

is a magnificent memorial to a good and great man, of whom both nations are justly proud—the one to number such a renowned warrior and statesman among their ancestors, the other that their forefathers had the generosity of mind to recognize his great qualities and the foresight to enlist them on their side.

The monument stands on Court House Square, and was designed and executed in detail in England by Percy Wood, from portraits painted of Brant in native costume by celebrated artists, during his visit to England in 1775-85. The bas-reliefs on the pedestal represent typical and historical scenes from Indian life. The gun-metal, of which it is composed, was given by the English Government. The remainder of the expense was jointly borne by the Dominion Government, the City of Brantford, and the Six Nation Indians. Rather a pleasanter state of affairs to have the historic Iroquois devoting their spare funds to beautifying the streets of their nearest city than plotting to massacre its inhabitants. Among these inhabitants many well-to-do families of Indian blood are honored citizens, in whose homes every comfort and refinement is found. Four miles from the city is the Mohawk Church, the first temple erected for the worship of the true God in Upper Canada, built by Chief Brant, and containing the silver communion service, presented to the Mohawks by Queen Anne, and which they took with them when they removed from the Mohawk Valley to their present location.

From Anne to Victoria! Who knows how much history this piece of silver has made since good Queen Anne gave it to the struggling mission of the New England Company?

What we do know is that the Mohawks are true to the British. Among the pleasant fields on the banks of the Grand River, in this quaint old church, with Scripture texts in Indian on the walls, a choir of Indian voices in the chancel, the organ played by an Indian organist, a congregation largely composed of young Indian students from the neighboring Mohawk Institute, amidst these surroundings it would be a dead heart that would not thrill with the thought of all the tragic past that went to make the happy present—of the devoted martyrs, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Chaumonot, and many others, whom these very people tortured to death. French courage and devotion laid a good foundation, which honest rulers since have wisely built upon.

Monuments and churches tell a story well, but living men and women tell it better. Any day on the streets of Montreal may be seen two sons of a late Mohawk chief, whose handsome and distinguished appearance would attract attention anywhere. They hold good positions in insurance companies and move in the best society. This need not be wondered at, for the manner of the civilized Indian is perfection. Repose, dignity, and low musical voices—qualities that in other nations are the outcome of generations of culture—are to them the free gift of nature. The Indian pride of race still lingers in them. The elder son frequently appears at fancy dress balls and carnivals in a magnificent chief's dress belonging to his father. Their sisters are beautiful and accomplished women. One of them, a writer of high promise, is already well-known in literary circles as the author of the most exquisite poetry we possess.

Literary ability is not confined to the Mohawks. The agent of the Mississaugas band is their own chief (Kakewagonaby), Dr. Jones, graduate in medicine, of Queen's University, Kingston, who, in addition to his duties as agent and physician to his own band, finds time to contribute to the journals of the day. An elder brother was editor of the Brantford *Expositor*, and a very clever writer. His health failing, he obtained an easier and more lucrative position in the Customs, which

he retained until his death a year or two ago. Their late father, known by the English as the Rev. Peter Jones, was the author of an interesting work on the Ojebways, containing personal reminiscences of his travels, and written in a style of English, beautiful, clear, simple, and forcible.

In the new provinces west of the great lakes it is only twenty years since the Canadian Government bought out the Hudson Bay Company and turned their vast possessions from boundless hunting-grounds into agricultural provinces. In that time seven treaties have been made by which the Indians have given up their title to the whole of the immense territory from the shores of Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains. The loyalty and good-will of the Indian tribes throughout the whole North-West have been peaceably secured. The spirit in which the Government entered into these treaties was beautifully expressed by Governor Archibald at the conference preceding the first one. Here are his words:—

"Your Great Mother the Queen wishes me to do justice to all her children alike. She will deal fairly with those of the setting sun, just as she would with those of the rising sun. She wishes her red children to be happy and contented. She would like them to adopt the habit of the whites, to till the land, and raise food and store it up against the time of want. But the Queen, though she may think it good for you to adopt civilized habits, has no idea of compelling you to do it. This she leaves to your choice, and you need not live like the white man unless you can be persuaded to do so of your own free will. Your Great Mother, therefore, will lay aside for you lots of land to be used by you and your children for ever. She will not allow the white man to intrude upon these lots. She will make rules to keep them for you so that, as long as the sun shall shine, there shall be no Indian who has not a place that he can call his home, where he can go and pitch his camp, or if he chooses build his house and till his land. When you have made your treaty you will still be free to hunt over much of the land included in the treaty. Until these lands are needed for use you will be free to hunt over them and make all the use of them which you have made in the past. But when these lands are needed to be tilled or occupied you must not go on them any more."

Are Indians capable of understanding and reciprocating these sentiments? An extract from an article by a well-known Canadian litterateur will show:—

"Sweet Grass, who might well be called the silver-tongued orator of the Crees, in signifying their assent to the terms of the treaty, placed one hand upon the Commissioner's heart and the other upon his own, and then uttered those beautiful words, which, let us hope, contained not only a promise but a prophecy—'May the white man's blood never be spilt on this earth. I am thankful that the white and red man can stand together. When I hold your hand and touch your heart, let us be as one. Use your utmost to help me and help my children, so that they may prosper.'"

Another chief, in announcing the acceptance of the offered terms, concluded as follows:—

"And now, in closing this council, I take off my glove, and in giving you my hand I deliver over my birth-right and lands, and in taking your hand I hold fast all the promises you have made, and I hope they will last as long as the sun goes round and the water flows."

To the credit of our Government these promises have been kept, and it has paid us well. We have no war-cloud hanging over our north-western horizon. And yet opportunities for making trouble have not been wanting had our Indians been discontented. If they had