

The doctor say he is "credibly informed," "that in my earlier years" I "entered the sacred desk to expound the Word of God." And he condescendingly refers to me in such endearing terms as "my beloved brother," "my dear local brother," etc., terms which I cannot accept without some protest. I can aspire to no brotherhood in any ecclesiastical organization graced by Dr. Sangster; the only relationship I can claim being a common brotherhood in the great family of man. History was too busy crowning her pages with the noble deeds of *his* early life, standing always, as he did, the advocate and illustrator of "high class" morality, to make any note of my avocations. He was, therefore, obliged to depend on a "credible informant." Unfortunately, in this case, he was not more trustworthy than such gentry usually are. I never "entered the sacred desk to expound the Word of God." The statement was a fabrication, perhaps on the part of the "credible informant."

Dr. Sangster informs us we have a real live Turveydrop in the Council, for which we should be profoundly thankful. We are very much obliged to the doctor for supplying us with a euphonious appellation for qualities we had long recognized, but had not been able to succinctly designate. We had felt the force of what he truly says, that "it is a liberal education to come in casual contact with such a fountain of courtesy and gentility." I hope that we have profited by his ceaseless endeavor to "polish, polish, polish," which he carries on continuously and uncomplainingly. He polishes our words, our sentences, our characters, and even our thoughts. What would we do without our Turveydrop? We acknowledge with contrition that we did not recognize in some marked way our great obligation to him until he was obliged to direct our attention to it, and even indicate his willingness to pass the honor to one less gifted in this way. It is the old story. We do not appreciate the blessings we enjoy until there is danger of losing them. No, no, Dr. Sangster, you are too modest by far. We cannot allow you to hand over to another the title you have justly earned. You have exhibited the characteristics, you have done the work, and you shall enjoy the euphemistic title of the Turveydrop of the Council.

Characteristic features of the qualities of our Turveydrop, which justify his selection of the name, are illustrated in a paragraph before closing his March letter. For instance, what jaunty, self-reliant pomposity in the words "*somewhat to his confusion, I fancy.*" And what arrogant braggadocio in "*it was necessary to unload the doctor in order to clear the field for future action.*" What calculated preparation to give the great man room! In a word he says, when we read