

the red race, is the one before which we should fall in adoration to-day.

Keen sighted as the Indian is reputed to have been, he saw but little of the wealth of his domain.

Content with what nature threw at his feet he had no disposition to explore her intricate secrets, and to sue with patient toil for her amplest blessings.

Individuality too strongly developed was one of the greatest weaknesses of the Indian character.

Among the white race no truth is better appreciated than that the strongest is weak, and the wisest is foolish, when he is not willing to gain strength and wisdom from his fellows. All the great commercial industries of the day owe their prosperity to the power resident in right organization.

Of this truth I am forcibly reminded as I look about me, and see the faces of men who through many long years have been faithful counsellors and efficient co-laborers in the various departments of my business. I cannot suffer this occasion to pass without expressing my appreciation of their fidelity, and my sense of indebtedness not to my own brain and muscle alone, but also to their co-operation.

The world is large enough for the toilers, and for those who adapt themselves to circumstances. This is Providence. Hence the white man is the man of destiny. His face is bright with hope while the Indian looks sadly toward the setting sun of his prosperity.

These thoughts come closely home when we reflect that we stand on ground from which the moccasin of the Indian has but recently been lifted, that we live where the name of river and valley and