

After shaking hands with the Commissioner, the speaker retired.

The recent completion of the Soo ship canal, opens a fair and fruitful field, readily reached by the christian and philanthropist; duty for the one, to obey his mission for the other.

Thousands are yearly lavished upon the remote missions, to illumine the heart of the Birman heathen many thousand miles off; but on our own immediate border, within the confines of civilization, grovelling in mental darkness, degenerating physically, decaying in national existence, endeared to us by many reminiscences of their history, as well as by their mysterious origin, noble in native character, and commanding our keenest sympathies for their wretchedness and their sorrows, are a people now famishing for want of food, even perishing for want of the necessaries of life; a people unlettered, untaught, and needing the solacing heart of the christian, and the soothing hand of the philanthropist, to heal their woes.

Sister of charity, brother of prayer, will you not go to the desolate wilds of the Chippewas, and make hearts of sorrow sing with gladness? You may visit them in the coming sultry summer; you may learn if their chief crime is not, that they were born poor miserable Indians.

A bounteous Providence hath smiled upon this happy land of ours, filling our garner-houses with plenty, and to spare. Within the boundaries of our own Michigan—and also in Wisconsin as well—in the retreats of our northern wilderness, are men, women and children this day suffering for want of food to eat; no kind voice admonishes them to beat the hatchet and war weapon into pruning hooks, and to learn war no more. May there not yet be kind efforts, willing hearts, and able hands extended, to elevate in the scale of humanity, to rescue from total extinction, this feeble remnant of a noble, though fading race? Verily they are as the leaves of autumn trampled upon by powerful riders.

We have an authentic account, that the Bois Fort bands,