

briefly, will effect Philanthropy's noblest work. The teeming and hardly-used peoples of the Old World will here find a home, their moiety and fee—even as their life—so plain that in the beautiful words of Pah-tah-kay-we-nin: "Even I, who am a little child, know that."

It was done! A little crowding—the low-toned voices and laughter of the Indians—a touch of the pen—and an Empire changed hands! It may be a sentiment, but I confess, even in the presence of that battered platitude, "the spirit of the age," that at this final moment my sympathies went strongly out to these people, unknowing what they did—a prayerful thought that these children of our Father, so savage and yet so gentle, so ignorant and yet so wise, might not in the hereafter perish utterly away, but on a portion of their ancient lands share a common comfort with those other children of men whose manhood only attains its true stature when girt around with that word so pregnant with stout life—a freehold.

Payment and its attendant cares fell into the hands of Commissioner Christie—able hands they were. Well would it be for the Government and the Indians could they secure Mr. Christie as permanent commissioner for the Plain tribes. With a high personal prestige, and fraught with a life-long experience, no better man could be found—few as good. Upon superior men of this class should devolve all such work. Experience such as he possesses is as vitally necessary as it is incapable of transfer.

The frightful loss and disorder to the United States flowing from political appointments in the Bureau, the criminal dishonesty of the agents employed, and their fatal ignorance of the character of the people they have in charge, are fraught with instruction to the Dominion, whose people will learn (however they may felicitate themselves upon Indian matters in the Lower Provinces) that they have here another—a widely different task. Singularly fortunate they are even here, for the presence during such a length of time of respectable traders and the very large population of the mixed race have had a most tranquillizing and beneficial effect. Still, the loss of their game, the pressure of the new

population—some of whom will, no doubt, be brutally aggressive, many profoundly indifferent,—the extent and capacity of the area for shelter and retreat should trouble arise, will render necessary an intelligent care in the management of so peculiar and distinct a Department that cannot be over-rated.

The presence of the Minister of the Interior at this Treaty augurs well, as he was thus enabled to arrive at practical conclusions in no other way attained. This, with the special care given to the subject by the Hon. Alexander Morris, will, we may fairly suppose, lead to most favourable results when the organization of the Indian Bureau is complete, and it takes its place, as it should, as one of the most important branches of the public service.

I am greatly moved when I seek to gather in the scope of the splendid future of this country—its capacity for an enduring greatness, its strength to feed and to care. On the threshold of this future, standing in the light of this ripening dawn, it is fitting that we should look back to the dark days of the infant colony; that we should see and know that it is not merely to the tolerance of the Indians it owes its present safety, but also to their sheltering aid and care. When the imprudence and rapacity of rival white men had wrought out a bloody lesson, it was the Indians who protected and preserved the wretched men, women, and children from pursuit; fed, clothed, and sent them safely on, going far to them in the hard winter to minister to their wants. In the after days, when they were sore beset with hunger and sought the Plains, it was the Indian again who fed and sustained them. The Red man mingled his blood with theirs. The two races were as one. The Indian is linked to the State by every tie of gratitude; his is a record without a stain; faithfulest of friends and truest of allies! The escutcheon of Manitoba to-day should be an Indian succouring a suppliant white man, and, in keeping with their voiceless benefits, upon every faithful heart let it be written: "*We do not forget.*"