

having a Bishop speaking the vernaculars of his whole diocese is simply impossible. Had the Ningpo Bishopric been set up, the Bishop would have known the Ningpo dialect truly; but at Shanghai, at Peking, and at other points of his diocese, he would have been as much "at sea" as the English-speaking Bishop.

One most formidable difficulty of the language relates to the "*tones*." It is not enough to learn the characters, or even to pronounce them, the Missionary must learn to *intone*, and this, notwithstanding any scruples he may have to *intoning in general*. Nothing strikes the ear of a foreigner more *strangely* than the quavering, semi-wailing, and languishing tones which run through the language. Some Missionaries shrink from this difficulty as insuperable. Great is the confusion which ensues. The speaker may have the right word, but, unless he give the right tone, he either says nothing, or says probably the opposite of what he intended. A good Missionary gave us two illustrations of this which had occurred to himself. On one occasion, when preaching, he wished to say "God is angry with sin." To his utter astonishment the whole congregation jumped to their feet; what could this mean? The truth is, he had got the right word, but *minus* the tone—that word meant "stand up!" On another occasion his brother Missionary was preaching; the preacher wished to say "Idols shall be utterly abolished;" not giving the right tone he found to his consternation that he had actually declared "Idols are absolutely necessary."

Even here in India, where tones do not bother us, now and again we make grievous blunders. Who has not heard of the worthy Bengal Missionary who meant to preach from the text "I am the Light of the world," but wrought most woeful confusion in an otherwise admirable discourse by substituting *aloo* (potatoe) for *alo* (light). We ourselves once heard a Missionary, by an error of aspiate, declare that "St. Paul made a monkey!" And to our lasting humiliation be it confessed that, in an address to Hindoos, we once called their religious teachers *cows*! We unfortunately got *goru* for *guru*. But indeed the stigma of Babel may be traced everywhere. Well do we remember in our college days a worthy German, who knew far more of Latin than English, and who consequently attached to English words their original Latin sense a little too strictly: "last night," said he, "I put on my night-gown, and stood with my back to the fire; presently I smell the fire; I look round and there was a *serious inflammation* in my night-gown!"

Well, well, it will not be always thus. Mortals have *many* tongues; the immortals have but *one*. The work of Jesus touches Babel as well as Eden. We poor mortals go blundering on our way; often through the very deficiency of language, we unintentionally grieve or mislead. But we shall blunder no more in heaven. "The tongues of men and of angels" will no more be spoken *as* diverse. We shall speak the language of angels—the language of God. The Redeemed shall come "out of all nations and kindreds and tongues;" but their nationalities and tongues will they leave behind them. *How many* are our thoughts too big or too deep for utterance *now*; it shall not be so then. We can form no idea how rich and expressive the language of heaven is. The perfection of harmony marks that speech; its deeper tones like the "voice of many waters," and its softer notes like the "sound of harpers harping with their harps," shall commingle in a ceaseless *oratorio* of praise to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

May you, good reader, and we, have a part in that glorious concert! With this good wish we make our bow and retire.

PRESBYTERY OF PICTOU.

St. Andrew's Church, Pictou, 5th October, 1870.

WHICH time and place the Pictou Presbytery met pursuant to adjournment, and was constituted with prayer. Sederunt: Rev. A. W. Herdman, moderator,