

of the past. When, at last, you mention the change which has taken place in the West, he says:

"Yes, white man has the country now. It was a great country when the Indians had it. If the white man is good it will always be a great country."

The old chief has voiced one of the finest of hopes. All the fish and lumber and wheat and gold and silver in the world cannot alone bring glory to the West. The real greatness of the country depends upon the character of the people.

When your visit is over, and you take the train for home, you think of your talk with the chief. You think, too, of the old days of the "No Man's Land" that is now at an end, when Indians worked not for themselves but for their tribes. You know that they never left their camp-fires without first stamping out every spark lest it might burn the forest or the prairie grass, and frighten away the wild animals so that other Indians could get no game.

Those who now have the land in their keeping cannot do better than to follow the red man's example in this one thing. Just as the Indians stamped out the sparks of their fires, so the white men should make sure that no act of theirs can bring sorrow or misfortune to others, or loss to their land. If they would be worthy successors to such men as the early explorers, they must put the welfare of their country before their own interests. Only so long as her people are loyal to the good old Union Jack, and true to the highest aims of life, will the Canadian West be a great and glorious part of the Empire that girdles the globe.