

BLUE MONDAY.

Oddities of Speech.

ORIGINAL PRONUNCIATIONS.

IN our first pastorate (in England) we had for a neighbor a Congregational minister who was a man of considerable natural gifts, but who had never had a thorough education in early years, and had never succeeded in mastering the mysteries of cultured pronunciation. Accordingly his outbursts of eloquence were often rendered almost as amusing as edifying by the strange utterance of certain words. He would persist in speaking of himself as an "ambassanger of Christ," which led some of his irreverent hearers to designate him "the old ambassanger." On many occasions he nearly rivalled the celebrated Mrs. Partington. His most remarkable feat of pronunciation was at a social gathering. In the course of his remarks he said: "Dear friends, we have had a very *convival* meeting to-night." That was his unique way of pronouncing the word *convivial*. This was too much for the comfort of the more scholarly part of his auditors, who could not quietly connive at such a barbarism. It was well, however, for the good man that the majority of his congregation were not sufficiently informed to detect his orthoëpical blunders. His orthodoxy was above suspicion, and therefore his orthoëpy was allowed to pass unquestioned.

A Mixed Metaphor.

It was a country church, and the pulpit was occupied by a young lay preacher. He was evidently anxious to produce a powerful impression, and to that end he exerted himself with great vehemence. In the white heat of prayer occurred the following: "O Lord, we beseech thee to water us with the bread of life."

Another Strange Petition.

A YOUTHFUL member was praying for his pastor, who at that time was weak from the effects of a recent sickness. "O Father," cried he, "be graciously pleased to *enervate* thy dear servant." He evidently did not mean quite what he said. It is well for us all that God takes more notice of the desire than of the words in which it is couched.

It was well Meant.

IN our college days we were a little startled by the interjection of a fellow-student during the prayer of one of the tutors. The honored teacher was leading our devotions with much fervor, and we were all strongly moved by his earnest supplication. One of our brethren was so carried away that he shouted out, "Hear, hear!" It certainly sounded rather incongruous at such a time, but it was a testimony to the power and freshness of the prayer which elicited it.

Was He the Ringleader?

SOMETIMES ministers have the most strangely worded notices given them to read out. We were somewhat amused as we glanced at the following announcement:

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY,

Tuesday next, at 7.30.

The Way of Transgressors.

Leader—Mr. W———.

We were at once reminded of the oft-told circumstance of the very tall teacher marching at the head of the infant class as they sang:

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on."

A Slight Difference.

IN one of my parishes there were a considerable number of Icelanders settled. One day on my rounds, pointing to a small house, I asked a little girl if an Icelander lived there. "No," answered she, "but a *bachelor* does." Was there in her mind any affinity between the two names except that of the similarity of sound? Why the one should suggest the other is a (n)ice subject for thought. We commend it to our single brethren.

A Literary Query.

A THEOLOGICAL student whose acquaintance with historic and fictitious literature was somewhat limited, was the guest of an intelligent family. Looking at the bookcase, he espied Bulwer-Lytton's famous work, "The Last Days of Pompeii." Turning to a member of the household, he innocently asked, "Who was Pompeii?" It was the same promising youth who, in talking with a devout old lady concerning helpful books, seriously inquired if she had ever read "Robinson Crusoe."

A Boy's Idea of Spurgeon.

THE following incident we heard related by Mr. Spurgeon himself. The great preacher was one day leisurely walking over Clapham Common, in London, when he overheard the following personal references. Said one small boy, "There goes old Spurgeon." "No, that ain't old Spurgeon," replied the other; "his head ain't big enough!" And we can appreciate the boy's reason for doubting the identity of that wonderful man. We ourselves cannot understand how even Mr. Spurgeon's massive head could have been large enough to think out all the grand sermons he preached and all the useful books he wrote, and to originate so many great and noble schemes for the benefit of his fellows. The secret, we believe, is that it was, after all, more a matter of his heart than his head. And his heart we know was immeasurable.

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