

Poetry.

Whisper the Union. The following lines were from the Baltimore...

Dissolve the Union! Who would part The chain that binds us heart to heart?

Dissolve the Union! Be like France When Terror reared her bloody lance,

Dissolve the Union! Can it be That those who speak such words are free?

Dissolve the Union! O, ye hills, Ye everlasting mountains cry,

Book Notices.

NICHOL'S SERIES OF STANDARD DIVINES. Puritan Period.

We have frequently called the attention of our readers to the remarkable and invaluable series of the writings of the great Puritan Divines...

But now the large rain drops began to fall very fast, and the thunder-sound, in all its sublimity, burst upon the little travelers.

"Why," said Belle, "that is where they took your brother—the very place—and you said he had gone to heaven?"

"He does not hear you, Katie, it thunders so," said Belle; "let us wait a little while."

"Do you hear any thing?" asked Belle, with parted lips; "is he coming?"

"No," replied Katie; "I thought I once heard his little feet, but it was only the rain."

"Perhaps," suggested Belle, with large, imaginative eyes, "perhaps he is playing with the angels, a great way off, in a beautiful garden."

"Do you hear any thing?" asked Belle, with parted lips; "is he coming?"

"No," replied Katie; "I thought I once heard his little feet, but it was only the rain."

"Perhaps," suggested Belle, with large, imaginative eyes, "perhaps he is playing with the angels, a great way off, in a beautiful garden."

For the Young.

Knocking at the Door.

A TRUE STORY.

The glowing sun of midsummer afternoon poured through the curtainless windows of the little village school, and small curiously dressed drooped like delicate flowers in the languid air.

Yes, in the heated air, soothed by the lazy drone of the hungry flies, and the restless hum of young student voices, Katie had fallen asleep.

Then Katie poured into the sympathizing ear of her little friend all her troubles, and finished by saying: "I could not bear to find it only a dream; I feel as if I must see Charley once more."

"Where do you think he is?" asked Belle.

"In heaven, I know," replied Katie, "and another comes here cannot come back to us, but we can get to him some time; and her sobbing broke out afresh."

"Why don't you go to him now?" cried Belle.

"I don't know the way," said Katie; "I was very sick when they took him away in the little coffin, and I don't know where they went."

"Are you sure he went to heaven?" asked Belle, eagerly.

"Oh! I know," said Katie.

"Then," said impulsive little Belle, "then I can show you the way; I saw where they put your little brother."

"Well, will you show me, Belle, now, this very afternoon?"

"Yes, indeed," cried Belle, and with clasped hands, useful of the gathering gloom, these little pilgrims set forth on their journey to heaven.

"Oh!" said Katie, with sweet assurance, "how Charley would run to open the door!" and her cheek flushed with anticipation.

"Do you suppose Charley is very happy?" urged Belle.

"Very," said Katie, emphatically.

"Plays with the angels with such lovely wings," cried Katie with great animation.

"Dear me," said Belle, interrupting her in the midst of her raptures, "what shall we do?"

"But we are almost to heaven, ain't we? Let us hurry and go there!"

"Where? where?" cried Katie, breathlessly.

"There!" responded little Belle, pointing to the little rising ground and iron door of the village vault.

"Oh!" cried Katie, with disappointment; "is that heaven? O Belle! it is like a great cave!" and her little lip quivered sadly.

"Why," said Belle, "that is where they took your brother—the very place—and you said he had gone to heaven?"

"Perhaps it is," said Katie, more hopefully.

"But now the large rain drops began to fall very fast, and the thunder-sound, in all its sublimity, burst upon the little travelers."

this outburst, "Let us go home now, and come again to-morrow and try."

"No," said Katie, with touching helplessness; "I shall never come again. Let us go."

She rose without another sob or fresh tear even upon her wet cheek; but the grief-stricken expression of the sweet, childish mouth was pitiful to behold.

At Katie's door stood her anxious mother, peering through shadows for her daughter. The child sprang to those loving arms, and with one cry, that spoke all the agony of bitter doubt that had crept into her young, confiding heart, exclaimed:

"Dear, grieved little Katie, refusing to be comforted in this thy first great sorrow, it may be that ere the violets come again God's hand will beckon unwares, and with a better guide than that indeed had the door of heaven, and Charley would not let me in."

"What is the matter, Darling?"

"Before poor Katie could well collect her thoughts to answer, the school was dismissed, and she heard the teacher exclaim, as she pointed to the darkening West:

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break of day, when he met his foe! A brave soldier, he received the death shot leading his men! A patriot hero, he was fighting the battle of his country, and died as went up the cheer of victory!

Laughter as a Medicine. A clerical friend, at a celebrated watering-place, met a lady who seemed hovering on the brink of the grave.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B., who presented such a delightful appearance at the Springs several years ago?"

"The very same."

"And pray-tell me, madam, the secret of your cure? What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

A Remedy for Sleeplessness. How to get sleep, is to many persons a matter of great importance.

Skill in Marketing. One of the branches of his business which a farmer should well understand, is marketing.

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For Sale. The Presbyterian Board of Publication, No. 321 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Rev. David McKinney, Presbyterian Minister, Pittsburgh, Pa.

feed her little fledgelings, or working industriously to teach them the use of their tiny wings, that scarce can bear their weight, or perhaps you see some merry, chirruping squirrel, adroitly stealing his stock of grain, for the Winter he knows must come, sooner or later, and hiding it wisely in the decayed trunk of a neighboring apple tree.

The spirit of action is contagious. The hours glide by and so does the work, and when the dinner time arrives, instead of the pale, languid countenance you find in the city wife, she sits down to her luxurious table, loaded with over-cooked meat and under-cooked vegetables, stale fruits and baker's bread, a brisk, cheerful face meets you at table, where you find ham and eggs, and Indian meal pudding, and molasses, and good, light, sweet wheat bread, and tempting dishes of fruit, fresh from the garden, that would completely equal the equanimity of the guests at the aforesaid city table.

A farmer's wife can concoct such dishes as city folks know nothing of. With plenty of milk and eggs, there is always something in the house to eat. You can never take you no invitation to stop to tea, and she is never so full of apologies because the tea is not nice enough, as to render you uncomfortable.

With a mind evenly balanced, a home made happy by her presence, a contented disposition, wishing no change, a quiet, easy way of turning off work, the farmer's wife is a woman to be envied, and still some poor, foolish mortals presume to pity her!

Indeed, better destiny it were it to be needed! The highest, noblest lot of woman is her home mission, and the most superior place for the exercise of her power is in the quiet home in the country, 'mid the soil-sprirring beauties of nature, the handwork of nature's God.—N. E. Farmer.

One of the branches of his business which a farmer should well understand, is marketing. The extreme eagerness which some manifest, to get an additional half cent per bushel, is hardly to be recommended; nor are the anxiety and sleepless nights which they endure, while fearing the market may decline, instead of rising, compensated for by the few additional amount possibly obtained.

As a general rule, farmers may sell whenever they have the article ready, and there is an active market; the cost of keeping, the danger of waste, the loss of interest, &c., often overbalance a slow advance. But there is one point toward which they may direct all their energies—that is, to have a good article, and to have the reputation of always furnishing such.

We have known poultry dealers to give from two to three cents a pound more, at all times, to a farmer who had honestly earned a reputation of having the very best, and always put up in the very best manner—and this poultry would sell when a poorer article would not.

It is so with marketing fruit. An apple inspector told us that a considerable portion of the fruit offered him the present Autumn proved defective and unfit for sale, after removing the few fine specimens purposely laid on top of the barrels to conceal the bruised and seamy fruit below.

Those who indulged in such tricks lost their sales, and will be watched another year. On the other hand, those who have cultivated their orchards well, and taken pains to raise the best, and who have carefully picked, assorted, and put up what they had to sell, will soon be sought by dealers, and will receive a higher price than others.

As an instance of success of this kind, we copy the following statement from the *Paris Farmer*—and no one can doubt that the successful man of these two took more pains in picking carefully and in putting up properly; and as a good manager in one way is usually a good manager in others, there is no doubt that his orchard was in better condition.

"I am acquainted with two men occupying about the same range of land, with farms opposite each other, who happened to carry eighty barrels of apples each to market the same week. One of these men got a certain sum for his crop; the other got just \$60 more, or an average of 75 cents more per barrel. One had sufficient mercantile skill to lead him to assort his crop into grades, put them into clean and uniform barrels, and fix a price upon each class, and in consequence of his knowledge of their worth, and skill in assorting, etc., he realized \$60 more than his neighbor did, on the same amount and quality of apples, without expense, and with but little trouble; and I believe it is not only in marketing apples, but grain, and even stock, that the seller should know the real value of it before disposing of it."—N. E. Farmer.

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Presbyterian Banner, WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, Published at PITTSBURGH, PA., BY REV. DAVID M'KINNEY.

THIS IS A LARGE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER, PRINTED ON EXCELLENT PAPER, AND IN SUPERIOR STYLE. IT CONTAINS Editorials

on all the leading topics of the day, both Religious and Social. All the various subjects that present themselves for consideration, and that are worthy the attention of intelligent and Christian people, are discussed from the Christian standpoint, and in the comprehensive spirit of Christian charity and enlarged benevolence.

From the beginning of our present National trouble, this paper, while allying itself with no political party, has taken the high and fearless ground in favor of the Constitution and the regularly organized Government, and of the preservation of the integrity of the Union. Its utterances have been firm and decided, and they will continue to be such until the spirit of rebellion has been entirely quenched, and our Government once more firmly established.

OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE is unequalled by any other American Journal, in breadth of view, reliability, and general usefulness. It is a complete history of the progress of affairs in Europe, that is invaluable.

THE EASTERN SUMMARY gives a complete view of business, opinion, religious concerns, and matters and things in general, in NEW-ENGLAND, NEW-YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA.

This is a feature found in no other religious newspaper, and makes the Banner a most valuable repository for information concerning those places, to all readers.

Among our CONTRIBUTORS are some of the best newspaper writers in the Church.

We also have OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS in all parts of the land.

The Compendium of Domestic and Foreign News is prepared with much care and labor. And just now the news in the daily papers is often so uncertain and contradictory that the weekly papers give by far the most reliable news for the public, since they, especially for sitting and correction is allowed.

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While at the same time most valuable SELECTIONS from books, magazines, and other sources, are given for the Christian, the parent, the man of letters and learning, and for the children.

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JOHN A. RENSHAW, Family Grocer and Tea Dealer, Takes pleasure in announcing to his friends and custom that he has recently removed to the new and spacious warehouse, Corner of Liberty and Hand Streets, (A few doors above his old stand), And having largely increased his stock by recent purchase now offers to the public the most extensive and complete assortment to be found in this city.

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THE FOLLOWING are among the diseases we have treated: INCREASED CONSUMPTION, Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, Scrophulous, every form of Skin Disease, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Consumption of the Bowels, every kind of Catarrh, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nervousness, all Diseases of the Reproductive Organ, &c. &c. and can refer to patients all over the country whom we have restored to health, after being long and vainly treated elsewhere.

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