

when the page brought him some large writing paper that had been used in the reign of Cromwell and contained the stamp of a little cap in one corner, replied, "Take away that foolscap." The word humbug, too, is of doubtful origin. A very ingenious explanation of this word is that it is derived from Hume of the Bog, a Scotch laird who lived during the reigns of William and Anne. He was celebrated for telling marvellous stories, hence a tough story was called Hume of the Bog, which, contracted, gave humbug. Another etymologist derives it from the city of Hamburg, in Germany. We find also in studying words that the meaning now assigned to many of them is not in accordance with their primary acceptation. The word "animosity" is an example of this. Formerly the word meant spiritedness. It is now, however, only applied to a vigour in enmity and hate. The young man out west was not, after all, very greatly mistaken when he replied to the young lady sitting by his side at tea that in compliance with her request he would pass the cakes, "with the greatest of animosity." There are words, also, peculiar to different countries in which the English language is spoken, and these may be classed under the head of Englishisms, Americanisms, etc. A good story is told of Mrs. ex-President Grant, when visiting the Queen of Greece, which well illustrates this. Mrs. Grant had heard that the Queen was well versed in the English language, but expressed her disappointment to the ex-President, adding that when in conversation she had used the word "skedaddled" the Queen seemed completely lost. But enough of this.

Let me close by saying something upon the dignity and nobility of words. Language is merely the art gallery of the soul. See to it, then, that you decorate your schoolrooms with the most beautiful word pictures—paintings of the inward greatness of your lives. Every word you utter leaves its photograph upon the minds of your pupils; every word you utter will go sounding down the aisles of eternity. Oh! how sweet are some words, how beautiful in their winged flight, as they course their way to gild the portals of eternity. Behold the two guardian angels that stand by our side as we pronounce the words "home" and "mother." As we utter these words peace seems to throw her arms around our neck and kiss the dew-drops from our eyes. Yes, we have truly a noble language. It is the language which binds us to the throne of heaven, the language of the dearest and holiest relationships of life, the language of the maternal lips which have blessed us and are perhaps now silent in the grave. "The language," says an eminent writer, "of our sorrows and our joys; our aspirations and our regrets; the language in which we breathe our consolations to the dying and our farewells to those whom we love; the language in which are embalmed the stirring appeals of our patriots and the thrilling battle cries of our warriors; the language of our funeral dirges over those who have fallen in defence of our homes and our liberties." O great and mighty language, I salute thee. Thy echoes are caught up in the sphere of immortality; the sweetness of thy soul floats on seraphic wings to blend with the harmonies that will fill forever the angelic mansions of an eternal hereafter!