

and moral" individuals who merely dress well and do not imbibe too much, the young minds do not reach to the high and noble meaning of "moral." When they go to church and hear "morals" spoken of and also see these moral people there, they do not, they can not, *learn in their hearts* what morals mean; the practical teaching of the world is the more efficient. When the young see these persons who are called "moral" passing their lives in sham, extravagance, and trickery—they soon come to regard deceit, robbery and legal criminality as trifling matters, and perhaps will learn to laugh at an account of "so-and-so 'did' his tailor or the public out of some money."

We can see by the above paragraph on morals that extravagant persons are not, by any means, to be included within the category. That they may see and *feel* the errors in such a way as to change their mode of life, is hardly to be hoped for; their love of their tinsel show and spangle feasts is so strong that it is difficult to eradicate it. The trouble is that their conduct injures innocent persons and it is much better that they should increase their extravagance and get to the bottom of the ladder as speedily as possible, than to cause others to suffer. Therefore, ye extravagant swindlers, hasten in your descent and the world will be so much the more free and more joyous.

George Rothwell.

BROGUE.

If the specimens recently mentioned by "Paterfamilias" in the columns of this journal are to be accepted as really indicating the accent and pronunciation current in Canada, his ground of complaint would seem to be just and intelligent, and might furnish a reason for sending young ladies hence to England with a view of enabling them to acquire the euphony desired. But when "Paterfamilias" designates that with which he finds fault as "Canadian Irish brogue," he is scarcely correct and raises the question what is "Canadian Irish brogue." The only intelligible answer that presents itself is that the mode of pronouncing, and the modulation of voice supposed to be peculiar to the people of Ireland engrafted upon such style in both respects as might be admitted to pertain to the natives of Canada constitute the alleged "Canadian Irish brogue." This however leads to the further enquiry as to what part of the admixture that which is deemed Irish may be; as also the query whether there is such an accent as that so commonly called "the Irish accent"? When it is remembered that in Ireland there are several distinct modes or fashions of speech, each in use by a large section of its inhabitants, and easily distinguished as Irish, it is evident, that inasmuch as not one of them characterizes the whole people of the island, there cannot be such a thing as that which is so often, and so erroneously called "the Irish accent." That there are Irish accents properly so called is perfectly true; but to none of them belongs the manner in which, we of Canada are said to say cow. To what nation or tongue "ko-ark" may appertain it is not possible to guess: a very humble Hibernian might leave out the o but certes the "ko" comes not from Cork.

It is difficult to imagine anything less pleasing to a musical ear than the pronunciation and tone which prevail in certain of the southern counties of Ireland: but for purity of expression and sweetness of sound it might be hard to rival those of its capital, and generally of Leinster. Some of its western shires are said, in respect to manner of speech, to resemble those of Munster: it is a question, however, whether that of the worst of them would not be preferable to the sharp, sinister and unmusical bark of the north.

The natives of Western and Southern Ireland being largely Celtic and therefore musical, it is not herein undertaken to explain how any portion of a people who have produced such melodies as "The Vale of Avoca," "The last Rose of Summer," and many others of exquisite beauty, come to utter their thoughts in a strain painful to hear.

If variety in mode of speech prevails in the "first gem of the sea" to such extent as to preclude any particular one being regarded as the definite article, the still greater diversity which obtains in the sister island renders it equally impossible to admit that there is such a thing as that which is known as "the English accent." That there is an accent, and that there is a pronunciation English and delightful to listen to, will scarcely be disputed, and if preferred by Irishmen or by Canadians it is not easy to conceive why their choice should be a cause of offence, nor what imaginable connexion it could have with "Irish affairs disagreeably brought before the world." It is not apparent why blame should attach to a southern Irishman should he endeavour to replace his unmelodious utterance with the distinct and sonorous speech of Dublin, and if he should cross the channel in search of something by him deemed sweeter, assuredly such proceeding should not be held as in any sense unpatriotic. The sensitiveness of Irishmen in this and other matters is not born of self-respect. They have outlived many prejudices against them not by angry effusions, nor by appeals to national feeling, but rather by force of their character and conduct; and if there is in reality the strong feeling imputed to Canadians as inimical to all that is Irish, bitter invective will not succeed in removing it.

"Paterfamilias" may be excellent latin, but the first three letters thereof are so very suggestive of "Irish affairs" that under existing conditions a sensitive subject should have a care what he calls himself. He does not like

"sweet milesian," nor approve of "ko-ark," but seems to see nothing ungraceful in writing "cracked up." This last he cannot have borrowed of his "genuine Paddy from Cork," nor can "ka-ow" be placed to the account of that apochryphal personage nor to that of his relatives. If however "ka-ow" and "na-ow" smack strongly of Saxon "Maorie koom hee-ar" green Erin is thine.

To return to Pat in search of a patois, it is to be hoped he would not think of wandering into the parts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, or "Zoomerzed," where, in addition to hearing an accent uncouth as his own, he might find himself puzzled to comprehend what would be said to him. Should he penetrate north of the Tweed, matters might not improve, and in a country smaller than his native isle he would, perhaps still find variety in tonguing and toning Her Majesty's English.

Saxon.

INVERTED CHRISTIANITY.

A recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains an interesting and suggestive article entitled "A Turkish Effendi on Christendom and Islam." It purports to contain the opinions of an exceptionally intelligent and highly cultivated Moslem who had travelled widely, not only in order to see men and manners, but also, as he himself tells us, "with the view of making a comparative study of the value of the world's religions, and of arriving at some conclusion as to the one he ought himself to adopt." In this article, his English editor professes to give the conclusions at which he arrived.

Although the *vraisemblance* is pretty well kept up, especially in the Oriental's detestation of our modern high-pressure life—our steam-and-railroad civilization, in which he can see nothing good—yet it does not require much penetration to discover, so far at least as politics go, the voice of an English Tory under the flowing robes of the Turk. The religious portion of the article is, however, much the most remarkable. It is evidently no ordinary Tory, and no mere politician who writes here. The stern and severe denunciations of Pharisaism and mere selfish religionism, and such terse and suggestive epithets as that which heads this article, remind us of two remarkable publications,—*"Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism,"* and *"Piccadilly Papers,"*—which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* a good many years ago. The spirit of the article is the same, whether or no the authorship is that of either of these satires.

The *sei-disant* Effendi starts with the principle that the relative values of religion must depend, so far as our own earth is concerned, upon the amount of moral truth of a curative kind in regard to this world's moral diseases which they contain, and upon their practical influence upon the lives and conduct of men. Judged by the first of these tests, he confesses that Christianity reigns supreme over all other religions. Judged by its practical influence, *as seen by him* in the lives of its professors, he finds it lamentably wanting. Some of his reasons for this judgment are only too well founded. Others show the misapprehension which might be excusable in a Turkish observer who might be unfortunate in encountering only a certain type of Christian teaching. Of this kind is his objection, that "the concentration of the mind of the devotee upon a future state of life, and the salvation of his soul after he left this world, tended to produce an enlightened selfishness in his daily life, which has culminated in its extreme form under the influence of one religion. For it is only logical, if a man be taught to consider his highest religious duty to be the salvation of his own soul, while the salvation of his neighbour occupies a secondary place, that he should instinctively feel his highest earthly duty is the welfare of his own human personality and those belonging to it in this world. It matters not whether this future salvation is to be attained by an act of faith, or by merit through good work—the effort is none the less a selfish one." So it would be, if it were not that the "salvation" which we are to attain through an act of faith is really the *cure* of selfishness—the infusion of true love to God and man—or, as our Lord Himself puts it, the "losing" of our lower selfish life that we may find our higher and more blessed one:—

"That to be saved is only this,
Salvation from our selfishness."

When this is understood we can see that we must really be saved ourselves before we can have any earnest desire for the salvation of others, that love can only come out of love, and that we must "first pull the beam out of our own eye before we can see clearly to cast the mote out of our brother's eye." It can never be selfish to seek to get rid of selfishness. But how often does the beam in our eyes prevent us from even seeing that this is what Christianity means! How often do we hear men urged to "flee from the wrath to come," to "fly from hell and rise to heaven," just as they might be urged to escape from an epidemic or to sell out of a losing enterprise! Not to speak of those who are taught to buy heaven with good works, how many, even among "evangelical" preachers, practically exhibit salvation as a mere escape from punishment to be bought by "believing" instead of being the reception of an altered character—altered motives of action, which cannot be supposed to be real unless it bear fruit in unselfish love! How often do we hear a certain