



### REALISM.

MR. VANDYKE-BROWNE, R.C.A.—“My dear, I overheard a magnificent compliment to my picture, ‘A Storm at Sea,’ at the exhibition this afternoon.”

MRS. V-B.—“What was it, love?”

MR. V-B.—“Er—a man and his wife were looking at it, and I heard the fellow say, ‘Come away, Hannah, that picture makes me sick!’”

### A PUZZLED PRESBYTERIAN.

THE Presbyterian minister sat in his study, reading the report of the Assembly debate on the Charbonnell case, in the *Globe* of June 18th, when the servant lass knocked gently on the door and announced a visitor.

“Ah, come right in, Mr. MacTavish,” said the minister, rising and recognizing the form of his old parishioner in the doorway. “What can I do for you, my dear friend?”

“Aw’ve come tae see ye on a maist important subjec’, meenister,” replied the pawky old Scotchman, as he deposited himself in a chair and his hat on the floor. “Aye, an’ a maist ticklish subjec’ Aw’m thinkin’, as weel,” he added. “Indeed?” queried the minister, raising his eyebrows in mild surprise. “I hope there’s nothing wrong at home, Mr. MacTavish.”

“Weel, Aw dinna ken but there is, a wee bit,” responded Mr. MacTavish in a troubled tone. “Ma dochters are raisin’ no end o’ a fuss aboot it—bit it isna them that’s boatherin’ ma mind. It’s the thing itself, an’ hoo the kirk wid look upon’t.”

“I beg pardon, my dear sir, but will you kindly mention what it is you’re referring to?” said the pastor.

“Aw’m thinkin’ o’ gettin’ marrit, ye ken,” began the visitor.

“Oh, indeed! I hadn’t heard of *that*, Mr. MacTavish. A very proper thing, too, I should say. Your family are all grown up and married off, and in case you select a good partner for your —”

“Aye, aye,” interrupted the old man, “Aw kent ye’d approve o’t. As to selectin’, I dinna think Aw could selec’ mair fortunat’ than I did afore—when I marrit Jane.”

“Quite true,” replied the minister, “Mrs. MacTavish

was indeed a most excellent woman. She came of good stock.”

“Aye did she,” responded Mr. MacTavish, heartily—“goodness rins i’ families, meenister, don’t ye think?”

“Not a doubt of it in the world!” was the emphatic reply.

“Sae Aw thocht, an’ aye wull think,” rejoined the visitor, “an’ Aw’m gaun tae rin nae risks ava. Aw fun’ Jean sae braw an’ guid, that Aw’ve e’en made up ma min’ tae mairry Jessie, the noo.”

“But, my dear sir,” said the minister, with an agitated countenance, “Jessie McFarlane is your deceased wife’s sister.”

“Aw ken a’ that, an’ Aw ken, mairrover, that siccan a mairrage is no approvet o’ in the Confession o’ Faith. But—an’ this is whit Aw ca’d tae speer aboot—isna it the case that oor Kirk in its meetin’ o’ Assembly a year sin syne passet this moation —”

And he handed the minister a clipping from a newspaper, which read as follows:—

In view of the fact that twenty-five out of the twenty-nine presbyteries have reported approval of the result of the remit on marriage with a deceased wife’s sister, namely, whether subscription of the formula in which office-bearers accept the Confession of Faith shall be so understood as to allow liberty of opinion in respect to the proposition, “A man may not marry any of his wife’s kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own,” the committee recommend the General Assembly to discern that the subscription of the formula shall be so understood as to allow liberty of opinion in respect to said proposition.

It was so ordered.

“Yes, that is very true, but —”

“Nae *buts* aboot it, meenister,” persisted Mr. MacTavish, stoutly, “Aw’m grantit leebeerty o’ opeenion on this p’int, am I no? Disna it say—*It was so ordered?*”

“That is all true, but liberty of opinion does not imply liberty of action,” said the minister.

“Div ye mean tae say that though Aw’m satisfied o’ the correc’ness o’ a thing, an’ the Kirk disna say its wrang i’ itself, yet Aw mustna dae’t?” said Mr. MacTavish, looking very much puzzled. “Man, siccan a way o’ arguement is maist confusin’ tae the heid. It gars ma brains a’ gang through itther.”

“Perhaps you will understand it more clearly if I read the words of our great Churchlawyer, Rev. Dr. McLaren,” put in the minister. “Listen, Mr. MacTavish. ‘To my mind,’ says Dr. McLaren, ‘liberty of opinion does not go the length of liberty of action.’”

“Aye, I unnerstan’ that fine, an’ its whit Aw ca’ pairfec’ ncansense!” said Mr. MacTavish, with emphasis.

“That’s somewhat strong, Mr. MacTavish,” said the minister, reprovingly, “but let me next read to you what Dr. McKnight, who was once Moderator, said in the Assembly in the same debate. I read from the *Globe*’s report as follows:—

‘Dr. McKnight proceeded to examine the history of the question, and said that in deference to those who took the other side, as well as to those who objected to mutilating a great historical document, it was decided, rather than cut out a clause in the Confession of Faith, to modify the formula by which clergymen and office-bearers were exempted from giving adhesion to that clause of the Confession of Faith. That was what the last Assembly passed into law.’”

“Let’s see if we canna get this through oor wool, noo,” said Mr. MacTavish, taking a long breath and pulling himself together with intense earnestness of purpose:

“The Confession of Faith says a certin mairrage is wrang.”

“Exactly,” assented the minister.

“For why,” pursued MacTavish—“because its no’ Scriptural; in itther words, it’s contrary tae the Scriptur’.”

“Precisely.”