

aloofness, (if not intolerance or conceit) such as we had hoped was becoming less common even as between Roman Catholics and Protestants. Though there seems little or no prospect at present of a re-union of the Christian Churches, we believe there are sincere and earnest

men in both the Roman Catholic and Protestant communions, and no doubt also in the Greek church, who would welcome the healing of the breach, if it could be arranged without the sacrifice of what each church holds as Essentials.

### STORIES FROM DEAN RAMSAY'S "REMINISCENCES"

The late celebrated Dr. MacKnight, a learned and profound scholar and commentator, was nevertheless, as a preacher, to a degree, heavy, unrelieved by fancy or imagination. His colleague, Dr. Henry, on the other hand, was a man of great humour, and could not resist a joke when the temptation came upon him. On one occasion when coming to church Dr. MacKnight had been caught in a shower of rain, and entered the vestry soaked with wet. Every means were used to relieve him from his discomfort; but as the time drew on for divine service he became much distressed, and ejaculated over and over, "Oh, I wish that I was dry; do you think I'm dry; do you think I'm dry enough now?"

His jocose colleague could resist no longer, but, patting him on the shoulder, comforted him with the sly assurance, "Bide a wee, Doctor, and you'll be dry enough when ye get into the pulpit."

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Many anecdotes of pithy and facetious replies are recorded of a minister of the west (of Scotland) usually distinguished as "Our Watty Dunlop." On one occasion two irreverent younger fellows determined, as they said, to "taigle" (i.e., confound) the minister. Coming up to him in the High Street of Dumfries, they accosted him with much solemnity: "Maister Dunlop, dae ye hear the news?" "What news?" "Oh, the deil's dead." "Is he?" said Mr. Dunlop; "then I maun pray for twa faitherless bairns."

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A ruling elder of a country parish in the west of Scotland was well known in the district as a shrewd and ready-witted man. He got many a visit by persons who liked a banter, or to hear a good joke. Three young students gave him a call in order to have a little amusement at the elder's expense. On approaching him, one of them saluted him, "Well, Father Abraham, how are you to-day?" "You are wrong," said the other, "this is old Father Isaac." "Tuts," said the third, "you are both mistaken; this is old Father Jacob." David looked at the young men, and in his own way replied, "I am neither old Father Abraham, nor old Father Isaac, nor old Father Jacob, but I am Saul, the son of Kish, seeking his father's asses, and lo! I've found three o' them."