

**MANLINESS OF SPEECH.**—The point to which I have next to direct attention is manliness of speech. There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness, that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother, the swell mob, has a language of its own; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words threatening the entire extinction of the English language! Now just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man, he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own "hook." If he sees anything remarkably good, he calls it a "stunner," the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will "Stand Sam?" If he meet a savage-looking dog he calls him an "ugly customer." If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him "a rummy old cove." A sensible man is a "chap that is up to snuff." A man not remarkable for good sense is a "cake," a "flat," a "spoon," a "stick,"—"his mother does not know he is out." A doubtful assertion is to be "told to the marines." An incredible statement is "all gammon." Our young friend never scolds but "blows up"—never pays but "stumps up"—never finds it difficult to pay, but is "hard up"—never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a "choker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts,"—he "slopes," he "mizzles," he "makes himself scarce," he "walks his chalks," he "makes tracks," he "cuts his stick" or, what is the same thing, "cuts his lucky!" The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," the "needful," "the rhino," and "the ready." When a man speaks, he "spouts"—when he holds his peace, he "shuts up"—when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small." He calls his hands "paws," his legs "pins." To be perplexed, is to be "flummoxed"—to be disappointed is to be "dished"—to be cheated is to be "sold"—to be cheated clearly is to be "done brown." Whatsoever is fine, is "nobby"—whatsoever is shabby, is "seedy"—whatsoever is pleasant, is "jolly." He says, "Blest if he does this," "blowed if he does that," "hanged" if he does the other thing; or he exclaims, "My eye!"—"my stars!" If you asked him which were his stars, he would be "flummoxed." He swears "By George"—"by the piper;" on special occasion, he selects "the piper that played before Moses." Now a good deal of this slang is harmless—many of the terms are, I think, very expressive; yet there is much in slang that is objectionable. For example, as Archdeacon Hare observes in one of his sermons, the word "governor," as applied to a father, is to be reprehended. I have heard a young man call his father the "relieving officer." Does it not betray on the part of young men great ignorance of the paternal and filial relationships, or great contempt for them? Their father is to such young men merely a governor—merely the representative of authority. Innocently enough, the expression is used by thousands of young men who venerate and love their parents; but only think of it, and I am sure you will admit that it is a cold, heartless word when thus applied, and one that ought forthwith to be abandoned.—*Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown.*

**DEATH.**—No one cries when children, long absent from their parents, go home. Vacation morning is a jubilee. But death is the Christian's vacation morning. School is out. It is time to go home. It is surprising that one should wish life here, who may have life in heaven. And when friends have gone out joyously, I think we should go with them to the grave, not singing mournful psalms, but scattering flowers. Christians are wont to walk in black, and sprinkle the ground with tears, at the very time when they should walk in white and illumine the way by smiles and radiant hope. The disciples found angels at the grave of Him they love; and we should always find them too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing.—*H. W. Beecher.*