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*"Ad profectum sacrosanctæ matris ecclesiæ."*

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A PARABLE.

THE Parable is a very ancient vehicle of instruction, and in the best of books we find such illustrations, borrowed from homely and familiar sources. Let none then despise the source from which our parable is now to be taken.

It has been said that a skilful chess-player with an ordinary amount of animal courage, would make a good general. We have also thought that a skilful manager of the lower animals—especially of the horse—gives evidence of a capacity for the management of his fellow-men, and might under favourable circumstances be raised from

"a coachman's fate,  
To govern men and guide the state."

Everybody fancies himself able to drive, but how few do we meet thoroughly competent to guide and care for that noble animal—the horse. Among those who attempt to do so we have: first—the rash, impetuous driver. Speed is his object, let what will suffer. If his road is smooth, matters may go tolerably well for all but the smoking team, but should the way be rough or uneven your impetuous driver fears no consequences, but leaves to his successors on the box the danger of guiding a ricketty and half-demolished vehicle. And woe betide all that come in his way! "Let the hardest fend off" is his motto, and it often proves a destructive one for himself and all under his care. His impetuosity blinds him to all but one thing at a time.

Next we have the timid, nervous driver. Observe his shifty and uncertain seat—his lax fingers—his wandering eye—the twitching of his irresolute mouth. He has a terrible fear of coming dangers, but he sees nothing but what is immediately under his right eye and his whip-hand. He can guard no wheel but the one over which he sits. In striving to avoid some small impediment on this side he breaks a wheel against a boulder, or sinks it into a slough on the other. At length, in some devious ways—mistrusting his own judgment and having the instinctive confidence of puzzled and timid people in the guidance of others bolder than themselves, he in an evil moment follows some rash driver's lead and soon comes to grief—suffering by his extreme caution the worst consequences of extreme rashness.

Among the erratic modes of driving, there is one yet left, which—thanks to the heaven-born common sense and prudence of mankind—is not likely to be very generally adopted. We allude to the style introduced into our Province a couple of years ago by an itinerant Yankee "professor." His art was to drive a well-trained horse, with marvellously little harness and no bridle