

"The injury to the minister himself is so incalculable as it necessarily diverts much of his time and energy from the work of the ministry, to which he ought to give himself wholly. The pressing wants of his family will demand of him that he should turn his attention, in a measure at least, to some other calling, either of a literary or secular kind that he may draw therefrom part of his support. And what must be the result? The history of the church at large supplies the answer. Passing by those devoted pioneers who have subjected themselves to the necessities of a new country, without almost another exception, every minister who has taken the charge of a school, the management of a farm, or gone into some other business, to supplement his salary, and persevered therein for any considerable time, has so distracted and secularized his mind, as to render himself unfit both for the study and the pulpit, and in the end been forced to give up the active duties of the pastor, and often of the ministry itself. How could it be otherwise? "The Lord hath ordained that they which preach the gospel should live by the gospel;" and when man attempts to contravene this law of the Kingdom, he must expect nothing but failure.

And even where the minister is too conscientious to embarrass his ministry with secular pursuits, the results of an insufficient support is almost as fatal from other influences. Perhaps he labours on in hope, as many do promising himself that next year it will be different and better, when in reality he is involving himself deeper and deeper in debt, from which he never extricates himself, and gives to a scoffing world too much reason for charging him with dishonesty, to the utter ruin of his ministerial influence, and to the reproach of the religion of Jesus. Is it right that a minister's conscientiousness and trust in God and man should be thus converted into temptations to lead him into evil? And when the wrong is done, who is the greater criminal, the tempter or the tempted? "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil." And even although by great effort and care these consequences may be avoided, still his mind must be distracted and his heart cast down. He cannot but feel discouraged in his work; for the suspicion will haunt his mind that his people do not feel right towards him, else they would have more care for his comfort. He must struggle constantly to keep down hard thoughts of his people, and to avoid the feeling that he is an injured man. Under such a state of mind who can study, or preach, or pray?

A congregation, in denying their pastor a proper remuneration for his services, are not injuring him only, but also themselves; for they are doing thus much, at least, to cherish a spirit of worldly-mindedness, to stifle all feelings of gratitude to God for his blessings, and to destroy a sense of dependence upon and accountability to him in worldly affairs. A people who love not the Gospel sufficiently to lead them to get it honestly, by properly remunerating him who preaches it to them, cannot expect that it would come to them in all the fulness of its power and tenderness of its love. Neither can they, because of its very cheapness, properly appreciate or enjoy its excellencies; for here, even more than elsewhere, we use without care, and spend without profit, that which we receive without cost.

"Without a liberal maintenance, the ministry must depreciate both in public esteem and in real value. Young men of talent and worth, aware of its needless hardships, are discouraged from seeking it. Avenues to usefulness, with worldly competence and respectability, are open on every hand; wealth, honour, distinction, fame, tempt them to enter; while the ministry presents the gloomy prospect of poverty, want, embarrassment, care, crippled usefulness and suffering reputation. In these circumstances, the young man of talent and enterprise must have more than the spirit of martyrdom, to determine on giving himself to the ministry. Perils by sea and land, the martyr's block and stake, the heart of generous piety can face, but not the reputation of starveling poverty and insolvency. It is true that however stinted and starved the clergy may be left to become, there will still be ministers, and candidates for the ministry; but they will not be our men of talent and enterprise, but *drones* who can crouch for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread."

In conclusion. When a people discharge their duties properly towards their pastor, they have a right to expect that he will be equally faithful in the performance of his duties toward them. But if he should fail so to do, let the sin rest with him, and retaliate not wrong for wrong by attempting to starve him out. The discipline of our church provides ample facilities for bringing unfaithful ministers to a strict account. Do your duty then to your pastor; and if you feel wronged because of his failure of duty to you, be just to yourselves, frank to him, and respectful to the church in reaching his faithlessness by lawful means."

MILTON'S DEATH-BED.

John Milton, the chief of Poets, held the post of Latin Secretary under Cromwell. At the restoration he was of course dismissed from his office. He was now poor and blind, and to these afflictions, Charles II. added political persecution; he fined him, and doomed his writings on liberty to be publicly burned. Nothing daunted by these fierce and multiplied trials, the great poet retired into private life, evoked his mighty genius, and produced "Paradise Lost." But after he had endured the ills of poverty several years, Charles, feeling the need of his matchless talents, invited him to resume his former post, and with all its donors, emoluments and court favors. But Milton knew that the price of this honor must be silence on the great question of human liberty. Therefore, he did not hesitate a moment. It was a strong temptation—the bribe

was splendid. By merely keeping silence he could have honor, abundance, and high position, in exchange for poverty, persecution and neglect! But this could not be. The poet loved truth too well; his soul was too noble, too sincere, too firm in its allegiance to God and liberty, to barter away its right to condemn tyranny for place or gold. Hence, he spurned the royal offer, clung to his principles and his poverty, until death called his free soul to enter its congenial heaven. And so gentle was the summons; so sweetly calm was his unruffled spirit in the hour of dis-olution, that his friends knew not the precise moment of his death.

How sublimely beautiful the grand old poet stands out before the mind in this fact! Harassed, tried, aged, and blind; having the power to turn the enmity of a royal despotism into favor by simply refraining to speak and write on the liberties of mankind, he grows majestic in his poverty, as he nobly spurns the bribe in obedience to the voice of duty.—For the truth's sake he holds fast to poverty and obscurity. To maintain the right of free speech, he sacrifices himself, and defies the powers of the king. Noble Milton! As the author of *Paradise Lost*, seated in his study, surrounded by the sublime creations of his genius, he wears an aspect of sublimity; but in that act of fidelity to God and liberty, his attitude is far more grand, sublime, and beautiful. As the first of poets, he shines resplendent with intellectual lustre; as the scorners of the royal bribe, he exhibits the moral grandeur of a faithful man—he fills our ideal of the man of faith, standing defiant and unawed by human power because upheld by an immovable trust, and by an unconquerable allegiance to the invisible God. Well did the ancient heathen exclaim of a good man, in similar circumstances: "See a sight worthy of God!"—*Zion's Herald*.

TURN THE BIBLE INTO PRAYER.—Robert Murray McCheyne, in writing to a youthful parishioner, uses the following language:—"You read your Bible regularly, of course; but do try and understand it, and still, to feel it. Read more parts than one at a time. For example, if you are reading Genesis, read a psalm also; or, if you are reading Matt. read a small bit of an epistle also. Turn the Bible into prayer. Thus, if you are reading the first psalm, spread the Bible on the chair before you, and kneel and pray, 'O Lord, give me the blessedness of the man that walketh not in the counsel of the godly.' Let me not stand in the way of sinners.' Let me not sit in the seat of the scornful; &c. This is the best way of learning the meaning of the Bible, and of learning to pray."

A SCRAP FROM NEW YORK.—"A gentleman from Africa" was making night hideous with bell, and cry of "little boy lost," one evening. On his way, along Washington-st., and up Courtlandt, *ding dong, ding dong, "little boy lost!"*

There are "lots" of little boys lost in that great City, that are never cried; little creatures that don't know the difference between Heaven and Havre, and imagine that to either place it is "children half price; who entertain not a doubt, that a ticket for both can be procured at any of the railroad offices in Broadway.

One night we were standing under an awning near "Madison-square," waiting for an omnibus "right down," which, of course, didn't come for a full ten minutes, when we discovered, rolled up in a corner, a little bundle. It might have been a little heap of shadow, but it sobbed. Shadows don't sob, and so we were convinced there was life in the bundle—and so there was; a little girl, upon whom scarce seven summers had shone, and here she was, 10 o'clock, and a stormy night!

Those precious cosmetics, soap and water, would have made her beautiful. Her eyes were the color of heaven, and her mouth was modeled after Cupid's bow. But then, she was pale, and poor and ragged. A little basket of flowers, drenched with the rain, torn and disarranged, dangled from one hand. Well might she have taken up the melancholy song of "Victor's orphan daughter, Ellen," and plead for a purchaser, but she had done better, for while nature was weeping for her, and such as her,

"If nught inanimate e'er grieves,"

She had curled herself up, upon the door-stone to sleep.

"My little girl, 'tis time you were at home."

"Got no home?"

"What! no home?"

"No," said the little creature, "Ma'am and Bobby and me stay at old mother B——'s cellar, but that a'int home, you know," and this child of sorrow looked naively up in our face, as if she fancied we knew all about it.

"So you had a better home once?"

Her eyes were strangely lighted with some shining, but distant memory; she lifted one hand, and brought it down a little way in that emphatic gesture peculiar to children, with "I guess we did, but," she added pensively, "'Tis 'way 'way off!"

There was something eloquent in this; heaven and home, and almost everything beautiful, is always "'way 'way off," in the day-dreams of the little orphans of fortune.

Many there are in this great City—doubtless that little Flower Girl is one of them—who will carry, all through life—life of wretchedness and rags though it be—some beautiful memory, like a charm in the bosom, emitting in the gloomiest hours, like a diamond in the dark, the one ray of sunshine it has absorbed.

ALPHABETS.—The English language contains 26 letters, French 23, Italian 20, German 26, Spanish 27, Russian 41, Latin 23, Greek 24, Hebrew 22, Turkish 33, Persian 32, Arabic 28, Sanscrit 50.