

spite from speeches of a religious character, as well as the offensive phrase, "feel to take" and "grant to give." A late eminent prelate was in the habit of exhorting his hearers to "see to it" that they practiced certain duties, or believed certain truths, and it was amusing to hear the same appeal from many of the young clergymen of his diocese. A popular minister uses the phrase, "it seems to me" so regularly that one of his congregation counted how often the words occurred in one sermon, and enumerated thirteen. Another divine almost invariably concluded his arguments and statements with the triumphant question, "If not, why not?"

The simplest statements acquire undue value, and become current, when dressed in a foreign garb. So that "multum in parvo," "in medio tutissimius ibis," and numerous words from the Latin and French are used "ad nauseum," when there is no occasion for banishing the good English terms. Some young ladies have their hair "coiffé" instead of being dressed; they speak of a pamphlet as a "brochure," and of a rumor as a "canard," and of all entertainments as being "recherché" in their character. Was there ever a college commencement without poor "alma mater" being dragged into the valedictory, if not forced into the speeches; and it is done, too, with an air of startling novelty. What student has not been saluted by visitors entering his library with some remark about his "sanctum sanctorum," with apparent unconsciousness of the irreverence of thus applying the words.

Our list of examples might be indefinitely extended, but enough has been said to call attention to the much abused class of favourite phrases, and also we hope to effect a release for some of the over tasked members.—*N. Y. Episcopalian.*

THE TWO BAPTISMS.

THE bright sun had shone all day in its glory upon the little fishing village of Whitford, heralding the pleasant month of May. Now it sank to rest leaving a curtain of purple and gold above the western hills, in promise that when morning dawned it would rise again in the same unclouded beauty. The soft warm glow fell upon the sparkling ocean and the pebbly beach, and rested lingeringly upon the village church and the quiet little churchyard. Here it was that sea and land met together, fit resting place for the sailor and the fisherman, for the old walls were washed by the ever advancing and receding waves, the murmur of the flowing and ebbing tide seeming to chant a soft lullaby for those who had there been laid to rest.

They were simple unostentatious graves, those graves in Whitford churchyard. No cumbrous monuments, no tall wide headstones blazoned out the titles and the virtues of those who slept beneath the hallowed sod. Crosses of pure white marble, of stone, and in more cases of rude wood, told that those Whitford christians in their deaths had no other hope than in the Cross of Him, who by His most precious death had made it to be thenceforward the sign and seal of man's redemption.

The deep-toned bell was pealing out, the summons to Evensong and the commemoration of the two holy Apostles, St. Philip and St. James. Priest and people were coming to glorify God in Saints, and to pray for grace to follow their good example. This festival, moreover, had been fixed upon for the special thanksgiving service to be held in grateful acknowledgement of God's