

An Author At The Ice.

American Writer Describes His Experience on a Sealing Steamer--Pays High Tribute to Newfoundlanders--Hopes to Return Here.

Men of iron, simple and very pious, industrious as ants and good hearted. These are only some of the nice things which Mr. G. Allan England, an American author, who has just returned from a trip to the ice, has to say about Newfoundlanders. "They are one of the finest type of men I have ever seen," said Mr. England to a Telegram reporter who interviewed him at the Grosvenor Hotel on Saturday, "and they are hampered only by their lack of education."

MOST INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Mr. England describes his trip as the most interesting experience in a life of travel. He was sent out here by the big American publishing house of Street and Smith for the purpose of obtaining first-hand information for a novel about the sealers. He was also commissioned by several editors to write short stories and articles for their publications. Upon arrival here, Mr. England interviewed Mr. Eric Bowring and arrangements were made for him to go to the icefields in the Terra Nova. Mr. England thinks that the sealership is the most arduous occupation that could be found. He could not help but admire the spirit of a country which produced men who would engage in such a hazardous and trying occupation, especially when the returns were so small. This spirit, which impels these men to risk their lives in an attempt to earn a bare pittance, will be advertised to the English-speaking world in the novel which Mr. England will write.

GETTING USED TO CONDITIONS.

"It is surprising how quickly civilized man can become accustomed to unusual conditions," said Mr. England. "At first the sight of blood repelled me, but after I had got used to it, I began to admire it. The whole scene was the most colorful I have ever seen. The gleaming blue of the ice and the bright crimson of the bloodstains presented a most spectacular sight. The sunsets and sunrises were beautiful, and the iridescent effects at night were incomparable. A most peculiar phenomenon was the 'loom' which was frequently seen. This seemed to be a great palisade at the edge of the ice." Mr. England made a keen study of the sealers themselves and has many anecdotes to tell of them. One was about a man who had told him that his wife had been asking him for a new set of teeth. In the first place, he said he could not afford them, and in

any case, if she had them she would eat too much. Another man did not want to give his wife a new skirt because she would be gadding about too much.

KILLED NO SEALS.

Mr. England did not kill any seals himself, and he said that he was very glad that he had none of their blood on his hands, for they were the most harmless and tamest he had ever seen. He thinks they could be quite easily domesticated. As a further proof of the fact that Newfoundlanders were the most wonderful race physically he had ever encountered, he told how they are very reluctant to seek the aid of the doctor. They endure injury and hardship in a manner quite different from other men. Mr. England made a special study of the many dialects which the sealers made use of. "Newfoundland has more dialects to the square mile than any other country," he told the Telegram. He is preparing a dictionary of dialects for the American Dialect Notes Society, of which he is a member, and will publish it upon his return to the States. Mr. England was loud in his praise of Capt. Abram Kean, whom he describes as a splendid type of the old self-made captain. Capt. Kean did all in his power to make his guest's trip a pleasant one. Mr. England is also very grateful to Mr. E. A. Bowring, through whose courtesy he was enabled to make the trip. Mr. England transferred from the Terra Nova to the Eagle, reaching port by the latter ship.

NEW LITERARY FIELD.

In his opinion, Newfoundland opens up a new field of literature. "In fact, he is surprised that authors did not long ago realize the wealth of material that exists in this country, and which has never yet been exploited. He proposes to come back next year and will spend some time upon the West Coast. Mr. England is a man of about middle age and has been writing fiction since his college days. He is a M.A. of Harvard University and a member of many prominent American literary organizations. He has maintained a connection with the publishing firm of which Frank A. Munsey was the founder, since he first entered the literary field. Newfoundlanders will look forward with great interest to the novel in which Mr. England will incorporate his experiences at the sealership. Below will be found a poem which he wrote at the icefields, and which he has dedicated by Mr. E. A. Bowring:

The Sealers of Newfoundland.

(By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.)

Dedicated to Mr. Eric Bowring.

Oh, we be the Sealers of Newfoundland!
We clear from a snowy shore,
Out into the gale with our steam and sail,
Where the merriest tempests roar.
We battle the foe, as we northward go,
A sturdy, stalwart band;
Through lead and bay we fight our way,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Yea, we be the Sealers of Newfoundland!
We laugh at the frozen dark;
The wilderness white and stark.
We jest at death, at the icy breath
Of the Pole, by the moonlight spanned.
In a wild death-dance we die with Chance,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

We dauntless Sealers of Newfoundland,
With engines begrimed and racked,
With graining beams, where the blue ice gleams,
We push through the growlers packed.
With rifle and knife we press our strife,
Who ever shall understand
The war we fight in the ghostly light?
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

The ice glows red, where our skin-boots tread,
And crimson the gleaming floes.
From barrel we "skun" till our race be run,
Where the Labrador current goes.
From sticks we spring to the pans that swing;
By stalwarts our ship is manned.
O'er the blood-red road the sculps are towed
By the Sealers of Newfoundland.

Oh, some may sail with a Southern gale;
And some may fare East or West.
The North is ours, where the white storm lowers,
Wild North that we love the best!
Oh North, we ken that ye make us men;
Thy glory our eyes have scanned.
Staunch men we be, of the Frozen Sea,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Fearlessly bold, through the stinging cold,
We vanquish the pitiless North.
We make our kill with a dauntless will,
Where the great white cold stalks forth.
Onward we ply where the icebergs lie;
Dauntless our course is planned.
With blood and sweat, scant bread we get,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Untired, we Sealers of Newfoundland
Press on through the grinding pan,
We labor and muck for a fling at luck,
Each one of us, God! a man!
We cheer at the bawl of the white-coats all,
We labor with brain and hand,
With rope and gaff. At the North we laugh,
We Sealers of Newfoundland.

Where the old dog-hood and the old harps brood
Lie out in the growling pack,
We tally our prey--then away, away,
Hurrah for the homeward track!
Till the glad day's here, when a welcome cheer
Shall guide us, as staunch we stand
On the decks that come to our island home,
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Easter at Wesley Church

SPECIAL SERVICES, MUSIC AND SERMONS.

This recurring Sabbath was one of the most beautiful, to large congregations, as instead of sorrowing, they remembered the Living Christ. Rev. Mr. Bugden commenced his sermon by speaking from the verse, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." There are occasions of weeping which may reasonably be expected to terminate in joy, but there could not have been much hope in the disciples' mind when they heard that in addition to the sealing of the tomb, there had been a watch set. Mary sat lonely, weeping, before day break, but when preparing to embalm, found an empty tomb, and her glad news was quite unexpected by the other women, and by Peter and John, when they hurriedly reported the facts to them. And the empty tomb showed the Conqueror. He could not be destroyed, and through Him we have also a glorious heritage. There is a constant recurrence of evidence that man is eternal; the ever increasing problem is how to adjust the relations that bind him onward. Like the murmuring brook held with an icy grasp, the spring time compels the hold to be loosened, the birds sing happily, the ground becomes alive, the seeds are bursting and the flowers come. And we all react to this optimism, for just as the earth throbs and thrills, longing for a new life, so the resurrection speaks of an immortal life beyond the grave with new powers, beyond conception. An anthem followed, "At the end of the Sabbath, etc." in which Mrs. Stanley Garland took the solo, "Oh death where is thy sting," etc., very beautifully with fine voice.

At the evening service the Pastor delivered another very able sermon speaking on "What Jesus had to say about the future life" Matt. 6-20, Mark 9-48. Both sentences refer to life after death. This twofold thought finds a place in all our Lord's teaching. We cannot delete them from the context nor banish them from our vocabulary. From the parable of Dives and Lazarus we must learn there must be a distinct survival of some part of our personality in the after life. The preacher could not say what it was, it may be memory, and from the Saviour's teachings as to reward, there was additional few talents and an "enter thou into the joy of your Lord" for the one who was useful in service. Jesus also says "I go to prepare a place for you" and speaks of "everlasting habitations," and eternal tabernacles--and to enter them was not to be afraid. He said "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit" and having Jesus for a friend and guide we need not tremble to go through the portal of death.

Another anthem followed "Awake! Awake!" and following the offertory the choir repeated the best of the morning's selections "Now is Christ Risen from the dead" by F. C. Maker, in which Miss Sparks sang the solo very true and sweetly. All the singing for the day was very fine and that glorious hymn "For ever with the Lord" was a fitting close for a day of gladness commemorating the victory and triumph of our blessed Lord over death and the grave. A.W.M.

Making Arrangements.

FOR JOINT PARADE, ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

At a recent meeting of representatives of the following City Societies:--British, L. O. A., S. U. F., I. O. O. F., S. O. E., and C. L. B. Cadets, it was decided to hold a joint parade on Sunday afternoon, April 23rd, in honor of St. George's Day. Mr. A. G. Williams, Past District Deputy of the Sons of England, was elected Chairman and Mr. Herbert LeGros, Secretary. The different Societies will meet in their Lodge Rooms and parade to Gower Street Methodist Church, where they will be addressed by Rev. E. W. Forbes, B.D., and during the service a collection will be taken up for the Methodist Orphanage, after which, headed by the C. L. B. Band, also accompanied by M. G. B. Band, and drums and bugles of the Boy Scouts, they will parade to Government House and greet His Excellency and request that a message of loyalty be sent to his Majesty the King. After leaving Government House the parade will continue through the city by way of King's Bridge Road, Ordnance Street, Duckworth Street, Cochrane Street, Water Street, Springdale Street, New Gower Street and Theatre Hill and disband in Cathedral Square. It has been arranged to have the service commence at 2.45 sharp so as to give ample time for the parade afterwards. Mr. K. Ruby was appointed Grand Marshal to look after the parade.

FOR QUEEN'S COLLEGE. The Easter collections at Heart's Content parish in aid of Queen's College funds amounted to \$1200. In addition to this handsome sum about \$80 was contributed by the children for the orphanage.

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