this charge, and, strange to say, have all survived it, too. The sober truth is that revolution there must be whenever manifest grievances have established themselves in the world. Every yoke of oppression must be broken off the neck of humanity however long it may have rested there. And just as that mighty upheaval in France at the dawn of this century was inevitable, not a thing of chance, so the Spelling Reform is inevitable, and true workers in this or any other cause are not to be frightened and deterred by hard names. Call it a revolution if you will, the commendable object sought is no less than a grand literary emancipation, a literary triumph for the whole world and for coming ages.

I say the whole world, because if our language is to become universal, it must first become phonetic It is spreading daily. It *promises* to become universal. It is in the schools and colleges of China, Japan and India. It has penetrated into the heart of Africa It has spread over Europe and Asia. But how much faster would all kindreds and tribes and nations learn it were it free from its startling anomalies and spelled in a rational way. The task proposed is an enormous one, but not ignoble and hopeless on that account. In these days of steam and electricity, when our own grand old city is beginning to shine with electric glory; in these days in which the triumphs of science know not bounds; in which we have learned to tunnel mountains and speak across three thousand miles of sea; in these days of discovery, of of benevolent enterprise and unwonted energy in every path of life, no task, however difficult, should discourage men; and therefore the widespread movement in favor of common sense orthography is likely to succeed.

MY FIRST CHEQUE.

WEALTH is said to be a grand thing, and the all but universal traits of men would confirm this view of the subject. But it is possible to have too much even of a good thing, and riches are no exception. The person who is the happy owner of twenty-five cents in small change may be practically wealthy beside the student who has spent the morning in the futile search for change for a ten dollar bill. And when the unchangeable bill becomes exaggerated into a ponderous cheque—but then that reminds me of my first attempt to convert a bank cheque into cash.

Gradually but surely the pleasant jingle had faded away in my pockets, and my financial resources had dwindled down to zero. Now, everybody knows that zero is no more a terminating point in money matters than in the other mathematical affairs of life: no sooner does your purse descend the slippery side of Mons Plus, and reach that chilly point, than it runs up the opposite slope of Minus with equal facility and rapidity. Board bills accumulate, whether you like it or not. Your valued friends, who have borne the heaviest part of the session's work, have lately given intimations that they cannot hold out longer, and you are obliged to invest anew in a note-book for Church History, perhaps, or Exegesis. That oil can wants refilling. You are expected to take a fair share of the weekly basketful of linen "white as the driven snow," and pay for it too. Pens wear out taking notes, and your inkstands are becoming dry. Your suit of "everlasting tweed" has now passed the incipient stage of usefulness, and is rapidly assuming that state in which its advertised longevity is to be exemplified. Your hand-made boots are becoming ephemeral in their habits. To recover from or obviate the above and other considerations, I wrote at length to my banker soliciting a heavy cheque, which arrived in due time. I only required to get it cashed and raise the siege.

As early as convenient I started out to go to the Bank, carrying also under my arm a pair of boots, whose company was very desirable on a trip to supply a country church next day, but which had fallen into the somewhat vulgar habit of grinning as their master moved about. Leaving them with an operator, who assured me of their complete restoration to a more dignified bearing by the time when I should return, I went down to the Bank. I entered and beheld a number of immense cages arranged in a single row, which fell away at right angles to itself directly opposite the door. In each cage could be seen a man. Stepping up to the corner box, which was labelled "Teller," I shoved my cheque through the bars, and awaited the result with calmness. "Two wickets up," he said, and I passed along. The occupant of "two cages'—I mean "wickets—up," took the cheque, and after a careful glance thereat, entered it in an enormous book, stamped "accepted" upon it, and returned it. "Second wicket down," and I retraced my steps to renew my interview with Mr. Teller. "Write your name on the back, sir," directing my attention to a writing desk near the window. I quickly did so, and handed it in again to my friend on the corner. I was satisfied that he had now exhausted his list of preliminaries, unless he should ask me to stand on my head, and I was certain of the money. But I counted the eggs before they were in my own hand. "I do not know you," he said; "I am not sure that I would be paying this to the right man." This was a new feature, for which I was hardly prepared. A baptismal certificate would not have helped me, as the teller would not be sure that I was the person named therein. "Do you know anyone around here—any prominent business man?' Yes, yes; I knew Mr.——, a well known man on St. James Street. I also knew Mr.——, the well known lawyer. "Just bring one of them in with you, or have him endorse your cheque." I departed in search of one of these gentlemen, but both were out. Discouraged somewhat, I loitered for a time in the office of my St. James Street friend, hoping to see him come in, but he telephoned