

and, peering through the window of her bedroom, caught sight of her pale thin face. Capering about like a child, his joy seemed boundless; and creeping softly to the kitchen door, he stood waiting there. The lady had seen him, and insisted upon his being brought in to see her. Nichy stood over six feet, and in a soft, almost reverential, way he stole on tiptoe into the room, and then stood perfectly still, making signs, but fearing to speak lest he should disturb the patient. The next evening Nichy and his squaw were seen coming over the hill, he carrying a pair of ducks, she an immense bag of something on her back, which afterwards was discovered to be feathers enough for a large bed and several pillows, and not a day passed during the lady's illness but Nichy brought either a brace of chickens or ducks, leaving them in the kitchen for her. What stronger instance could you have of Indian gratitude? I am frequently asked: Is there any danger from Indians in the Canadian North-West? There is not the slightest chance of any such trouble. The Canadian Pacific Railway has been built from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains without a single case of disturbance from the red men. The only incident that has come to my knowledge at all approaching anything of this kind happened when I was last in the country. A band of Indians surrounded a locomotive as it stood on the track, and having apparently never before seen so formidable a structure, inspected it minutely and with evident curiosity. Suddenly the engineer blew the whistle, and never was there seen such a scramble, as, tumbling over each other in all directions, they mounted their horses in hot haste, and sped over the hills as fast as their horses would carry them.

The name of Her Gracious Majesty is dear to every loyal subject of Great Britain; and over the sea, amongst the red men of the Canadian prairies, the name of our Queen is revered in a manner that cannot but bring a throb of pride to every truly loyal British heart. The "Great Mother" (for that is the name by which our Queen is known to the red man) is to him the personification of goodness, truth, and power. I have seen a chief rid himself of his blanket, his gun, his horse, his squaw—leave himself naked even, to gratify his love for gambling; but only with his life would he part with the silver medal suspended on his breast, given him by that Great Mother.

Very few have, I suppose, any correct idea of the extent of the country I have been describing. No better estimate of its vastness can be formed than by quoting figures, though I have no intention of troubling you with many of them. The territory of the great Canadian North-West lying east of the Rocky Mountains contains more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ million square miles, or over 15 hundred million acres. It is difficult to realise the extent of areas thus stated, but when it is remembered that these figures represent a territory in extent nearly two-thirds of the entire continent of Europe, some idea of its vastness may be formed. A report of the Canadian