

Le. You will admit that their respective changes in trade would be as favourable, at least, as your own?

G. Certainly.

Le. That with their mental abilities, they could clear from ten to twelve thousand a year?

G. I admit that too, sir.

Le. And yet you think there is no self-renunciation in these men when they voluntarily relinquish all hope of fortune, and take up a profession whose highest earthly reward is scarcely equal to one-third of what they might earn in commerce.

[Mr. G. looked down thoughtfully.]

Le. Mere, sir. A merchant can garner up some portion of his income. But what can a clergyman save? You expect him to live in a style corresponding with his position as the pastor of a wealthy congregation. To have influence with them he must live so. How far will his paltry income enable him to do that and accumulate anything? What, then, remains to him after five, ten or twenty years of labor—his position not permitting him to husband aught while in service? *Poverty!*

[Mr. G. was dumb.]

Le. Let us not be uncharitable. Where one clergyman of high talents, learning, and piety receives four thousand per annum, a thousand others, equally as devoted, learned, talented, and pious, do not obtain eight hundred. Nay, the average income of clergymen throughout the Union is but a fraction over three hundred dollars. Why, sir, our poorest laborers are paid better than they? And yet you brand them, in effect, as mere fortune hunters? What would you say, if I should tell you that large numbers of clergymen are compelled to preach and earn their living, in other ways, into the bargain!

G. A rare case I apprehend.

Le. On the contrary, sir, it is the case with thousands! Look you, Mr. Griscom. While a small proportion of that noble profession receive a thousand dollars per year, the generality of them scarcely obtain a bare living. A clergyman's ability to pay for a suit of clothes without feeling it for months afterwards is the exception—the reverse the rule. After a long life of faithful service, that one is fortunate who can leave behind him enough of his own savings—let him have pinched ever so hard—to pay for his own funeral. And yet you impugn the motives of men who devote the best twenty, thirty or forty years of their lives to the great cause of their Redeemer! Mr. Griscom I blush for you!

G. Nay, Mr. Leland, you are too hasty. I was not aware of all this.

Le. And yet you—a business man!—have formed and expressed an unflattering opinion upon the highest of all humane professions, without making the slightest examination of its details; have borne oracular testimony against it and its members; have vilified it and them, without knowing so much of either as the merest tyro in the world's affairs could tell you in half an hour!

G. I yield, I yield, Mr. Leland, and thank you for the lesson which you have read me. There is my hand, sir; and I give you my word as a man and a gentleman, that I have uttered my last slander against the pulpit.

Le. O sir, you make me happy to hear that. For of all the toilers along life's pathway, none more deserve our confidence, our respect, and our affection, than the workman of the cross; for they come to us as no others come—in our Redeemer's name; they labor as none others labor—fighting the battles of their Master as never fought soldiers in any lesser cause. Their work, to save men, not destroy them;

to bring them happiness, not woe; content, whether carrying the Message to the civilized hordes of cities, to the untrodden red men of the American forest, the savages of Patagonia, the bushmen of New Zealand, the mountaineers in the frosty Caucasus, the wild idolators of Eastern India, or the dark sons of burning Africa, with the simplest pittance, struggling manfully and bravely for men and their Redeemer, all the way—and when they come to lay them down at last, thank God, with grateful hearts, for kindly having permitted them to do battle a few years for their dear Prince, and to die with their harness on in his service!

G. Enough, sir, I see my error and freely acknowledge it. Had I been aware of those facts before, I should have avoided many very silly blunders. Meanwhile, Mr. Leland, set me down among your friends.

Le. All men who are friends to my Prince, are friends to me.

WHAT WOULD I BE?

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

What would I be? Not rich in gold,
And with a narrow heart,
Or misanthropic, stern and cold,
I dwell from my kind apart;
I would not be a man of war,
Who look on death unmoved.
Give me a life's dearer far:
"The well-beloved!"

I would not wear a laurel crown,
Its leaves conceal the thorn;
Too oft the children of renown,
Are friendless and forlorn.
O let me lead a blameless life,
By young and old approved;
Called, in a world of sin and strife,
"The well-beloved!"

God grant me power to guard the weak,
And sorrow's moaning—hush,
And never feel upon my cheek
Dark shame's betraying blush;
And when, at my Creator's call,
From earth I am removed,
Let friends ship "brother on my pall,
"The well-beloved!"

PROFANE SWEARING.

When Sir Christopher Wren was building St. Paul's cathedral, he caused the following notice to be affixed to several parts of the structure:—Whereas among labourers and others that ungodly custom of swearing is too frequently found, to the dishonour of God and contempt of his authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished from these walks, which are intended for the service of God and the honour of religion, it is ordered that profane swearing shall be sufficient crime to dismiss any labourer who comes to the call; and the clerk of the works, upon sufficient proof, shall dismiss him accordingly; and that if any master, working by task, shall not, upon admonition, reform the profanation among his apprentices, servants, and labourers, it shall be construed his fault, and he shall be censured by the commissioners.

BEAUTIFUL SAYINGS OF A DYING MAN.

The late Professor Caldwell, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, addressed his wife as follows: You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. You will not mourn for me, when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time: do not go in the shades of the evening, or in the dark night. These are no times to visit the grave of a Christian: but go in the bright sunshine, when the birds are singing."