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“Ad profectum sacrosanctæ matris ecclesiæ.”

MODERN PHARISEES.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt in a country village an excellent person, whom we shall call Mrs. Model. We say an excellent person, because of the extreme clearness of her religious and moral perceptions, by which she was enabled to point out the failings, great and small, of her neighbours. We call her excellent also because of the wonderful interest which she took in other people's affairs. We must admit, however, that her own neighbours took rather a different view of her character, maintaining that her anxiety about the faults of others left her no time or desire to discover or remedy her own. Some even went so far as to say that the wickedness around her was, to the old lady, a source of secret satisfaction, by affording her that peculiar gratification which arises from comparisons favorable to one's self, and, moreover, that her trust for the next world was largely founded on the wickedness of her fellow-mortals in this. Her minister, we are constrained to confess, seemed to lean to this view, and after many private conversations with her, in which his delicate exhortations evidently glided off the old lady's mind, "like water off a duck's back," he felt that her evil example should be checked by a sermon on censoriousness. Wonderfully like his super-excellent parishioner was the portrait he drew of the Modern Pharisee. Every eye glanced furtively at her, at each telling point in the discourse, but no sign of self-condemnation could be seen in that prim mouth and upturned eye. "If that does not give her an insight into her own character, nothing will,"—was the thought of many a listener, and one, more venturous than the rest, resolved to "gound her" on the subject on the way home. "Well, Mrs. Model, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "I was greatly pleased with it," answered the old lady. "It was indeed a feast of fat things, and how well it suited old Mrs. Smith!"

The minister soon after this saw that old Mrs. Model was incorrigible, and, like a wise man, did not confine his public addresses to one form of error, well knowing how self-satisfying to man and accommodating to the designs of Satan the one-great-evil style of preaching is.

Mrs. Model, after a life spent in ferreting out the manifestations and deceptions of sin, left the world no better than she found it, and was gathered to her fathers, to the great relief of her neighbours. But alas for the vanity of human happiness! She left a large family, widely scattered, rapidly increasing, and faithfully following her

“Footprints on the sands of time.”

Several of these Models are clergymen of various religious denominations, differing *toto celo* on theological points, but uniformly agreeing in the one great family peculiarity, viz:—the desire to build their own church a little on the true