

total inability to appreciate how it is that he has no rights which he may call his own, and which even a superior race should regard.

We must admit that even our boasted civilization has its strange phases, and sometimes its manifest inconsistencies. We repeat the maxim that might makes right always with reproof, and yet act upon it whenever the public weal is supposed to require it. Perhaps the truest and the best justification which we can plead for insisting upon taking the lands of the aborigines whenever we wish them, using no more force than is necessary to accomplish what we deem necessary—whether the owner is willing to sell them or not—is that a few useless savages, who can do no good for the world at large, and little good even for themselves, must not stand in the way of the march of civilization; that God made the earth and all that is upon it for His own honor and glory, and that both they and we are but tenants at His will; and that it is His undoubted right, whenever in His good pleasure He sees fit, to eject those who in His estimation do Him no honor, and replace them by those who may contribute more to His glory, and that thus He is working out His great scheme conceived from the beginning of all time. I say, if we can but thus console ourselves that in what, to the superficial observer seems to be spoliations of the weak by the strong, we are but instruments in the hands of the Almighty to work out His great purposes and to execute His solemn decrees, then, indeed, we may feel that we have washed our hands in innocency. For myself, I have never been a very ardent believer in what is sometimes called special missions, and merely suggest this as the most plausible justification which I have ever been able to contrive. Still, I do believe that my old friends did not see it exactly in that light when they turned their backs upon Chicago, the scene of so many of their grave councils and of their happy gatherings