

SIGNIFICANT!

MR. ERASTUS WIMAN'S object in life seems to be the bringing about of the extinction of this our Canada by its being degraded into annexation to the United States.

He has done one thing which will open the eyes of not a few in this Dominion as to his fitness to control the destinies of our people.

On Sunday last, the 13th October, he gave a semi-public dinner at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, to some eighty political, commercial, and literary magnates, including Mr. Goldwin Smith. After dinner Mr. Wiman made a strong Annexation speech, and spoke of Canada as belonging to the States! His address was highly suitable to a political meeting, but our readers will judge how appropriate it was for a Sabbath evening!

Now what does the religious public of this Dominion think of Mr. Wiman *inaugurating on our soil a public breach of the Sabbath?*

He has by this audacious act foreshadowed the future he desires to see realised, that is, Canada without a Lord's Day, Canada Sabbath-less, Canada turned into a Chicago and Buffalo, cities without any respect to the Day of the Lord, and of His people!

Mr. Erastus Wiman we believe committed by this dinner another of his celebrated blunders in tactics. We Canadians neither want effacing, as Mr. Wiman proposes, nor do we favor one jot the other movement of Mr. Wiman to destroy our Sabbath.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

IT has been suggested that some portion of a students' time at certain colleges,—it is not needed, say at Trinity, or by the youths who have been through Trinity College School, should be given to the acquirement of a more refined intonation speech.

It is quite common in Canada to hear graduates who read in public, say the Lessons in Church, who, do not in one sense, mispronounce a single word, but whose *every* word is, in another sense, miscalled, by being voiced with a coarse twang.

There seems no remedy for this at present, as young men enter the colleges in question, with this serious defect in speech, and are not one whit improved by a prolonged college course. How the Tutors must suffer! Yet what are they to do?

Now a short period every day might be devoted to the correction of rusticity of speech with great advantage to students who are so unfortunate as to have acquired in early life this objectionable tone of voice. Young divinity students should especially be put under this discipline, as it is highly irritating to hear the words of the Scriptures and Prayer Book pronounced with a coarse, vulgar twang.

Not only this, but many words found in the Bible we have heard shockingly mispronounced, especially by the graduates of the new Divinity school. They are often heard to say, "Jerusallum," for Jerusalem, and so forth, this of course, arises from downright slovenliness

Then, too, we have heard "Darius," called "Dayreus," and other proper names sadly mutilated. We know, and we thoroughly understand the difficulty of curing these defects of enunciation and pronunciation, but the difficulty is not insurmountable, and it ought to be faced. It is a very, very hard trial of faith to believe that a young graduate who wears his B.A. hood has duly earned that distinction when he speaks English in a tone like the most illiterate classes.

There are certain specialities of utterance by which one can tell in England a Cambridge man from an Oxford, or Dublin.

If the Colleges we refer to do not make some reforms in this direction, the public will gradually learn to distinguish their graduates from those of Trinity and other colleges that are more careful in such matters, by their rudeness and vulgarity of tone in reading and speaking. This all the more needs attention now that a boy's school is about being governed by the graduates of a College in which no attention seems to be paid to culture of speech. We have known students who were vulgarised to a degree most painful to their friends by attending the Colleges in question. It will then be found a serious drawback to a school for boys, if any of the pupils who go from a refined family return home speaking in the tone of the lower, uneducated classes.

HOW CHURCHES SO-CALLED ARE MADE.

INTO the interminable quarrels of dissenters with their pastors we have no desire to enter. But now and again this ever boiling cauldron of strife overflows and invades the public domain. Thus thrust upon our attention we may, without meddling, use the opportunity to draw a lesson from the system that breeds such chronic disorder.

What is called the Western Congregational Church Toronto, has a pastor, the Rev. A. F. McGregor, who seems to have realized early in his career that an Independent minister is a pastor who is dependant upon an independent congregation.

The charm of congregational life is baiting the parson. This noble Christian like sport is periodically indulged in, so that no member of any of those Churches can complain of lack of excitement. Five years is the average term of their pastors, the land of dissent has rest seldom over a few months. The poor minister is voted into his place by a majority, and the minority usually begin to "make it hot" for him and his supporters shortly after his induction. The shepherd of one of these flocks walks into his pulpit to face consciously an angry and humiliated lot of sheep on one hand, and on the other a larger body, who, proud of their victory, are not slack in such attentions to the minister they have appointed, as indicate to him that *the life they have given they can take away*. Should then he seek to win over his enemies as wisdom dictates by assiduous and loving care, his friends take offence. The demon of jealousy enters into

the sheep, and there is very soon, as the adage says, *some one to pay* whose name is forbidden in polite speech! The cauldron begins to bubble, and the "Independent" pastor, for months, possibly a year or two, leads the life of a dog.

If he pays a pastoral visit of only half an hour to Mrs. Jones, and then one of thirty-five minutes to Mrs. Smith, the Smith faction taunt the Jones party about this mark of favor, and the Jones party "go" for the pastor until a disruption occurs and one or other of these people start a new "Church." Mr. McGregor in a letter complains of being sat upon by "a mixed committee" in certain arrangements, and refers to members of his flock as "Mr. W. and his puppies, worshippers of his nasty money," he speaks again of this Mr. W. as "one who seeks to purchase place in the ranks with money." Evidently our old friend Mr. Diotrephes is again in the flesh!

The malcontents called a meeting with the intention to get the shepherd dismissed by the flock. Behold! the majority went the other way, so the rebels were turned out of the Western synagogue. Fifty three souls and bodies too were turned out neck and crop, excommunicated by a vote and handed over to Satan, *who runs these affairs*, and who, no doubt, will help them to make another "Church" of the same shameful pattern.

When this ecclesiastical farce of "The Parson triumphant, or the tables turned," was performed, the audience behaved like a riotous mob of gods in a penny gaff theatre, and at one time were close upon a free fight with nails and fists.

But we must remember and make allowances for a Church that boasts that it, as do each of the Churches of Congregationalism, and it alone is "faithful to New Testament principles." How delightful it will be when we poor, benighted, Bishop-ridden Churchmen can get up little affairs of this kind. How it will give strength and stimulus to all Church enterprises when, as a reward for their labours, laymen may look forward to baiting the parson, and getting their hands into each others hair, and clawing each other *of course metaphorically*, like those who are faithful to New Testament principles! What a sweet sensation it will be when *our* set is victorious, and we sheep shall triumphantly kick the shepherd out of the fold! And how delirious will be the joy of seeing the other side beaten! How, too, it will call forth the noblest graces of the Christian life, such as humility, and self abasement, and charity, when *we* are the victims of an adverse vote, and find ourselves turned out into the street? Ah! what fascinating, what exalting joys and help we are losing by denying ourselves Congregationalist privileges! We have had a foretaste of what is in store for us if ever the fad of a faction amongst us is gratified. Their hypocritical cry, "The Laity, the Laity, we alone are friends of the Laity," has rung through our parishes. Here and there a few simple minded ones have been fooled by this deception, for the cry is a mere cloak to cover the designs of a clique who are