

re-built with the broken timbers, but, though we had to some extent a shapely chapel, the building was not watertight, and during the week the dry powdery snow collected under the roof, lying in ambush over the ceiling until Sunday. And then, when the church was warmed, it began to melt and came dripping down both upon preacher and people. There was no pulpit in those days—the sermon was delivered from the steps of the little chancel. I acquired a considerable amount of dexterity in avoiding the falling drops by keeping, so to speak, one eye on the audience and the other on the ceiling. (Laughter.) While I was telling this to the Winnipeg people a sudden thought struck me, and I added, “Oh, ladies and gentlemen, uncomfortable as the dripping water undoubtedly was, it yet saved me from committing one of the most unpardonable offences of which a clergyman can be guilty. I do assure you that whatever my other faults may have been, I could not even once be charged during that entire winter with the fault of preaching a ‘dry’ sermon.” (Laughter.) Let me now say a few words about the Indians: During the long journey through the Saskatchewan and Alberta territories which I made last autumn, I saw many proofs of their wonderful improvement under the fostering care of the Canadian Government. Right under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains I visited a large reservation of the Piegans—a tribe of the Blackfeet. The first Indian I visited was undoubtedly a more than usually favourable specimen of his tribe. He had made great progress, but many others were advancing in the same direction. I saw him reaping a field of barley. The missionary told me that the man had with his own hand ploughed the ground and sowed the seed over eleven acres—including barley, oats, and potatoes; and that he had raised more than enough for his own family, and could sell a portion of his crop to the white settlers. We went into his log hut. I was astonished at what I saw. There were some chairs and bedsteads, a cooking-stove, a cupboard with dishes, an oil lamp, two small tables, while the walls were covered with pictures cut from illustrated newspapers. His wife was grinding coffee in an excellent coffee-mill; while his daughter was employed mending a moccasin or Indian shoe. What a change was here! This Indian, but a few short years ago, was a wild lawless savage, and now he was living a life of industry and order. I could not help feeling thankful for the success of the efforts of the Government in behalf of these poor people, and I look forward very hopefully to the time when the whole Indian population shall be rescued from the darkness of their barbarism, and take their place side by side with the white men, as good and useful citizens of this great Empire. (Applause.) I most heartily endorse what Mr. Begg has said in reference to the dealings of the Hudson’s Bay Company in bygone times with the Indians of the North-West. I believe, from long and widely extended observation, that it is mainly to the Hudson’s Bay Company’s