

Poetry.

Rest in Heaven. Tell me you winged wraith, That round my pathway roam, Do you not know some spot Where morals weep no more?

his parishioner that day. Nevertheless, in a few days he did see him; but Oh, how changed from the James he was wont to greet.

is my mother! What business have you to ask such a question? "Why, I was reading about her the other day, and I have felt some interest in the old lady's welfare, ever since."

A Bowl of Bread and Milk. Well, what more of a bowl of bread and milk, than to crumb as much of the former as will suffice, and set it afloat with as much of the latter as may be desired for the meal?

For the Ladies.

From the American Messenger. "Her Hand Held the Cup to My Lips." "My first glass," said Mr. B., "was presented by the hand of a Christian lady, whose piety none could doubt, and whose womanly excellences won the regard of all who knew her."

Success in Life. You should bear constantly in mind, that nine-tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our own livelihood by the sweat of the brow.

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Literary Notices.

BOOKS sent to us for notice, will be duly acknowledged. The following New York, etc., may be left at our Philadelphia Office, 111 South 10th St., below Chestnut, in care of Joseph M. Wilson, Esq.

Descriptive.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate. Things Seen in a Recent Ramble. [CONCLUDED.] I saw enough in my rambles in Pittsburgh, to furnish me with material for a volume of general intelligence and enterprise of its citizens, but of the great physical and acquired advantages of the place itself, touching commerce and manufactures. Let lazy idlers say what they will about the loveliness of city laws and forest trees; or purring birds and air-cooling jets d'eau; of Chestnut Street elegance; or of Broadway magnificence, or of the royal grandeur of suburban residences, or still, the real beauty of a city in its enterprise, industry, and morality.

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For the Young.

"The Minister Has Come to See You, James." So said a sister to her sick brother, one beautiful day in August. "But don't want to see him," was the reply. "Why not, my brother? he will do you no harm."

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