

carved, has recently been donated to the museum of McGill University, in Montreal, and well repays a visit.

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THE following extracts from the pen of Major Butler, the author of "The Great Lone Land," a book now seldom read, but which tells so vividly the tale of Fort Garry and the early days of the North-west before the present names of Winnipeg and Manitoba had taken their place, are so eloquent in defence of the Indian, that their reprint is not out of place. "Ever towards the setting sun drifts the flow of Indian migration, ever nearer and nearer to that glorious range of snow-clad peaks which he has so aptly named 'the mountains of the setting sun.' It is a mournful task to trace back through the long list of extinct tribes the history of this migration. Turning over the leaves of books belonging to that old colonial time of which Longfellow speaks, we find strange names of Indian tribes now utterly unknown. They are gone, and scarcely a trace remains of them. Others have left in lake and mountain top the record of their names. Erie and Ottawa, Seneca and Cayuga tell of forgotten nations which, a century ago, were great and powerful. The wild man who first welcomed the new-comer in the Western World is the only perfect socialist or communist. He holds all things in common with his tribe—the land, the river, the game. If he and the tribe are starving and he kills a moose, the coveted food is shared by all. Poor fellow! his virtues are all his own, crimes he may have and plenty, but his noble traits spring from no book learning, from no schoolcraft, from the preaching of no pulpit, they come from the instinct of good which the Great Spirit has taught him, they are the whisperings from the lost world whose glorious shores beyond the mountains of the setting sun are the long dream of his life. The most curious anomaly among the races of men, the red man of