

society descends with a rush, open-armed, and expects her to be "so glad." She must not make formal calls in return. Oh no! She must "run in." She is to be the exemplar of sociability everywhere. Her list of acquaintances may number twenty-five or five hundred, it makes no difference. Somehow she must manage to "run in" at every house once a fortnight, or be met when she does call with suspicious glances, and "You're quite a stranger! We thought you would not stand on ceremony!"

In closing I would say that while I acknowledge no "duties peculiar to a minister's wife," no duties of "commission," (if I may use the term), there are one or two duties of "omission" which, while binding on all Christian women, seem specially so upon her. This, let me quickly add, not because she is a minister's wife, but because she is a wife. Just as it would be unbecoming in the wife of a President who is rigidly striving to enforce economy in our national finances, to set an example of marked extravagance, or in a doctor's wife to exhibit utter disregard of the laws of health, so it is unbecoming in a minister's wife to do things directly contrary to the spirit of her husband's teachings.

I would enumerate, among these duties of "omission," extravagance of dress, indulgence in utterly worldly amusements, excessive pleasure-seeking, and drawing individual social distinctions between rich and poor. And even here I throw in the warning, let her decide for herself, and not according to congregational dictates, where lie the lines between temperance and excess, the worldly and the unworldly, the expedient and the inexpedient.

Let minister's wives develop side by side, with a new spirit of consecration as Christians, a new spirit of independence as members of society, and they will soon convince the popular mind of its illogical and inconsistent theories concerning their position, and prove that no other offers more of honour or happiness to the "Coming Woman."—*The Christian Union.*

## BIG TALK

If you have ever had the misfortune to be entrapped into a *tête à tête* with a woman, who discards the colloquial word for the provincial newspaper substitute, you will agree with me in styling it a practice confined to the people who make a great display of looking down on ignorance and low life, and who are always proving their superiority over the vulgar by using words which they have picked up without being able to assimilate them. Who can enjoy a chat with a woman who always talks of thin women as *attenuated females*, and of a man as an *individual*; with whom things are never like, but *similar*; who never begins a thing, but always *commences* it; who does not choose, but *elects*; and who does not help, but *facilitates*; who does not supply, but *caters*—nor buy, but always *purchases*; who calls a beggar a *mendicant*; with whom a servant is always a *domestic*, when he is not a *menial*; who does not say a thing, but *states* it, and does not end, but *terminates* it; who calls a house a *residence*, in which he or she does not live, but *resides*; with whom a place is a *locality*, and things do not happen, but *transpire*; with whom a murder is always a *tragedy*, and shocking things are *terrible to relate*! It will be a day of bad omen for the harmonizing of class interests and feelings when this affectation of a choice diction descends from the middle class to artizans and labourers.

As a rule the women who make the mistake of supposing such a heavy artillery of words to be an elegant and cultivated style of talking belong to the pitiful *Bas Bleu*, and are of the tense *passee*. Such a woman could not under any chance be married, she would be *united in the bonds of matrimony*; not in a church, but in a *sacred edifice*, accompanied not by the marriage party, but by the *bridal cortege*. She would style her husband the *partner of her joys and sorrows*; she would not suckle her children, but *nourish her progeny*. I do not think that such a woman could not possibly become a good wife, but it would knock all the poetry out of a mother's life, if she styled her love *maternal affection*. Her children would have no playthings, but