

makes no difference that your methods of work are not the same. Union is in the age, and God is in the union; the love of Him will bring us together and make us one in all but the little things, for union does not depend much upon these little details so long as we keep our hearts and heads together in God's work, and leave these critical subtleties regarding the explanation of little outside parts to some race in the days to come who will have more time to attend to them than the men of the nineteenth century. I am glad to know that you represent the different parts of Christ's Church throughout the Province. For sometime I have been honored with the presidency of the local Sunday School Association, and I have had great pleasure in watching the progress of the work in this city of the different denominations,—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, and here and there a stray Methodist, and some of you who listen to me can bear witness that it is wonderful how they are forgetting all the little "isms," and the John Wesley, and John Knox, and John Brown part of it. It is, after all, God's eternal truth they are after. These are going,—the shibboleths are going away forever. It does no harm to ask where shibboleth came from, for shibboleth is only a biblical term. The children of Israel crossed the Jordan, and because they kept severely to themselves and isolated from the other nations, although they were only a country as big as two or three Canadian counties, they kept so much to themselves that they eventually developed very marked characteristics of feature and dialect, so much so that you could distinguish them in a moment from the other tribes just as you can tell a Cornish man from an Edinboro' man; one of the things was that they got so that when they tried to say, "shibboleth," they said, "sibboleth," just as you hear a Frenchman trying to talk English say: "Vill you go wit me?" and these Israelites were only a little while in the promised land when they found they had got "sibboleth" for "shibboleth," and they couldn't help themselves—they were caught on it. It all comes from people keeping too much to themselves. In the same way I can tell the countenance of an Irishman as soon as I see it, and more than that, I can tell you, within five miles, whether he was raised in the County Kerry, or Tipperary, or Sligo. What does this all mean? Simply that they had no railways worth talking about in the days of Genesis and Judges, and very likely the most of them were born and grew up and died without having gone ten miles from their own back doors. Shibboleth was right in those times,—there was a premium on it. There is none in the United States; they have railway and telegraphic communication over the whole country, and from latitude 45 degrees, away down to New Orleans, you can travel just as fast as steam will carry you. They have no time to get up shibboleths. In a few States they have peculiarities, such as the nasal twang of the New Englander,—and probably you will look in vain even for that, and it is only a legacy,—but the days of the multiplication of