

THE British flag. The line of boundary between the country where they found asylum and their native land was no longer an imaginary one. The soldiers of the great Father patrolled it with jealous care. Distasteful as had been the thought of the American agencies to the Indian, it was now conceded to be no worse than perpetual banishment from the haunts and homes they loved. Despair reconciled them to the hard conditions of the Great Father; and, in the end, the ghosts of the legio that once populated the mighty west flitted over the border and stood silent and submissive on the great American reserves. It was not the return of prodigals. It was the incoming of a broken-spirited horde of homeless heathen. The eagle had feasted on the hawk, but there were no wrens for the hawks to prey upon! The words of Cettewayo were indeed prophetic. His estimate of civilization was sound, at least: "First came the missionary-- then came the soldiers."

Many crimes are laid at thy door, oh, Civilization! Perhaps unjustly, but they are laid there, all the same.