

ly good, which alas, is too frequently sought without complying with the condition by which it can be secured and enjoyed. Train your children then to do right as well as to know right.—*Genesee Evangelist.*

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF MINISTERS.

1. It is expected that they will always be at home, ready to receive and treat with hospitality strangers, and ready to treat courteously any of their congregation that may choose to visit them. And, in itself considered, it is very pleasant and desirable that they should be able to answer this expectation. And yet,
 2. It is expected by very many, that they should spend a considerable portion of their time in visiting families, or attending meetings in remote parts of the congregation. With the attribute of ubiquity, they might gratify these expectations; without it, they cannot.
 3. It is desired and expected, that they should support themselves and families, on the smallest possible salaries, and thus be examples to their churches and congregations of frugality and economy. Such an example is indeed highly becoming in ministers and their families. And yet,
 4. It is expected they will be examples of Christian liberality; and if any important collection is to be taken up, or any benevolent subscription to be circulated, it will be thought strange if the country minister is not a little in advance of any other contributor or subscriber.
 5. It is expected that they will be scrupulously strict and punctual in fulfilling all their pecuniary engagements; and their greatest as-fairness requires that they should be prompt in paying the debts they often find it necessary to contract. And yet,
 6. It is expected they will wait silently and patiently for the full payment of their salaries for a year or two, or more, after they are due.
 7. It is expected they will thoroughly and faithfully prepare their sermons, and study to show themselves approved unto God, workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, and this every faithful minister will wish to do. And yet,
 8. It is expected they will have ample time to attend to every call that requires time; and to some extent labour to make up the deficiency of their maintenance.
 9. It is expected they will lay up so much from their scanty salaries, that they may never become a town or county charge in the advanced and superannuated stage of life. And yet,
 10. It is expected they will be perfectly contented, if at the end of each year, they can say, they have just been able to pay their necessary expenses, and saved nothing.
 11. It is expected that if any of them should, by the Divine blessing, on the strictest economy, lay up fifty dollars a year, to meet the greater demand of a growing family in future, they would soon become rich, and too worldly-minded to feed the flocks of which they are pastors. And yet,
 12. If many of their parishioners should lay up one, two, or three hundred dollars a year, it would not be expected that such small incomes, could make them worldly-minded.
- Of the congruity of such expectations it is left for every candid reader to judge.
- It is expected, moreover, that they will furnish themselves with horse, waggon, and other conveniences for travelling for the benefit of the congregation, and yet it is expected they will furnish the poor of the congregation with horse and waggon, to go to funerals, weddings, mill, store, &c.—*Presbyterian.*

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?

After a day's work of calculation and copying, I was under the necessity of waiting an hour in the tap-room of a tavern, to secure the services of a mail-guard, who was to carry a parcel for my employers. Amidst the smoke, the spitting, and the clatter of a crowd of inn-haunters, I could not but find some subjects for reflection.

The presiding genius of the bar was a bloated, whiskered young man, whom I had long known as the abandoned son of a deceased friend. I sighed and was silent. Ever and anon, as one after another, or squads of two or three approached his shrine to receive and empty their glasses, and deposit their sixpences, I heard the short, peremptory formula of the Bacchanal minister, "What will you have?" "Brandy! gin? punch? What will you have?" And the victims severally made their bids for a smaller, a cocktail, a sting, or a julep, as the case might be. The constant repetition of the "form in that case made and provided" set me upon a drowsy meditation on the pregnant question, *what will you have?* "Methinks I can answer the question," said I to myself, as I cast a glance around the murky apartment. And first to the young shoemaker, who, with a pair of newly-finished boots, is asking for "grog."—What will you have? Young man, you will soon have an empty pocket.

There is a trembling ragged man, with livid spots under the eyes. He is a machine-maker, and has lodgings in the house. What will you have? Ah! the bar-keeper knows without an answer; he takes gin and water. Poor man! I do not know what you will have. Already you have been twice at death's door; and the gin will not drive off that chill. You will have typhus fever.

The glasses are washed out, not cleansed, in the slop-tub under the bar shelf. Now a fresh bevy comes up, cigar in hand. Gentlemen, what will you have? I supply the answer for myself. The baker there will have *consumption*, or a sudden fall in his shop. That tailor in green glasses will have *consumption*. And I fear that the three idlers in their tram will have the next epidemic that shall sweep off our refuse drunkards.

Sorry indeed am I to see in this place Mr. Scantling, the cooper. Not to speak of himself, I have reason to believe that both his grown sons are beginning to drink. He looks about him suspiciously. Now he has plucked up courage. He takes whisky. You will have a pair of *drunken sons*.

That young fellow in the green frock coat and coloured neckcloth is a musician, a man of reading, and the husband of a lovely English woman. He takes his glass with the air of a Greek drinking hemlock. You will have a *heart-broken wife*.

What! is that lad of fifteen going to the bar? He is; and he tosses off his Cognac with an air. You will have an *early death*—The old man that totters out of the door, has doubtless come hither to drown his grief. His last son has died in prison from the effects of a brawl in the theatre. Wretched old man! you will have the *halter of a suicide*.

I must take the rest in mass, for it is Saturday night, and the throng increases. The bar-keeper has an assistant in the person of a pale sorrowful girl. Two voices now reiterate the challenge—*What will you have?* Misguided friends! I am greatly afraid you will all have a *death-bed without hope*.

My man has arrived. As I walked home across the common, I thought thus: "And what will he have who day after day, and year after year, doles out the devil's bounty to his recruits; and receives his sixpences, as it were, over the coffin of his victims? You, hardened tempter! (if memory live hereafter) will have the recollection of your triumphs, and the vision of their eternal results. You will have a terrible judgment, and an eternity of such retribution as befits your life."—*Dr. Alexander.*

DANCING.

The printers of Cincinnati, in the arrangements for a grand ball which they proposed to give, inserted the name of that veteran editor, C. J. Cist, as one of the managers. Mr. Cist, in a characteristic letter, declined the intended honor. This we insert for the amusement of our readers, as well as for their edification:—

"I fear that I should make a poor ball-room manager. I never danced in my life, and at the age of sixty, should make an awkward figure in going through the elements of the performance.

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." Who assigns places to dancers, and superintends the exercise, should know how to dance.

"I fear that I should be a fish out of water, in the midst of the gay throng. All my labours make me more familiar with the head than the heels. Dancing has always appeared to me a very silly employment. To see a number of ladies and gentlemen springing and capering about for no other apparent or assignable reason, than that a negro or white fiddler is employed in rubbing the hair of the horse against the bowels of the cat, is in my eyes excessively ridiculous. I know that there are some persons who say that it is natural to jump and spring under the influence of rejoicing. That may be an appropriate mode of manifesting the feeling of joy—but in the ball-room, jumping is not the effect, but the contemplated means of raising enjoyment.

"But it is said, even the animal creation skip and dance under the exhilaration of happiness. They do, in extreme infancy, the kitten and puppy, the lamb and the kid—frisking and capering about. But when these animals attain years of discretion, they dance and frisk no more.

"Dancing then is a sport for children, one of those amusements or diversions appropriate to their age and knowledge.

"For me to oversee a collection of grown up children indulging in such pastime, I fear would give my jaws such severe strains in yawning, as to deprive me of the comfortable use of them at the dinner table for weeks.

"I beg leave, therefore, to decline the distinction thus conferred on me. I trust I shall be considered neither proud nor saucy in so doing."—*Pres.*

BURNING THE MARTYRS.—In the pages of that honest old chronicler, Strype, may be found the annexed bill of expenses for the burning of Bishops Ridley and Latimer, by the Roman Catholics, at Oxford, on the 17th of October, 1555:

For three loads of wood faggots, to burn Ridley and	
Latimer.....	£0 12 0
Item, one load of fuzee faggots.....	0 3 4
For the carriage of these four loads.....	0 2 0
Item, a post.....	0 1 4
Item, two chains.....	0 3 4
Item, two staples.....	8 0 6
Item, four labourers.....	0 2 8

£1 5 2