

ized country to come to those of another. With the Indian, the change is a radical one—a change of dress, a change of dwelling, a change in mode of gaining livelihood, a social change, a religious change, an educational change, a *totum in toto* change. And this—not so much for his own benefit, as for our own convenience. We want the land. We cannot have Indian hunters annoying our farmers and settlers. If the Indian is to remain, he must learn to be a decent neighbor; and to be a decent neighbor, we expect him to accept our religion, our education, our laws, and our customs. We allow him no choice, and we allow him no time. It is very pleasant, no doubt, to pride ourselves on the kindness that we Canadians have always shown to the Indians; it is pleasant to compare ourselves with our neighbors across the border, and to congratulate ourselves that while the Americans are killing their Indians off, and are saying that “the only good Indian is the dead Indian,” we Canadians are feeding the hungry, teaching the adults to farm, and training the young in our schools. But with all our goodness and kindness, I fear, if the truth were told, it would be found that there is at least one point in which we have failed—and that is—*We have not considered his feelings*; we have not given him sufficient credit for intelligence; we have not sufficiently considered that the love of fatherland, the love of the old traditions of the past, the love of the old language, and the old stories and songs, is as strong in the Indian as in any Englishman or Frenchman or Italian. A highly-educated Mohawk Indian said to me only the other day—and I must confess I was *surprised* to hear him say it—“the last thing I would wish to give up is our language.”

Now, if it be the case that these patriotic—or whatever name you like to call them—feelings are so strong in the Indian, may not that be the great reason why he seems to be so slow to adopt our civilization, and to make good