

work. The missionary has also other places to minister to, and to see after Indians far distant who have not the privileges which those enjoy who reside here.

I suppose we must acknowledge that the present civilized life of the Indian is better than the old way, yet I am not prejudiced in favor of it. I would as soon work among the Indians in the woods—I mean Christian Indians, of course. An Indian in his wigwam is not so badly off. He makes a sort of divan around and fills it with hemlock brush, and lays his blankets to sleep on. He builds a fire in the middle, and it is pleasant to look at the fire. But there! everything must give way to the march of the white man, and the Indian must move with him or be left to perish.

It is all of a piece with the rest. I was travelling some years ago through the country with a canoe, and we came upon some very pretty falls. I came that way some years after, and the lumberman had made a wooden slide to take his logs down the falls—all the beauty was gone. I could have cursed that lumberman.