

diphthong Rabbouni, which causes the accent to be placed on the second syllable." A learned decision on the matter, certainly. I wonder if "O's" might have the cabalistic letters of a degree attached to his name. "O's" friend also cites Johnson & Walker, in confirmation of his view, and winds up with a recommendation to "Music" to consider, &c. After this mass of evidence in favour of the long sounding of our Rabbouni, I hope it may not be considered presumptuous in my attempting to show cause why it should be sounded short. Fortunately, neither Johnson nor Walker, or even our quiet clerical friend, are infallible in these matters.

The word in question is found in Mark x. 51, as well as in John, xx. 13, and in the former place is written in very many Greek Testaments with the short o Rabbouni, and not Rabbouni. In Bloomfield's G. T. (Lond. 1847), at that place in Mark, he tells us in the notes, that he reads Rabbouni, because Griesbach and some others have so edited the word, but that it is put however for Rabbouni (ou n'eron). In Greenfield's G. T. founded as he tells us upon the readings of Griesbach, he sticks however to Rabbouni in Mark, and tells us in his lexicon attached, that Rabbouni is only a Galilean patois for Rabbouni (ou n'eron). And finally in Rose and Major's edition of Parkhurst's Lex. for G. T. we have the word regularly put down as Rabbouni with Rabbouni added: all these clearly showing that Rabbouni is the regular word, and the proper contraction and pronunciation for Rabbouni. These three authorities I array against Oppidanus's three, viz., his clerical friend, Walker, and Johnson. The word is of similar import with Rab, Rabb, Rabbim, Rabbani, Rabbani, Rabbouni. As to the authority of Johnson and Walker, these writings are found in some of their rules of pronunciation to differ from each other, and from many other lexicographers; Walker himself has laid down in different places, contrary rules for the pronunciation of words derived from the Latin and Greek, nor does it follow that if he says the word *Maister*, should be pronounced, as we sometimes hear it, *Maister*, or *Maiden*, or *Alaska*, that it must necessarily be so because he said it. The celebrated Dr. Cary in his preface to Dr. Denham's Virgil (Lond. 1819.) allows the correctness of the rules laid down by Walker, for the pronunciation of classical names, and particularly instances in correctness in words ending in *eus*. He says "I do positively and distinctly assure such of my readers as may need the information, that his (Mr. Walker's) assertion is unfounded; and I can give this assurance without the slightest fear of contradiction from any real scholar, acquainted with the rules of Latin versification;" and in a note, he adds "of Mr. Walker's fallibility I have in my practical English Prosody and Versification noticed some curious specimens from his large pronouncing dictionary, as *aloes*, *satellites*, *puissance*, &c." So much for Walker.

"Oppidanus" must also excuse me if I decline to be bound by the dicta of his quiet clerical friend, simply because I remember at present, no rule by which *o's* in Greek, (ou n'eron and upsilon) when they come together are to be at once transmogrified into *Omega*; and further with the exception perhaps of His Lordship the Bishop, and one or two more of our Oxford or Cambridge men among us, I do not think any of our Clergy are sufficiently versed in the Syro-Chaldaic to authorize them to lay down so summary a rule for the pronunciation of the vowels of that language, the dicta of our aforesaid quiet clerical friend to the contrary, notwithstanding.

I remember his Lordship the Bishop of Fredericton, in a charge published in the *Church Times* about three years ago, urged upon his clergy the necessity of reading over the lessons for the day, privately in the originals; because he thought they could not read our English translation properly in public, without having certified themselves from the originals, where and how the accents and inflexions should be placed.

In my first communication I alluded to the subject of inaccurate pronunciation, because I had often observed instances of it; and I merely mentioned the names I then gave as a few of the examples of it. I had no intention, because I have not the capability of acting the critic. I am content to hold my opinion as first stated, and think that I have adduced good classical authority for so doing.

Dec. 2, 1852.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE DIGBY COMMITTEE OF THE DIOCESAN CHURCH SOCIETY.

SIR,—As brevity is so often and strictly enjoined on all the Correspondents of the *Church Times*, I will give as short an account as possible of the above meeting.

It was held on 30th Nov. in the Sunday School House which was full to overflowing.

The substance of the first Resolution was an expression of satisfaction that the Diocesan Church Society had been incorporated, and a desire that its funds might be sufficient not only for the present but future wants of the Church.

This was moved in a lucid and interesting speech by Rev. W. M. Godfrey, and seconded by Henry Stewart, Esq.

The purport of the second was that this Society having the same cause to promote as the church of Christ, members of the Church should support it by every means in their power.

This was ably moved by J. A. Dennison, Esq., and seconded by Daniel Burnham, Esq.

The third Resolution stated that while the Church in this Province owes a deep debt of gratitude to the

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, this Institution has been formed to relieve the Parent Society of as much of the burden of our support as possible.

This was moved after some appropriate remarks, by Charles Budd, Esq., and seconded by John K. Viets, Esq.

I trust you will afford me a little additional space to say that the excellent choir of Trinity Church sang during the Evening, the hundredth Psalm, the Missionary Hymn and an Anthem. And that the absence of the Rev. Messrs. Filloul and Griffiths, who were fully expected to be present, was much regretted.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Oh say not "He's departed,"—
Say not that "He is gone,"—
The sage, the brave, wise hearted,
Heroic, valorous one;
Fair England's prop and pride,
Her noble gifted son!

Oh say not, "He hath died,"
Breathe not that, "He is gone,"
Oh no; we're not persuaded,
Tho' fourscore years have flown,
That vigorous mind is jailed,
That iron frame broke down;
Still fresh his glory gleameth
To our admiring eye,—
Impossible it seemeth
That Wellington should die:

Impossible, that ever
The dauntless one should bow;
That aught his life should savor,
Or bring his spirit low;
The life, that eye was guarded
By Providence on high,
Which thousand dangers warded,
Drove thousand perils by:

Which from his youthful morning,
Its chosen one had saved,
Whilst foemen's weapons scorning,
Each daring deed he braved;
As if 'midst cannon's rattle,
And death's flashing roar,
And ruthless strife of battle,
A charmed life he bore.

Far India saw his glory,
On field of bright Assaye;
Hispania writes the story
Of many a well-fought day;
Whilst Belgium's land the crowning
Of his lofty honours knew,
All Europe grateful owning,
The Prince of Waterloo!

Then say not, "He's departed,"—
Oh say not that "He is gone,"
The sage, the brave, wise hearted,
Heroic, valorous one;
Fair England's prop and pride,
Her noble gifted son!
Oh say not, "He hath died,"
Breathe not that "He is gone!"

II.

And when war's poisonous blighting
At length dispersed away;
His gloom, so soul-blighting,
Gave place to brighter day;
With choicest gift of healing,
When Peace o'er Europe rose,
And her holy influence feeling,
Glad nations sought repose:

Then of fiery flash distressed,
Calm was the hero's eye;
And in its glance there rested
A mild complacency:
With his battle-cry of thunder
The air no longer rung;
War's angry tones kept under,
Soft peace employed his tongue.

His ample mind, capacious,
Now sought for Europe's weal;
By councils wise, sagacious,
Her direful wounds to heal;
Grave statesmen mutely listening,
Sate reverently around,
With heart and hand assisting
His plans of wisdom sound.

High monarchs too, delighted
Their deliverer to own,
With rarest gifts united,
His trophied head to crown;
Yet tho' jewelled honours wearing,
In loftiest pride of place,
Twas his meek and modest bearing
Lent to all their richest grace.

Oh! Britain's dearest feeling
Of warm affection bore
To her hero, that was dealing
Her fame to every shore;
Whose splendid feats of glory,
And statesman views profound,
Bright records of her story
Had spread the wide world round.

Then say not, "He's departed,"—
Oh say not, "He is gone,"
The sage, the brave, wise hearted,
Heroic, valorous one;
Fair England's prop and pride,
Her noble gifted son!
Oh say not, "He hath died,"
Breathe not that "He is gone!"

III.

But ah! earth's things of gladness
Must surely pass away;
And clouds of mournful sadness
Obscure each brightest day;
Love's cords of strong affection
Asunder must be broke,
Each sweetest dear connexion
Yield to the spoiler's stroke!

And yet, so long was spared
To our admiring gaze,
And to lengthened days had shared
A grateful nation's praise;
Till locks of silver whiteness,
His brow that covered o'er,
Like a diadem of brightness,
But attired our love the more!

And our fond hearts, unheeding,
For him still counted years—
When lo! the shaft was speeding,
Our hope should quench in tears:
With amazement and surprise
Our stricken souls should stun,
When the patriot hero lies,
By its lightning force struck down!

Yet in our minds there springeth
A thought that gives relief,
That soothing comfort bringeth
And calms our burning grief;
No sore and racking anguish
Had borne his body down;
How was not called to languish
With ceaseless pining moan:

No struggle, dire, conflicting,
His spirit wore in pain,
His weeping friends afflicting
When mortal help was vain:
E'en to his latest hour,
He felt no mind's decay,
Seren and calm its power,
As in its brightest day:

No drivelling scene appeared,
O'er which a veil to cast;
The sage, so long revered
Was revered to the last;
Delish seemed the bars but freeing
From his prison house of clay,
To give its heaven-called being
Freedom to pass away!

Then grieve not, he's departed,
Mourn not that he is gone;
But rejoice, that the wise hearted,
His course of duty run,
From earth's vain gauds of lightness
Hath tranquil sped his way,
To share the nobler brightness
Of Heaven's eternal day!

J. B. SMITH

Martin Rectory, Newcastle, Oct. 11, 1852.

The author of the above, who had a ticket of admission to "The seats for Wellington friends," in St. Paul's, and in consequence had a place assigned him immediately under the dome of the Cathedral, "within," as he says, "half a dozen yards of the Bier" writes an account of the solemn scene, as follows:—

"It was a gloriously imposing spectacle, both physically and morally. Never will it pass away whilst memory holds her seat in my brain. The pealing of the solemn requiem—the plaintive wailing of the trumpet—the united voices of 250 choristers, as all surpliced they slowly moved chanting a dirge, in a minor key, followed by the dignitaries of the Church—and the elite of England and indeed of all Europe—and then the Bier with its gorgeous yet appropriate, decorations, supported by his old fellow companions, in arms—heroes like himself—and having on its top his Marshal's hat and plume, that waved mournfully now and then when stirred by a passing breath—all formed such a soul touching sight, that the silent tears trickled down our cheeks irresistibly. The noble funeral service was read by Dean Milman, in a style that could not be surpassed, emphatically, touchingly, and in so clear a voice withal, that not an ear was there that heard not. The Anthem and Psalms were finely sung. But the most impressive of all was, when the Lord's Prayer was joined in *cloud*, as it was by that vast congregation of 18,000 people! Oh it was grand! But what the lowering of the Coffin, which was done imperceptibly and by unseen machinery, till in a sort of magic way, it disappeared by slow and slow degrees, when the great and the mighty that stood around—the Prince of all the land, and the Veteran heroes—with their jewelled orders and their blanching and silvery locks, next—aye all of them wept silently—and all of us too joined in the tearful scene. When this was taking place the scene was indeed deeply affecting."

J. B. S.