone tomahawk and smashed out the unrelenting father's brains. The result was most important. The Senecas and a portion of the town demanded the severest vengeance for the crime. The Huron family and their friends took the young man's part. In a democratic country there should be no distinction, and the chieftain was served quite right. A war ensued, in which the Hurons and their allies were victorious, and the tribes which subsequently became known as the Iroquois were driven across the river to central New York, there to nurse their strength and enmity to those who drove them from their home. Thus, it is said, rose the enmity which only ended with the extinction of the Huron tribes.

Champlain's first visit was but a short one. Five years after he returned to introduce the French regime, which for a hundred years was to rule the destinies of the country.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE Iroquois, since the date of Cartier's visit, had crossed to the north of the St. Lawrence and waged successful warfare on the Hurons and Algonquins. The former had been driven to the borders of the lake which bears their name, where they founded prosperous towns, though inferior to the ones left behind them; while the latter were scattered over a great extent of territory, losing that strength which always rests in union. Both tribes dreaded the Iroquois, and feared them as they did the Evil Spirit. Nothing, they thought, could stand before them.

Champlain firmly believed that on the St. Lawrence he was pursuing the highroad to China with its wealth and mysteries. But with a small backing he believed it to be useless to attempt to reach the great unknown country at the head of this river.

Clive and Hastings followed a settled policy in India. They allied themselves with the weaker ruler when two were at war. Their aid was ever sufficient to turn the scale. But when the stronger was conquered and the weaker reigned, the latter, although nominally victor, was such only by the might of the British arms, and required the power which raised him to eminence to sustain him there.

It is possible that a similar policy presented itself to Champlain's mind. Had he received even half the support given to the British conquerors of India, and had there been less civil power invested in the hands

of powerful ecclesiastics who soon after attained to great eminence in the country, there need never have been the taking of Louisburg or the defeat on the Plains of Abraham. The opportunity arriving, Champlain allied himself with the Algonquins and Hurons, and marched against the Iroquois. On the 28th of May, 1609, he with his Algonquin and Huron allies set sail from Stadaconé. There were but twelve Frenchmen in the party, but they were armed with the *arquebuse*—a weapon which belched forth fire and a leaden hail such as had never been seen in that region before. They pursued their course up the St. Lawrence to Sorel, up the Richelieu, past Belœil, into Lake Champlain, until they had entered into the country of the Iroquois. In the meantime nine of the Frenchmen had returned with their shallop, because of the rapids met with on the way. On the journey the dreamers of the party were anxious about their dreams, and the white leader was constantly tormented to tell his. But like a weary man he, nightly or daily as the case might be, sank into a dreamless sleep, until, on the 29th of July, he in his slumbers beheld the Iroquois drowning in the lake. The scene was so vivid that he awoke and essayed to rescue his enemies. This attracted the attention of his allies, and on learning the cause they were almost beside themselves with joy, for all now would be well with them.

That evening they met the Iroquois near the site of the present Ticonderoga. The latter, perceiving their enemies, immediately took to the shore and erected

rude fortifications. The allied army lashed their canoes together and remained on the water within ear-shot.

Thus Parkman describes the battle: "It was agreed on both sides that the fight should be deferred till day-break; but meanwhile a commerce of abuse, sarcasm, menace and boasting gave unceasing exercise to the lungs and fancy of the combatants—'much,' says Champlain, 'like besiegers and besieged in a beleagured town.'

"As day approached, he and his two followers put on the light armor of the time. Champlain wore the doublet and long hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a back piece, while his thighs were protected by cuirasses of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer, or ammunition box; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebuse, which he had loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian-fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's war.

"Each of the three Frenchmen was in a separate canoe, and as it grew light they kept themselves hidden, either by lying at the bottom or covering themselves with an Indian robe. The canoes approached the shore, and all landed without opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they presently could see filing out of their barricade; tall, strong men, some two hundred in number, of the boldest and fiercest

warriors in North America. They advanced through the forest with a steadiness which excited the admiration of Champlain. Among them could be seen several chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide, and some were covered with a kind of armor made of tough twigs, interlaced with a vegetable fibre, supposed by Champlain to be cotton. The allies, growing anxious, called with loud cries for their champion, and opened their ranks that he might pass to the front. He did so, and advancing before his red companions-in-arms, stood revealed to the astonished gaze of the Iroquois, who, beholding the warlike apparition in their path, stared in mute amazement; but his arquebuse was levelled, the report startled the woods, a chief fell dead, and another by his side rolled among the bushes. Then there arose from the allies a yell which, says Champlain, would have drowned the thunder-clap, and the forest was full of whizzing arrows. For a moment the Iroquois stood firm and sent back their arrows lustily; but when another and another gunshot came from the thickets in their flank they broke and fled in uncontrollable terror. Swifter than hounds the allies tore through the bushes in pursuit. Some of the Iroquois were killed; more were taken. Camp, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned, and many weapons were flung down in the panic flight. The arquebuse had done its work. The victory was complete.

“Thus ended the battle which was instrumental in raising up against the French in Canada the never-ceasing enmity of the most powerful Indian tribe in

America, which ever afterwards was to them a treacherous friend when not an unsparing foe; and yet the good treatment of the Indians was recognized as of the greatest importance in the French scheme of colonization."

---

## CHAPTER V.

THE first effort made on a large scale to reclaim the Indians was begun by the Recollets, a branch of the Franciscans; and four friars were sent out with Champlain in his voyage of 1615. One of their number, Joseph Le Caron, was brought by a war party of Hurons to their village north of Lake Simcoe; and to him is ascribed the honor of performing the first mass in that part of the New World. It was claimed for the Church before it had been reached by the indefatigable Champlain and arrogated to France. The trials of the journey for one like Le Caron it is hard to understand, but all can appreciate his feelings when he writes, "But I must tell you what abundant consolation I found under all my troubles; for when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion, and sacrifice to it his repose and life."

This mission was the farthest outpost of the work taken in hands by the Recollets, the others extending east as far as Acadia. Its material support was contributed by two Huguenots, William and Emery de

Caen, who had the monopoly of trade in New France at this time, with this condition attached.

But this vast extent of territory was too much for the weak order of the Recollets to retain, and in 1625 they had to accept the assistance of the Jesuits, so strong in wealth and energy that they could prosecute the good cause without relying on the aid unwillingly given by the Huguenots. The chance was greedily seized, and very soon this uncompromising order controlled the missions in Canada.

Two years later the Huguenots had been dispossessed of their monopoly of the exclusive right to the trade of the country, and it was given to a company consisting of a hundred associates, with Cardinal Richelieu at its head. This company had a charter giving it the trade for ever, freeing it from all duties and imposts of Canada for fifteen years, allowing officers and ecclesiastics to engage in trade without derogating from the privileges of their orders, determining that every settler must be a Frenchman and a Catholic, and that at least three ecclesiastics must be provided for each settlement.

Thus it was not long before the Jesuit programme, under Cardinal Richelieu's energetic policy, had developed itself.

It would be most interesting to glance at the petty scenes which Champlain and others who joined in them have recorded for future ages, such as the assemblage of Caen and his sailors, whether Huguenots or good Catholics, to prayers; the subsequent prohibition of Caen's sailors from psalm-singing and praying on the St. Lawrence, and the compromise by which it

was agreed that for the time they might pray, but not sing.

But this would occupy much space at this time, so we shall now revert to the modes of conversion used by the Jesuits, as an indication of the means used by all the Roman Catholic missionaries at this time and of later days to educate the people.

For this purpose we will follow the zealous Father Superior Le Jeune, and the trio Brébeuf, Daniel and Daoust, willing to do, dare, suffer and die for "the greater glory of God."

In 1633 Le Jeune was to be found amongst the wandering bands of Algonquins on the shores of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers. With them he starved when the hunt did not turn out well, and when it was successful gorged himself, as was the custom.

The Indians were skilful in the use of sorcery to gain success in the chase; but if the Good Spirit did not aid them they ate bark and scraps of leather, finding all other mercies concentrated in their tobacco; so that the father could write, "Unhappy infidels, who spend their lives in smoke and their eternity in flames!"

But as hunting grew worse the Jesuit composed two prayers, hung a napkin on the side of the hut and a crucifix thereon, and induced all the Indians to kneel before it with hands uplifted and clasped. In this attitude they said the prayers after him, promising to renounce their superstitions and sins and obey Christ, whose image was before them, if He would

save them from perishing. That day they returned home loaded with game, feasted themselves as usual, and out of gratitude abused the dejected priest to the utmost of their well-exercised ability. Thus was the work prosecuted amongst the Algonquins. Brébeuf and his two companions were destined to carry the tenets of their religion to the Huron villages in the heart of Huron country.

The Indians, even those who esteemed the priests of other orders, had a natural dislike of the Jesuits. Thus it was with the greatest difficulty, after some two years' delay, and after a vow to St. Joseph, that the Hurons could be induced to carry them to their villages. How they fared on the way it is needless for us to recount.

The following instructions for the missionaries who should have to visit the Hurons, which were printed in Paris two years later, giving a picturesque glimpse of what might be expected by the self-sacrificing volunteers for the service, have been condensed by Parkman as follows:—"You should love the Indians like brothers with whom you are to spend the rest of your life.—Never make them wait for you in embarking.—Take a flint and steel to light their pipes and kindle their fire at night; for these little services win their hearts.—Try to eat their sagamite as they cook it, bad and dirty as it is. Fasten up the skirts of your cassock, that you may not carry water or sand into the canoe. Wear no shoes or stockings in the canoe; but you may put them on in crossing the portages. Do not make yourself troublesome, even to a single Indian. Do not

ask them too many questions.—Bear their faults in silence, and appear always cheerful. Buy fish for them from the tribes you will pass; and for this purpose take with you some awls, beads, knives and fish-hooks.—Be not ceremonious with the Indians; take at once what they offer you; ceremony offends them.—Be very careful, when in the canoe, that the brim of your hat does not annoy them. Perhaps it would be better to wear your night-cap. There is no such thing as impropriety among Indians.—Remember that it is Christ and His cross that you are seeking; and if you aim at anything else, you will get nothing but affliction for mind and body.”

The sufferings which must have been endured by those whose experience led to such advice as this were such as must give those who look at their toil from these days larger ideas of the devotion and self-abnegation of the missionaries. That it did not lead to better results is a marvel. The secret seems to lie in their manner of presenting Christianity.

Instead of elevating the minds of the Indians to a higher level, they brought their Christianity and themselves down to compete with the pagan sorcerers, as in the case of Father Le Jeune.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE Huron villages were reached in 1634, and at once the work began. A house was built for them. Its internal fittings were the wonder of the neighborhood, especially the clock, which the Indians were taught to believe said, "Put on the kettle," when it struck twelve times, and "Get up and go home," when it struck four times.

Never before nor since was more trouble taken to reach the Indians. Every one was regarded as a soul that must be saved by any means. Every house was visited, and pictures of heaven and hell shown, and the doctrines regarding them expounded.

The children were gathered together in the mission-house, and presents offered to those who could make the sign of the cross, repeat the Ave, the Credo and the Commandments. The result was that in a short time the young people were seen playing at making the sign of the cross, and repeating the prayers to each other to become perfect in them. Thus the living children were guided. A surer way to heaven was found for the dying. Each one was baptized, and his salvation was considered certain. But as the small-pox raged for several years, beginning soon after the advent of the Jesuits, nearly decimating the nation, and as each dying person was baptized shortly before his death, the Indians, confounding the cause and effect of the mysterious rite, grew suspicious and forbade its observance. But the intrepidity of the Jesuits overcame all.

Thus Father Le Mercier relates one of the means used to effect the desired result. Some days before, the missionary had used the same device for baptizing a little boy six or seven years old. His father, who was very sick, had several times refused baptism, and when asked if he would not be glad to have his son baptized, he answered, "No." "At least," said Father Pijort, "you will not object to my giving him a little sugar." "No; but you must not baptize him." The missionary gave it him at once; then again; and at the third spoonful, before he had put the sugar into the water, he let a drop of it fall on the child, at the same time pronouncing the sacramental words. A little girl, who was looking at him, cried out, "Father, he is baptizing him!" The child's father was much disturbed; but the missionary said to him, "Did you not see that I was giving him sugar?" The child died soon after; but God showed grace to the father, who was soon in perfect health.

There was greater difficulty in dealing with the adults. The Jesuits described heaven and hell in their opposites of joy and terror. But the former afforded but little attraction to the savage mind. The latter was no worse than their feast of death. "Why do you baptize that Iroquois?" said an Indian to a priest who had performed the last offices to a captive about to give up his life in the torture; "he will get to heaven before us and keep us out." "I wish to go where my relatives have gone," said a dying woman, and her opinion was the common one. "Heaven is a good place," said a third, "but I wish to be among

Indians, for the French will give me nothing to eat when I get there."

A mother, in answer to the question which she preferred, heaven or hell, replied, "Hell, if my children are there, as you say."

"Then I will not go; it is not good to be lazy," was the expression of a dying man when told that they neither hunted, made war, nor attended feasts in heaven.

The following was Brébeuf's religious code when, after the small-pox had almost decimated the village, a council was called to ascertain the cheapest terms on which the God of the Jesuits would take pity on them: "Believe in Him; keep His commandments; abjure your faith in dreams; take but one wife, and be true to her; give up your superstitious feasts; renounce your assemblies of debauchery; eat no human flesh; never give feasts to demons; and make a vow that, if God will deliver you from this pest, you will build a chapel to offer Him thanksgiving and praise." They readily consented to the last condition, but death itself would not make them pay any more.

The pictures of hell, of the last judgment, and others similar in nature which were used for the same purpose, became a more expressive argument than the mere verbal description of these scenes, more especially when they were accompanied by the plague.

A letter by Father Garnier, ordering a supply, curiously illustrates the kind which was considered the most useful—"Send me a picture of Christ without a beard." In the Indian's eyes it was not manly to

be bearded. This was to be sent with several Virgins and an assortment of souls in perdition, and a fair sprinkling of demons, dragons, etc., made with special attention to their attitude. One soul in bliss would suffice, and all the pictures must be full-faced. Bright colors must be used, and there should be no animals, flowers, or anything to distract the beholder's attention.

The imps and demons of these representations became to be considered by the Indians as the demons of the plague, and the Jesuits the controllers of them. But still they were unrepentant. Thus they all argued in the words of one: "I see plainly that your God is angry with us because we will not believe and obey him. Ithonatura, where you first taught His Word, is entirely ruined. Then you came here to Ossossané, and we would not listen; so Ossossané is ruined too. This year you have been all through our country and found scarcely any who obey what God commands; therefore, the pestilence is everywhere. My opinion is that we should shut you out from all the houses and stop our ears when you speak of God, so that we cannot hear. Then we shall not be so guilty of rejecting the truth, and He will not punish us so cruelly."

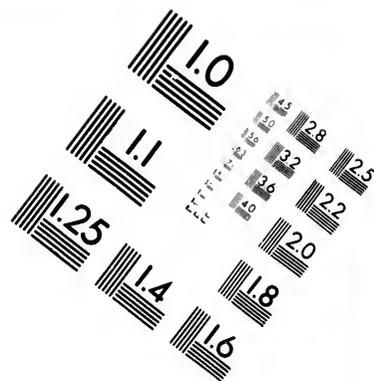
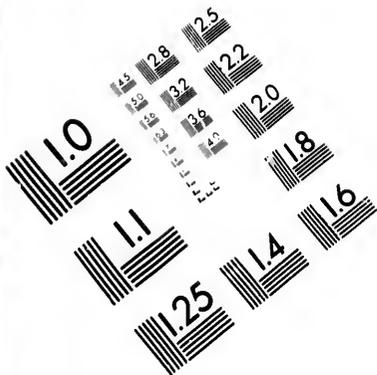
## CHAPTER VII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prejudices of the Indians, their laziness, their conservatism, their low and grovelling ideas, and their shrewd insight into all that was not real, the Jesuits gradually became the leaders. By attending to their temporal wants; by making the most of every advantage gained; by never-ending patience and unflinching skill; by a zeal which never tired; by a faith sufficient to remove mountains; by the use of images, superstitions, threats and promises, they gathered round them, one by one, numerous converts, and at last became a power. For a time it alternately increased and decreased, as is invariably the case with such movements.

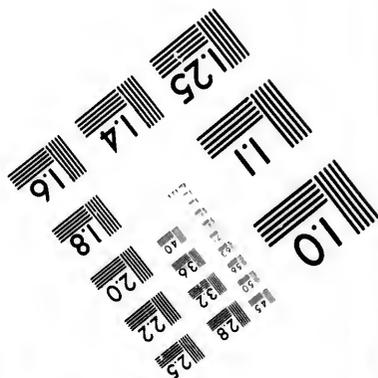
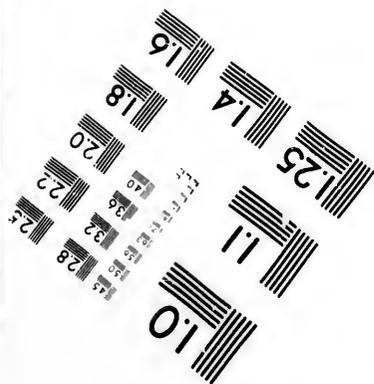
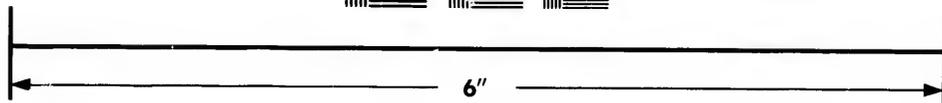
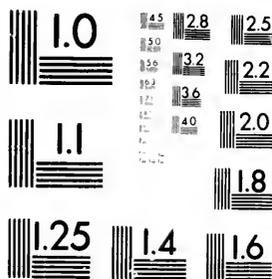
In 1648, the victory became complete; the Iroquois were fast completing the work of the small-pox. A party of Hurons, incensed at the rapid speed of the new religion, murdered a Frenchman.

A council was held, and after the subject was thoroughly discussed, it was determined to accede to the Jesuits' demand of presents for blood according to the custom.

Every family in the tribe vied with its neighbor to give the greater present to pay the price of the white man's blood, and the victory of the Jesuit was complete, as may be judged by the following quotation from an address to the priest: "We are but a handful, and you are the prop and stay of this nation. A thunderbolt has fallen from the sky and rent a chasm



**IMAGE EVALUATION  
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

0  
14.5 28  
12 16 20 25  
32  
36  
40 22  
2.0  
18

11  
10  
57

in the earth. We shall fall into it if you do not support us. Take pity on us. We are here not so much to speak as to weep over our loss and yours. Our country is but a skeleton without flesh, veins, sinews and arteries; and its bones hang together by a thread. This thread is broken by the blow that has fallen on the head of your nephew, for whom you weep. It was the demon of hell who placed the hatchet in the murderer's hand. Was it you, Sun, whose beams shine on us, who led him to this deed? Why did you not darken your light that he might be stricken with horror at his crime? Were you his accomplice? No; for he walked in darkness and did not see where he struck. He thought, this wretched murderer, that he aimed at the head of a young Frenchman, but the blow fell upon his country and gave it a death-wound. The earth opens to receive the blood of the innocent victim, and we shall be swallowed up in the chasm, for we are all guilty. The Iroquois rejoice at his death and celebrate it as a triumph; for they see that our weapons are turned against each other, and know well that our nation is near its end."

This last sentence was prophetic. Two years later the Hurons as a nation were destroyed off the face of the earth.

The Neutrals and Tobacco nation had also disappeared, and the Algonquins were little more than a name.

The Huron mission, which had strengthened as the fortunes of the people declined, was abandoned, and

the Jesuits wearily turned their faces towards Montreal. A remnant of the Hurons and a branch of the Algonquins formed a principal part of the settlement at Sault-au-Recollet, which was afterwards removed to Oka.

We will now turn our attention to another element which had a still more important influence in the future of Oka. The Seminary at St. Sulpice of Paris established a branch at Montreal in 1657. The same year the inhabitants of Montreal resolved to hand over to them the temporal management of the city and island for the slight protection from the Indians they were enabled to afford. This was officially effected in 1663.

At this time the Iroquois had almost depopulated the whole country, and it was only by the noble battle fought by Dollard that the country was saved.

The mission of the Algonquin and Huron Indians established by the Sulpicians at the fort in Montreal was soon afterwards transferred to Sault-au-Recollet, some nine miles further north. This mission held an important position in the minds of the Sulpicians. The Indians were the defenders of the outposts, generally receiving the first blow on the city delivered by its enemies.

It was to bring these Indians to a knowledge of the Christianity of the Jesuits that the followers of Loyola suffered as has been recorded, and gave instructions to their inexperienced associates not to annoy them by wearing their hats in the canoe.

It was to the same end that well-born, delicately-

nurtured, and highly-educated ladies came from France to the wilderness of America to suffer. Both used the same means to accomplish their work. Miracles were performed every day, and the wondering Indian was led to follow the performers of miracles. But there was another element in the case: the French king was the nominal possessor of the whole country, and from him all titles were obtained.

Thus, when the mission referred to was removed to Sault-au-Recollet, this Seminary required a title to the land which was given to them. This was rendered the more necessary as the religious community soon assumed the qualification of traders as well as that of savers of souls.

In addition to this the Jesuits at this time were jealous of the Sulpicians, and used every effort to prevent them from establishing themselves in Canada. They were also all-powerful at the French court. Thus there are four interests to be considered with the establishment of the Indian Mission, and the titles to the lands on it.

Thus opens a new phase in the history of the settlement, and one which led to the disputes referred to on the first page of this history. The Sulpicians asked for grants of land for the Indian Mission. Had they asked it for themselves they would not have got it. But the French came and granted the land for the mission, entailing no conditions on the Indians, but many on the Sulpicians.

For many years the Indians lived at Sault-au-Recollet. In 1718 they were removed to the Lake of the Two

Mountains, where their trustees, the Sulpicians, had obtained a tract of land nine miles square, which was subsequently doubled in size. The conditions of this grant are now before the courts, and eminent legal gentlemen have given very different views as to whether the Sulpicians are the sole proprietors of the land or simply the trustees or tutors of the Indians. Suffice it to say that there were many conditions imposed, all to be carried out by the Sulpicians and none by the Indians.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE life of the mission was not a monotonous one. Invasion by the Iroquois succeeded invasion, and the Indians at the Lake of Two Mountains, now a large settlement, as those of many districts had been concentrated there, were the defenders of the city and bore the brunt of the first onslaught by their wily Iroquois foes. But as the time passed, the Iroquois who had been Christianized or partly Christianized were gathered into the settlement and became its chief strength.

To the French, at the time of the French and English wars, this was very important, as there was a time when it seemed doubtful on whose side the influence of the Iroquois would be given. For a time it appeared that their policy of allowing the Europeans to waste their strength against themselves would be successful, and that the Indians would rule. But they were in-

duced to side with the British, with the exception of the Christianized ones, who followed their priestly teachers and remained monuments of the past at Oka, Caughnawaga, St. Regis, and other villages.

It is quite evident that the missionaries first sent, both by the Jesuits and Sulpicians, were the best that could be obtained. Their equals have not since been seen in Canada. Their successors arrogated to themselves the duties and privileges of traders as well as of ecclesiastics, and the result was that the Indians began to be looked upon as a source of revenue instead of as persons whose salvation was worth all possible effort. Thus at the present time the traditions of the Indians are decided on but two points, the religious teaching and the trading of the missionaries. For a time the latter was most profitable, and the former has never been altered from that adopted by the Jesuits from the Hurons, as previously related.

When Canada passed into the hands of the British the Indians were not long in changing their allegiance, and were both willing and ready to fight for and with the men dressed in red.

During the second year of the war of 1812 General Hampton, with an army of 5,000 selected men, advanced from Lake Champlain with a view to attacking Montreal. He crossed the border on October 21st, and pushing along on both sides of the Chateauguay River, thought to occupy the chief city of Canada without much difficulty. There was between him and his object but a small detachment of 400 troops, whom the historians call Voltigeurs. But each one was a

picked shot, amongst them being a sprinkling of Indians from Oka. They were also bravely led and wisely generalled by Colonel De Salaberry. At the junction of the Chateauguay and the Outarde the two forces met. The Canadians were strongly entrenched behind a breastwork of logs. General Izzard, with more than half the enemy, attempted to dislodge them, but the well-directed muskets of the defenders rapidly thinned their ranks. But as the fight continued it was evident that the strength of the attacking could not be withstood, and that cunning as well as courage would be required to gain the day for the Canadians. Then Colonel De Salaberry dispatched his buglers far to the right and left of his troops in the thick wood. At the signal they sounded the charge. The strength and zeal of the enemy had been well-nigh gone, and now it seemed to them that they were to be immediately attacked at all points by an overwhelming force of which they had known nothing. They fled. To the present day there are, in Oka, Indians who received a pension for their services in this action.

A few months ago there died at the village of Oka an old chief at the age of a hundred years. He had rendered yeoman service to the British during this war. He was the grand chief of the tribe at the time, and led his band of scouts at the battle of Cataraqui (Kingston). It is related of him that after a skirmish he saw a wounded American soldier sitting on a log and about being bayoneted by one of the chief's men. The chief saved his life, and ten years after the rescued man, meeting him in Kingston, gave him a handsome

reward. His services were not neglected by the British Government, for at the time of his death he held his commission from Earl Gosford, as the grand chief of the Iroquois, and two silver medals of the reign of "Georgius III., Dei gratia Britanniarum Rex, F.D."

As the country grew older and more civilized and the wars had all come to an end, the Indians were forgotten by the country at large; those at Oka, from their circumstances, more than others. They were wards of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, not of the country, as those of other Indian settlements, and for years they were left to them alone.

The spirit of self-sacrifice which had animated the first missionaries had all vanished.

The Sulpicians in Montreal had become the seigniors of whole counties, and so wealthy that they were able to defy and ultimately surpass the Jesuits. Thus from a struggling corporation they became one of almost unlimited influence and unbounded wealth. One of the richest portions of their territory was the Seigniorship of Two Mountains, on part of which dwelt the Oka Indians. These Indians had a claim on it which only expired when they should all leave it or die out. Of either there was no sign. The Iroquois loved their home, and would not be induced to leave. Then privilege after privilege was taken away from them. Grants they had been accustomed to receive were stopped. The tithes were collected with greater rigor, while sources of revenue were usurped. The Church was made to consume all their gains. Enticing

offers were made through the Government for them to settle in other neighborhoods. They grew poorer and poorer.

---

## CHAPTER IX.

A DAUGHTER of the old chief previously referred to, two years ago gave the writer the following testimony as to the treatment by the Sulpicians:—"I am not aware that the Seminary ever spent a *sou* on us during my lifetime. They never did us good; only hurt, both soul and body. About thirty-two years ago my husband, Michael Beauvais, was sent to jail for cutting a cord of wood. The priests told us to go to church, but all we saw there was statues and dolls and nuns. They used to preach to us often about the English. They used to say, 'Be careful, beware—they are devils, those English Protestants.' They forbade me having anything to do with them. When I used to go to a place where there was a Protestant church, I was afraid I was to be damned. The priests told me they could do miracles, could heal persons; a good many asked to be healed, but I never knew of any who were cured. Father Dufresne was the best priest, but very hard-hearted. They were very different from the Protestants. I fought with a priest once. I bought a bag from a man, and I wanted some flour and sent a boy to the priest's with the bag for it, and the priest took the bag away. I went to the priest's and saw his man, and asked for the bag. The man said, 'Why

didn't you put a patch on the name, and you might have kept it?' I said, 'It is my bag; I have not stolen it, and don't know anything about the name.' The priest heard this, and came into the room and said, 'You've got my bag.' I said, 'It is not yours, but mine.' He said, 'Get out, you saucy thing!' I told him I wouldn't, and he tried to push me out, but I was too strong and wouldn't go. I told him that was his work, whipping women, and left him; but he kept the bag. The flour we got at the priest's cost as much as it would anywhere else. We left the priests because their oppression was insupportable. We did not know what to do; we didn't know that we would be any better off after we left, but we couldn't be any worse. They treated us like dogs. The priests never did anything for us for nothing. We used to pay one dollar or fifty cents, or what we could, for having our children baptized. The least we could have any one buried for was three dollars and four livres. We paid a dollar and a half for being married. At the burials there were three crosses used. We had to pay two dollars extra to have the wooden one carried, two dollars and a half extra for the brass one, and five dollars for the gold one. The gold one had more virtue than the one of brass. The virtue was for the living priest, not for the dead person. I have been told by the old Indians that when the church was built the Indians gave beaver skins by the pack for it. These packs weighed fifty pounds each, and the skins were worth seven or eight dollars a pound. This was to pay for the church. They have a silver statue of the Virgin Mary in the

church which was made of the breast-plates and bracelets of the squaws. The Indians had lots of money then. If they had the same wit then as now they would not have grown so poor. Long ago one man got two thousand dollars for his skins one fall. He used to bring his hat full of money, and would spend it in drinking and would throw it into the river. The priests used to say to us then, 'Bring the money to us; bring it to us.' They used to take tithes of the income of the land; every twenty-sixth bushel of grain went to the priest, I paid it myself, and my father did before I was born. If we didn't pay, we were allowed to confess our sins but we couldn't get absolution or communion. That was a great loss—heaven lost. There used to be a society called the Holy Family. My aunt Therese was at the head of it. There was an Indian woman who would not go to confession because she said there was something there so bad. The priest told Therese to send her away, because he didn't want her there. She had a young child that was born a few days before, but was compelled to go. She walked on foot in winter to Ottawa and her child was nearly frozen on the road. They are still alive, but the woman never went to confess any more. When they got to Ottawa the child grew and the Protestants took him. The priests threatened to send the Indians away from the place if they did not pay tithes. Some were really sent away. When any one did anything which displeased the priests they were told to kneel by the church door, at the outside, and stay there while all the others passed,

as an example of the consequences of disobedience to the priest. I knelt there myself; it was at the time of the fuss about the bag. I knew too much then. We were ten or fifteen years getting sick of this before we left. I think the Catholic Indians are paying tithes now. Besides the payments I mentioned before, we paid to have masses said to make the land productive. We each paid so much. I also paid for a mass for my husband when he was a year and a day dead, to get him all the way out of purgatory. The first service had got him only part of the way out, and the other part was in; but after the memorial service all of him got out. I never knew or heard of any one that was fed or clothed by the priests without pay."

Another narrative showing the relation of the Indians and the ecclesiastics at Oka some years ago, is as follows:—"We used to carry maple sugar to the priest during the Easter week for the privilege of kissing the cross. There were hundreds and hundreds of pounds brought altogether—from one to six pounds by each. The cross was not a silver one, only a black wooden one. The priests were very smart to get things to themselves. They always had collections in their churches. We used to make bread, and paid a dollar and a half to bring it to the church, where the priest blessed it, cut it and gave it to the people. It was holy bread then, and it was a great privilege to make it. The devil never goes to a house where it is. We had to make the sign of the cross before eating it. It shields from lightning and thunder, and if any one was drowned and we could not find the body, on

putting the holy bread over the water the corpse would rise. The holy bread made on Easter Sunday was the best of all (infallible). I saw it tried once. A man was drowned in the current, and the holy bread was held over it; but the body did not rise. It came up, though, three days after. On one occasion when a man was drowned the canoes were stretched almost across the river, and in each one was a piece of holy bread; but the body was never seen afterwards by any one in the village."

These are *ex parte* statements by Indians who had broken away from the guidance of the Sulpicians. The latter, on the other hand, assert that the Indians are always well treated; that every effort was made to give them religious and secular instruction, but that they repelled every such effort, and were insolent, lazy, deceitful, thieves and liars.

---

## CHAPTER X.

THIS state of feeling on the two sides must needs lead to a crisis, and it came about in this manner. In 1845 an Indian, who was named Joseph or Sose Onasakenarat, was born about five miles from Oka village. He was one of the few Indians of untainted blood. His superior natural intelligence, which was improved by a little travel and some association with the English, caused him to be noticed by Father Cuog, a priest who took a real interest in Indian matters, and

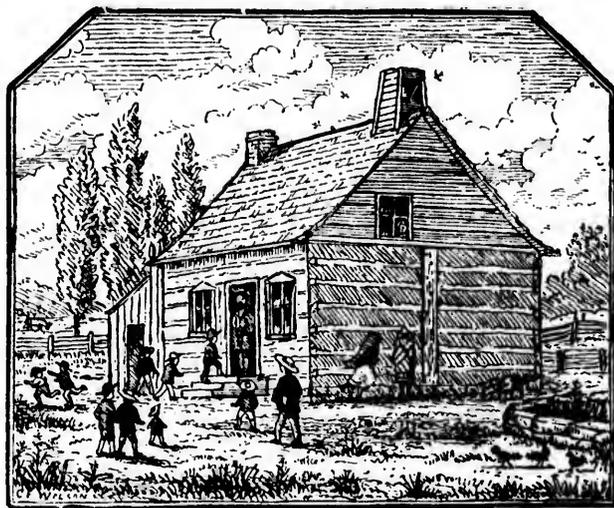
who at the age of fourteen sent him to school at Oka, and thence to the Montreal College. Here the greatest care was taken of him, as he was to be the leader of the Indians, one who would be a tool in the hands of his advisers. But he did not forget that he was an Indian and an Iroquois. From Montreal he was sent to Oka again, where for some years he remained as secretary to the Sulpicians there.



CHIEF JOSEPH.

The Indians, in their travels to Ontario and the United States, had been given copies of the New Testament in Mohawk (which they understood). In his visit among them at Oka, Father Cuog was shown these books, declared them to be bad ones, confiscated them, and threw them into a box in the room where

the young secretary worked. The latter read them, found them to be good, and redistributed them amongst his people. His intelligence and manifest interest in the tribe caused him to be looked upon as a coming chief. The time came when one was to be elected. The feeling of the Indians was in favor of Joseph. The Sulpicians objected. Joseph was asked if he would serve if elected, but could not consent, as in



CHIEF JOSEPH'S HOUSE.

his position he would be under the immediate control of the Seminary. The gentlemen of the Seminary urged upon him that if he were appointed he must never assist the Indians in obtaining the rights they claimed, and never under any circumstances address the Government; although when at college it had been openly admitted to him by his teachers that the

Seminary had no right to the land save as guardians and tutors of the Indians. In 1868 he was elected one of the chiefs, and immediately set about the work for which he was elected—the obtaining of the rights claimed by the Indians. He visited Mr. Spragge, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at that time, and was informed that the land belonged to the Indians and advised to petition the Government that it be recognized as their property. The chief returned and the petition was prepared, sent to the Government, and by them returned to the Seminary. The next Sunday the priest announced in church that all who signed the petition must report themselves or be excommunicated. This was the first open disagreement.

Then the war began. The Seminary had on their side intelligence, wealth, high position, great political and social influence; the Indians, only the belief that they were in the right, and their inherited power to endure suffering. Now the characteristics of the races which had been living together as one stood out prominently.

The Iroquois were defiant; the Algonquins were more yielding, and submitted. Subsequently, when a grant of land was offered at River Desert, the Algonquins accepted it; but the Iroquois evinced their old attachment to the soil, as well as their natural political ability, and refused to move, even when offered money to depart. For some two or three months there was no decided action taken by the Indians in the assertion of their claims. They discussed the matter from every side, around their

fires and in the council. At last they determined to follow the bolder course, and the more courageous of them went in a body to the Presbytère, and informed the gentlemen of the Seminary there that they were determined to fight the matter to the end, no matter what the result. The primary result was that, in a few days, Judge Coursol appeared on the scene with a *posse* of police, arrested the three chiefs and another ringleader, and the four were tried on the spot and sent to jail.

Up to this time the Indians had all been Roman Catholics; but to them it did not seem that a religion which bore such fruits as they witnessed could be genuine, and the little they had read of the New Testament confirmed them in this opinion. Believing, also, that their ignorance was being used as a means of oppression, they sent a deputation to Montreal, praying for assistance and advice.

Here they were directed to Mr. J. A. Mathewson, as a gentleman who had already manifested much interest in the Indians at Caughnawaga, by supplying them with an English teacher in accordance with their own desire, and who was likely to interest himself for them. Mr. Mathewson being an influential member of the Methodist Church was instrumental in having a missionary of that denomination sent to Oka, as the Indians had desired.

Mr. F. X. Rivet was selected to fill the place, and the Protestant church referred to was erected. Six Indians were arrested for cutting wood to build it, but on trial were released.

The condition of the tribe at this time was lamentable. Hardly one could read or write. There was a school, indeed, presided over by Bernard Lacasse (Brother Philippe); but, by some means or other, nothing was ever taught at it but the superstitious observances previously referred to, and the duties of



BROTHER PHILIPPE.

the Indians to the Seminary, by whom they had been so greatly benefited (?). The consequence was that the Indians were steeped in ignorance and superstition scarcely less than that at the time when Father Pijort was so apt to baptize their ancestors without the knowledge of those so favored.

From Mr. Rivet's arrival at Oka the condition of the Indians began slowly to improve; but difficulties grew around them thick and fast. Two men, called "Bullies," Malette and Fauteux, in the Seminary's employ, made it their special business to annoy and injure them. Their houses were seldom safe from the visits of these men, in a condition in which



J. J. MACLAREN, Q.C.

drunkenness increased their natural brutality. There was hardly a stick of wood cut but the person who did it was arrested and dragged to St. Scholastique, twenty miles away, for trial. These numerous arrests and trials were a continual annoyance.

Mr. J. J. Maclaren, of Montreal, was employed by

the Indians' friends to defend them, and it is a remarkable fact that he has not lost a single case in their behalf—if the “snap judgment,” buttressed up by a forgery, which resulted in the tearing down of the Protestant church, be excepted. Thus a constant rotation was followed.

The Indians would cut wood for making lacrosses or snow-shoes or baskets for sale. They would be arrested and dragged twenty miles for trial. There they would be bailed out. Some months after they would be heard before the court. The juries would disagree or acquit them. They would hardly arrive home again before another arrest, and the round would be followed once again. These arrests prevented them from gaining their living, as in winter their only means of support was the proceeds of goods made principally of wood.

Were it not for the help obtained from friends, their unfailing good-nature, the zeal with which they assisted one another, and their obstinacy, they would have succumbed long ago. But each day increased their conviction that they were in the right, and their determination to hold out to the bitter end; and no one well acquainted with the Indian character could doubt that it would be a long time before the Seminary could claim the undoubted right to the property.

## CHAPTER XI.

IN 1871 Rev. Mr. Parent was sent to Oka by the Methodist Church to succeed Mr. Rivet. Mr. Parent had been a Roman Catholic, and had suffered much persecution because of his becoming a Protestant and a missionary. He was accompanied by his wife, a noble woman of unconquerable spirit.

From this time the spiritual welfare of the Indians rapidly progressed. The school, which was taught by a young Indian who had been educated for the purpose, became popular, and now all the young can read and write. On the Sabbath the whole Protestant population answered to the call of the church-going bell. But it must not be supposed that all was pleasant. The prejudices of early training and the results of early neglect would continually crop out. But, on the whole, the Indians were amenable to good advice, and gradually began to put the genuine child-like trust in God that they previously placed in holy bread, palm, and purchased prayers. This work was known to but a few. It now seemed possible that the Indians might be induced to leave their homes for a more promising field.

A large reserve had been selected for them in the Nipissing region by the Rev. Mr. Borland, the Superintendent of the Methodist French and Indian Missions, and they were preparing to remove to it, when word came from Ottawa that it could not be obtained.

Previously it had been agreed to by the attorneys

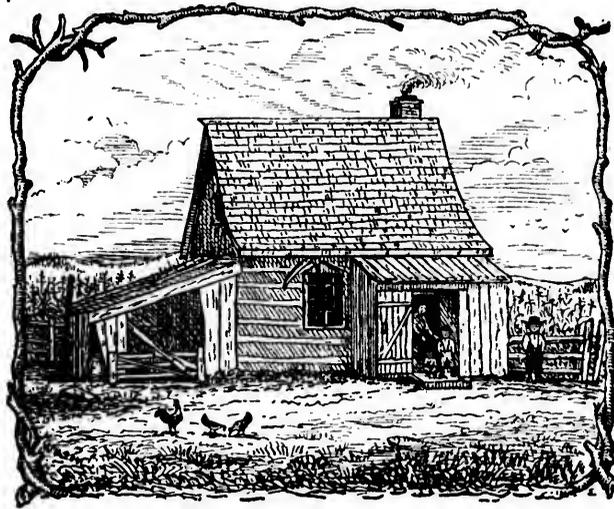
for the gentlemen of the Seminary and for the Indians respectively, that one special case should be taken as a test to determine the respective rights of the two parties to the land. The ground on which the Protestant church was built was selected ; but the trial of the case was postponed term after term of the court by the attorneys for the Sulpicians, and finally dropped, and a new suit taken respecting the same property. An arrangement was made between the opposite lawyers that no step should be taken without due notice ; but in October, 1875, a default judgment was taken against the Indians in the absence of their lawyer and without any notice to him. This judgment ordered the Indians to give up the lot to the Seminary or pay its alleged value, \$500.

Thus it was that on the eighth day of December, 1875, a gathering of some twenty-five or more men tore down the little church without any legal authority, amidst the sobs of the women. The men were away at work. The desecrators, feeling themselves safe from immediate punishment, added insult to their injury by taunting the women about their loss, asking them where they would worship now, and asserting that there was no chance of their being assisted. The Protestants could not save their church, and their influence was as nothing compared with that of the gentlemen of the Seminary. Since this time the religious services have been held in the school-house. A storm of indignation rose throughout the country at the outrage. The public knew little about the circumstances, and many of the charges made were unjust,

But further enquiry into the previous treatment of the Indians, and the subsequent acts of the Sulpicians, alike showed that it was with difficulty that any real injustice could be done the latter.

Public meetings were held throughout the country, and from various sections substantial help was sent to the suffering people.

The indignation had pretty well died out, and Oka



THE INDIAN SCHOOL-HOUSE.

was about being forgotten, when the injudicious zeal of the gentlemen of the Seminary residing at Oka caused a new outbreak.

Early in June, 1877, there arose a dispute about a certain pasture which was fenced in and occupied by the Indians. The fences had been torn down and they essayed to rebuild them. On Thursday, the thirteenth

of the month, at the early hour of three in the morning, the village was attacked by a party of ten provincial policemen from Quebec, who, armed with warrants for the arrest of some forty-eight Protestant Indians, broke into their houses, pulled them out of their beds, fired off pistols at their ears, and dragged eight of their number away to the Ste. Scholastique jail. The succeeding night the Indians gathered together in the school-house, bringing thither their arms.

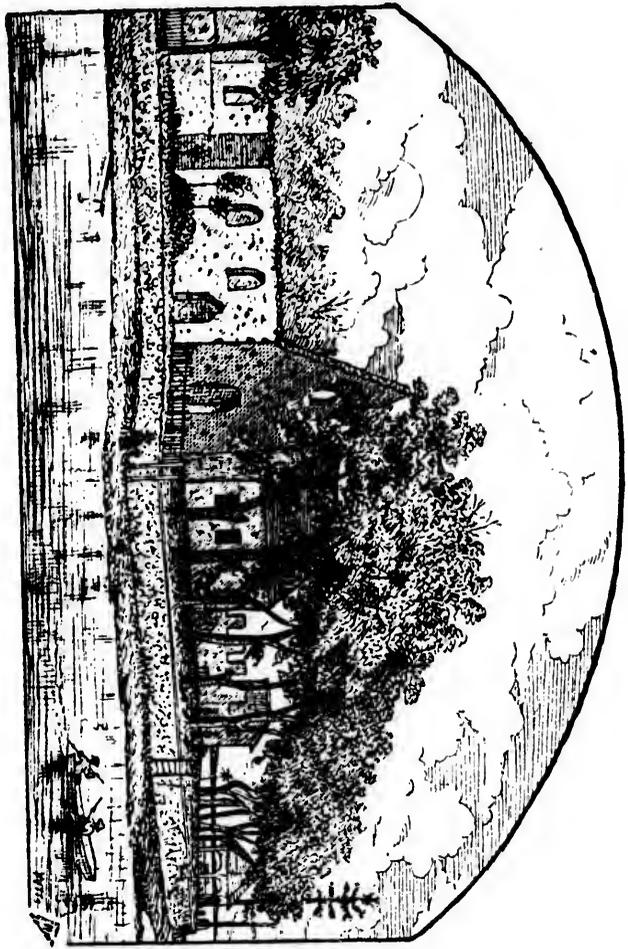
In the morning, about four o'clock, the village was aroused by the sound of a cannon. On looking out the inhabitants saw flames rising high above the trees that sheltered the Roman Catholic church and presbytère, and it was known that the church was on fire. In a few hours the buildings which had stood there for a century or more were a ruin. Now the public indignation assumed a new phase, and the Indians were openly accused by their enemies of setting fire to the buildings, while their best friends and strongest supporters dreaded that the accusation was too true. The presumption of guilt was strong against them. They had cause for anger; they had remained up all the night armed; they had fired the cannon—certainly they must have set the fire. It certainly could not have been the gentlemen of the Seminary themselves, and it was hardly likely that the fire could have occurred through accident at that hour in the morning.

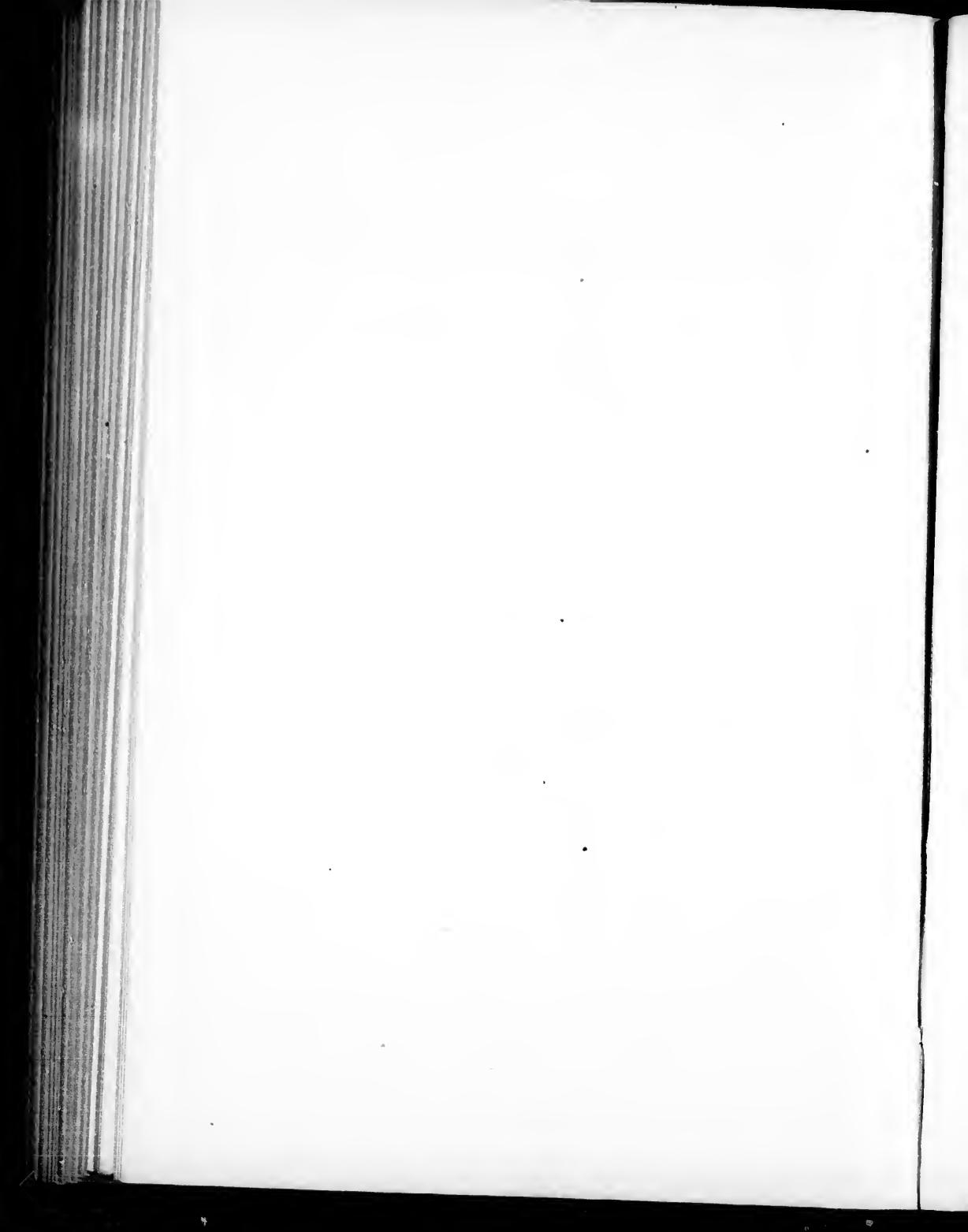
The matter was settled in the minds of many by the result of the investigation by Judge Coursol, at the instance of the Quebec Government. The enquiry

morn-  
en pro-  
h war-  
testant  
out of  
ragged  
astique  
thered  
their

ge was  
ng out  
e trees  
pres-  
n fire.  
there  
public  
adians  
fire to  
ngest  
true.  
them.  
p all  
ainly  
d not  
elves,  
have  
ning.  
y the  
the  
uiry

RUINS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.





partook more of the nature of a trial than a preliminary investigation, Brother Philippe and Joseph Perrilliard being very useful in bringing up witnesses.

After the most damaging evidence had been taken against them, fifteen of the Indians were committed to



JOSEPH PERRILLIARD.

stand their trial at the ensuing session of Queen's Bench at Ste. Scholastique. Their friends determined that they should obtain a fair trial. On June 27th, the eight Indians who had been arrested for "unlawfully and maliciously cutting eighty-four trees of the

value of fifty cents, the property of the plaintiffs," the gentlemen of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, were arraigned before District Magistrate DeMontigny. The evidence was very damaging. The witnesses for the prosecution had, it appeared, all been afraid of the Indians, and when witnessing the offence had found it necessary to hide themselves, being afraid of their lives; the evidence being of such a character that Mr. Maclaren claimed it established a riot, which the magistrate could not try, but which must go to the Queen's Bench. The magistrate took this view of the case.

On the 2nd day of July, 1877, this second and more grievous charge was tried before Mr. Justice Johnson. But the witnesses brought before the Grand Jury to substantiate the case now swore that they were at the scene of action at the time of the tearing down of the fence, and were not afraid and had nothing to be afraid of. The Grand Jury then threw out the bill.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

ON the 8th of January, 1878, the most serious case which had yet been brought against the Indians came up for trial at Ste. Scholastique, before Mr. Justice Johnson. It was that of the fifteen Indians accused of setting fire to the Roman Catholic church. The defendants elected to be tried separately. The prosecution selected the case of Zavier Karentatsi *dit* Declaire.

The jury was composed of seven French-speaking jurors and five who spoke English. The prosecution had agreed that the jury be half English and half French-speaking people, "on condition that the present lists be sufficient, and the rights of the Crown be not compromised." But notwithstanding this, although the lists were sufficient, and the rights of the Crown were not compromised, the Crown evidently regretted its permission and endeavored to keep off the jury all the English-speaking jurors it could. The evidence for the prosecution was voluminous, carefully prepared, direct and damaging. It was proved that the Indians had uttered mysterious threats, and the morning in question were at the fire armed, having remained armed all the night. Father Lacan had been awakened the morning in question by a cannon-shot. He got up and saw Indians skulking around the Seminary buildings. He afterwards saw them in the yard when the fire was burning, and one threatened him with an axe with which he had been cutting the hose.

Brother Philippe, looking through closed venetian blinds, could recognize those in the yard.

But the strongest witness of all was one Joseph Perrilliard, a servant of the Seminary, who, from behind a certain tree, saw Karentatsi and one Francois Anarentè set fire to the building. This was some minutes after the cannon which aroused Father Lacan was fired.

When he had finished this evidence, Mr. Mousseau, Q.C., M.P., who was one of the three members and ex-members of Parliament who conducted the prosecution,

turned round, with a triumphant gaze, and offered to lay his case before a jury of any twelve Orangemen outside of Argenteuil County.

It was acknowledged that Mr. Maclaren had a terribly strong case to destroy. This will be more apparent when it is remembered that nearly all his witnesses



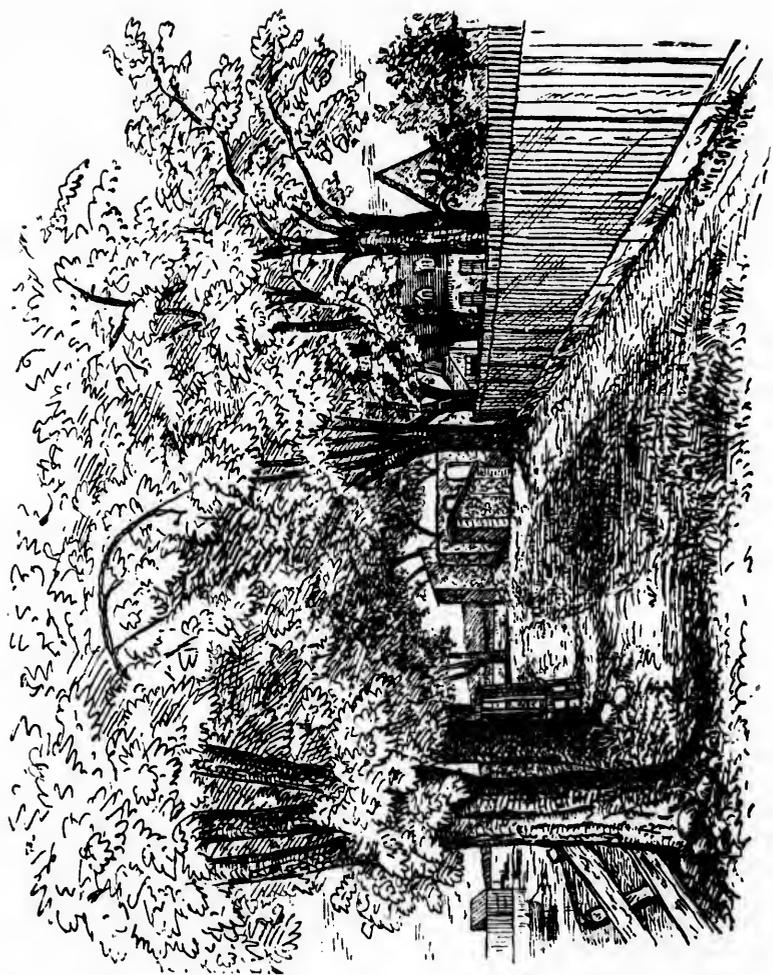
FATHER LACAN.

must necessarily be Indians who were implicated in the alleged crime one way or another. But he had one strong point: while it is on ordinary occasions difficult to prove time, on this occasion it could be proven by one thing distinctly—the cannon had been fired. It was this which had aroused most of the wit-

ered to  
ngemen

a terri-  
appar-  
tresses

l in  
had  
ons  
be  
een  
it-



PERRILLIARD'S POINT OF VIEW.

nesses. This proved a fact as to time which could not be mistaken. Now Perrilliard swore that it was some minutes after the cannon had been fired that he saw the two Indians set fire to the Seminary's sheds. Nearly every other witness swore that he or she was aroused by the cannon, and immediately saw the flames high up above the trees.

Again, Perrilliard swore that he saw the men set the fire from behind a certain place. Experts were brought to prove that the position of the house was not visible from this place. Our illustration gives a sketch of the scene. Perrilliard swore that he stood behind the first tree of the row to the left of the picture and recognized men setting fire to the roof of the building several hundred yards away, which rose up from behind the limbs of the large tree which shields it. This was at a little after three o'clock in the morning.

There was another point. Perrilliard's evidence was weakened by that of others, who testified that after the fire he was seen at a distance away from it, with hat, boots, and coat off, and wiping his eyes; while he himself swore that he did not go out that morning without being fully dressed.

The principal witness on this point had been summoned by the lawyers for the prosecution, but was not called, as her evidence could not improve their case. Mr. Maclaren also produced a number of witnesses to show that before and after the fire the prisoner was asleep in a house at some distance away.

It is needless to say that the production of this



FERRILLIARD'S POINT OF VIEW.

evidence startled the prosecution. It had hardly begun before they felt that they had miscalculated the strength of their opponents.

Before it was half through Mr. Mousseau's confidence had evaporated. The faces of the Rev. Mr. Lacan and Brother Philippe looked nervous and anxious, while Perrilliard, an oft-tried witness on behalf of the Seminary, seemed vainly conscious that he had done his part well.

The testimony was fully reported in the daily papers. The excitement throughout the country was intense.

The evidence was completed on Saturday. Mr. Maclaren addressed the jury in English, and Mr. McKay, who was associated with him, in French. Both were calm, confident and logical. The jury were locked up during Sunday. All that day the one topic of conversation was the trial. The friends of the Indians were jubilant. Not only was there every chance of their being liberated, but they were also vindicated. Had they been undefended by counsel, not only would they have been committed to prison, but their reputation would have been destroyed.

On Monday, Messrs. Mousseau and Prevost addressed the Court for the Crown. They had all Sunday to prepare themselves, and it is evident they had used their time to advantage.

Mr. Mousseau was long and inconclusive. It was apparent that all his theories of the case had been destroyed; but he held strongly to the argument that all the evidence against the Indians adduced by either side was true, while that all in their favor was false.

Mr. Prevost was tragic in address. He described the deeply-laid scheme of the savages; their stealthy step as they stole around the doomed buildings; the lighting of the match, the first glimmerings of the fire, the sleeping inmates of the adjoining building, their rude awakening, the fire as it rushed from point to point on the building; the calmness and goodness of the holy ecclesiastics, whose lives were devoted to the good of these ungrateful savages; their coolness in the time of danger and trouble; the cutting of the hose, the burning of the church, the loss of all; and laid special stress on the fact that the accused were Protestants. The effort was a grand one. Those who were not French knew what the speaker was saying, his gestures were so forcible, his tones so expressive. His apparent sincerity was telling. Had he been sure of his case there would have been no need for such exertion. He was speaking to the French jurors only, and they would naturally be supposed to be predisposed in favor of the gentlemen of the Seminary, whose tenants and creditors some of them were.

The Judge followed. His addresses, both in English and French, were marvels of beautiful diction and close reasoning; but, strange to say, the one in English seemed in favor of an acquittal—the one in French, for a conviction.

The jury retired; they could not agree, and were locked up for the night. The following morning they returned to the court again, and said they could not agree, and there was no possibility of it. They were

discharged. Five—all the English-speaking jurors—were for acquittal.

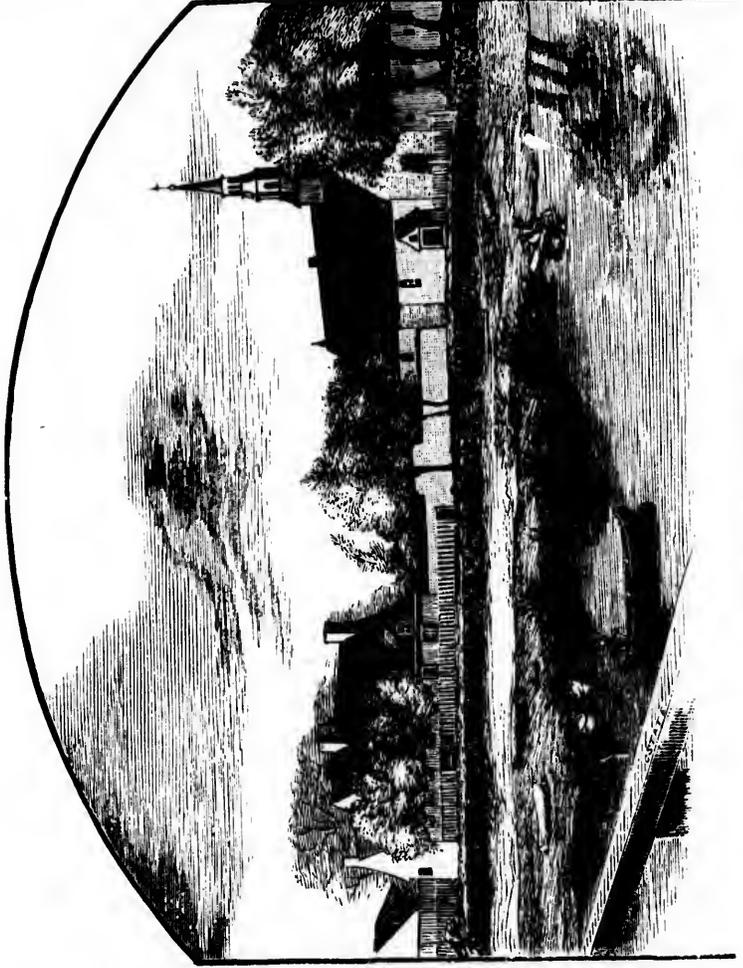
The second case was tried in July of the same year. That of Lazare Akserre was chosen. Edward Carter, Esq., Q.C., was brought from Montreal to conduct the English side of the case. Mr. Prevost, the representative of the Seminary in the previous case, now represented the Crown, and the defence managed to get but two English jurors on the panel—Messrs. Millar and Clennan. The case for the prosecution was conducted with much greater care and determination than before. But the defence was even stronger; and the tenor of the Judge's summing up, both in English and French, was in favor of an acquittal. The jury stood—two for acquittal, ten for conviction. Thus the case stands at present.

During the interval of these cases, however, Mr. Maclaren had been prosecuting his cause in the civil courts, and obtained a judgment to the effect that certain necessary papers, in the case of the church property, had been forged; and thus this case has been reopened. There are also several cases of damages, brought by the Indians, pending against the Seminary.

jurors—

me year.  
d Carter,  
duct the  
epresen-  
se, now  
naged to  
-Messrs.  
secution  
termina-  
tronger;  
both in  
equittal.  
aviction.

er, Mr.  
he civil  
ct that  
church  
ase has  
ases of  
nst the



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

## CHAPTER XIII.

WITH such a history it is no wonder that Oka is a village of much interest and has many peculiarities.

It may be said to consist of two distinct villages, separated by a high wooden fence. Although living side by side for years, up to the time of the division in 1868 the different tribes of Indians had not come mingled to any extent, and lived at different ends of the village.

Exactly in the middle is the Roman Catholic church and its accompaniments, the Presbytere and Nunnery.

When the Iroquois seceded, the Seminary erected a high wooden fence to separate the two tribes—the sheep from the goats.

But very soon the Algonquins began to follow the example of the Iroquois. The change was a gradual one in this case, however. Not having the stubborn nature of an Iroquois, an Algonquin on changing his faith generally left the village.

The blanks in the village grew serious, and to fill them up French-Canadians were imported, until now they form a large percentage of the population. Their privileges and opportunities were greater than those given to the Indians, still they did not prosper. No sooner was an Indian house vacated, even for a time, in any part of the village, than it was occupied by one of these tenants. The natural result was that the Indians were gradually crowded out of the village.

The refusal of wood to use for any purpose, even

that of repairing a house, caused the dwellings rapidly to become almost uninhabitable, and thus Oka is almost a village of ruins.

But only a small percentage of the Oka Indians, and those the poorest, live in the village, the others being on farms in the rear, where they are comparatively well off.

The village is built without any regularity, but still there are what may be called streets; the houses, as a rule, are not surrounded by any fence or gardens, and thus have an unusually desolate appearance. This may be accounted for by the fact that no sooner is the fence erected than it is destroyed by the enemies of the Indians. Pigs and chickens abound. The streets during the day appear quiet even for a small village. A woman, French or Indian, may be seen washing at the river side, her instruments consisting of a flat stone and a paddle. The boys may be seen playing lacrosse or other games, and there may be one or two men visible making crosses, canoes, or occupied in a similar manner.

It must not be imagined, however, that the scene of the two Indians on their shaggy ponies is a common one. The braves dressed themselves in this garb as a special favor.

On the summer evenings the village is much more lively. The children and younger people congregate together before the houses and sing hymns which sound sweetly on the still air, and gossip as their ancestors, who were adepts at this exercise, did centuries ago.

They invariably wear a pleasant expression on their

rapidly  
s almost

ans, and  
rs being  
ratively

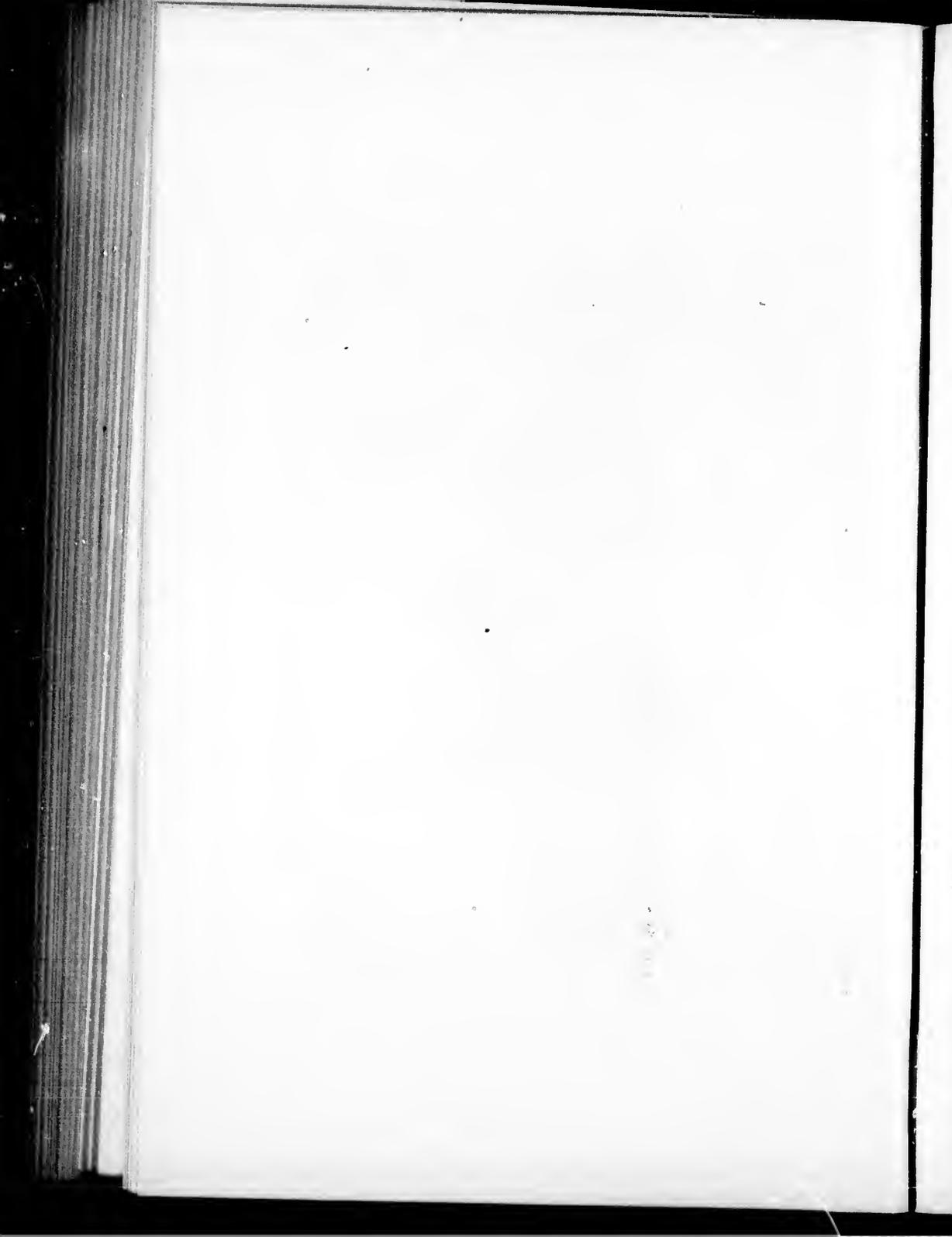
but still  
ses, as a  
ens, and  
e. This  
ooner is  
enemies  
d. The  
a small  
be seen  
nsisting  
be seen  
may be  
noes, or

scene of  
common  
arb as a

ch more  
gregate  
h sound  
ncestors,  
ago.  
on their

DRESS PARADE.





faces. Their good-humor is proverbial. No visitor should pass through the village without visiting the Indians at their homes. The exteriors are rude; the interiors are distinguished by their bare walls and rafters. The furniture is of the rudest description and the scantiest in quantity.

The life of a missionary at Oka is one beset with no slight difficulties. The Rev. Mr. Parent and his



ARLIE.

noble wife are both well fitted for the work before them at Oka, and their children, Charley, Arlie and Rachel, are of great assistance to them. The children are conversant with English and French, and different dialects of the Indian tongue.

The tribe is ruled by three elected chiefs, of whom Joseph Onasakenarat is the head. But nothing is done

without the missionary's advice. He is made acquainted with their trials and joys, troubles and pleasures. He must have a large sympathy. He is the dispenser of the gifts which friends send to the Indians. He gives nothing away; all is sold at one price or another. A visitor at his house in the season of hard times, will see the door open in the evening—the

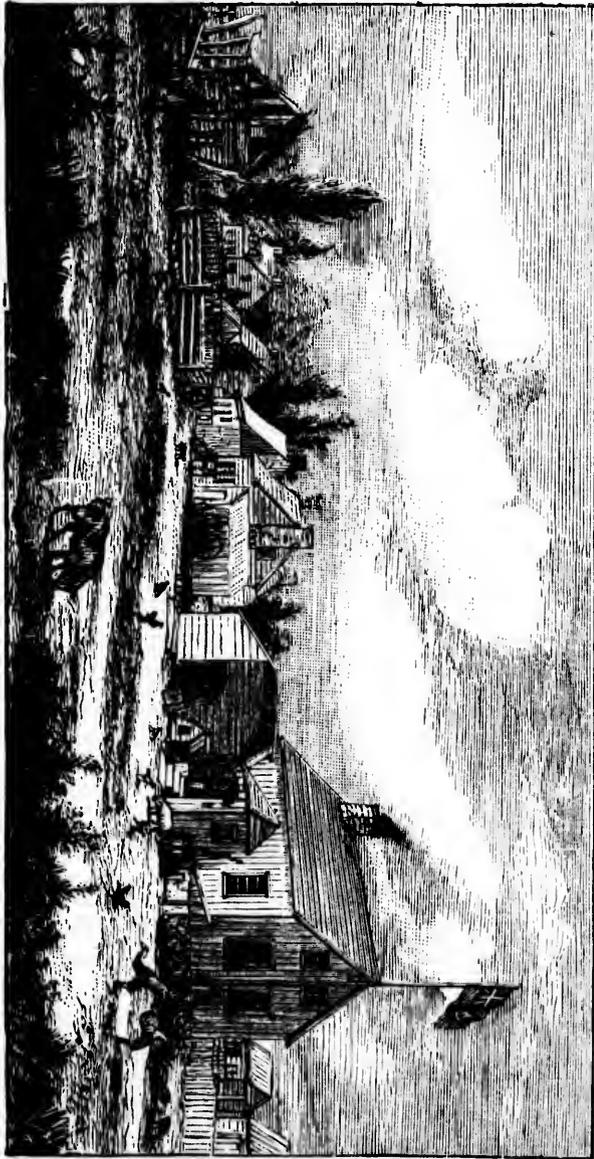


RACHEL.

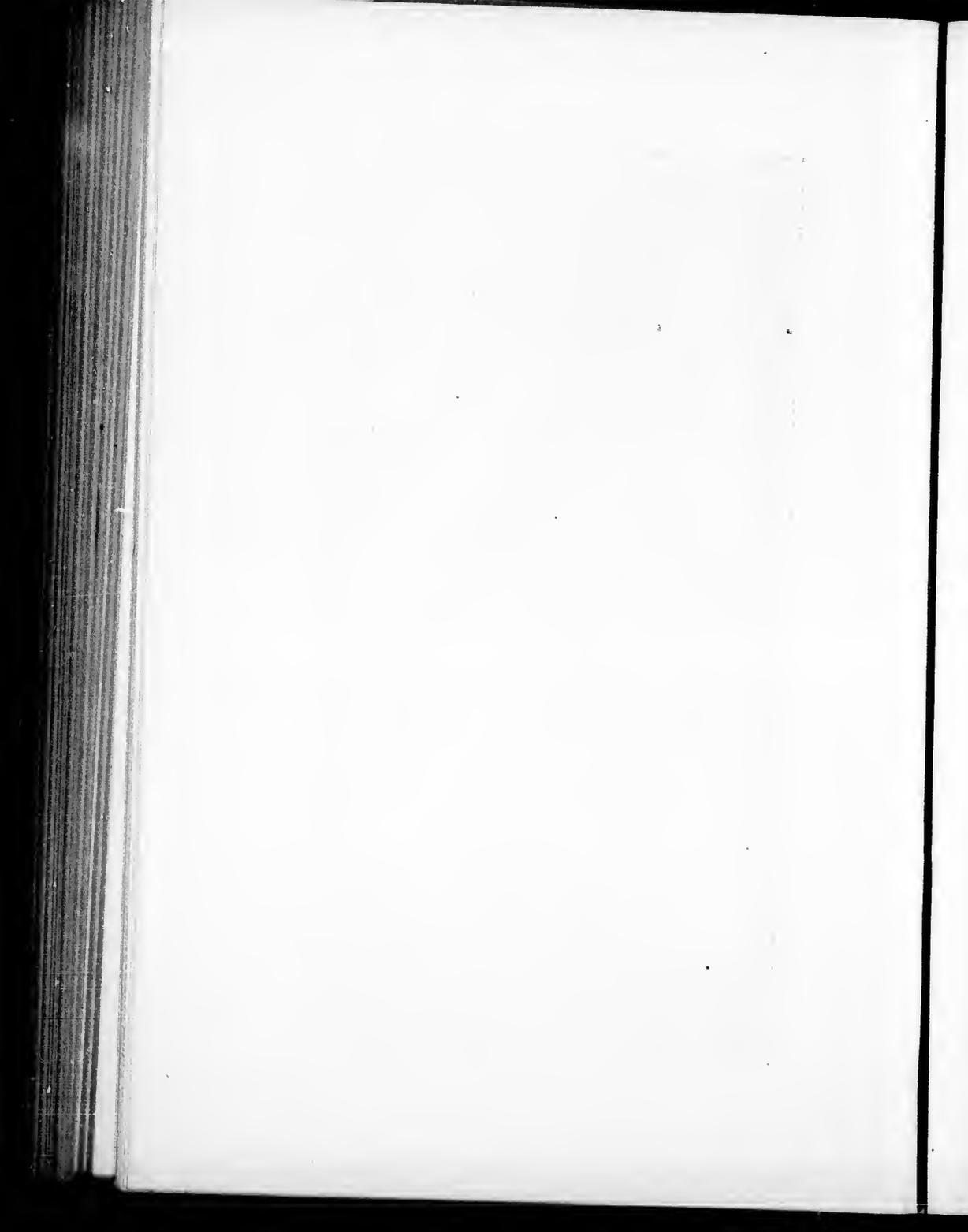
Indians never knock—and a poor haggard man or woman enter. The demand made is small, just sufficient to keep body and soul together a little longer, or till there is an improvement in the fortunes of the supplicant. It may be a herring, a small measure of potatoes, or a box of matches. It is cheerfully given, and it is seldom that any return is made. Perhaps the one who enters may wish to make an exchange: a

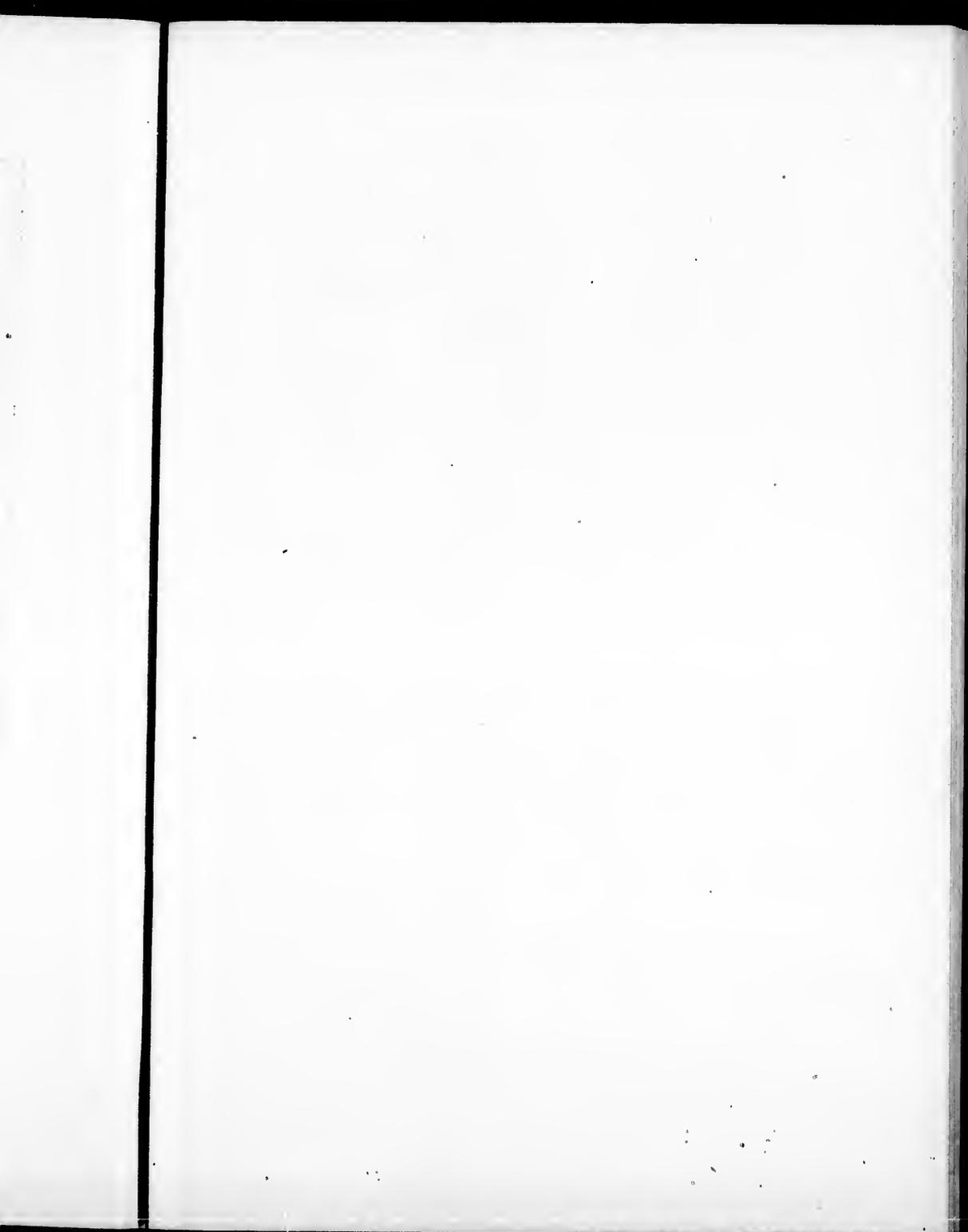
made ac-  
cles and  
He is  
l to the  
at one  
season of  
ng—the

REV. MR. PARENT'S HOUSE.



an or  
suffi-  
onger,  
f the  
ire of  
riven,  
s the  
e: a







MR. PARENT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

basket, or pair of snow-shoes, or a small bead ornament will be offered for something that can be eaten. Whether the exchange is made or not, the needy one does not go away empty. Then, when the days grow cold and the nights colder still, and the wind finds its way through the well-ventilated log-house of the Indians, clothing is in great demand. With this he provides them as well as he is able. His stock of both clothes and provisions often falls very low; but it is not often that they are completely exhausted.

To the St. James' Street Morning Sunday-school, Montreal, is chiefly due the credit of providing for the temporal wants of the Indians. While Dr. G. W. Beers, of the same city, devotes much time and attention to the legal case, the children take a lively interest in the work, and each year collect a large sum for it.

Besides this, unexpected gifts come from various parts of the country, the neighborhoods of Huntingdon, Hemmingford, Lachute, and St. Andrews, being prominently noticeable in this respect.

The preaching service is very interesting. The building now used is that occupied during the week as a school-house; it is small, and seated by rude benches. The walls are covered with school-maps; immediately behind the preacher's desk is the motto, "God is Love," which for many years occupied a similarly prominent position in the Sunday-school of the St. James' Street Methodist Church.

At these services the singing is very earnest and many of the singers have good voices. Rev. Mr. Parent preaches in French; his sentences are then



translated by one of the Indian chiefs into Iroquois, which is the only language understood by many of the hearers.

Much interest attaches to the habits of the descendants of the ancient conquerors of the continent; their lives have their romance as do those of the whites. They enjoy many of the same pleasures and many of the same pains, though they do not show their feelings as much.

This is shown, perhaps, in no way more than in their care for their dead, which is characteristic of the Indians. A short distance back of Oka village lies the Christian burying-ground of the small remnant of Indians living on the Lake of Two Mountains. It was chosen with heed, and around the graves are evidences that fences had been erected to prevent the animals of the field from rudely trampling above those buried there. But these have been sawed and torn down by the enemies of the Indians and their religion, and it has been found impossible to protect the graves in any way. The spirit which prevented the man from fencing in his house and garden when living prevents his friends from claiming the paltry six feet in which his body rests when dead.

The spot is a sad one. The dark spot at the left of the picture shows the grave from which the body of the old chief Oritz was taken and carried away after it had been placed there by the hands of his friends. He had defended his country in the time of its need; he had received special attention and honor at the hands of his Sovereign through his representative

roquois,  
of the

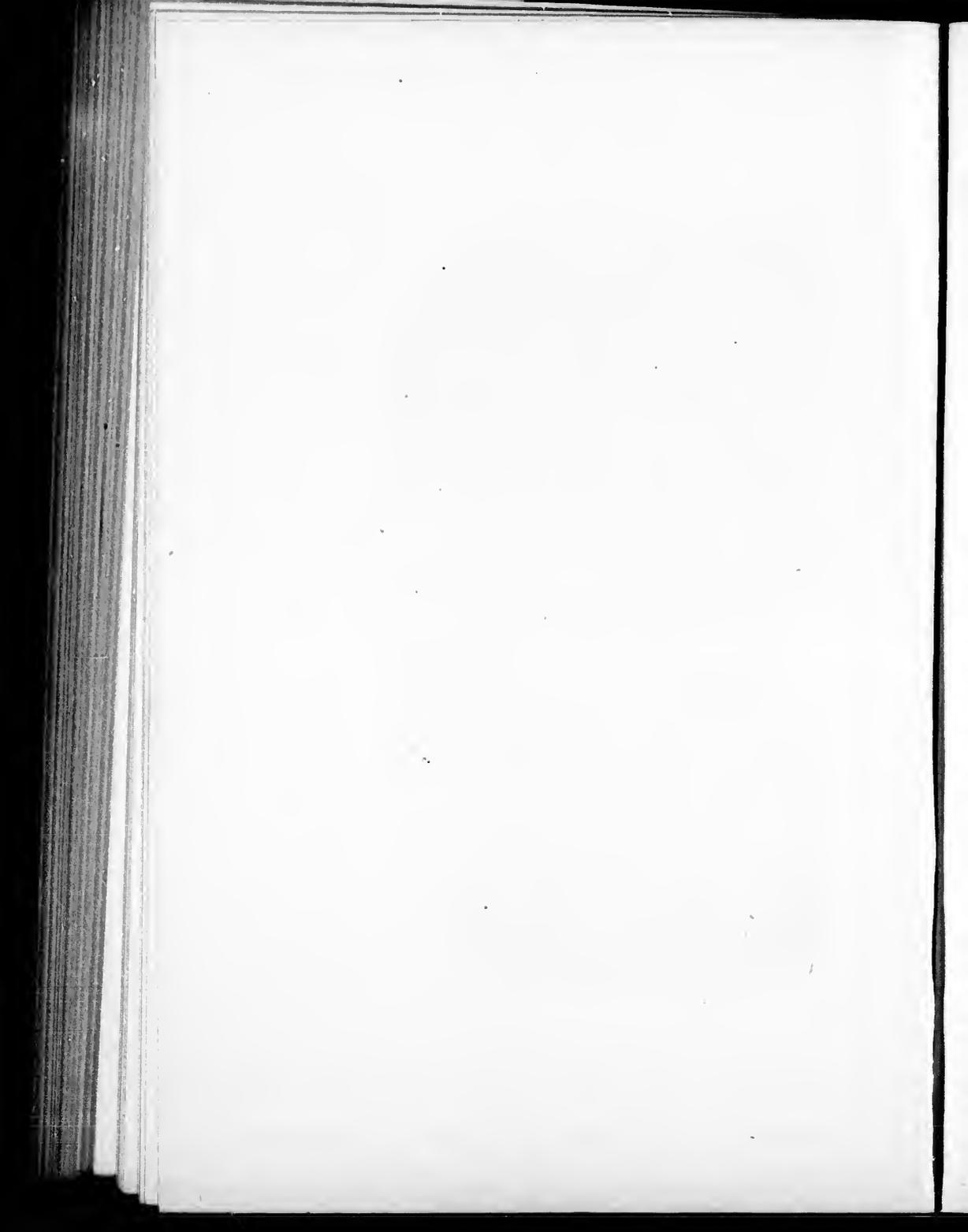
esce-  
; their  
whites.  
any of  
eelings

e than  
racter-  
of Oka  
e small  
Moun-  
graves  
revent  
above  
d and  
their  
protect  
ented  
when  
paltry

e left  
body  
away  
f his  
me of  
honor  
tative

THE INDIAN CEMETERY.





in Canada. During the full century of his life he had undergone many vicissitudes. In his youth he had been a warrior, courted by friends and dreaded by enemies. He had been amongst those who had searched for the remains of Sir John Franklin by way of the Mackenzie River. But for many years before his death he was mainly dependent for support on the labors of his daughter---herself a grandmother---whose sons were hunted to jail, one after another, for the crime of cutting what they considered their own wood.

His was a sad end for an active life, a fitting emblem of the destruction of the race, once so powerful, of whom nothing soon will remain but the remembrance of their influence in moulding the country's history, and the beautiful names they have given to our lakes, mountains, counties and streams.

THE END.