

wish to undervalue mathematical attainment; it is worthy of all admiration and all praise—in its place. If our literature has a Milton, we must not forget that our philosophy owns a Newton. But there are offices in life, even scholastic life, which can be well filled without a very recondite knowledge of mathematics; and very many clever men have lived and attained to enviable distinction—aye, even as teachers—without having formed an acquaintanceship with Grove's Algebra.

And now to resume our subject proper:—First, as to the abuse of words. That words are abused in various ways is a fact, I think, patent to all. Are there any here present who doubt the assertion? Let me call up to your memories some such expressions as the following:—*Ringin'* and *singin'*, for *ringing* and *singing*; *strenth*, for *strength*; *slow ork*, for *slow work*; *present ime*, for *present time*; on the *cole ground*, for *cold ground*; the water became a *nice drop*, for *ice drop*; *goodness enters* in the heart, for *goodness centres*; we will *pay no one*, for *pain no one*; *he went owards am*, for *he went towards Sam*. Have you never heard a dear friend expatiate on the *art o' singing*, instead of the *art of singing*; or speak of Darby *an'* Joan, instead of Darby and Joan? I fancy such improprieties have come under the cognizance of all or most of us; hence our first abuse of words—indistinctness of articulation arising from carelessness or evil habit.

Secondly, you have all probably had the opportunity of listening to provincialisms—that is to say, modes of expression peculiar to a certain province or district or class of people, which sound peculiar—not to use a harsher term—to the educated ear. I have myself heard very lately such a barbarism as "it is do it," and its negative equivalent "it isn't do it." What the true translation may be, deponent

sheweth not. Long time have I puzzled over the enigma, but the Sphinx has been hitherto inexorable, and I am despondent. The "childer," for "children," is a mode of phraseology often heard in the Lancashire districts of the Old Country, sanctioned, too, to some extent, by old custom and grammar, but, nevertheless, conveying an unusual sound to the more modernized ear. "The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill," I need hardly remind my hearers, is eloquent of Coccagne, as is also the following tit-bit: "Hanne went hall the way for a happle;" "Ibeant goin'," for "I am not going;" "here's summat fur yer," instead of "here's something for you;" "fotch in" or "kotch in," for "fetch in;" "critters," for "creatures" or "kine," are other forms of provincial dialect. "I guess," for "I fancy" or "think," is American; "she," used frequently for "he," is Scotch. I deem these examples sufficient to illustrate what I think may fairly be termed an abuse of pure English idiom, viz., provincialism.

Thirdly, slang verbiage and Americanisms have, I am sorry to say, been sown broadcast over this fair Canada of ours. For instance, we do not at all times run, we sometimes *skoot*; we cannot always be said to progress rapidly, we oftentimes *skedaddle*; on some by no means rare occasions the human form divine has been known to *absquatulate*, to *vamosé the ranche*, to *up and cut stick*, to *git*, to *dig*, and to perform other astonishing eccentricities of movement—poetic conceptions enough of abnormal speed, and no less picturesquely and graphically depicted to the appreciative eye and ear of young America. Nowadays we speak of a "dodge," instead of a "trick;" girls of the nineteenth century are "awful jolly," instead of being "very nice" or "remarkably agreeable," as of course they are; the "governor" or the "old man" or the "boss" takes the place of time-hon-