



IN THE COURSE OF THINGS.

HE.—“Ah, if you had married me instead of Wilkinson——”

SHE.—“I should have been with Wilkinson at this moment instead of with you. How strangely things turn out, don't they?”

JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

THE ither day a verra respectable lookin' man cam into my shop, an' spiered gin I wad shoo on a button for him. He lookit like a douce body, an' I jaloosed he was a minister o' a'e kin' or anither. O' coorse I kent he wasna a Presbyterian—he seemed ower weel fed for that; an' he wasna a Methody craitur, for he had an intelligent look about him; an' I thoct he wasna a Baptist body, on account o' his sma' han's; an' he hadna the cut o' a Congregationalist; an' as he said naething anent the “subjective” or the “objective” cause o' his vceesit, I felt confident he wasna a Swedenborgian; sae, thinks I to mysel, “Ye're either an Episcopaulian or a Cawtholic,” an' I sune cam to the conclusion he wasna the former, for, as Burns says, “he lauched consumedly” when I made an unco jocular remark regairdin' the capaucity o' his wame. Sae says I to mysel, “Maister John Calder, merchant tailor, ye've got a haud o' a priest, see what you can mak' oot o' him in connection wi' separate schules, an' sic like.” Sae takin' 't for grantit that he wad be flatter't to be taen for ane o' oor ane kirk, I said as pawkily as I could, “It'll be you, nae doobt, that's to preach for Mr. McTavish i' the Central kirk next Sawbath.” He lauched hairtily again, an' said he hadna the honor to be a Presbyterian minister.

“Losh keep me!” says I, “if ye're no a Presbyterian minister, I ne'er was mair mista'en a' my days.”

“What is your name, if you please?” says he.

“My name,” says I, “is John Calder, merchant tailor.”

“Very well, Mr. Calder,” says he, “my name is John Walsh, and I am connected with the Holy Catholic Church.”

“Weel, mon,” says I, “you astonish me. I suppose,” says I, “you ken that we had a great man o' the same name ance in oor kirk—John Welch—an' John Knox marriet ane o' his dochters. Nae doobt ye've heard tell o' John Knox?”

“Oh, yes,” says he, “it's my duty as bishop to read all about such people.”

“Bishop!” says I, “bishop! You dinna tell me that ye're a bishop,” an' to mak' a lang story short, wha do you think this was but the new Airchbishop o' Toronto. I lost my braith a'maist, for I had never spoken till an Airchbishop afore. Hoosomever, I made up my min' I wad hae a bit crack wi' him, an' sae I pintit oot that anither button or twa micht be steekit, an' he gied his consent.

Says I, wi' my heid doon, “What does your holiness think about separate schules?”

“I think a great deal of them,” says he.

“What thinks your lordship about the ballot for separate schule trustees?” says I.

“Well,” says he, “there are two sides to that question. Some take one view, and some take another.”

“Exackly,” says I, “and is your grace in favor o' the Bible in the schules?” says I.

“Oh, yes, with proper restrictions,” says he.

“Does your lordship think,” says I, “that we're in ony danger frae French aggression?” says I.