

of New Glasgow, leaves me in his debt for *The Beothiks or Red Indians of Newfoundland*, now extinct. This monograph of about 50 large 4to pages and four pages of illustrative plates was submitted to the Royal Society of Canada last year. It is an exhaustive study of the Beothiks, written in the author's lucid style, containing a great amount of matter culled from all available sources, and sufficiently popular to be of genuine interest to the general reader. Messrs. Drysdale & Co. of Montreal supply copies of this paper for 50 cents. Those who are anxious to know something of the New Hebrides, where our devoted missionaries are labouring, should see the *Sydney Mail* or *New South Wales Advertiser* of March 12th. This great illustrated paper of 55 large four columned pages contains an ethnological study of the New Hebrideans by J. H. L., illustrated with several engravings, mostly of very respectable looking native heads, and furnishes the welcome information that Dr. John Fraser of Randwick is writing up the *Folk Lore* of this remarkable people. Finally the *Illustrated American* of April and May contains an illustrated article on *Relics of the Mound Builders*, and the story of the *Progress of the Illustrated American's expedition to explore the Pueblos in New Mexico*, with maps, plans, and sketches. The latter article is headed *In Search of a Lost Race*.

Have I been reading any light literature during the summer? Of course I have, *China's Millions*, and *The Christian at Work*, and *Records*, and the

*Sunday Magazine*, and heaps of things I can't remember, that the northern settlers are gloating over now, as they are over the remains of my flowers, fruits and vegetables, perhaps over the furniture too for all that I know. I wish my friends, the students, especially to understand that I don't go north to read light literature, but to superintend my gardener, to clear away underbrush, to entertain my friends, many of them students and ministers, (I mention the most important first,) to correct proof and answer correspondents, and to preach every Sunday, and travel semi-occasionally many miles by water to administer the sacraments. Still I do read light literature in the Summer. People want a story, not too short, not too long, not too namby pamby, to read aloud. A lady who was a good reader, sat on the verandah with a book in her hand, Robert Louis Stevenson's *Merry Men of Aros* and other tales. She did not read the *Merry Men of Aros* nor *Thrawn Janet*, nor any other of Stevenson's horrors, but she did read *Will of the Mill*, and *The Treasure of Franchard*, and, if you have not read them, get some pleasant voiced woman, or, in default, a sympathetic man to read them to you. Then, there is J. M. Barrie's *Little Minister* who was beguiled by, but who at the same time made a conquest, of the Egyptian. You can read *The Window in Thrums* too, if you like. But, if you have about you one who says "The lips that have touched tobacco shall never touch mine," you had better not read Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine*. Still,