

groove which apparently served as a spout. There are also two arrow-heads of a hard grey cherty stone, an axe-shaped tool of felsite slate, and a finely-worked and highly-polished gouge-shaped implement of chert, nine and a half inches in length. No little skill was requisite to shape these poor stone implements. At all events they were the best which heads of this type could produce; and our poor brothers, now gone into oblivion, like the workers of Babylon and Nineveh, did what they could in this wilderness, to fight the battle of life against sore odds. Perhaps this handsome polished gouge was the work of some Angelo or Chantry of the Bethuck race, who initiated a new era in stone implements, and gave to his fellows higher ideas of beauty, and marked a step in the upward progress of these rude earth-dwellers. The memory of the mighty gouge-maker may have been cherished and sung in Bethuck rhymes, as we now revere the memory of the inventor of the locomotive. We must not despise the lowly toils of these Nomads, whose ancestors were perhaps hunting the deer and spearing the salmon, in Newfoundland, before the days of Hengist and Horsa, when our own progenitors had not got far in advance of the red men. It may be that they had learned some of nature's secrets which we have yet to discover. At all events, in this skull, now so ghastly and grim in its fleshless condition, beat substantially the same joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, loves and hatreds with which our own heads are throbbing to-day. The poor Bethuck mother loved as tenderly, folded her babe to her bosom as fondly as her civilised and refined sister of the nineteenth century. And we may apostrophise this Bethuck skull fairly enough in the language of a poet:—

"Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor love, nor joy nor fear
Have left one trace of record here."

Ethnologists are generally agreed in regarding the aborigines of America as but a single race, from Cape Horn to the confines of the Esquimaux, around the Arctic Circle. But this widely diffused race is divided into an infinite number of small tribes, presenting more or less difference one from the other. Dr. Morton divides