

tions ; but I do most sincerely hope and pray that no Vandal hand may ever be permitted to mutilate the wonderful heritage of our written speech, the noble treasury of our nation's past thought and historic vicissitudes. They talk of a phonetic system of spelling. I say, alter our orthography and the first stroke of the baluster is levelled at our noble edifice of language, which must surely fall. Its halls may indeed be rebuilt, but where will be their frescoes? Its chambers may be re-furnished, but where will be their pictures? Its artistic glories will disappear, its historic associations will depart, every lineament of expressive grace must vanish, and but the poor, bare skeleton remain. Is not that noble structure which was built by our ancestors, and improved by ourselves, good enough for our inheritors? How shall we, the possessors and guardians and *lovers* of this ancestral legacy of inimitable expression, feel as we range over its desecrated threshold, and see every feature of the construction we cherished so fondly, swept away by

the unappreciative and merciless dictum of a volatile and cultureless *reform*—save the mark! Our beautiful word-pictures are to be marred; the veil of our temple rent; all that we deemed expressive, and fluent, and graceful in language, epitomised tales told by a sign, swept out of being; and what substituted? Dry, unmeaning Americanisms, whose main associations are those of inimical nationality, and whose sole recommendation is an uncouth and Yankeeified vesture, shimmering with the gloss of parvenu novelty, it is true, but, instead of the cunningly-woven silk of yore, fabricated of poor, poor homespun, of shapeless pattern and scanty cut, without a receptacle in which to conserve the guinea of a golden idea, or a pocket in which to lay aside one silver dollar of intelligent thought. In earnest, heartfelt appeal against any such absurd and unnecessary innovation I lift my humble voice. Let our language be spared to us in all its integrity, and the glorious history of its rise, its progress, and its perfections be perpetuated in and by itself.

A WRITER in the *Educational Weekly* declaims against infant "concert recitations," citing as examples of the false impressions such noisy repetitions often make, the case of the little boy who memorized (!) "Two lines meeting at a point" as "Two nines nigger on a point," and of the little girl who sang "Landy free knows Snotty Snag" instead of "Land of the free, knows not a slave." We can parallel these with instances that came under our own notice: thus, we knew a lad who sang "Hold the Fort," "Hold the Fork." Another gave, "To rebels of love your pigeons dry" for "To realms above your pintons try." Even the Multiplication Table is frequently fearfully mangled—*twice* and *twelve* become *twice* and *kwelve*. In schools where it is the practice to "teach"

the Counties and County Towns of Ontario on this wise, it is astonishing the names some places get. We have heard "Simkol countown Barrick," "Hold-a-man coun-town Kyuga," "Wentowar coun-town Hanlan," "Grick coun-town Owingsoun" and "Yawr coun-town Tront." In fact there is hardly a name or any kind of word not liable to mispronunciation by this manner of conducting a class, and although for the sake of variety it may be well now and again to humour the little ones by allowing them to repeat in concert, great care should be used to avoid errors similar to those we have pointed out. Let any teacher who has pursued this system for a time, get his pupils to write the names down, and he will be as much amused as discouraged at the result.