

may leave the Church for other professions. (Hear, hear.) This is what moves me to speak, and what I have now to express on this subject. 'A scandalous maintenance,' as Matthew Henry says, 'makes a scandalous ministry.' I'll give you another sentence, which, though it is my own, is pregnant with truth—is as pregnant with truth in my opinion as Matthew Henry's 'that the poverty of the man will develop itself in the poverty of the pulpit.' I have no doubt about it; and that is the evil I am anxious to avoid. Genteel poverty, may you never know it—genteel poverty, to which some doom themselves, but to which ministers are doomed, is the greatest evil under the sun. Give me liberty to wear a frieze coat, and I will thank no one for black—give me liberty to rear my sons to be labourers, and my daughters to be domestic servants, and the manse in contentment and piety will enjoy the sun that shines on many a pious and lowly house; but to place a man in circumstances where he is expected to be generous and hospitable, to have a hand as open as his heart is to the poor, to give to his family a liberal education, to breed them up according to what they call genteel life—to place a man in these circumstances, and expect that from him, and deny him the means of doing it all, is, but for the hope of heaven, to embitter existence itself. (Cheers.) I know some people do not like to hear of them, and those who like least to hear of them need most to hear of them. There are many people like an honest man belonging to Aberdeenshire—who once was asked what he thought of the Free Church. "Oh," says he, "I admire her principles, but I detest her schemes." (Loud laughter and applause.) Now allow me to state two or three ways in which the claims of the ministers are evaded. I will give you cases, because these are best remembered. Many a long year and day ago, there was an excellent minister of the name of Mr. Gray, and he got his son, whom I knew, a highly-esteemed Old Light—a better never lived—he got his son to be appointed his assistant and successor. The people gave the father £100 a-year, and they gave his son £80; which in those days was perhaps better than the Free Church ministers are paid at the present time. It was most creditable to the congregation and to the good old Seceders. At length the father died, and the congregation met to consider what stipend they should give the son, now that he was sole pastor of the congregation; and the question was not whether they would give him £180, which they ought to have done, seeing that the giving of £150 before proved that they were able to do it; the question was whether they would give the son the £100 the father had, or keep him at the £30. (Loud laughter and applause.) Well the question was put, whereupon an honest weaver stood up, and was clear for keeping the incumbent at £80. (Laughter.) He said that he did not see any reason for ministers having more for weaving sermons than he had for weaving webs. (Renewed laughter.) He was for holding them down to the lowest figure, in proof of which, he said, the fact was that the Church never had such ministers as in those days when they went about in sheepskins and goatskins, and lived in caves and holes of the earth. (Loud laughter and applause.) If any people sympathise with the weaver, I answer that I have a radical objection to caves—they create damp—(laughter)—and, secondly, as to the habiliments, it will be time enough to take up that question when our people are prepared to walk along Prince's Street with us—with me, not in this antique dress, but in the more primitive and antiquated fashion of goatskins with the horns on. (Loud laughter and applause.) It is very easy to dispose of this evasion. I shall pass on to the second evasion, and it was from a case too. It was not in my own congregation—let me say that it was not in any congregation of the Free Church. It is contained in a remark I shall repeat. There was the same evasion in it, but it looks very pious, and it is all the worse for that. It was contained in a remark made by a lady to the wife of a poor minister of a wealthy congregation, who, by keeping boarders, had to eke out a living that some of the merchant princes in his congregation could have paid out of their own pocket, and never missed it. The lady, rustling in silks, and in a blaze of jewels, went to visit the minister's wife, more a lady than herself, with the exception of the