

condition if it existed. There can be no darker incentive to recklessness than a feeling of despair. We hope the poor Indian, bad as his condition may be, is not yet reduced to utter hopelessness. And we trust the Government will use every means possible to allay the natural resentment of the man, savage though he be, who sees his inheritance passing irrevocably into the hands of an alien race, his people fading from the earth to make room for the stranger, his hunting grounds obliterated, himself an intruder and despised in the land which once was all his own. We are bound to take care of him; bound by every dictate of honesty and humanity, and there can be no doubt that He who created the red man as well as the white will require an account at our hands. If we invade his country, take possession of his heritage, wrong him, teach him evil such as he never knew, dishonor him, despise him, and leave him to die in his wretchedness and despair, the Great Spirit who watches the fall of the sparrow will not allow him to perish unavenged. Let us not fight him then until every other alternative has been tried. It is cheaper to provide food for him, and perhaps under a better system there is yet hope of his reclamation and civilization. It may be that all this is visionary and impracticable, and that the law of force is the only law he has any respect for. But we would fain hope that his good traits might be cultivated, his vices repressed, his conscience aroused, his religious tendencies rightly directed until he has at last attained to some measure of growth in the direction of Christian life.

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#### NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

IT has become the custom to sneer at the turning over of "new leaves," which some people whose old leaves do not hold a quite satisfactory record, are prone to indulge in. Still the new year is a good time to review our past lives. We have checked off another mile on the post road to the unknown and it is by no means a bad thing to seat ourselves for a few minutes beside the milestone, and take some account of what we have been doing, and what we are going to do. How have we travelled our latest mile? Have we come in fresh, ambitious, hopeful for the remainder of the journey, or are we blown, jaded, dispirited? Are we better men, stronger, heartier, manlier, than we were at the last milestone? Have we used our powers of observation? Have we added to our stock of

knowledge? Have we lent a friendly hand to the unfortunate, who are all about us on the highway of life? We have not done as well as we might; it is safe to say that; some of us have done infinitely less than we might; some can scarcely point to a record at all, some have made a record which were best obliterated. We all arrive at our mile stones. It is not a good thing to pass them heedlessly without a retrospective glance; for retrospect is all we have. We may try to strain into the future but it is useless. We may think we see ahead but the prospect is a mirage. We fancy fair fields and flowery walks beyond, and while our eyes are filled with the visions of beauty close at hand the inevitable chasm opens at our feet closer still, and we are gone. It is well, therefore, to make good resolutions at our New Year's milestone, and it is better to keep them. Bad habits that have clung to us for many miles—shall we leave them here behind us, or shall we not? Profane speech, ill temper, drunkenness, lewdness—shall we make a grave for them here beside the stone, and bury them forever; or shall we bear them with us still? Would that we were wise and strong as we ought to be, as we might be! We should go more lightly on our way, if we could only free ourselves from the self-imposed burdens we bear, burdens which handicap us, weigh us down and bring us to our last milestone weary and footsore, glad to be done with a profitless, fruitless, journey.

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#### CONTRIBUTED.

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##### LETTERS FROM AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.

WELL, sir, of course I hadn't a word to say: I was kinder struck dumb like y' know, and I jest pulled up Sultan at the door and sot there looking as foolish as a feller thats bin caught robbin' a hen-roost. Now you might a' supposed Mirandy would a' made some sort of a fuss over it, considerin' at she 'n me 'd bin as good as engaged almost sence we was boy an' gal. I know ef I had seen Mirandy in sech a fix—ef I'd ever caught enny other feller snoodin' up to her the way that critter Lizzie was to me, I'd a felt like twistin his head off—when I was young—that is—when I was young." And the old man clasped his hands about his knee and looked away among the stars in search of the time "when he was young!" "But you don't know Mirandy. Why y'd a thought Lizzie was some long lost relative come home back to the bosom of her family from the confines of the grave or some other unexpected place, she made so much of her. Threw her arms round her neck, she did, and positively kissed her! Yes, sir, I don't go much on big words as a rule, but there ain't no word