



THE HALF-BREED'S CART.

the Half-breed can at times be generous. If a dearth of food should occur, he will readily share his provision with his poorer neighbor, expecting a similar return if circumstances should ever necessitate it. This custom of community of stores is doubtless an inheritance from the aborigines, who usually divided the spoils of the chase among the members of their "band."

With regard to religion, the French Half breeds are Roman Catholics, and their spiritual wants are cared for by self-denying missionaries from France, who, for the most part are members of some religious order. The English speaking natives are mostly members of the Church of England, having been brought up in the Red River country by the devoted men of the venerable Church Missionary Society. The attention of natives to at least the ex-

ternals of their religion, is certainly an example to their white brethren.

Generally speaking, the Half-breed is the pioneer settler for the white man. It was the Half-breed, with Lord Selkirk's Scotch settlers, who first prepared the valley of the Red River and the Assiniboine for the present influx of whites, and the Half-breed is at the present time performing the same office in the Saskatchewan Valley for the immigrants of the coming decade. Already, even in the Saskatchewan, the pressure of Europeans is being felt, and signs of restlessness are being shewn by the natives. At Prince Albert the whites are gaining on the natives, and most of the latter would, for a consideration, part with their "improvements" and go still further west to begin, as it were, life anew. Doubtless, in a very short time, the valley of the Peace River will furnish a temporary resting place for the native advance-guard of the vast hosts of Europeans who must ultimately occupy our great North-West. But this westward movement must stop somewhere short of the Pacific. We ask "Where?"—and from the crags of the Rocky Mountains there comes back the echo—"Where?" What will be the ultimate destiny of the Half-breed race it is difficult to tell. Will it be absorption, or independent existence, or extinction? Let the historian and the ethnologist, unite to attempt the forecast.

THE present Prime Minister of the Sandwich Islands is a decided Christian. When he visited Berlin in connection with a commercial treaty it was his practice to attend Bible readings on Sunday evenings, and in this way he found it easy to decline diplomatic invitations on the Lord's day.

THREE-FOURTHS of the Bibles shipped from New York to Foreign Mission stations go to Mexico and South America. After the Bible has been so long prohibited in these nominally Christian lands, this is a great triumph.

crowding them out. It is true that Canadians and natives get along together very fairly, but below the surface there still exists a lurking jealousy and suspicion. To this day even English-speaking Half-breeds freely express their sympathy with Louis Riel's cause, although they honestly enough deprecate his excesses. They are, however, learning to accept the political situation, and in truth make law-abiding citizens. It is to be regretted that some Canadians do not disguise their dislike of the natives, and that they pursue a course of action towards them as irritating as it is unjust.

The good points of the native character must next claim attention. Perhaps the most prominent of these is a spirit of unbounded hospitality. In a country where inns are almost unknown, and where long distances must be traversed without any shelter save a tent, the traveller is always welcome to rest himself and take refreshment in the cabin of the native. The accommodation may be rough, but it is all that the settler has, and the wayfarer is pressed to share it. The writer himself has been urged by his host to occupy the only bed in the house, while the family slept on the floor, but he declined and elected to rest on a couple of buffalo skins. The extending of hospitality to strangers and friends is considered to be such a matter of course, that sometimes it is abused. A few years ago a number of Half-breeds assembled from far and near at the house of a friend to sympathise with him on the unjust detention in jail of his son who was accused of some misdemeanor. While under this man's roof they made feeling speeches, and uttered awful protests, and signed divers memorials to the authorities, and steadily consumed the winter's provision of their afflicted brother. It must have been a consolation to this man that his son was ultimately liberated, even though his commissariat department had been depleted in the effort.

Notwithstanding his calculating turn of mind,