

MONEY AND THE PULPIT.

THE SALARIES DRAWN ANNUALLY BY LEADING CLERGYMEN OF TO-DAY.

Clergymen as a rule are poorly paid. In fact, as Dr. Hepworth once said, "They don't like to talk about their incomes, they are so very small." We recently treated of Beecher as a "Money Maker," showing that in thirty years that distinguished preacher had drawn into the coffers of Plymouth Church the round sum of \$1,000,000, and accounting for \$750,000 that he had made in his several callings on his own account. The subject thus started seems to have attracted universal attention, and in places the unfair inference is drawn that ministers have big pay and an easy life. The fact is that the average compensation of clergymen of all denominations, city and country, is less than \$500 per annum. A few favoured dominies are paid from \$10,000 to \$15,000, but there are thousands who have from \$250 to \$350 and are lucky to get that—half of it possibly in vegetables and "truck."

Clerical compensation in cities is greater than in the provinces, but so are the expenses. Mr. Beecher worked many years on \$350 salary, half of which was paid by the Home Missionary Society, and he supported himself literally by the labour of his hands. Now his salary is larger than any other paid to a preacher in the country—\$20,000. For this he preaches twice on Sunday and presides at the Friday evening prayer-meeting. Formerly he also lectured on Wednesday evening, but that habit was given up several years ago, partly because it interfered with his out-of-town work, but largely because what used to be a regular old-fashioned prayer-meeting had run into a pastor's "talk." Nobody seemed to care to pray or speak; they preferred to listen to Beecher. The late Deacons Corning, Fanning and Fitzgerald were fond of asking questions, to which Mr. Beecher made long responses, and occasionally Brother Joe Knapp enlivened the proceedings by ponderous pleadings in behalf of sinners, but as a rule Mr. Beecher did, as he now does, the bulk of the work. He has a three months' vacation each year, so that his salary is paid him for three services a week, or 108 in nine months, say \$185.18 for each public appearance. Mr. Beecher does not give much time to parochial duties, the majority of them devolving upon Dr. Halliday, who visits the sick, drums up religious delinquents, prays with the dying and looks out for the church missions, earning his \$3,000 by real hard work.

DR. TALMAGE.

Brooklyn has more high-priced preachers than any other city in proportion. Next to Beecher, Dr. Talmage has the largest salary in the City of Churches. It was made \$12,000 last year, and will be kept at that figure this year. Dr. Talmage has not yet developed into a national teacher, and confines himself largely to the duties of the Tabernacle, the Lay College and their outgrowths. He has two preaching services and a prayer-meeting every Sunday. He lectures once a week and attends also a prayer-meeting. He supervises the Lay College and makes a point of visiting the Sunday-school. In addition to this he is somewhat of a pastor. That is, he does not confine himself to the perfunctory duty of preaching alone, but calls around on his people, talks with the mothers and the children and interests himself to an extent in their domestic troubles.

REV. MORGAN DIX.

Trinity corporation is liberal in its dealings with its servants. Morgan Dix, the rector, receives \$15,000. He is responsible to the corporation for the entire parish, and has much office work that makes no public show. He is the disciplinarian of the parish. He preaches regularly in Trinity Church or St. Paul's, attends meetings, looks out for the Sunday-schools, now and then marries or reads the funeral service and literally holds the affairs of the church, as he does its keys—in his hands. It is often said that Beecher, Dix, the younger Potter, Storrs and others, would be able to make four times their salaries as lawyers, but, however that may be, the fact remains that what they do make they make as churchmen, and each in his way differs from all the rest. Dr. Dix was at one time designed for the law, but having entered the church service under Dr. Berrian, his predecessor, he found no difficulty in securing the prominence he now has. His father, Gen. Dix, is comptroller of Trinity parish, and his salary is also reported at \$15,000.

DR. TAYLOR.

Dr. William Taylor is probably the best paid Congregationalist orator in New York, receiving \$12,000 or \$14,000. He works hard, preaches regularly, lectures, presides at prayer-meetings, is active on boards and committees, looks out for the Sunday-school interests and pays special attention to pastoral calls. This feature of a pastor's life is much neglected by clergymen who are pressed by public duties, such as lecturing, editing and attending conventions. There are many ministers whose chief success is born of their sympathies. They make a point of knowing personally every man, woman and child in their congregation, and go from house to house seeking opportunity to sympathize with, cheer and succor their flocks. Others have no faculty of that sort. They are merely preachers and in no true sense pastors. Dr. Taylor is a pastor, and, although he is paid a large salary as a preacher, his chief merit is thought to lie in his social and kindly nature.

WHAT DR. HEPWORTH SAYS.

Rev. Dr. Hepworth stands on the other side of the line. While Beecher, Storrs, Talmage, Dix, Taylor, Tiffany, Potter and Tyng can count their tens of thousands, Dr. Hepworth is compelled to support himself by his brain-work outside of his pulpit. As he puts it, his situation is rather interestingly suggestive. A *Herald* reporter found the doctor one morning hard at work in his cosy study in Forty-seventh street, and in response to a question said, "Ah! that's a subject in which I take great interest. 'The underpayment of clergymen'—why, certainly, the world is full of it, and here's a bright example."

"Why, I thought you were rolling in riches?" "Nonsense. Why, if I didn't do work outside of my pulpit I'd have nothing to live on. When I started my church I was crippled by the death of a staunch friend. We had a debt of \$200,000. That is reduced to \$85,000. My salary was \$2,500; but I didn't get it. It is now and has been for two years \$5,000; but I don't get it."

"Are clergymen generally underpaid?" "They are decidedly. They don't get half what they could make as lawyers, for instance. If money is what they are after they are in the wrong place. Then, too, ministers are fearfully neglected. Just as soon as anything happens to them they are bundled into the street. The Catholic is the only church that takes care of its infirm and aged ministers. That wonderful organization understands what to do with its servants. If a man isn't good in one position they put him in another, where he is of benefit. The Dutch church makes better provision than any other Protestant denomination."

"But your city ministers have an easy life and plenty of money?"

"Well, you don't know anything about it. I see the other side. When you see a man with his boots a little broken and his coat somewhat rusty you may at least infer that he isn't overwhelmed with cash. Out of the 500 ministers in New York I don't believe there are half a dozen who can save a cent from their salaries. They have to live in respectable style, they have to give continually and they are quite as likely to be taken sick as anybody else, and then where are they?"

"What is your salary?" "Nominally \$5,000, but if it were not for my work I couldn't live. I don't get it, and I suppose others are in the same box."

Dr. Hepworth bears his troubles like a man, and his church gives evidence of growth.

DR. STORRS.

Dr. R. S. Storrs, of the Church of the Pilgrims, has \$10,000 salary. He has lived over thirty years in a fair house in Pierpont street, in Brooklyn, and keeps a very modest establishment. He visits a great deal among his people, who are generally men of means and make him valuable presents; send him to Europe, and so on. Dr. Storrs preaches twice on Sunday, although he frequently exchanges or introduces a brother who pleads for one or other of the several "causes" in which the church is interested. He also lectures, attends the regular prayer-meetings, the social gatherings, the Sunday-school and the church committee, of which he is chairman.

DR. CUYLER.

Dr. Cuyler, just now prominent as one of Dr. Talmage's *latter-day prophets*, is one of the oldest pastors in Brooklyn, where he has \$3,000 per annum. He is really a pastor. He preaches regularly and attends to all the sessional demands of the Lafayette Avenue church, but his *forte* is pastoral visitation. He goes from family to family, makes himself a help in season of trouble and literally leads his flock like a shepherd.

DR. HALL.

Dr. Hall earns his \$15,000 in a similar manner. His preaching is but a small part of his work. This he does twice on Sunday, but he is as well known on the avenue as any promenade there. His people are average people and he visits them. He has young ladies' classes and attends them. He makes his church building attractive to his congregation and they delight to go there. All through the week there are devotional services, at which Dr. Hall attends, and he devotes all his time to the people and the interests of his parish.

OTHER CLERGYMEN.

Dr. Potter has \$10,000 and his house, Dr. Tiffany \$10,000. Dr. Tyng is credited with \$8,000. A number of New York and Brooklyn ministers get from \$3,000 to \$4,000. In San Francisco Dr. Stone has \$12,000. Occasionally clergymen hire a hall, like the Music Hall or Tremont Temple, in Boston, and depend on Sunday collections for their income. Oftentimes the congregations there are from 2,000 to 4,000 in numbers, but it is doubtful if the collections would average \$50 each service. All the year Dr. Hepworth preached in Steinway Hall he received nothing in the way of salary. Dr. Chapin has from \$8,000 to \$10,000; Dr. Morgan is reported at \$15,000. "Fashionable" clergymen sometimes receive a good salary in the guise of fees. Mr. Beecher was given a check for \$500 for making a couple man and wife. Of late years it is the custom to pay clergymen who attend funerals, particularly when the dead were not members of their congregation. Small salaries are occasionally eked out by free trips to Europe, but as a rule, to them who have much is given, and those who have not have to get along as best they can.

The pastor of the Summerfield Methodist church has \$4,000 and a parsonage, and his trustees think they will give him a present of \$1,000. Methodist clergymen in cities range from \$1,000 to \$3,000; Presbyterians from \$1,200 to \$10,000, a majority being \$2,000; Congregationalists from \$1,500 to \$20,000—the latter figure being found but once, and \$5,000 being a fair average; Episcopalians average \$3,000; Baptists are not overburdened with this world's goods, and their average is \$2,000; Unitarians average \$4,000. In old times parsonages went with the churches, but nowadays there are few of them only. In the country, where \$2,500 would be a large salary, a parsonage is generally provided, and the average salary is under \$1,000. Boston pays a few big salaries—four of \$10,000 and quite a number of \$6,000 to \$8,000. Popular preachers make more money than simple pastors, and if Dr. Hepworth is correct in saying that churches as a rule do not take care of broken-down clergymen, it is obvious that whatever savings the average pastor has must be treasures laid up in heaven; he certainly has none to lay out on earth.

BURLESQUE.

HOW THEY LOAD CATTLE AT SENECA.—At Seneca the train is halted alongside of a cattle train, while the other cattle, those in the passenger car, go up town and get dinner. After dinner the passengers solemnly contemplate the cattle, packed in at the rate of about three or four to the square inch.

"How on earth," asks a young lady—a very pretty young lady, who gets off at Seneca—"how on earth do they pack them in so close?"

"Why," asks a mild-looking young man, with tender blonde whiskers and wistful blue eyes—he is an escaped divinity student, just going out to take charge of a Baptist church in western Kansas—"Why," he says, "did you never see them load cattle into a car?"

"No," said the pretty Seneca girl, with a quick look of interest: "I never did; how do they do it?"

"Why," the divinity student remarked, slowly and very earnestly, "they drive them all in, except one, a big fellow, with thin shoulders and broad quarters; they save him for a wedge, and drive him in with a hammer."

Somehow or other it didn't look hardly fair to me; nobody protested against its admission, however, so it went on record, but the conversation went into utter bankruptcy right there, and the theological-looking young man was the only person in the car who looked supremely satisfied with himself.

EMBARRASSING TO A LADIES' MAN.—It is a critical moment in the life and clothing of a man when he gets down on his knees to look under the sofa for a ball of zephyr that a lady friend has dropped. It is possible that he may be able to accomplish this and recover his perpendicular with nothing more serious than a very red face and a general sense of having done something for which he should be sent from the room. But in nine cases out of ten he never fully recovers the good opinion of himself that he possessed before he undertook the recovery of that ball. It is always just beyond his reach, and in a moment of weakness he drops down on his vest and commences to work himself under the sofa by a series of acrobatic feats that would have won him an encore on the stage. He is so intent upon the recovery of that ball that he quite forgets his appearance, until he is reminded by a suppressed titter from one of the ladies. Then he realizes the situation and commences to back out.

Of course his coat is worked up over his head, and as he feels a cold streak creep up his back he pronounces a benediction on the man who invented an open-back shirt. He is also painfully conscious that about two inches of red flannel drawers are visible between the tops of his boots and the bottom of his pants. This has the effect of producing more internal profanity and still more violent struggles to back out, during which one suspender breaks and his collar-button comes out. When he finally delivers himself and stands up in the middle of the room, you would not recognize in that red-faced, wild-eyed man, standing there holding his clothes together with one hand and trying to smooth down his hair with the other, the smiling, genteel ladies' man who stooped down to pick up that ball of zephyr a moment before.

TOBIAS—SO TO SPEAK.

Yes, his front name is Tobias,
And he isn't over pious,
And his eyes are on the bias,

So to speak;
And his only aim and bent is
Nobby clothing—for this gent is
Just a bit non compos mentis
Like and weak.

And this feather-weighted gent—
Though not over one and twenty—
Has of knowledge quite a plenty,
So to speak;

For he'd rather be a prancing
And kicking at a dancing,
Than his stock of wit enhancing
Learning Greek.

Though he apes the drawl and stammer
When he dons his sleek claw-hammer,
Yet Tobias shoots his grammar,
So to speak;

And he questions very rarely
(So his clothes are hanging fairly)

If his brain be fashioned squarely
Or oblique.

No, he has no education,
And his beauty took vacation
'Bout the time of his creation,
So to speak;
And upon mature reflection,
Taking each distinct bisection,
I've decided his complexion's
Rather weak.

Though his shirt has not a ripple,
Nor his beardless chin a dimple,
Yet he boasts a chronic pimple
On his beak;
And his voice is not reliant,
For at times it is defiant,
And at times it is a pliant
Little squeak.

Now it seems to be so funny
That this half-demented sonny
Should be loaded down with money,
So to speak;
While the writer of this ditty,
Who you see is rather witty,
Has to grub about the city
On his cheek.

THE CASE OF SAM SNYDER.—We were all sitting out on the piazza in front of Blyler's store, and Abner Byng was there, with his legs cocked up against a post and his chair tilted back. Dr. Murray was running his eye down a column of a country paper, when he suddenly said:

"Halloa! This is queer! Why, it says that an English chemist has succeeded in distilling whiskey from sawdust!"

"That's nothing," said Abner Byng, flipping his thumb.

"How do you mean nothing?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, it's old, awful old. I knew that years ago. Did you ever meet Sam Snyder?"

"No, never met him."

"Well, Sam was a hard drinker—must have run by one means or another. He had no money and nobody to trust him or treat him. So Sam somehow ascertained that whiskey could be made out of sawdust, and do you know what he'd do?"

"What?"

"He'd get so drunk off a fence rail and a cross-cut saw that he couldn't tell a cow from a sugar-cured ham. Put him near to a wood-pile and a sawbuck, and let him alone, and before eleven o'clock he'd turn out the most delicious mint juleps you ever tasted."

"Easily done, was it?"

"Easily! Why, one time his family tried to keep him sober by putting him out on the roof and keeping him there; and do you know what Sam did? Got a boy to tie a wash-boiler and four feet of lead pipe to a string, and Sam fished 'em up, and in three days he had turned every shingle into cocktails, and he fell through into the garret in such a frightful condition of intoxication that they had to give him electric shocks from a forty-two cell battery to bring him back to consciousness."

"You know this to be a fact, do you?"

"Certainly; I was there. Why, that man acquired a preference for liquor made from wood, and three times, to my certain knowledge, he got mania a potu from consumption of distill'd pie-boards and potato-mashers. He drank up four sets of chair-legs; and, one fourth of July, when his wife stopped his destruction of the furniture, he celebrated the day by calling in three or four friends to drink a new kind of energetic brandy that he'd just made out of a window-sill and a clothes-prop. Drink! Why, sir, I pledge you my word, Snyder, in a single winter, drank up a smoke-house, three wash-tubs and a front door. Nothing would stop him when he got going."

"Why did he prefer domestic utensils?"

"He didn't. There was a wood out back of his house that belonged to his aunt. Sam'd go out there with a meat saw, or any kind of a saw he could get, and in two years he had stimulated his system with eight chestnut trees, four persimmons, one oak and fifteen saplings of various kinds. Thinned that grove out so that his aunt couldn't rent it to picnic parties. Nearly broke the old lady's heart, too."

"Did he kill himself drinking?"

"Well, not exactly. I'll tell you how it was. It seems that he was haunted for a long time with the idea that if he could distill the church steeple, he could turn out an article that'd bear a resemblance, somehow, to old apple brandy. Queer, wasn't it? But the man was not exactly right; his mind was diseased. So one night he got on the roof of the church with a ladder to steal the steeple. When he got there—I dunno how it was, but the idea seemed to strike him to taste the things, maybe to see if he was right about the flavour, and—he must have been wild when he did it—he actually swallowed the weather-cock, and there he stuck, whirling around all night as the wind struck him! Dead! He was deader'n Martin Van Buren when they come to take him down."

"He swallowed the weather-cock, did he?"

"Yes, sir; swallowed it."

"Well, that wasn't half as hard to swallow as your whole yarn," said Blyler.

"You don't doubt my veracity, I hope?" said Abner. "You do. Well, if you have a quarter about you it will soothe my wounded feelings. I only want a—"

Just at this juncture, Blyler kicked Mr. Byng off the porch, and Abner walked away to the next tavern with a faint hope that the bartender might give his credit one more chance.