

really good teacher will find no difficulty in securing by this means all he stands in need of; the thoroughly incompetent one will find it difficult or impossible to get any. Amid the ten thousand who willingly scatter their good opinions gratuitously, as at present, there are not many who would care to perjure themselves for the sake of benefiting even a friend. On the other hand, when any lady or gentleman feels conscious of deserving a testimonial, and wishes to procure one, care will be taken to have such only from persons competent to judge, few of whom will be likely to hesitate in taking steps to furnish what they must regard as both a duty and a pleasure to provide.

A little expense will, of course, ne-

cessarily be entailed upon the teacher, as it is not to be supposed that attested credentials can always be had free of cost. This, however, will only prove a means of enhancing the value of testimonials so procured, because one is not likely to pay for the administration of an oath to another whose opinion is scarcely worth having at any price. Again, the incompetent teacher will scarcely dare to ask for a sworn recommendation, knowing at the same time how strong are the probabilities of refusal.

Trustees, I need hardly add, will naturally place more reliance on the sober affidavits, say of six gentlemen, than on the unattested statements of twice that number, no matter how liberal may be their asseverations.

WORDS—THEIR ABUSES, USES AND BEAUTIES.*

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(Continued from page 23.)

FIRST look at the prominent part which onomatopœia plays in the construction of our word pictures. Pronounce the word *whip*, and the sound of the lash itself is heard descending through the air; *hush*, and the spirit of silence and propriety is evoked; *babble*, or *chatter*, or *prattle*, and the rapid half-articulate utterances of the child, or the eager conversation of some bevy of girls met together for social gossip, is graphically portrayed to the intellect; *ripple* or *gurgle*, and the rhythmic flow of waters is in one's ear as well as the mere word-sound; *buzz*, and the summer song of the bees is wafted from the ivy bloom; *whisper*, and the mental conception of rapt attention on the one hand, and eager, confidential, low-voiced utterance on the other, is trans-

mitted from mere fancy into actual fact; *rush*, and the wind of the charging squadron surges onward with the roll of the *r*, and the impetuous progress of the sibilant *sh*. Yes, in the articulation of words there is not only a conveyance of sound to the ear which custom has taught us to connect with certain invariable ideas or objects,—there is an actual representation by sound of the notions or objects themselves. There is a soul in words as there is in every other work of art, and these souls are in strange sympathy with our own. Let us, for curiosity sake, examine a few more of our word pictures, and establish, if possible, our conviction as to their absolute propriety. Does not the vivid *lightning* convey to your senses the idea of a quick, brilliant, lambent flame? Does not the broad sound *thunder* aptly illustrate the roll which follows

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