

salient, they generally seize and follow them pretty well. The missionaries, who may be admitted to know them best, insist that the Indian can be made to follow an elementary code of moral and religious behaviour, to feel the constant criticism of God even in his isolation, and they hold that the red men must be allowed to continue their natural life in the woods. That will do, for a while longer, in the Northwest, but there, as in the old provinces, with the clearance of the woods and the destruction of the hunt, the Indian must perforce bend down to the tilling of the soil. In the western territories of the United States the reservations are going to be bought from the Indians, on liberal terms, and the holders will have to shift for themselves like white men,

There is no doubt that the Negro is far more advanced than the red man. With the exception of still large traces of Voudouism in the interior of the Southern States, he has taken up much of the colour and polish of civilization. The negro is more imitative and absorbent than the Indian. It is a mistake to imagine that he is lazy. The work that is done under the tropical sunbeams, during cotton picking, is something that white men cannot perform. and which drove the Choc-taws, Chippewas and Cherokees away from the South into the prairies of New Mexico. The Negro will never lose his colour, but he will become a citizen. The Indian will soften his hue and his cheek bone, but it will be many scores of years before he is much more than an Indian.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

—*J. Hanson: Vanity of Human Wishes.*

A potent influence, we are taught, is often possessed by little things. Our attention is directed to

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,

and so on. I think the potent influence of little things is very well exemplified, indeed, in the case of a tooth when it is aching. With all the excruciating tortures that tyrannic barbarity has devised, I sometimes wonder that it seems never to have tried boring a hole into the tooth. The Car of Juggernaut, in grinding the human body, inflicted hardly more pain than would be produced by simply grinding a "grinder." What rash promises of remuneration for relief are made by the sufferer from toothache, promises from which he would probably be afterward justified in backing out. Yes, indeed: little things often possess a potent influence; and, in the language of the immortal bard, "tall aches from little toe corns grow."

John L. Sullivan has at last met an opponent that has succeeded in completely knocking him out, notwithstanding that

The muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

Through dissipation he has run foul of natural law, whose proverbial immutability cannot be compromised. It has turned upon him, struck him below the belt (the trouble being in his stomach), and laid him upon his back. The gratifying result is said to be that he is a sadder and a wiser man; and, having repented, is metaphorically punching his own head for a change.

In his "Polite Learning," Goldsmith tells us that "dictionary writing was at that time much in fashion." I wonder if there ever was a time when dictionary reading was much in fashion. When Mark Twain referred to it as being tolerably good reading, but disconnected, the civilized world was expected to hold its sides. And there would probably be renewed laughter if anyone ventured seriously to remark that he did rather enjoy reading a dictionary. At all events, this occupation is regarded in this light by the humble individual

who has now the honour to address you. Of course, it is not a work over which to burn the midnight oil, but to take up for a few minutes while lunch is being dished, and when there is not time for anything more "connected." Then there is the pleasure of rolling a new word, like a sweet morsel, under one's tongue, just before rolling the sweet morsel literally. If dictionary reading should ever become fashionable, as dictionary writing did, people will more frequently say what they mean. As it is, however, the spirit is willing, but the language is often weak.

Notes of complaint have for some time been sounded by musical people on the theme of encores at concerts. Nevertheless, the audiences continue, like Fagan, to cry for "more." The performers place upon the programme all that they feel that they can execute with justice to themselves, but the audiences desire the concert to have something thrown in, like a prize package. I am inclined to believe that these encores give vent to a little vanity on the part of the audiences. They imagine: now we are showing that we have musical taste; we are demonstrating the fact that we understand classical music. And the encores continue to encore, and the performers continue their prize-package concerts. One encore may be a graceful compliment, but surely not a dozen. How would it do to have an ample programme neatly labeled No Encores?

The Germans are latterly being rivalled by the English in the coining of long words. Our scientific terms are long enough, but that is not all. One writer refers to certain purists as "antievrythingarians"; another speaks of the "cantankerousities" of ill-natured people; while still another characterises mankind, truly enough, as "mammonolaters." There is getting to be a good deal of this polysyllabication. If it continues we shall certainly require, as the hymn says, "A thousand tongues to sing."

What did I tell you? The other day I remarked, in these columns, that we had not heard from the sea serpents or weather prophets for a long time, but that, having spoken of them, we might now expect them to turn up any day. Sure enough, Mr. Wiggins breaks out a day or two after. Really, I think I would be almost justified in coming out now as a prophet myself. Now for the sea serpent. Who has seen the sea serpent? Don't all speak at once.

THE MONTAGNAIS INDIANS.

VISIT TO THE RESERVE AT POINTE BLEUE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED takes a special interest in our Indians, as a notable portion of the country, from the points of view of history and of civilization, and will always keep track of whatever is published about them. Thus the reader will doubtless be pleased with the following account of a visit to the Montagnais reserve at Pointe Bleue, Lake St. John, from the *Empire* :—

On Sunday I visited, with a number of other tourists, the Indian reserve at Pointe Bleue. The Montagnais, who gather here for their summer mission and for the manufacture of their canoes, hunt in winter the woods that lie between Bersimis, on the Lower St. Lawrence, and Mistassini Lake. They are probably the most interesting tribe in North America, and certainly no other Canadian Indians can nearly approach them in darkness of skin. They are so decidedly copper-coloured that the Hurons, of Lorette, would appear quite pale-faced alongside of them. Here and there I picked out one of somewhat doubtful origin, and in almost all of such cases was but little surprised to learn that they had been born in the vicinity of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts at Lake Mistassini or James' Bay. The children and younger women of the tribe are, as a rule, healthy looking and full in the face. The men and the older women are almost invariably marked with hollow cheeks and other symptoms of an approaching decline. There are scarcely any old men or women in the tribe. The hardships that they endure are certainly responsible for the absence of longevity. They spend their

winter nights in tents or lodges, sleeping upon *sapin* boughs piled up on the snow, and when game is scarce they not infrequently feel the pangs of hunger for several days together, while many of their number have been known to die of starvation. The squaws display great admiration for gay colours and wrap their shoulders in the brightest of bright cotton handkerchiefs, which are also used as head dresses for the girls. The costume of a Montagnais matron is incomplete without the tribal tuque, similar in shape to the ordinary tuques of Canadian snowshoers, but with the point caught down in front to the band, and the whole formed of alternate pointed stripes of red and black, each stripe piped in blue. The distinguishing feature of a Montagnais belle is the manner of dressing her deep black hair. This is divided in two by a parting at the back, and at each side it is fastened in front of her ear in a large roll finished off around the middle exactly like a bank of yarn. I attended their service on Sunday in the little Indian church and heard them sing in their own peculiar language in adoration of the Virgin. As I watched the earnestness of their devotion I could not fail to be struck with the air of superior indifference with which they regarded, or rather failed to regard the visitors who were seated amongst them, and I doubt very much whether an average city congregation would manifest as little distraction from worship at the presence in their midst of a detachment of Montagnais. I made a mental comparison, too, of the head dresses of the squaws with those of the ladies of our party, and it seemed to me that an unprejudiced observer would have no difficulty in deciding that, while the former should certainly carry off the palm for general utility, they could scarcely lay claim to excel in absurdity of design. The civility with which the strangers were shown by the Indians to the very best seats in their pretty little church, set me involuntarily a-thinking of some stately cathedrals of the pale faces, where a stranger may worship God in the aisle or on the poor benches, unless some pewholder and his family chance to be out of town. I most sincerely hope that we shall never educate the Indians up to the sale or lease of their church pews!

LITERARY NOTES.

The lamentable death of R. J. Elliott leaves the editor's chair of the *McGill University Gazette* vacant.

The biography of Henry Ward Beecher, will contain copious extracts from his journals and private correspondence.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Renfrew, has been appointed lecturer on Moral Philosophy at Morin College, Quebec.

The publishing house of Imrie & Graham, on Colborne street, Toronto, has been destroyed by fire. Loss, \$6,000.

Dr. Priestly and Professor Ferrier, noted physicians of London, England, visited Montreal on their way to England from the Washington Congress of American physicians.

On Saturday week an official of the Customs visited the news stands of Kingston and seized all the copies of the *New York Illustrated News* exposed for sale, on the ground that the paper is an immoral one.

Lord Tennyson, though he denies that he is to write a poem outlining the changes of religious faith through which he has passed, acknowledges that he is at work on a philosophical work in verse which will touch more or less upon questions of religion.

The joint committee on the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa have decided to have published Mr. Bourinot's work, suggested by him, of a volume of charters, despatches and other papers illustrative of the constitutional history of Canada from 1540 to 1888. The publication is to be at his own risk, but Parliament is to be asked to purchase 500 copies of the book.

FRUITION.

Long pauses and the calm of restful days
Come on and on, like breathing soft and deep;
A quietness is here that is not sleep,
The flooding silence of October blaze.

Maturing fruitfulness nor swings nor sways
The drooping branches; sheaves can hardly keep
Their treasure hid; to-morrow shall down heap
Along the thrifty and abundant ways.

The time is fast completing. Rest is soon
For glebe and gleaner in fruition's best.
So thou, dear land! with fruitage time begun,
Shalt smile beneath a kindly harvest moon;
As in the vales, within thy people's breast,
Love's richer gleaning shall be quickly won.

Wolfville, N. S.

J. F. HERBIN.