

THE LIBERAL PROFESSIONS.

The New Hampshire Congregational Journal has an article on the "Compensation of the Liberal Professions," which furnishes in one direction, at least, an explanation of the want of candidates for the ministry. We quote from the Journal:

At the "donation visit" lately made by his parishioners to the Rev. Dr. French, of North Hampton, upon the completion of half a century of pastoral life, it was stated by the humble and honored Christian minister, that the hundred and sixty-five dollars presented in gold pieces by his affectionate parishioners would be a valuable help in erecting a shelter for his old age, when in the course of a few days he should preach his last sermon, and soon after leave the parsonage to his successor. Here is a Christian minister, who spent years in obtaining a public education, and incurred heavy expenses in passing through it, whose abilities, native and acquired, were of a highly respectable order, whose life was most exemplary, being alike both above reproach and suspicion, whose labors were incessant, seldom interrupted by ill health and never a day by indolence; who has toiled on patiently and uncomplainingly for half a century, and when he reaches the period of seventy-five years, in spite of his utmost industry and economy, finds himself shut out of house and home!—We see it stated, that all his worldly substance is insufficient to erect an ordinary dwelling, when he shall be required to leave the parsonage in which he spent his active life, sacred by a thousand recollections and associations, in which his children were born and sported, where he pursued his studies and prepared instructions for his people, where he prayed, hoped, and rejoiced, and it may be, sometimes sorrowed and wept, and where in some consecrated room the Christian so often came for comfort and the awakened sinner for counsel. Fifty years of labor, and yet without a house—without a home! His parish is not to be reproached; for it was not large in numbers and abounding in wealth; it honoured its minister, and clung to him to the last. But such is the state of the ministry, on such conditions does the young candidate enter it, whatever his talents, and however competent for any other profession or honourable and lucrative pursuit, that he may as well take the vows of poverty, and make a virtue of it, as come to the same end, despite fretting and resistance.

How different with the other professions! Physicians are seldom poor, if they are not rich. Those of merely respectable abilities for the most part succeed in a life time of practice in securing not only a shelter but a competence for the wants of old age, while a large number, without prolonged and exhausting efforts, attain to independence and wealth. In the legal profession, to which all offices of emolument and honor are secured by prescriptive right, an eminent advocate obtains even in the country practice by half a dozen pleas occupying twice as many hours more than the annual salary of an able and learned minister. Respectable mechanics often receive double the compensation of pastors, and even wood-sawyers would frequently exchange their calling for the pulpit at a pecuniary loss, while the superintendents of railroads, artisans, conductors, engineers, firemen, and all sorts of employees connected with them, would scorn the remuneration thought ample for their ministers.

Then comes an evil to embitter poverty, of which the older ministers were happily ignorant. A tract of land was granted them as "a settlement," which they subdued, cultivated, and in some cases adorned, on which they lived, and expected to die, and where they found a shelter and support, however humble, when the dark shadows of old age began to fall around them. The little salary, eked out by industry, furnished present comfort, while the secured retreat for the decline of life saved the heart from the withering fears and anticipations of absolute want and suffering. Who now has a home? Who can tell what will be on the morrow? Without home, house, or shed, the victims of any and every folly, of ignorance, caprice, selfishness, sordidness, and malice, if the sword of Damocles is not seen every moment suspended by a hair over their breast, yet "a terrible sound is heard in their ears" of intrigue, faction, and disaffection, more cruel than the drawn sword, since it permits them neither to die or live.

Is it strange so few enter the ministry?—How can feeble spirits make so large a sacrifice, when it is foreseen and inevitable? Is

it strange the sons of Christian ministers turn away to other professions and pursuits, in the knowledge of what their fathers and their families suffered? Must not the ministry hold out more cheerful prospects, or else be abandoned by those competent to fill it? Heaven sustain those who are in it, and encourage others to enter; for poor as they are, riches await them hereafter, and even now God will take care of those who care for his cause.—Their bread shall be sure, and their water shall not fail, while the consideration comes to console and sustain them, that the history of the church goes to prove that the ministry is kept pure only by being kept poor.

The Question of the Day.

There is a greater question than that of intemperance to be talked about in this country, and especially in this city. There are thousands of good people who believe that intemperance is the greatest evil in the world. And they labor honestly and well to put it down.—God bless them, and give them a great victory, and a great reward.

But there is a greater evil, and a greater question to be asked and answered respecting it. We are almost afraid to put the question, so many will smile at our simplicity, and so few have thought of it as we do.

The question is this: SHALL WE HAVE A SABBATH?

If the thousands of our readers who go quietly to church on the Lord's Day, and after comfortably hearing a good sermon, return to their peaceful homes and spend the day in the midst of their families, suppose that all the rest of the world do the same thing, they are very much mistaken. Continental Europe has no Sabbath, and Continental Europe is coming to America. Sunday in our large cities, Sunday in our Western States, is fast becoming no Sabbath. It is a holiday, not a holy day. It is a day for pleasure, and frolic, or travel, and the means for all sorts of Sabbath-breaking-pleasure are furnished in vast profusion, till New-York is a good enough Paris for anybody. Now what is to be done? To men of business we have a word to say.—Turn back to the first page of this paper, and read the opinion of Sir Mathew Hale, one of the great lights of Old England. There is good sense, long experience, and sound wisdom in those remarks. Hale was no fanatic. He was a calm, philosophical observer of men and things, and records the results.—Let his reflections be studied, and then let us look at a few facts further.

A nation without a Sabbath, is a nation without God, and without hope. France needs a Sabbath to-day more than she needs an army, or a decent President. We must maintain the Sabbath, or we shall soon be on the ocean without helm or compass.

As citizens and Christians, we must wake up to this matter. Men of business ought to see that it is good economy to work six days and rest one. Facts prove this, if they prove anything. Testimony that would be sufficient to justify them, in the investment of millions, has been furnished again, till it is a settled fact that policy requires a Sabbath, while duty enjoins it.

On the Sabbath, no railroad runs out of Boston or in, but the morning train from the New York steamboat. Is there any greater necessity for Railroad Sabbath desecration here than there? We are not superstitious or bigoted, but we believe that the God of the Sabbath is the God of Providence, and whether men of business think so or not, we are sure that it is dangerous for any company to drive their cars over God's earth on the day when he has commanded them to rest. Try it. But down the Sabbath. Compel your engineers and conductors, and switch-tenders and brakemen to trample on God's laws, and neglect the house of God; give them no time for calm repose and moral improvement; let them be the same sort of man that habitual Sabbath breakers always are, and if they do not run your cars to perdition, then is God infinitely better to you than you deserve.

Is this earnest language? Not more earnest than the times and the cause demand.—We are in imminent danger of making wreck of our Sabbath, and with it will go down the whole fabric of religious institutions. We may have a Papal Sunday, but what Papal country under heaven is there that is worth living in? We may have no Sabbath at all, and what good citizen would buy a house or farm where there was no day for the worship of God?—N. Y. Observer.

DO IT.

"Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."—The author of these words, and the persons to whom they were addressed, and the attendant circumstances, will doubtless be easily brought to the recollection of our readers when Cana of Galilee is mentioned.

"Whatsoever," Yes—whether it be congenial to our taste or not; whether it be easy or difficult; whether it seem impracticable; whether success be uncertain, or the result to be attained, at a great distance—no matter—whatever it be, if the Lord's command he must be obeyed. Oh, for the spirit of Christian heroism, to volunteer great things for Zion's sake! Oh, for something akin to the public spirit, which glowed in the bosom of Caleb, when fourscore and five years old, he said to Joshua, "Give me this mountain, whereof the Lord spake in that day; for thou heardest in that day how the Anakims were there, and that the cities were great and fenced; if so be the Lord will be with me, then I shall be able to drive them out as the Lord said."

It is matter of thanksgiving, that there are found among us men, and women not a few, who count not their lives dear to them, if they may but plant the standard of the cross upon the mountain of heathenism.—Still it must be admitted, we need a vast increase, and universal diffusion of a spirit of Christian enterprise. There is no lack of enterprise in the world—must it always be true, "that the children of this world, are in their generation wiser than the children of light?"

"He saith unto you." Not what the world says; not what cowardice suggests; not what unbelief, nor what that ubiquitous, shadowy, autocratic "they" say; but what Jesus says. Oh, for an ear to hear when Jesus speaks! How quickly the obedient child hears the command of the parent, and the good servant the voice of the master! shall they excel the children of the heavenly King? the servants of the Lord of glory?

"Do it." Yes, do it—without grumbling—without murmuring or fretting—without worrying. Do it, at once. Do it cheerfully, humbly, patiently, perseveringly, believingly, hopefully.

Our readers will remember the little girl's commentary on the third petition, in the prayer our Lord taught his disciples—"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." She said, I "suppose they will do his will in heaven without asking any questions." The force and beauty of this childish thought, will no doubt attract the attention of our juvenile readers; and some who are older, may remember with shame, the evasive, delaying, disobedient spirit that prompted the thousand and one questions, which every disagreeable command of parental love brought forth.

He who said, "I delight to do thy will, O God" cannot expect less than an instantaneous, hearty obedience from them, for whom he has done and suffered all things, and whose every act of obedience, he has indissolubly connected with an everlasting reward.

He loves a cheerful worker not less than a cheerful giver.

Let us hear our blessed Master saying,

"Blessed is the man whose shoulders take My yoke, and bear it with delight; My yoke is easy to his neck, My grace shall make the burden light."—N. Y. Evan.

Holding a Truth as though we denied it.

A truth of which we are intellectually convinced, but which is not to us a present reality influencing our hearts and lives, we hold as though we denied. This is that "dead faith" condemned by the apostle James. Its prevalence in the churches at the present time operates as a moral paralysis, and makes Christians powerless for their proper work, which is the edification of each other, and the conversion of sinners. They do not act as tho' they believed what they profess, and how can their professions be of any avail? "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned"—momentous declaration of him who spake as never man spake! And yet, professing to believe it, we act as though it were a fable. How, then, can we expect that the unconverted should be alarmed by it? When our hearts are so cold on the subject of faith in Christ, we cannot wonder that the hearts of sinners are cold also. Were they alive to the mighty import of this, our Saviour's ascension declaration, while we are dead to it, that would be indeed a marvel.

When, therefore, we look for a remedy of the present religious apathy in the community at large, let us be careful not to overlook the apathy of our own hearts, indulging in empty declamations and complaints respecting that evil which has its root in our own indifference. Ministers, elders, deacons, fathers and mothers in the church—of your hand God requires this. Ye must be alive yourselves, before God can use you as his instruments in giving life to others. To you then the call is most pertinent—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee life."

Pastors, think of the unconverted in your congregations, and the unconverted multitudes around them. For their sakes, seek to believe in earnest the message which you deliver, that you may deliver earnestly. Parents, think of your unconverted sons and daughters.—Can they be made alive—all things are possible with God—they be made alive through faith while your heart is dead? Ah, what dull, heartless prayers what an example of worldliness before those who are looking to you for an exemplification of living Christianity! Neighbors, friends, awake to the reality of your creed. "that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned"—and act so as to convince those around you, that you in very deed do believe it.

Long enough our hearts been turned away from their confidence and hope to earthly help. I enough have we shouted "O Baal, hear while there has been no answer, nor any that regarded." If we "in spirit and in truth," turn to the living, he will save us. But we must turn with the whole heart, not feignedly.

Consistency Christian Department.

The Saviour mandated his disciples to let their light shine and added as a motive, its influence upon others. The diffusion of religious influence is the great end of our spiritual being and high calling of God's people. The relative sustain to others is so intimate, that a word, and action and look, exerts an instant influence on their minds and hearts. Their spiritual children are the representative Christ, on earth. The value of religion estimated by the influence it exerts on the lives of those who profess it. A time ago a gay young lady was converted joined the church.—Shortly after that, an unconverted brother urged her to accompany him to a place of fashionable amusement, she perseveringly refused to accompany him. He afterwards, remarked that the entertainment failed to produce its wonted effect; his thoughts were far from the excursive objects before him. The strict adherence to principles manifested by that sister, who a short time ago, was so ready to accompany him to places of amusement, won his heart for the saviour and that religion, who had only led to reject and to despise. See, "if sister had accompanied me, I should have concluded that there was no truth in religion." But result was far otherwise. Hours of religion should ever be on their hearts. We are commanded to watch for souls. And be sure that even the slightest deviation from the principles inculcated by the ren of the cross is closely scrutinized by the world, and the least compromise of Christian principle tends to shake the confidence of the penitent, the value of the Christian's mission. "that winneth souls is wise."

Action.

When I look upon the tombs of great every emotion of lies within; when I read the epitaphs beautiful and inordinate desire goes; when I let with the grief of pureness a tongue, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the pure themselves, consider the vanity of grief or those who must quickly follow. I see kneeling by those who deposited, when I see rival wits placed beside, or they men that divided the world with their disputes, I reflect sorrow and astonishment on the life competition, and debates of men. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some died yesterday, and some hundred years ago, I consider that great when we all of us be contemporaries and make appearance together.—[con.]