

the poor for a pair of shoes, while they, the rich, lie upon beds of ivory, eat of the fatlings of the flock, anoint themselves with perfumes, drink choice wine out of bowls, chant to the sound of the viol. For these things, adds the Prophet, their feasts shall be turned into mourning, their songs into lamentations and their loins shall be girded with sackcloth; surely, if the Prophecy is fulfilled it may be called "a purgative for pomp."

One of your young members, a student of McGill, aptly quoted from Charles Kingsley, the Canon, who ought to have been Bishop, and the Lecturer, who during his visit to Montreal was so courteously received and hospitably entertained by the Professors of McGill and so warmly congratulated upon his advent by the council of the Natural History Society:—

"Have I not wandered in down and perfumes, while they, by whose labour my luxuries were bought, were pining among scents and sounds,—one day of which would have driven me mad!"

This quotation brought one of our French Canadian confreres to his feet, who, without preface, gave us the following lines from Victor Hugo with a force and a beauty, an "accent and discretion" that would have done credit to Talma:—

L'air est aux plaisirs sans fin, sans but, sans trêve,
Et se passe à tacher d'oublier dans un rêve
L'enfer au-dessous d'eux et le ciel au-dessus.
Quand on voit Lazare, on efface Jésus.
Ils ne regardent pas dans les ombres moroses,
Ils s'admirent que l'air tout parfumé de roses,
Et, pendant qu'on gémit et qu'on frémit dans l'ombre,
Pendant que les greniers grelottent sous les toits,
Que les dévies, passants pleins de lugubres voix,
Heurent aux gronds quais blancs les glaçons qu'ils
charrient,
Tous ces hommes contents de vivre, boivent, rient."

Our conversation of Saturday nights is never strained or confined; it is generally free, communicative and instructive, open and unreserved, and conducted with a "aerum comitas," and pleasantness of temper. It would be difficult to graphically describe or to put together synthetically our talk of last Saturday, yet in the disjointed form I now present it to you, especially that portion of it relating to Pope's sermon, it may be useful, when we regard the distress recently exemplified at Ottawa when the avocation of the unemployed poor was rudely clamouring at the gates of the Parliament House to get an interview with the modern Coriolanus, who in my imagination, I can fancy turning upon the occasion, to our modern Brutus, and saying:

"Are these your head?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclose their tongues? What is your office?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?"

Again, looking at the wretchedness and poverty in Montreal, the scent of its ill drained sewers, its filthy streets and lanes strewn with garbage and excrements, we might say with Lear: "Here is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption, Fie, fie, fie! Pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet to sweeten my imagination." An alternative is wanted—something to ameliorate the condition of the needy. The "unpleasant flux of a cat" is desirable to rid one's nose of the stench of the dead carcasses of these midnight prowlers. Montreal, despite the Board of Health, gives, at present, an opportunity of studying the science of filth and corruption, and, judging from the recent doings before Mr. Justice Ramsay, the science also of "beggary cowardice and cattish ferocity." As Spenser, in his Faerie Queene says, so say all of us:

"Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke."

Let me return to the word *avocation* which I recently used. The wrong use of it by a member, generally exact, though occasionally a little hypercritical and cynical, gave our worthy Mentor, "the Governor," the opportunity of being splenetic by exclaiming:—

"Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus."

but his spleen, partly occasioned by a twinge of rheumatic gout, and his abhorrence of the least impropriety of language, was but momentary.

The Governor asked one of our Ganymedes (?) to take from the shelves of our library a book entitled *Shakespeare Diversions*, a Medley of Motley Wear by Francis Jacox, which he did and handed it to your President, who referred to a chapter, in which Falstaff calls his purse-taking exploits at Gadshill his *vocation*. "Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation." To this, Jacox adds: "Matter of fact censors have taken him at his word, and that word literally. They will not distinguish between *vocation* and *avocation*." In foot notes he says: *vocation* is one's calling; *avocation* a something that calls away from it, that diverts one from it, and so is a diversion. Shakespeare (and Falstaff) knew better than to confound the terms." "Admirably well does Fuller mark the proper distinction between *vocation* and *avocation* when he says of Bishop Andrews and Jeremy Taylor as they meddled little with civil affairs, as being out of their professions and element: Heaven is the *vocation* and therefore he (Taylor) counts earthly employments *avocations*."

"Wordsworth," says Jacox, "who (worthy of his name) weighed his words, sings of the typical child, in his ode on intimations of immortality, that he mimics all he sees,
"As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation,"
Many there are, who are no Wordsworths, and no weighers of the worth of words, who could never have found it in them to write the couplet

(*) A name which we call our refreshment stewards

so, but would have infallibly made of the first line, "as if his avocation"—sacrificing the whole for the sake of the metre."

How well again William Pitt, as a lad at College, observes the distinction, when he thus writes to his mother from Pembroke Hall (Jan. 3, 1780): "A sufficient number of idle *avocations* secure me quite enough from the danger of too much study." In another letter to her, dated Lincoln Inn, Nov. 23, 1790, he writes of the day being "taken up by necessary business and incidental *avocations* which are unavoidable." The *avocations* were what called him away from his business, vocation, or calling.

Upon reference to Barrow, I find in his sermons the following distinction between the two words.

"For what is a scholar but one who retireth his person and *avoceth* his mind from other occupations and worldly entertainments."—*Sermon 22.*

"If wit or wisdom be the head, if honesty be the heart, industry is the hand of every *vocation*; without which the shrewdest insight and the best intention can execute nothing."—*Sermon 14.*

"Jeremy Taylor, in his second discourse on Luke-warmness and Zeal, speaks of a river that runs vigorously with a full stream, and that stays not to be tempted by little *avocations*, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea through full and useful channels. Its vocation is to the sea; and *avocations* are beside the mark of its high calling. Shakespeare's *Pucelle* of Orleans, explaining how she, a poor shepherd's daughter, came to resign that low estate for the unwomanly calling of war, declares that God's Mother deigned to appear to her, while watching over her lambs in the sultry field,

"And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity."

Again in the dialogue at Blackheath, between two of Jack Cade's followers, one of them quotes and applies the proverb, Labour in thy *vocation*. If we were to say Labour in thy *avocation* the meaning would be Labour in that which calls thee away from thy calling."

Dean Alford, in his "*Plea of the Queen's English*" tells us that *avocation* means the being called away from something. We might say, "He could not do it, having *avocations* elsewhere." But in our newspapers, *avocation* means a man's calling in life. If a shoemaker at his work is struck by lightning, we read, that "while pursuing his *avocation*, the electric fluid penetrated the unhappy person." George Eliot in her twenty third chapter of *Middlemarch* says: "the building business, which he (Mr. Garth) had unfortunately added to his other *avocations* of surveyor, valuer and agent." In the *Saturday Review* we read of Sir Roderick Murchison as having given up the "*avocations* of military life"—he being at one time a captain of dragons—for scientific study. These are cited by Jacox as an incorrect use of the word *avocation*. Upon reference to Johnson's Folio Dictionary (1773) I find him giving the following quotation from South to prove his definition of the word *avocation*—the act of calling aside: "God does frequently inject into the soul blessed impulses to duty, and powerful *avocations* from sin," and also one from Atterbury: "By the secular cares and *avocations* which accompany marriage, the clergy have been furnished with skill in common life."

A Priest or Minister of the Gospel is supposed to be called by the HOLY SPIRIT at his ordination, and to receive a Divine Summons—hence his *vocation*, whereas Ministers of State and Senators are too often taken from their vocations, and elected by the people to pursue those *avocations*; thus the disciples of St. Crispin and St. Nicholas, and the collateral branches of the families of Autolycus and Sisyphus may leave their trades or professions and *avocate* to themselves the making of laws and the governing of the Commonwealth. Hence their *avocations* may be mere diversions; and the transition from diversion to derision, and from laughter to laughing stocks is more easy than the translation of a tinker into a statesman, or a pedlar into a Cabinet Minister. As well make a driver of oxen President of the Council, for of such the Son of Sirach asks, "How can he get Wisdom?"

Here let me finish. I have no more wool to make a longer yarn; and leaving what I have made to the discriminating to pick out the good threads, and trusting that my yarn may help to bring about a more exact expression among our young members, I say Good-bye, sweet-hearts, Good-bye. THOS. D. KING.

Saturday, April 14, 1877.

THE GLEANER.

THE reported collapse of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, was a Parisian vivacity for the first of April.

PARIS is getting ready for the grand Exposition. Ten new hotels are to be erected for the comfort of visitors who have plenty of cash.

LORD BEACONSFIELD being asked the other day how he liked the House of Lords—"I feel as if I were dead," he said, "but in the Elysian Fields!"

A CYNICAL man insists that the fewer relations or friends we have the happier we are. In your poverty they never help you, in your prosperity they always help themselves.

LORD VIVIAN, for the benefit of his health, has just made the trip from Canada to California in his carriage, which is a sort of palace car, with all the modern conveniences stowed away in it.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer is again in luck. He has had a close shave of a deficit, whereas he has £153,036 to the good. It is a narrow margin; still on the right side; which is more than can be said for Canada.

MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON says her husband always used to throw off his sternness, dignity and reserve the moment he bolted the door. It always made him a boy to hold the baby, and to rock the little girl's cradle set him into raptures.

THERE are upwards of 300,000 barnmaids in Great Britain, and their average earnings are upwards of 3s. a week each more than are obtained by the members of any profession, except that of "companion," to which women can belong.

ONCE upon a time the De Courcy family was one of the noblest and most powerful in France. The motto of their coat-of-arms was, "I am no King; I disclaim being a Duke; I am De Courcy." The last descendant died recently; he was one of the street-sweepers of Paris.

HOLDING that smoking amongst boys is pernicious to their health, the Paris Society for Suppressing the Abuse of Tobacco has prepared a petition, to be presented to Parliament, asking them to prohibit youths under sixteen from using the weed in public places.

AT the U. P. meeting at Greenock, Mr. Brown Paisley said we made too much of these Church disputes. It seemed to him a characteristic of the Scotch mind to make a considerable fuss over small matters, and, like Caleb Balderstone, to ring the dinner bell even if there was only a salt herring on the table.

SIR RICHARD WALLACE, the benefactor of the Paris poor, is having constructed a hospital near the city, which is to be a very remarkable building of the kind. It will be entirely for the use of English persons, and thus the charitable donor will exonerate the Paris authorities from the care of such of his countrymen as need hospital attendance.

MR. SPURGEON set himself the other Sunday morning to denounce in the strongest terms the Committee appointed to revise the Scriptures. He said their work was simply a device of the devil, and the new version ought to be burned. It happened that a meeting of the Revision Committee was held on the previous day, and one of the members being tired of the Greek and Hebrew verbs, thought he would get some life into his soul by going to the Metropolitan Tabernacle to hear Mr. Spurgeon. He heard the anathema pronounced over the new version, and as he is reputed to be the most profound Greek scholar in England, he must have gone to his dinner with a solemn sense of his own weakness.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A female architect has lately opened an office in Boston. She is full of beautiful plans and designs.

"HER face is a Garden of Flowers," is the title of a new song; but "flowers" is evidently a misprint for "flour."

THERE is a time for everything, and the time to take a baby to a show is just after the entertainment is over.

THE *Christian Union* says that it makes a man purer and better to cherish a rejected love. There is more fun, however, in going off and making love to another girl.

THERE are nine things that will make a man mad, but one is enough when his wife tells him he can't have any dinner because she couldn't get the wash boiler off the stove in time.

WEDDING cake is now so artistically prepared and put up for fashionable distribution, that the bachelor recipient frequently mistakes it for a neat thing in shaving soap.

FAIR hair has quite gone out of fashion in Paris, as the colour of the season is deep orange, a hue which is only becoming to brunettes. A little walnut water, however, will transform a blonde into a brunette.

CAUTION often averts danger. An up-town man who heard burglars in the house the other night, woke up his wife and sent her down stairs for a drink of water, and then crawled under the bed and wasn't injured in the least.

AN exchange encouragingly remarks that the average young man is so unreliable that fathers ought to hide their daughters. What the average young man is afraid of is not so much that a father will hide his daughter, as that he will hide the average young man.

"I used to put the seal of affection on my wife's lips when we were first married," said a disconsolate Benedict, "but now I have to put the seal (skin) of affection on her back. The new kind costs more, but it can't begin to compete with the other for solid comfort."

WHY is the letter *d* like a ring? said a young lady to her accepted, one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a very modest look at the picture at the other end of the room,—"because we can't be wed without it."

A while ago a farmer in Virginia lost his wife; and out of love for her memory, called his estate "Glenmary." A neighbour having met with the same affliction, and equally desirous of keeping before him the image of his dear departed, followed his example, and is farm is known by the name of "Glenbetsy."

WHEN a young man from Harvard is asked if he will always love her, he does not answer, "Will a duck swim?" Science has taken the place of poetry, and he replies, "Will evolution from the Unconditioned working in protoplasm by accretion and absorption produce the organic cell?" Then he inquires languidly if there are any cold beans about the house.

A distinguished politician, while conversing with a lady the other evening, became piqued by her attention to a beautiful dog that was resting its head confidently in her lap, and impatiently asked, "How is it that a lady of your intelligence can be so fond of a dog?"—"Because he never talks politics," was the prompt reply.

"TELL your wife," says the *Country Gentleman* in the caption of a long editorial. Bless your soul, simple man, she knows a great deal more about it than you do. When the woman has suspended herself from the top of the division fence by the arm-pits for twenty-five minutes, what she doesn't know her husband can't tell her. Now you grumble on that.

A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married acquaintance, and said to her, "How do you contrive to amuse yourself?"—"Amuse!" said the other starting. "Do you not know that I have my housework to do?"—"Yes," was the answer; "I see you have it to do; but, as it's never done, I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

A young Indian girl who had curiously watched the process of making barrel heads in a flour-mill in Winona, Minnesota, stole in one day, and taking possession of the stencils, ornamented her blanket with the words, "Ellsworth's Choice," and paraded the streets in great delight, but to the disgust of Mr. Ellsworth, who is a bachelor and had made no such choice.

"WHAT am I made of?" asked a little girl, fresh from her Sunday-school lesson, as she essayed to show her knowledge to a younger sister.—"I don't know," was the honest answer.—"What does mamma sweep up from the floor?" was the first speaker's next trial in the Socratic method.—"Pins, needles, and hair-pins!" was the prompt, but unexpected response.

THE children of a clergyman's family in Aberdeen were making themselves happy propounding conundrums. Directly one of them said, "Who was the meekest woman?" The clergyman seemed struck with a fresh thought and replied quickly, "We don't read of any." But Madam made herself even with him when she rejoined with quite as much quickness, "Well, we read of only one such man, and from the fuss that's made about him, it's plain they're scarce."

"PUPSEYWACK," said Mrs. Bubblecombe to her husband, John, the other day, "our Baisey-waysey has got a sore nose and it's teething. Go and ask Dr. Brown to come right away up. There's a good Johnseywaysey Puseywayck." "Mumseywumsey," he replied, "anything a Puseywayck can do for his Baiseywaysey is his love-joy. Kiss 'em, old fellow, once more for his little one." And a year ago Bubblecombe was the pet of the club, told good stories, played billiards, and went out buggy riding in the Cliff House. Poor fellow! How many thousands are there like him, who were once stalwart young bachelors, but whom a jury of twelve impartial citizens would now unhesitatingly send to Stockton to be treated for softening of the brain!

LITERARY.

MISS M'LOCH's husband is her junior by a quarter of a century.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, the leader of the Celtic revival in Scotland, is preparing for publication a collection of songs and verses published in newspapers and sung at dinners.

MISS ANNE T. HOWELLS, the writer and sister of William D. Howells, is soon to be married to Mr. Achille Fréchette, a Canadian Frenchman connected with the Ottawa Government.

A *Halfpenny Shakespeare* is one of the latest of the many remarkable developments of the cheap press of the present day. Each of the plays is printed in small but clear type, and issued in a wrapper for a halfpenny.

STEDMAN, the Wall Street bard, is every inch a family man, and is never happier than under his own roof, with his wife and two boys nearly grown, and both of them taller than their father, recounting the experience of his youth as if he were a veteran, although he is but a little over forty.

BAYARD TAYLOR, after all his travels, has settled down to deliberate domesticity, and thinks it the best thing in life. After running the sentimental gauntlet of his fair compatriots, he married a Saxon, a very agreeable and intelligent lady, and they have one child, a girl now nearly grown to womanhood.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD cleaves to the domestic altar, notwithstanding the fact that he, a poet, married a poet, Elizabeth Barstow, many years ago, and finds that the Muse never refuses the invitation of hearts because they are closely wedded by love and sympathy, and that she is not scared by children—they have one son—as many satirists would make us believe.

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