

knew," heritages of Britain, and these regions discovered by the sea captains of the Middle Ages, indeed show quite plainly that no iron yoke of civilization had ever burdened the dweller in this New World. No Cæsar had ever come to fill the land with triumphs of art and slaves; to build great cities where the wealthy might revel and the worker rot. To these new Romans fell the task of bringing to the western shores all the benefits of Christian civilization. With torch and brand they pressed upon the Indian. As their progenitors—blood-stained clansmen of the Tin Islands—fought and died, hurling their naked bodies in vain against the mail clad might of the Roman legionaries, so these new Romans, also in mail, swept the naked red man from his ancestral home. Foot by foot, mile by mile, the bronze-skinned warriors contested the right of entry. Kings in England or Spain granted charters of eminent domain, others trusting but lightly to such clerk's tricks descended bodily upon the Indians' homeland, and made good those charters with musket, sword and sacrament. Those were evil days indeed! Dark and bloody were the actions of the "whites"; terrible deeds perpetrated in forest grove or rocky glen; evil happenings that blanch the cheeks of the raconteur and send the children cowering to the blankets on a dark night, even to this day. For there was gold, gold, gold—mountains of gold; lakes whose glassy surface reflected the bright sheen of boundless wealth hidden in their depths.

Druids in the British groves cursed the coming of the Roman Empire builders, and spat upon the faces of their gods. Medicine-men in the long houses of the Iroquois or solemn aisles of spruce and pine, cursed these new gods of rapine, these new Empire builders, and, cursing them, fled evermore into the hinterland. But what then? Before the swift pursuit of treasure hunting whites; before the faces of Raleigh and Smith, of Frontenac and La Verendrye; at the devastating touch of Cortez and