

[The Old Cobbler's Question.

When I went down to the Corners for the mail the other night, the stage had not yet come in, so I turned into the little shop of Angus McLachlan, the shoe-maker. I sat down, remarking to old Angus that it was bad weather for the hay. "Ay," said he, "but gran' for the neeps." The old man was polishing the front of a boot with that long thin bone that forms a part of every cobbler's outfit, and from the low, droning tune that he was humming, I knew that he was thinking deeply on some subject.

Angus is not a person with whom it is wise to use urgency, so I sat silent and waiting till he saw fit to speak. At last he apparently got the boot to his mind and dropped it with some others on the floor beside him, saying:

"Ye ken that callant o' John Cameron's?"

I assented, and he went on:

"He's aye hangin' aboot the shop here, and has ta'en a notion to learn the trade. I dinna ken how it'll suit him, for he's been tae the high schule and learnt a heap of scholarship. This mornin' as he sat there etillin' tae pit a patch on Mistress Johnson's wean's shoe, he was tellin' me a great string that he had learnt aboot twa Greeks, Harmodius and Aristosomething, gangin' till a fair tae kill a tyrant. After he was dune, a says till him, 'Can you tell me onything aboot Samson?' 'Yes,' says he, 'he was a strong man an' kilt giants.' An' loosh keep me, if the laddie didna begin tae tell me the auld story o' Jack and the beanstalk."

Just then Anderson, the store-keeper, came across with a little bit of work for Angus, and, after in substance repeating the above, the shoe-maker went on to give us some further instances of Dick Cameron's ignorance of Scripture history.

His inability to relate the incidents of the Exodus, of the building of the Temple, etc., led Anderson to express wonder that Dick had not learnt these things at the Sunday School.

"Hoot man," said Angus scornfully, "my Jeanie went there for mair nor ten year, and learnt naething but a wheen hymns, and wee bits o' verses, an' sic diversions. She wad never hae kent her shorter carritch if a hadna gien her the questions every Sabbath nicht. But that's no the thing, Maister Anderson, a've naething agin the Sabbath-schule. It's a

gude thing as far as it gangs. But it has lots tae dae without teachin' history. This is a Christian country, Maister Anderson, leastwise, that's what folk say. Noo, can you tell me why oor lads and lasses suld learn at the day schule awthing aboot the ancient Greeks an' the early Romans, an' naething aboot the ancient Hebrews an' the early Christians?"

Just then the stage came rattling in and Anderson had to go over to sort the mail. I went with him, thinking on the way that perhaps the stage had come at a lucky moment, for the old man's question seemed (and still seems) one to which a satisfactory answer is somewhat difficult to frame.—The Presbyterian.

The Wesley Bi-Centenary Articles in the Methodist Magazine and Review (Toronto: William Briggs), are attracting much attention. The strong paper by the late Deacon Farrar, and the tribute to Methodism by the historian, Leckey, are just what pastors and people need at this time. Of the March number the New York Christian Advocate says:

"We find the March number of the Methodist Magazine and Review filled with interesting material. 'Morocco and its Problems' describes the causes of the recent revolt, and is fully illustrated from photographs. An admirable paper on 'John Wesley's Journal,' by Principal Gordon, of Queen's University, will be read by all those who have enjoyed the new book of extracts from the Journal, or who are in sympathy with the Wesley bicentenary. A good portrait of Bishop Hartzell adorns the cover. Current topics are treated ably in the editorial paragraphs, and altogether our Canadian neighbor shows to advantage."

The Abider.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Oh the sweetness
And completeness
Of the life the Spirit giveth
Unto each one who believeth
In the Christ,
Towards whom he every heart constrains.
He allureth me before him
To adore him
In the whiteness
And the brightness
Of the high and holy heaven
Where he reigns.
Toronto, Can.