

which distract the Church in our day. And as long as congregations "call any man father" in the sense already explained, so long will people be gullible and leaders ready to gull. Against this deplorable radicalism, the sure buckler is the knowledge of the truth, which emancipates both from sin and from the wiles of pseudo-reform. J. S.

Who is to blame?

ONCE ordained in, and inducted to a parish in Scotland, a clergyman becomes "part and parcel" of that community, indissolubly one with it in all its interests. There, are to be his "lines," there, his "local habitation," and there will his name be known and remembered. His affections become centred there; there his time is spent, there his energies devoted, and his talents laid out on interest. The force of circumstances does not compel him to make it a mere "stepping-stone" from which he may hope, at some future time, to rise to something better, when opportunity offers.

He is not forced to make it a mere observatory from which to survey the "surroundings," to become a candidate for the first vacancy, offering superior advantages. The reverse of this state of things is the *exception* to the rule.

But that it is far otherwise with the colonial clergy is, and has been a matter of long and loud complaint. After a few years' labour in one congregation, they are willing to, and often do leave for another, and when a mutual acquaintance might begin to facilitate his labours, and render them more profitable, he is called to, and gladly accepts a new and untried field of labour. But, "who is to blame?" Before passing sentence, let us see where the fault lies. The young clergyman comes from our "Fatherland," full of sympathy with its institutions, second to none in the world; it may be fresh from the "halls of learning," or perchance, at duty's call, from some field of labour, where "workmen" are not so "few nor far between," as on our far distant shores. Preliminaries are arranged. He receives a call: and is in due course ordained and inducted. He enters on his important duties, with great promise of pleasure to himself, and much profit to others. All his energies are brought to bear upon the sacred duties of his responsible calling. He at once sets about an examination of the parochial machinery, making repairs where needed, and supplying parts that are wanting.

So far all is well: and if he be at all popular, the novelty of the thing creates and maintains, for a time, an excitement in the congregation, that awakens, for a little, even the most indifferent, to sympathise and help; and

minister and people are brimful of hope, with such flattering prospects. Days, weeks, and months are rolling past, with more than wanton speed; but because the excitement is among the things that cannot "go on," it gradually subsides, as the usual routine of life's "activities" come to claim their due share of attention.

A year has passed away; but not without leaving behind it ample evidence that it has been one, more of *disappointment*, than *hope realized*, to the minister. The heavy, measured step tells of departed buoyancy, the once joylit face, on which you could not look without catching up the happy spirit that irradiated it, is now pensive and sad: the former frankness and sociability have given place to constraint and reserve, the lip that was wont to smile upon all, is now set with disappointment: and the eye that beamed with confidence in all, now looks with a tinge of suspicion. In the discharge of his duties, he has discovered, to his unspeakable regret, that there is a "generation" in his congregation, "pure in their own eyes," and far more anxious and concerned about their minister's piety, than their own. They are "unreasonable men," expecting in their minister, what no mere man possessed since the fall, perfection. They have an eye for his faults, and are ever suspecting his virtue; sins that are quite trifling and pardonable in others, are heinous in him.

A hearty laugh, a humorous or witty expression, a genial, natural manner and talk, are regarded as not only unbecoming in him, but against such, *holy* hands are raised in horror, and *holy* brows contracted in censure, hence, if he have strong impulses, he must "hold them hard," and conceal them under the garb of professional seriousness, and become a hypocrite, if he would retain his influence with these. These are but trifles, but they cannot fail to discourage, and unsettle the mind of the most determined to do good.

But again, these "unreasonable men" who not unfrequently hold the "balance of power," in not a few congregations, expect their minister to echo *their* thoughts and opinions, and on disputed points to decide as *they* would. They expect, in every exposition, something suited to *their* peculiar circumstances, and if they be disappointed in their "unreasonable" expectations, they will not hesitate to criticise him with angry feelings and uncharitable words; and any idea that he may have given not in keeping with *their* opinions, they will denounce as *not* gospel. They, of course, know the whole "body of divinity" better than he does, and must be his interpreter of the Church Standards. Any new idea exposes him to the suspicion that he is not sound in the faith, and is set down to the score of one of the many *isms* which deserve only mingled pity and contempt. Hence it is evident that he was *called*, not to be a teacher, to instruct by bringing out of the gospel treasury