

for a little space. Who would be a school-master of the modern type? Not the sturdy hind or the sturdier lumberer, not the truckman driving his jaded beast, but eating roast beef and eggs and pudding every day, not the shoemaker's apprentice, or the incipient tailor. Who then? We can scarcely tell. They turn up somehow, palefaced, feeble and feckless, doing what they can to live—and wandering over the face of the earth, literary pariahs *sans* literature. Oh for a return of the good old times, when the country dominie was a man of soul and intellectual metal, who could look the highest in the face with a feeling of independence, and grasp the hand with a social heartiness which knew neither fear nor conscious degradation.

But we are getting on somewhat slowly with our subject, we have sketched the school-master—now for the minister.

We fear that the minister of to-day moves not with the awful dignity of sixty years ago. Young people nowadays speak and think of him as a mere every day mortal—as a mere incidental piece of the machinery of modern civilization,—as one who has appointed duties to perform and a certain pay for performing them. He has got to preach and pray and visit at so much per annum—and though the contract may be broken on the one side, it must never on any account be violated on the other. But still this is only a gathering—though unfortunately a fast gathering evil—incident, we suppose to the enlightened times, and the superior knowledge of the present generation. There is still, however, something of the old leaven to be found. We still occasionally meet the man of primitive piety, of deep learning and simple manners;—of fervent zeal in the cause of his Master—loving all things with a pure and heavenly love—old men and maidens and little children—the shepherd's dog—the pet lamb of the light and joy of some humble household; nay the hedge rows, and green fields, and all creation have his love, and all love him in return. Every eye in every household brightens as his gentle and benignant form crosses its threshold. The children cluster round him, rejoicing in the complacent dignity of his smile. He has an ear for all and a loving word for all—and see with what skill he draws these young hearts towards himself, and with what inviting ac-

certs he allures them into the paths of piety—leading them with the voice of love into the garden where grows the tree of life—strewn their tiny path with flowers—telling them many a sweet and pleasant story—with one great moral, the love and fear of God and his holy Word. No stern or awful man is he, who comes into a house to ask hard questions and to frown if they are not answered. He begins not with asking the terrified little one to tell him what is “*Effectual Calling*,” or to repeat to him the 47th paraphrase. No, he leads the tender mind like a little lamb, gently, very gently, till he sees that it feels confidence in its strength, and is proud that it can walk so well with so loving a guide. Upward by easy stages he leads it, quietly, unconsciously to itself, till it has reached the confines of its power, and with words of endearing praise he sends it to its play, and says that he will come again, and chat, and smile, and tell of pleasant things, and hear from it too, something, which he would love to hear gathered from the best of books. How proud and happy is the child, how pure and single its love—a love gained without effort, and a landmark in its life.

The good man's face is welcome everywhere, his voice is the key-note of happiness wherever it is heard—in the pulpit or on the street, or by the bed-side, or the cheerful parlour, or in the field of labor—everywhere it is the voice of a friend, wise, gentle and sincere. Where is such a man not beloved? What heart of human mould can refuse affection so offered. There may be some hearts, they must be few, and cold and hard as the nether mill stone. What are the finest sermons ever preached to such heart and soul teaching and elevating as this? And yet such a man will never preach slovenly sermons—he cannot serve his Maker with nought. Not seldom he will wear the long night into the morning, in self-communion, and careful preparation for his sacred work, drawing truth ever fresh and never failing from the great source of truth. His heart is in his work—he feels that he is God's messenger to his beloved flock whom he loves as his own children, and among whom he goes in and out continually. At stated times indeed, he visits the household, with more than usual solemnity, and as he enters says “*peace be to this house*” And its respected head has