

Poetry.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

The Three Beggars.

LINES FOR THE TIME.

A traveler passed athwart my way,
Bending with age, wrinkled and gray;
His looks were careworn and forlorn,
And his coat was tattered all and torn.
Thus in misfortune's chilling blast,
His side of life seemed ebbing fast;
It seemed to him a woful task,
And his pale cheek blushed, an alms to ask.

On the same pathway, there was seen
A personage of different mien;
One in whom life's crimsoned tide
Flowed, in manhood's strength and pride.

As pompously onward sped,
He seemed the man who begged for bread;
But now, with me, his conduct note,
He begs of yonder man the note.
With craving spirit he will go
To those who often can bestow;
And even threw the truth away,
Or principle, that win he may.

Now is it not a less disgrace
To beg for bread, than beg for place;
And must our offices be drilled?
By those in begging tactics drilled;

Or; if of old, we have not now
Some Cinchonate at his plow,
Who, hard at till, is well content
That undisturbed his day be spent;

And yet who will prove truly great,
If called to steer the ship of State.

But list! there is one beggar more;
I hear him, through his closed door,
And one whose strong desires are known
By his deep, supplicating tone.

He asks not man for bread or place,

But asks that, through God's boundless grace,

His many sins may be forgiven,

And he a passport have to heaven.

'Tis he who does the Lord believe,

Who says, "Ask and ye shall receive,"

Or, as 'tis pressed upon his mind

In these sweet words, "Seek ye and find;"

From him shall sin be washed away,

And servant like, at close of day

From all his labors he shall rest,

And in the morn rise with the brest,

On everlasting joys to feast,

Unto his God a king and priest.

O ye who beg, beg of the Lord,

And as directed in his Word;

And seek ye not for earthly fame,

But in the Lamb's book for a name.

D.A.

Turton, June 29th, 1858.

A copy from the

tore to an extent that is now scarcely credible. Sites for churches were refused. Dwellings for the ministers were refused, and the tenantry were threatened if they were known to harbor in their houses, the pastors who broke to them the bread of life. In this emergency, a small vessel was procured for the Free Church minister of Small Isles, the Rev. Mr. Swanson, who sailed about from one district to another, and thus kept alive the flame of devotion among his scattered people. The first part of this volume is the narrative of a cruise among the Hebrides in the Free Church Yacht, "The Betsy." Like all the productions of Mr. Miller, it is characterized by his extraordinary pictorial power. In one respect, Geology is one of the driest of the Sciences, yet here as well as in the "Old Red," and in the "Footprints" he brings to his aid such beauty of description, such fertility of illustration, such gashes of poetry, and over all, such enthusiasm, that even the uninterested reader is carried away in transport. Without committing ourselves to all the theories of the lamented author, we shall hail the appearance of the successive volumes of this remarkable series.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. (June, 1858.) New York: Leonard Scott & Co., corner of Fulton and Gold Streets, contains—The Poorblair Matrix; The Punjab, No. IV. What will he do with it? Part XIII. Blood Religious Memories. The First Bengal European Fusilier after the fall of Delhi. The Cost of the Whig Government. May-Day. The Defeat of the Factious. Our readers will perceive that this number is chiefly political. We take exception to much that is said in the fifth paper on Religious Biographies, but we are compelled to admit that in reference to Brock's Life of Havelock, the writer has much truth on his side.

The Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Trifles of Respect.

At a meeting of the Session of the Washington Presbyterian church, the following minute, prepared by a Committee appointed for the purpose, was approved and ordered to be published in the *Presbyterian Banner and Advocate*.

James Ewing, for three years past an active and efficient member of Session, departed this life, at his residence in this place, on Monday the 21st of June.

It affords the members of Session a mournful pleasure to bear testimony to the promptitude and fidelity with which our departed brother discharged his duty, and to the conscientiousness and zeal with which he served the glory of God, which characterized his official conduct; and to his humble, yet confident reliance upon the Atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, as the only ground of acceptance and salvation.

Be it therefore,

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to enter this minute upon the Records of Session, to furnish a copy to the family and friends of Mr. Ewing, and to assure them of our cordial sympathy in this hour of sore bereavement, and of the confidence with which we commend to them the words of the gracious Master: "What I do, thou knowest not now, but that shalt know hereafter."

A copy from the

JOSEPH HENDERSON, Clerk.

Washington, Pa., July 4, 1858.

Traveling Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Ohio, May, 1858.

BOOKS sent to us for Notice, will be duly attended to. Those from publishers in Philadelphia, New York, etc., may be left at our Philadelphia Office, 111 South 10th St., below Chestnut, in care of Joseph M. Wilson, Esq.

ZWINGLI: or, The Rise of the Reformation, with some notices of his time and Contemporaries. By J. G. FROTH, part of the Revised Clark's "Witneshop." Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co. 1858.

This is a model for all writers of biography. The author states that he desired to make the work an auto-biographical as possible in order to set Zwingli before the reader as he lived and wrought. He has evidently succeeded in his task, and the simplicity and clearness of the dictio, the lucid order and fullness of detail, while all magniloquence and verbosity are rigidly excluded, combine in producing a perfect *Photograph* of the Great Swiss Reformer. This is one of the most valuable historical works which the house of T. and T. Clark has published, and the Philadelphia branch of that house deserve the thanks of the religious public for the manner in which they provide such sterling works in the highest walk of literature. We may add that the fine paper and clear typography are worthy of the Edinburgh press, from which the work emanates.

EVANGELICAL MEDITATIONS. By the late Rev. Alexander Viret, D.D., Professor of Theology in Lausanne, Switzerland. Translated from the French by Professor Edward Mason. (Rev. pp. 200.) Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co. 1858.

There are fourteen pieces in this delightful volume, all breasting the fervid Evangelical spirit of the Chalmers of Switzerland. Very seldom have we met with more clearness, greater strength, loftier piety, and power of illustration and application, than these meditations display. Professor Mason has done the Church good service in rendering this volume into English. The style is flowing and easy, and the Professor's great attainments as a linguist, and especially his acquaintance with the modern tongues of Europe, will form an ample guarantee for the faithfulness of the rendering.

A POOR FAIRY. By the author of "Which is the Right or the Left?" 12mo., pp. 480. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. 1858.

This work is a novel, and such works go it may be called a religious novel. We have not much add to our former notice. The author is evidently endowed with great powers of observation: he has an intimate acquaintance with the state of modern society, as well as among "professors"—as among those who are living in and for this world. The book will certainly gain nothing from its title, but in vigor of mind and truthfulness of much of the delineation which the volume contains, it is vastly ahead of many works which have had a wide circulation.

The CROWN OF OUR BROTHERS, or A Summer Ramble with Rambles of a Geologist, or Ten Thousand Miles over the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland. By Hugh Miller, L.L.D., author of "The Old Red Sandstone," "Footprints of the Creator," &c., &c. 12mo., pp. 624. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & C. 1858.

This is the first volume of the Posthumous works of that great Scottish Geologist, and on every page there is the distinct impress of his vigorous hand. The volume contains two treatises, the first of two rambles during his Summer vacations when absent for relaxation from Edinburgh. His "First Impressions of England and her People," was produced in like manner when broken down in health, he was sent off by his friends to the South for entire rest! We are glad to perceive that the distinguished publishers who are authorized by Mr. Miller's family to produce the volumes in this country, are generally and nobly recognizing the claims which his beloved household have for a return from these remarkable productions of pen. We expect no less from the honorable Boston house who are chiefly engaged in supplying the American market, and we trust that all the admirers of Hugh Miller will remember this intimation.

Shortly after the Disruption in the Church of Scotland, the feelings of the landed gentry in the Highlands and in the Isles of Scotland, were displayed in opposition to the Free Church minis-

THE PRESBYTERIAN BANNER AND ADVOCATE.

In reply to one sent from No. 21 Wall Street. In the afternoon we sauntered out to see the city. A long walk up Broadway made us feel that New York is always new. At least looked almost as much to me as if I had never seen it before. What's noise! What magnificence! What superb carriages and well dressed people! The first part of this volume is the narrative of a cruise among the Hebrides in the Free Church Yacht, "The Betsy." Like all the productions of Mr. Miller, it is characterized by his extraordinary pictorial power. In one respect, Geology is one of the driest of the Sciences, yet here as well as in the "Old Red," and in the "Footprints" he brings to his aid such beauty of description, such fertility of illustration, such gashes of poetry, and over all, such enthusiasm, that even the uninterested reader is carried away in transport. Without committing ourselves to all the theories of the lamented author, we shall hail the appearance of the successive volumes of this remarkable series.

"Why not?" said I. "Because," said he,

"the clergy are all so popular with the ladies."

"And so are Presidents," said I,

"but one of them has in some way managed to avoid the joke."

At this he laughed and said something about Paul's celibacy.

From the mansion we went again to the Capitol. The Senate was in session. We went into the gallery and got a good view of the Vice President. He is a good looking, wide-awake, accomplished gentleman—one whose words and manners are dignified and prepossessing. We saw no one in this body who presents a finer appearance than Hon. Mr. Seward, of New York, and next to him is Mr. Crittenton, of Kentucky. To Mr. Douglas, we were introduced in the Hall of Representatives; and we made free to ask him whether he was the "good or bad Douglas, of whom so much was said in the public prints, intimating that surely there must be two of them." "I'm neither," said he, "but one of them has in our way managed to be a rascal and confusion." What magnificent houses, well paved streets and shady parks! What beautiful carriages and well dressed people! This is certainly the great city of this Western continent. I took a look at old scenes in Fifth Avenue; spent an hour in the nicely furnished rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association; was curious enough to visit "No. 31 Bond Street," of Burdell notoriety; was at the Bible House; walked down Bowery to Grand, and then to Broadway, where I saw a sign announcing a Prayer-meeting in this room every day from 6 to 7 P.M. Come in—all are welcome." So I dropped in, and saw a large room partly filled with people. The services were about commencing. He who lead, appeared as awkward as he was earnest. A verse or two were sung, and then prayer; after which remarks were made by a very young man, whom I took to be a student. Again we had singing, and an excellent prayer. Remarks were then called for. For a time no one arose. At last a stranger got up and spoke of the inscription "To the Unknown God," seen by Paul in Athens, and compared it with that on the banner over the door at which we all had entered. He was listened to with good attention; and when he closed, a woman near him called out, "God bless, the stranger!" We went from that room refreshed, although disengaging of some things we saw and heard.

The next day we left for Washington City.

A fine ride of a few hours through the kingdom of Camden and Ambey, brought us to Philadelphia. Our stay here was short, more so than was agreeable, but our arrangements were such as not to admit of delay. We merely circulated, all hail, beautiful Philadelphia. Some jealous brethren in our Church fear the concentration of ecclesiastical power in this. But I do not, and I shall ever pray that God may increase my influence for good ten-fold, and make every man in our country do for Presbyterianism what they have done. All hail, though model of order, peace and beauty!

We shot through Baltimore like a shuttle, and before the sun set, were safely and comfortably roamed at "Willards," of Washington. For six days we roamed about this city, seeing sights, hearing wonders, and making acquaintances, and I hope friends also.

The Hon. W. Lawrence, of the seventeenth district of Ohio, was our daily companion,

and he was a man of great worth.

He is a man of great worth.