

grand mound was begun. It will thus be seen that we have reached back to the eleventh century, the time previously deduced from historic date for the arrival of the Toltecan on the Rainy River.

Our investigation has now come to an end. I have led you to examine the few fragments of a civilization which it would be absurd to declare to have been of the very highest type, but yet of a character much above that of the wandering tribes, which, with their well-known thirst for blood, destroyed the very arts and useful habits which might have bettered their condition. The whirlwind of barbarian fury is ever one which fills peaceful nations with terror. We may remember how near in the "Agony of Canada," the French power was to being swept out of existence by the fierce fury of the Iroquois—up to that time always victorious. We may remember how civilization in Minnesota was thrown back by the Sioux massacre of 1861. It is only now by persistent and unwearied efforts that we can hope to conquer the Indian by the arts of peace, and by inducing him to take the hoe, in place of the tomahawk, to meet nature's obstacles. Who can fail to heave a sigh for our northern mound-builders : and to lament the destruction of so vast and civilized a race as the peaceful Toltecan of Mexico, of the Mississippi, and of the Ohio, to which our Takawgamis belonged? After all, their life must in the main, ever remain a mystery.

THE END.

HOW A SHREWD SCOTCHMAN PREVENTED AN INDIAN MASSACRE.

(From the Illustrated Buffalo Express.)

LAKE TEMISCAMINGUE, ONT.—I was one of ten, five boys and five girls. My father, a clergyman of the English Church, was grateful to Providence for having filled his quiver with ten, but I think that in reality he was more grateful that they were not eleven. The problem of his life, the worry of attempting to solve, which helped to bring him to his grave, was how to provide a living for us all. As he died before a single one of us was provided for, he might have saved himself much anxiety.

I was not the oldest of the family, but the second son. I was intended for the Indian civil service, possibly the Viceroyship ; but the examiners at Burlington House failed to recognize my fitness for such great possibilities ; therefore I determined to emigrate, and a friend of my mother's hearing of my determination, secured for me, by personal interest, a berth in the Hudson's Bay Company. I was duly engaged, and signed a document as long as a deed of transfer, by which I bound myself to serve the