

He feels that he is now on trial, that his every word and action is being critically weighed, that even his personal appearance, his size, age, weight (mental and physical) are all being carefully considered. He is used to examinations, but this is a kind of all-round test to which he is entirely unaccustomed, and for which ordinary methods of preparation count for nothing. His sermons may be all right, but that is only one item. No amount of "plugging" can materially change the color of his hair, or the tone of his voice; and yet to be successful he must make a pass mark in all these subjects. Here is a case in point, though the victim in this instance does not happen to be a newly-fledged divine: The trustees of a city congregation in need of a pastor extended an invitation to a clergyman of some note to come and preach for them, in other words to come up as a candidate for examination. The invitation was accepted, and a series of able and earnest discourses were forthwith delivered. As regards the quality of the sermons, style of delivery, earnestness and sympathy of the preacher, little room for fault could be found. But alas, his weight was judged to be a few pounds over regulation mark, and of course that *turned the scales* against him and settled *his* candidature.

And when one comes to think of it, what a trivial circumstance may sometimes prejudice the minds of a congregation against a candidate. An unfortunate word, or a simple thoughtless action, is often sufficient to turn the tide of public opinion entirely against him. We know a clergyman, now occupying an important charge, whose piety was seriously doubted, because after a long drive one Sunday morning, to fill an appointment, he found it necessary to cut a little grass to keep his horse from starving. The circumstances of the case were not taken into consideration, and of course no one wanted to have anything to do with a minister who thought it no harm to mow hay on Sunday!

Last summer a somewhat similar case came to our notice. A clergyman about to receive a call from a certain congregation, happened on the occasion of one of his visits, to put up at the house of a prominent member of the church commonly known by the name of "Yellowlegs," a sanctimonious, long-faced Puritan, whose religion was more a matter of outward form than a living inward experience. Now it occurred to Mr. Y., who always wished to be