

nationality shines out before an astonished world and nothing can be more natural than that our brethren should once more take possession of the land discovered by their ancestors, and consecrated by them as destined to witness at a future time the regeneration of the unfortunate tribes whom they found inhabiting it. Besides, the chain which connects Canada, and especially French Canada, with the Red River, has never been broken. Ever since the occupation of our country by the power which protects us so well to-day, the intrepid and skilful *voyageurs* have still continued to be recruited from amongst our fellow countrymen. They occupy an inferior position, under the circumstances, but their services have been acknowledged as indispensable. At a later period, French Canadians have here acquired claims, of which they cannot without injustice be deprived. There is one name deserving of the most prominent and honorable mention from every historian of the colony of Assiniboia, it is the name of a French Canadian, Mgr. J. N. Provencher, first apostle and first Bishop of the diocese, who

succeeded in gaining the love and respect of all, the father of the poor whom he suffered so much in relieving, and the friend of the rich, who admired his virtues. In many instances the paternal influence of this worthy prelate prevented the commission of crimes which would have caused the ruin of this colony, while the wisdom and firmness of his counsels prevented the adoption of measures calculated to bring about the same misfortune. Without wishing to detract in any way from the merits of those to whose good offices it stands indebted, I think it is but just to assert that Mgr. Provencher has been one of the main props of this colony, and that but for him it would have been destroyed on more than one occasion.

Would that the limits of this letter but allowed me to give free vent to my gratitude, as chief pastor of the Catholic population of this colony, for the benefits with which our generous country has overwhelmed us, but I am not writing a book, and I must restrain within my heart the thoughts that struggle for utterance.

\*.\* The remainder of this letter was not in time to appear with this Report.