

So recently as 1857, the Church of England Missionaries among the Six Nations (the loyalist Indians who accompanied the English refugees to Canada at the close of the American War), replied to the query of the Indian commissioners: "What number are still pagans?" *Ans.*—"A large majority of the Cayugas, and a part of the Onondagas and Senecas;" and similar answers indicate a like condition among other settled tribes. The missions in more than one locality, and especially among the populous islands of Lake Huron, have been discredited by unseemly controversies between Church of England and other Missionaries, while the Roman Catholic Church embraces the greater number of the Indian converts. Meanwhile, impartial observers are tempted to ask in what respects many of such "Christian Indians" present any favourable elements of comparison with the wild Pagan tribes? To this pertinent query, Sir Francis B. Head furnished a tolerably plain-spoken answer in one of the most singular documents addressed by him to the Home Government during his official residence in Canada. Writing to Lord Melbourne in 1836, he says: "If we attempt to christianize the Indians, and for that sacred object congregate them in villages of substantial log-houses, lovely and beautiful as such a theory appears, it is an undeniable fact, to which unhesitatingly I add my humble testimony, that as soon as the hunting season commences, the men (from warm clothing and warm houses, having lost their hardihood) perish, or rather rot, in numbers, by consumption. While as regards their women, it is impossible for any accurate observer to refrain from remarking, that civilization, in spite of the pure, honest, and unremitting zeal of our missionaries, by some accursed process, has blanched their babies' faces. In short, our philanthropy, like our friendship, has failed in its professions. Producing deaths by consumption, it has more than decimated its followers; and under pretence of eradicating from the female heart the errors of a Pagan creed, it has implanted in their stead the germs of Christian guilt."

On all this, it must be confessed, the colonist looks with wondrous apathy. The miserable, dirty, semi-civilized Indian who haunts the outskirts of the clearings, has no more romance about him in the eyes of the settler, than the straggling remnants of the forest, which he clears away as an encumbrance to the land. Familiarity speedily breeds contempt, and it seems in vain to hope for any enthusiastic efforts on his part in the evangelization of the Indian. But the ele-