



EVIDENT.

FAIR CREATURE : "YES—THE DRESS IS VERY PRETTY—AND AT A DISTANCE, SO VERY PICTURESQUE."  
YOUNG CLAYMORE, (*who prides himself upon his personal appearance*),—Y-A-S ; BUT IT REQUIRES A GOOD FIGURE TO SET IT OFF PROPERLY !"

CORRESPONDENCE.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

DEAR DIOGENES,—

Those saturnine souls who look daggers,—though they do not use them—upon such *badinage* as is found in our serio-comic journals, and, who deem a smile high treason against the solemn issues of life, and a hearty laugh certain perdition, are not asked to read this communication. It is intended for those genial and humorous natures with a sportive erudition, like some of your contributors, who might adopt for their motto the saying of one of the merriest wise men in Ancient Rome : "Quid vetat ridentem dicere verum?" If I remember rightly, one of your most genial writers upon one occasion, divided the distracted church into Attitudinarians, Latitudinarians and Platitudinarians. During the present week, what with the Synod and the Pulpit, we have had platitudes "ad nauseam et ad infinitum." I could not help thinking, that it would not be amiss if the Vestrymen or Churchwardens would make some such an arrangement with their ministers, as Sir Roger de Coverly did with the clergyman of his parish, *i.e.*, present them with all the good sermons that have been printed in English and get them to digest them into a series, that they might follow one another naturally and make a continued system of practical divinity. If the sermons could be announced previously,—thus,—“Jeremy Taylor or Hooker will preach next Sunday morning; Dr. Barrow or Stillingfleet in the afternoon; Dr. Pearson and Butler in the evening,”—we should not see so many elderly

people asleep, nor so many young people staring indecently about them to the annoyance of those who shew themselves desirous of listening, even to mediocrities.

Another complaint I have to make, touches the slovenly manner in which our beautiful liturgy is read. In Wright and Halliwell's "Reliquiæ Antiquæ," there is a Macaronic couplet, denouncing three modes of mangling the church service :—

"Ecclesiæ tres sunt qui servitum male fallunt  
Momylers, forcyphers, over leapers non bene psallunt."

"Our service is spoilt by three sorts of its lipppers,  
The trippers—the clippers—the impudent skippers.

Archdeacon Peter, of Blois, says of the nimble-tongued gentry of his day, who despatched the Mass with the expedition of starving trencher-men :—"There are some, who, when they begin a verse, think the time endless, 'till they get to its close, and so run the words into one another in their hurry, that in the honeycomb of the law remains neither wax nor honey. Their lips are in the chant, but their heart is in the platter."

Should any one of the "trippers, clippers, and skippers" read this letter, let him lay it to his heart, and, in future, be more reverent in the reading of the English Church service. As it is now read by them, I am forced to the conclusion, that they are either incapable of understanding the words, insensible to the beauty of the language, or indifferent to its spirit. Hoping they will "reform it altogether,"

I am, Dear DIOGENES,

Yours, fraternally,

SOCRATES.

MISERY IN HIGH PLACES.

Alas! DIOGENES is called upon to weep with the great! The Autocrat of the Finance Department at Ottawa—the Big Wig of the Treasury Board—the Hero of a Thousand Audits and the recipient of a Thousand English Pounds—is in the throes of severe pecuniary agony. It appears that high rents, exorbitant taxes, expensive meat, eggs, and bread and butter have reduced even Autocrats to assume the *role* of the immortal Oliver Twist. In future, the small fry of Government officials must hew their own wood, draw their own water, spread their bread thinly with the cheapest salt butter, mend their own boots, labour unceasingly during leisure hours at their own homes, and strike twelve to fifteen per cent from their hard-earned salaries; but the Oliver Twist of the Audit Department howls through the Budget and estimates for "only one thousand dollars more." The dignity of "Ye Great Dominion" "cries for more." The swells have reached "starvation point," and the "country is in danger!" Oh! ye husbands and fathers who belong to the "small fry," DIOGENES implores you to abstain from demanding bread at the hands of your employers. Be merciful! It might interfere with the Big Wigs. Waive your claims, and continue your present industrious habits. From the experience of the past, your generosity will some day be rewarded by the influence of the suffering Autocrats, who feel compelled, for the honor of the Dominion, to give a few more luxurious entertainments at the expense of your comfort. Let Patience and Christian Charity be your guides in this trying hour, and your Auditor will eventually patronize and reward you!

OBVIOUS.

A mad woman of St. Louis recently bit a piece out of the hand of a County Judge (who was endeavouring to soothe her), and then swallowed the morsel. This, DIOGENES thinks, may be termed "A digest of the law."