

baby girls of seven or eight will have to go to parties in long sleeves for fear of discovering the ugly marks left upon their delicate skin by lancet, knife and needle. But how calm and delightful, the adolescence of these children! No torturing fears of ever "getting" anything. They may go where they please, eat what they please—they will never "take" anything again, for everything "took" so well upon them in far-away infancy. How enjoyable, this true immunity from disease! In this situation, however, much needful self-control would vanish. Says Bacon: "If you fly physic in health altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you shall need it." And it might be needed, this same scurvy knave of physic, since inoculation might not cover or include all forms of sickness. Again has my Lord Bacon a word for the quackers, those that carry *Ambra-grisia*, or *Pulsatilla*, or *Bryonia alb.* about with them in their pockets. "If you make it (physic) too familiar, it will work no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh." "Despise no new accident in your body, but ask opinion of it. In sickness respect health principally; and in health, action. Use fasting and full eating, but rather full eating. Watching and sleep, but rather sleep; sitting and exercise, but rather exercise, and the like. So shall nature be cherished, and yet taught masteries."

I wish, by the way, that people who want advice about the things of this life, would read their Bacon and their Bible, and leave their Tolstoi alone. I heard the other day of a young woman who, being in a quandary about some pressing personal matter, wrote to one of the many correspondence columns in the land for assistance, and when the reply came it was—"read Balzac and Tolstoi, my dear, and perhaps George Eliot as well, for light upon this subject." And the young woman who was shy of hunting up the Balzac books, because she had heard the titles were in French, and who could not understand George Eliot, bought up all the Tolstoi paper-covered novels she could find, including "Anna Karenina" and "Kreutzer Sonata." Mystified, outraged, she flew to me for help. I did not commend books to her at all just then, but I said "when this disturbing element is over, and when you can look at things more intelligently and coolly, take down 'Hard Times' (perhaps you never heard of the book, it is by an Englishman called Charles Dickens; he is dead), and read for your instruction, the story of Louisa. Don't forget her name—*Louisa*. Put yourself in her place, Louisa's, and feel with and for her. Then tell me if you have any clearer light upon your own vexed, perplexing affairs."

And she told me, with tears in her eyes and her voice, how much good that pitiful tale had done her. "I understood it," she said, "and I wanted to save her. I wish to save myself, and I will, prompted by Louisa's story."

And she did. James Harthouse had not been created in vain.

The news that Jules Verne's *Clipper of the Clouds* is shortly to be launched from Chicago and carry people across to England in less than no time, to use a popular expression, has been received with incredulity by some, with *empresment* by others, but all unite in asking—What form of complaint will air-sickness be? Personally, I imagine that just as many people will suffer from a new and equally distressing form of indisposition as now enroll themselves annually in the hideous ranks of *Mal-de-mer*. Those who dislike elevators, toboggans and swings, and those who turn giddy upon the brink of the precipice or upon any high tower, would probably find themselves inconvenienced very seriously by the propulsion upward into a more highly rarefied stratum of air. Not for worlds would I trust myself to a balloon, and I think I would content myself with standing at the bottom of the Eiffel Tower. Still, although I do not like mountain air most people do, and so the Chicago venture will doubtless find its adherents fast and plentifully enough.

If the anonymous people who persist in abusing the Church of England for obsoletism and heterodoxy, through the daily press, really knew anything of the workings of the great Anglican system—well, in that case the letters would never be written. Can the Presbyterian body, can any Dissenting body, produce a finer group of men than the late Archbishop Thomson, Magee of Peterborough, his probable successor, Lightfoot, Liddon and Church, all recently deceased? Dean Church was probably the man who, among so many gifted and able preachers, came nearest to the practical wants of men. His name will be forever associated with the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral to beauty, fitness and usefulness. Having once assumed the responsibilities of the Deanery, he was determined to be something more than the head of a Cathedral Chapter. "If we cannot now do something for London," said the new Dean, "may the malison of St. Peter and St. Paul fall on us!" Here is the result, as given by a contemporary: "St. Paul's, which not so long before had been jealously guarded by a 2d. fee at the door, and a path strictly hedged in from door to choir to prevent sightseers evading the fee under the pretext of worship, was thrown open to all the world. Its services were multiplied; its nave was fitted up for worship; great preachers of every shade of theology were invited to fill the pulpit; the multiform resources of sacred music, under the able direction of Sir John Stainer, were exhibited in ways hitherto unthought of; every society or guild that was doing any good work was heartily welcomed; the disused chapter-house was turned to good account as a

place of intercourse between the young men of the city and the canons; and, in short, the great Cathedral became, as it ought to be, the home and centre of the Church life of London."

It is a positive fact that detractors of the Church of England are lamentably ignorant of her true position and of the peculiar methods which distinguish her workers, lay and clerical. An English Bishop writes to the *Times*, London, Eng.:—

"The unaccountable feature in the success of the scheme now being floated by Mr. William Booth, of the Salvation Army, is the fact that so many acute and able men seem to rest his claim to their support on the assumption that the organization of which he is the head has been specially successful in influencing for good that 'residuum' of society which Mr. Booth calls the 'submerged tenth.'"

"All who know the facts, like Mr. Llewelyn Davies, and many others, know that this assumption is without foundation. As one familiar for eighteen years with 'London over the Border,' ten of those years passed at Barking, from which your correspondent, Mr. Henson, writes, I can testify that the results of the work of the Salvation Army among the 'slums' population are almost nil. The whole of those results may be, in fact, reduced to one—the reclamation of a certain number of drunkards. But for this purpose various agencies have long been at work, whatever be the ultimate fate of the Salvation Army. A single column of the *Times* or page of the *Guardian* would furnish to wealthy Christians the names of a score of religious and philanthropic institutions or associations, all needing, like Mr. Booth's scheme, large pecuniary help, but all differing from that scheme in the fact that they are conducted by men who have already proved successful workers in the fields of labour which they have made specially their own."

Canon Newbolt, Dr. Liddon's successor at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, preached on a recent Sunday afternoon, and delighted a large congregation by his eloquence and his beautiful style. It will not be long, says a London correspondent, before he is recognized as one of the popular preachers in London.

I ought to wind up my exordium by saying that I went to hear Father Huntington. I did try to hear him, but could not get in. Several ladies outside the door banged and pounded away in desperation. One said: "He wears a rope around his waist and a hair shirt." The other replied: "Yes, and his head is shaved like a monk's, and he fasts from morning to evening the day he is going to preach, just like a singer." I left them banging

MAKERS AND DOERS TOGETHER

The great billows of thought and feeling which are overwhelming some of the noblest minds and hearts in the Mother Country seem to be attenuated to the merest ripple before they reach our shores.

INDEED it is true there comes but a ripple unto us, but this ripple is hardly a reality; it seems but the dis-embodiment of a law that is sweeping over all countries. Among older peoples the advent of this spirit of so-called Socialism has been as a power to convert the potential energy stored up in many and unexpected quarters into one stream of kinetic force, liable to do work hitherto inestimable. That this law comes but as a ripple to our shores merely points that this country lacks that pent-up energy; that the spirit, which bloweth where it listeth, has fallen on stoney ground. We are apt to feel content that we have not this one thing needful, that we, at any rate, shall be at peace. This is a lying security. We are in reality daily condemning it in our disgust of "shoddy" work and untrustworthy news reporters.

Why Socialism has made progress in England is that there are two classes in which this energy has through ages been deposited. They are the two fundamental classes, possibly the only two living ones—the makers and the doers. These two have of late been joined by that most natural and human of methods—community of interests. The true makers have sought for worthy doers, and the doers have long been awaiting honourable directors. They have each learned that there is no mutual antagonism; that each is necessary to the other. They are both the workmen, and the only workmen. They form but a small proportion of any race as yet, but they together have found their obstacle. They are both unprivileged, yet the labourer will scorn to become a shop-keeper, and so will his new-found friend. It is a difficult matter to determine the causes for this; indeed it will require one well-versed in the mysteries of the corner grocery to give a truly scientific reason. But we may not have long to wait for this, as our boys are already becoming acquainted in their arithmetic studies with the magic art of setting water for vinegar. Meanwhile the fact remains.

It may be because we are a young people; that we are fresh from the collegiate institute; that afterwards we will be more quiet, less hurried, more masterly; and see that love is a very ultimate law; that a system which provides that we have no farmers, no artisans, no artists, no preachers; that a system which provides that the corner-grocery shall rule in our churches, dominate our galleries, seduce our schools, is not a very substantial one, and therefore neither progressive nor productive. The makers steal their designs, and the doers, unfaithfully self-sufficient, do nothing. We have nothing to love, and we can have no love. We take no pride in making and doing; for we work at nothing.

Now we can see how it is unlikely that the movement which is "occupying the greatest minds and hearts of the Mother Country" can have little to occupy us with. We are a generation of shop-keepers. We are piling away at an endless recurring decimal, .666 . . . , forgetful or ignorant that, however we may add thereto, it will never become one unit of value. We have no equality, but much mediocrity; and we know that energy ceases among bodies of like temperature to work. It may be very calm and secure, but is it Worth?

HY. SANDERS.

THE ABORIGINES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

A VERY melancholy interest attaches to the aboriginal inhabitants of Newfoundland, of whom though once a numerous and powerful race, not a single individual remains to tell the sad tale of departed glory and the manner and circumstances of the passing of his progenitors into the happy hunting grounds.

It is known that they called themselves Beoths, but, from their habit of painting their bodies with red ochre, they were called Red Indians by the early pale face invaders of their territory.

For a long time their origin and relation, if any, to other Indian tribes were doubtful, some authorities supposing them to have been related to the Mic-Macs and others to the Eskimos. But the recent discovery of certain Beothic relics in a small island off the north-west coast of Newfoundland, prove beyond doubt that they were a branch of the great family of North American Indians, Latham deciding in favour of their being a branch of the Algonkin tribe. That these noble, though rude red men no longer hunt the cariboo on the broad savannahs of the interior of Terra Nova nor trap the skilful beaver in his river haunts; that they no longer fill their wicker creels with the silvery salmon nor the more sombre-hued cod; that their graceful canoes no longer glide over the placid surface of the sunlit lakes or flit like phantoms across the silvery moonbeams which play upon their bosom by night; that the bawens no longer re-echo to the chastened sound of their musical voices when calling the bull moose in the twilight of spring and autumn is due to the combined wanton cruelty and treachery of the dreaded pale face and the Mic-Mac, the record of which has so deeply stained the pages of the history of the early settling of Newfoundland by foreigners.

A tradition still lingers with the settlers of northern Newfoundland that the last of the Beoths, a mere handful, passed across the Strait of Belle Isle in two canoes early in the present century and, landing on the south eastern coast of Labrador in the neighbourhood of Battle Harbour, disappeared. This tradition seems to derive some colourable support from the testimony of the late Dr. Mullock of St. John's, Newfoundland. He says: "I have slight reason to think that a remnant of these people survive in the interior of Labrador. A person told me there some time ago that a party of Montaquais Indians saw at some distance (about fifty miles from the sea coast) a party of strange Indians, clothed in long robes or cassocks of skins, who fled from them. They lost sight of them in a little time, but on coming up to their tracks they were surprised to see the length of their strides which proved them to be of a large race and neither Mic-Mac, Montaquais nor Eskimos." From this incident he concludes: "I believe that these were the remains of the Beoths nation; and, as they never saw either a white or red man but as enemies, it is not to be wondered at that they fled. Such is the only trace I can find of the Beoths."

Mention is made of them by Cabot the discoverer of Newfoundland and also by Jacques Cartier in the fifteenth century and by a Florentine writer in the sixteenth century. They tell us that the Beoths wore the skins of wild beasts for clothing, and that the "women went straighter than the men" (whatever that may mean) with their waists girded. That they tied their hair on the top of their head like a wreath of hay and put a wooden pin, or any other thing instead of a nail, and with them they bound birds' feathers. A much fuller account is given of these interesting people by a certain Captain Richard Whitbourne, who visited Newfoundland in the seventeenth century. He says: "The natural inhabitants of the country, as they were but few in number, so are they something of a rude and savage people, having neither knowledge of God nor living under any kind of civil government. In their habits, customs and manners, they resemble the Canadian Indians, as they constructed canoes with the bark of birch trees which they sew very artificially and close together, and overlay every seam with turpentine. They sew the rinds of spruce trees, round and deep in proportion, like a brass kettle, to boil their meat in."

Like most other Indian tribes the Beothics seem to have spent all their time in hunting and fishing; and we may well believe, judging from the quantity of fish and game it possesses at the present time, Newfoundland must have been a paradise to the rude, red men.

Early in the present century, but a short time before their extinction, a few individuals of the Beothic tribe were captured by explorers in the interior and taken to the capital. But, after spending a brief time there, they either returned to their tribe or, as was most generally the case, succumbed to the ravages of consumption. About that time, too, but when too late, several proclamations were issued by the British Government to restrain the barbarities of the settlers. The earliest official notice of the Aborigines is in the form of a proclamation by the Governor