

just baptised, asking anxiously whether, in the realms of bliss to which he was bound, *pies* were to be had comparable to those with which the French regaled him.

OF THE INDIAN CHARACTER

much has been written foolishly and credulously believed. Yet to the eye of rational observation there is nothing unintelligible in him. He is full, it is true, of contradictions. He deems himself the centre of greatness and renown—as old Pie-a-Pot said to us, that his name was the terror of his foes all the world over, from the Far West, mentioning some unintelligible place, to the very furthest east. Yes; even as far as Winnipeg! Yet, who can help feeling for them? We have taken away their birthright, their hunting grounds, and driven off their buffaloes, upon which they lived. Whatever civilization can do for them now ought to be done. Let us treat them kindly. Let us send to them more soldiers of the church and we will have less need to send more soldiers of the Queen.

THE LATE CAMPAIGN

was by far the most remarkable in Canadian history. Organized at Ottawa by a French-Canadian minister of militia, Sir A. P. Caron, a man of devoted loyalty to the British crown and of great ability—the operations in the field were ably planned and carried out by a British major-general, Sir F. Middleton, to whom too much praise and thanks cannot be given for his thoughtfulness and care for the lives of the citizen soldiers under him. The troops were altogether Canadian militiamen, and I think no one can question that they did their duty well. That they did so, the death roll bears cruel witness to. Never shall I forget that Sunday in Winnipeg when we assisted at the funeral of some of its young citizens, who had fallen in the earlier engagements. The following lines on the death of a gallant young trooper, of Boulton's scouts, are not inappropriate—poor D'Arcy Baker, who was lying severely wounded, on hearing the shots fired at a night alarm, raised himself up, called for his horse and rifle, staggered to the door of the tent, and fell dead from the exhaustion of his efforts:—

"My rifle and my horse!" the soldier cried,
As forth with vigorous step he quietly came;
On his young brow the morning sunlight
played,
And life was centered in his active frame.

By winding streams, far o'er the plain we go,
Where dark ravines and woody bluffs appear,
Where'er a swarthy, treacherous Indian foe
May hide to burst upon our flashing rear.

'Tis ours to guard the friends who come behind,
'Tis ours to find and search the dangerous shade;
Perchance our lives we lose, but never mind,
When duty calls, let no man be afraid.

The sulphurous smoke is drifting to the sky,
And horse and rider on the plain are spread;
The ambushed foe in sullen terror fly,
The bold and brave are now amongst the dead.

With shattered heart, the stricken soldier lies,
The fatal wound has almost ceased to bleed;
The dying warrior vainly seeks to rise,
And begs once more his rifle and his steed.

Forever more the youthful limbs are still,
The young, the gallant and impulsive brave
Now rests beside the far off western hill,
And wild flowers blossom by his lonely grave.

This campaign will always be memorable as marking a new era in Canadian history, inasmuch as it has shown that we have the means and the men within our own borders of repelling attacks either from within or from without.

Do not, however, go away with the idea that the success of the campaign was brought about without much personal trouble and sacrifice.

A SOLDIER'S LOT

on active service is not by any means a happy one. I know a commanding officer's is not. He is the only responsible head. If anything goes wrong he alone is blamed, and he consequently has to do his duty without fear or favor, and regardless of the offence it is almost inevitable he must sometimes give to parties outside as well as inside his regiment. First to maintain discipline and then to look after the comfort and welfare of his command are his two most important and sometimes troublesome duties, but which must not be neglected if the efficiency of the regiment is to be maintained. And here I cannot refrain from alluding, with regret, to the most unsoldierly habit indulged in by a few insubordinate members of the militia force—I cannot call them soldiers—of criticizing and decrying, through the medium of the public press, the actions of their superior officers. Such men are a disgrace to the service; and as a rule a man