

daily gathering strength among us. The disposition to regard the minister as the hired servant of the congregation is a gross and dangerous misconception of their true relative positions. He who exercises the high and holy vocation of the cure of souls is not, cannot be, the hireling of any man or of any body of men. He acts directly under the commission of Christ and claims to serve the living God. Who is he that will dare to assert that £150 or £175 is the exact value, weighed and told, of a preached gospel and a crucified Lord? where is the man who will blaspheme against heaven, by attempting to purchase with a paltry sum—by settling a definite commercial price upon—that which is invaluable and worth more than the whole world and all that it contains? We shrink with intuitive and indescribable horror from such iniquitous presumption, and yet many of us believe in our ignorance, and because we have been affected by the commercial idea of money given and value received incidental to, if not inseparable from, Voluntaryism, many of us believe that the minister is paid for his services. We would solemnly warn our people against this perverting and detestable error, against this abominable avowal of a traffic in souls. The money which we give to our ministers is bestowed for their maintenance, not as their reward. They expect to receive that reward in another world when the Judge shall command that the celestial gates be flung open in order to admit the good and faithful servants into the joy of their Lord. Those who are set apart for the clerical office are supposed to be removed—as far as it is possible to be removed—from the cares and anxieties, the rivalries and jealousies, the struggle for position and the contest for gain, incidental to the busy bustling world; and seeing that they are thus forbid to labor with their hands some other means must be devised whereby their wants may be supplied and their temporal comfort secured to them. Let our people then disabuse their minds of this dangerous misconception—let them forever discard and cast out from among them with every expression of the most sovereign abhorrence, an idea so repugnant to the spirit of a free and universal Gospel, so entirely subversive of all kindly and christian practice and principle—an idea which would degrade the Church of God into a mart, filled with the stalls of the money-changers, and the minister of Christ into a vile and mercenary huckster in holy things.

Another error, of the same parentage, and so closely akin as to be but a mere development or consequence, must be now adverted to while we are in this admonitory vein. If the Gospel must be bought and paid for, of course, they who are smart in business and greedy of filthy lucre will resort to the market where they may obtain the best article at the lowest price. If we must have a clergyman, some will say, let us by all means have him at as cheap a rate as possible—we need not expend too

much money on a black-coated, white-cravatted, sombre gentleman who has for ever renounced the world and is quite prepared to starve on Gospel principles. If this is not the language of many it is undoubtedly their practice. Now we all know, and none know better than clergymen themselves, that the clerical profession, though highly honorable, is by no means lucrative. A paltry dealer in molasses and tobacco who can barely sign his name and just knows how to keep a shilling when he earns it, may, in a few years, rise to the rank of a merchant prince and ride in a costly chariot. The minister of Christ is debarred from all such hopes of worldly preferment—from the ambition of worldly riches—from the striving after worldly distinction. He has voluntarily abandoned these pleasant and alluring things of time and condemned himself to a life of rigid self-denial, of comparative poverty, of unrequited and unappreciated toil. Does he not deserve respect? does he not merit esteem? Laymen can never know, because the vast majority of laymen can never appreciate the number and extent and variety of a minister's labors. They see him in his daily walks or periodical visitations or at a friend's dinner table, and they think that, because he is so snug and slick, he is a very fine gentleman indeed, with plenty to eat and drink and precious little to do. Let us follow him to the study—let us see him there for hours and hours stretched upon the rack of thought, with all the powers of his mind strained to their utmost pitch of tension, and if we can appreciate the trying and lacerating nature of that incessant mental toil, which, far more than the mere manual exercise of the ploughman or the mechanic, will sprinkle the locks with gray, will dim the bright eye, and cause the stalwart frame to stoop, we will no longer be disposed to envy his lot. Ought he to be condemned to a life of penury and privation? ought he to be compelled to eke out a miserable pittance? ought he to be considered as a sort of sanctified beast of burden, a sort of meek dromedary passing through a desert who can subsist on an infinitesimal quantity of aliment and who can starve altogether at a pinch, or to suit the owner's convenience? Respecting him for the sacrifices he has made—approving him for his zeal—loving him for his Master's sake, would we subject him, in addition to the torturing and harassing professional burden which he bears, to all the hardships of a scanty income and a stinted board? would we, while we ourselves feed upon fat things, while our corn and wine do exceedingly abound, would we place before him a platter filled with the husks which are the meet provender of swine? Assuredly, if such is our policy, our cause must not prosper, our church must one day crash down about our ears. So long as we sustain our connection with the parent church and maintain our ministers, not as others do, but as they ought to be maintained, so long may we hope to com-

mand for our pulpits a fair supply of the surplus energy and talent of the old country, and so avert that catastrophe which, sooner or later, must in this continent overtake every purely Voluntary Church—the sad and fatal misfortune of an illiterate and uncultured clergy. If we would hold fast by our present position and principles, if we would secure our well-being in the future and retain inviolate our holy places, we must, each and all, tax to the utmost our several abilities, or we will one day, to an unfailing certainty, be lectured and preached to by any conceited cobbler, glib of the tongue, who can quote Scripture and mangle a text, or any loquacious rat-catcher failed in business.

Once more, and we have done. Some may sneer at our connection with our Parent Church and affect to consider it a baneful habit of dependence. We will not, we think, be tempted to apply to them the well-known fable of the fox and the grapes. Believing thoroughly, and acting up to the belief, that Providence will help those who help themselves, we, nevertheless, and as in duty bound, cherish the fondest regard for our good mother beyond the sea, and eagerly invite her fostering care. With her aid, and by our own strenuous endeavors, and God's choicest blessing resting on both, we mean to become, and we shall become, one of the fairest, the healthiest, the most vigorous of all her Colonial daughters. We have stood by her cause and fought under her banner when she herself and we along with her were tossed upon a sea of trouble, and now since we have both successfully weathered the storm we will each abundantly participate in the other's prosperity. But even were there no practical benefits accruing to us from our relationship to the National Church, we would, notwithstanding, inculcate upon our people the duty of loving her with the truest and tenderest love and cherishing her memory as a holy thing. Call it poetical, call it sentimental, call it romantic, call it what you will,—but this regard for the land and the church of our ancestors has always been a potent influence with the greatest and the best of men, has always nerved the strongest arm and fired the dauntless bosom. Such a sentiment as this has frequently—and good it is for us that it has so frequently—incarnated itself in a frame of giant strength and noble proportions, has clothed itself in garb of mail, and gloved its hands with gauntlets of steel. What a multitude of noble thoughts, what an array of noble deeds, what a long list of noble names do we not owe to a love like this! Let us then cherish it, nurture it, sedulously foster it, for its own sake. The world is so debasing in its tendency—Mammon with all his train of cares and crosses and disappointments so worries and perplexes us, that, whatever would afford but a moment's elevation and expansion to our souls, we would gladly exalt to the rank of a blessing and a boon. Let us, by all means, never