

Poetry.

One of the industrial schools in the city of New-York, were two little girls, who had always been confined to wretched homes in filthy streets, and had never seen a flower.

Little, weary, restless feet, Peering through the dusty street, Wandering daily up and down Through the wind and dust, town, All the long, slow-dropping hours, Never once had trod on flowers. Never daisy in the grass Smiles to greet you as you pass!

Little fingers blue and cold, Peeping from your mantle old! What! never picked a buttercup, Nor held a dewy rosebud up! Nor plucked wild flowers 'mid Summer air, To weave amid the curling hair, That hang with tangled, careless grace, Around that wild and elfin face!

Look, look, and deep, and wild, For a happy, careless child, Or your life with tears are wet, Strange, sad sights your gaze have met, Want, and weep, and pain, and sin, All to you familiar!

But not yet in grove or bowen, Dowered on your sight a little flower!

Little heart so wild and shy, Trembling, beating fast and high, How too, doubtless, has a part— White-flower that thou art!

In the teacher's garden's care, Whom sweet buds the children are, Who has sweetest hearts and lips, I wish child's heart and lips' cup.

Traveller.

Literary Notices.

LECTURES ON THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL. By Francis Wayland. 16mo., pp. 210. Boston, Gould & Lincoln. For sale by R. S. Davis, Wood street, Pittsburgh.

Dr. Wayland is extensively known as a preacher, an educator, and an author. His works on Moral Science and Political Economy have been introduced as text-books into many of our schools and colleges, and his published sermons have been received with general favor. The volume before us abounds in important practical suggestions on the Gospel Ministry.

WE DO NOT concern in every opinion advanced in the book, but we regard it in the main as exceedingly valuable, and as worthy especially of the attention of young ministers and of candidates for the ministry.

A CATECHISM FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES. OR, AN EXPOSITION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER, THE CREED, AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. In 150 Questions and Answers. By Philip Schaff, D. D. 16mo., pp. 22. Boston, Henry Hoyt. For sale by R. S. Davis, Pittsburgh.

This little Catechism was originally published in this country. The present edition was prepared at the request of some of the authors' friends in New-England, who wished to have it introduced into the Sabbath Schools which they were connected with and were acquainted with the original work in the opinion of the editors and translators, and in the opinion of modification also a few questions about which there is a difference of opinion among evangelical denominations. We are pleased, for the most part, with the Catechism, both as regards arrangement and contents, though we would by no means have it take the place of our own invaluable Shorter Catechism, a work which should be studied in every Presbyterian Sabbath School, as well as in every Presbyterian family.

LEUTENANT MESSENGER. By Mary A. Deane. Author of "Opposite the Jail," &c. 16mo., pp. 116. Boston, Henry Hoyt. For sale in Pittsburgh by R. S. Davis.

In the volume before us, we have described the history of a college student, who on the breaking-out of the present war, laid aside his books and enlisted under the flag of his country. He is introduced to us as scrupulously moral and theoretically religious, but as destitute of the saving grace of the Gospel. Through the influence of a Christian sister, he is induced to seek a personal interest in Christ as his Saviour. He becomes an ardent disciple, and while faithfully serving his country, he at the same time honors his Divine Master by zealously laboring to promote the spiritual welfare of those around him. He is finally wounded on the field of battle, and after having some time in the hospital, he dies in the triumph of the Gospel. The story is told in a natural and pleasing manner, and is well calculated to impress the minds of youth with a sense of the inalienable importance of true religion.

THE WORK OF A YOUNG LAY. 16mo., pp. 51. Boston, Henry Hoyt. For sale by R. S. Davis, Pittsburgh.

THE STOLEN GOLD PIECE. AND OTHER STORIES. By George Graham. 18mo., pp. 64. Same publisher.

LITTLE APPLE BLOSSOM. By C. E. K. Author of "Grace Hale," &c. 18mo., pp. 101. Same publisher.

These little volumes are gotten up in an attractive style, and they contain much that will be entertaining and instructive to children.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Presbytery of Bloomington. Met at Clinton, Ill, April 28th, 1863. Present, sixteen ministers and sixteen ruling elders. Opened with a sermon by the Moderator, Rev. E. S. High, from Ps. xxxv: 6.

Rev. H. R. Price was chosen Moderator, and Rev. J. C. Hanna, Temporary Clerk. Commissioners to the Gen. Assembly: Rev. J. C. Hanna, and Elder Wm. Munro, principal; Rev. J. P. Porter, and Elder James Napburn, alternates.

The church of Wapella was dissolved. The pastoral relation between Rev. S. H. Stevenson and this church, was dissolved, and Brother Stevenson having accepted a call from Union Grove church, a committee was appointed to install him pastor of that church on the 26th of June next.

Presbytery adjourned to meet at Onarga on Tuesday, Sept. 22d, at 7 P. M. R. CONOVER, S. C.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Presbytery of Cedar. Met in Muscatine, April 28th, and was opened with a sermon by Rev. Robert Carothers.

Rev. R. Carothers was chosen Moderator, and Rev. S. M. C. Anderson, Temporary Clerk. Messrs. Anderson and J. M. D. Burrows were appointed as the Presbytery Committee on Missions.

Rev. S. M. C. Anderson was received from the Presbytery of Schuyler, and was appointed to install him over the Iowa City church, on Thursday, May 7.

Presbytery resolved to hold an adjourned meeting at Summit, on Tuesday, June 16th, when Mr. H. A. Barclay is to be ordained and installed as pastor of the church of Summit and Long Grove.

Messrs. Schmidt, Anderson, Ollibenstein and Skiles, were appointed a committee to organize a German church in Blue Grass, if the way can be clear.

Charles B. Ogilvie, a member of the Muscatine church, was taken under the care of Presbytery as a candidate for the Gospel ministry.

Rev. S. Marshall, and elder J. H. Morrow, principals; and Rev. S. M. C. Anderson, and elder John Ferguson, alternates, were elected delegates to the General Assembly.

The following supplies were appointed: Princeton—Doddler, to administer Sacrament, 2d Sabbath in May; Walcott—Anderson, to administer Sacrament, 2d Sabbath in May; Blue Grass—Anderson; Sabbath at discretion. Marion—Doddler, 5th Sabbath in May; McBride, 1st Sabbath in June.

The Fall meeting of Presbytery will be in Iowa City, the Tuesday before Synod.

R. L. BALDWIN, S. C.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

The Presbytery of Westport. Met in Westport on Tuesday, April 21st, and was opened with a sermon by Rev. M. W. Brown, from Ps. lxxviii: 3.

Rev. Thomas Beer was elected Moderator, and Rev. T. H. Bar, Clerk.

Rev. John E. Carson, and elder John Strine, were elected as Commissioners to the General Assembly; and Rev. A. Virtue and elder Robert Shaver, alternates.

Messrs. J. H. Myers and J. A. Leydinger, students of the Western Theological Seminary were licensed to preach the Gospel. Mr. Myers was recommended to the Board of Foreign Missions, as possessing the character and qualifications for the field of Foreign Missions.

Mr. Carson was appointed to supply the churches of Canal Fulton and Marshallville, on the morning and afternoon of the Fourth Sabbath of May. Mr. Barr, to preach at Chippewa on the Fifth Sabbath of May. Mr. Virtue, at Greene on the Third Sabbath of June. Mr. Carson, at Green on the 10th of June.

After a harmonious and interesting meeting, Presbytery adjourned to meet in Congress, on the first Tuesday of September. J. E. C. STATED CLERK.

For the Young.

[From the Boston Recorder.]

A May-Day Story.

"There now! it rains right down, and we can't go," said Agnes, and as she spoke, she laid her folded hands upon her mother's lap and looked imploringly up for sympathy, trying hard the while to suppress her tears.

She had hardly spoken when other voices were heard, and her two older sisters came bounding into the room.

"It rains fast, mother, only see the big drops on the window! Su, and I thought as we could not go, perhaps you'd tell us a story."

"Yes, mother, do tell us a real scary story, something to make us forget that it's raining; can't you, mother?"

"If you will, mother," said Susan, "I'll sit here by Aggie and see how much tattling I can make. It was real kind in Rosy Woods to show me how to make this pretty clover leaf; it is the very prettiest kind of tattling. I'm ready now for the story, mother."

"I don't want a scary story," said Agnes, with a sob. "I'd rather hear about some real good little girls."

"Then, Aggie, you'll have to hear about the dying; for you know all the very good ones the young folks call 'scary.'"

"O, never mind what it's about," said Susan, "we'll leave that to mother, and perhaps she'll have 'one in her mind that's our part good, part bad, and part scary; then we may all be pleased. Mother smiles as though she'd begin now, if we would only leave her our chatterbox. Will you, mother?"

"Yes, my daughter, but first, I have a word to say about the rain; this beautiful shower, to me, looks like drops of water descending. You say it rains 'gusts'! Do not you think you speak too extravagantly?"

"Yes, mother, I know you said the other day that I dealt too freely with my pen. 'I'll try to remember.'"

This was a good trait in Susan's character; that when her mother reproved her, she never grew sullen or said that other girls said and did so, as though it excused any one for doing wrong because another person erred.

Their mother began her story by saying: "One May-day morning the sun rose clear and cloudless, and the sky looked beautifully blue. Gay birds were warbling melodiously, filling the air with rich music. The previous night, Eliza Billings had hung her bird-cage close to the window, and opened the blind, so that her bird might sing early and awaken her, 'for,' said she, 'May-day cannot be too long.'"

"Splendid! perfectly splendid!" she said, as she peeped out of the window.

"Bea, you awake?" she called to her brother, who was in the next room, "my dear, it's a beautiful May morning!"

"Yes," he replied, "and ready for a walk."

"O, I'm not ready, but I'll dress as quick as I can, though; Bezy, mother said we couldn't go till after breakfast."

"I'm ready for breakfast, then," replied Beza.

"When breakfast was over they prepared for their walk, dressing warmly and putting on thick-soled boots, as their mother had requested them to do. When they were quite ready they went to their mother's room to bid her good morning and to take the basket of cake which she had packed for their luncheon. Olive, the youngest member of the family, was sitting on the carpet vainly endeavoring to fit a new pair of boots to her dainty little feet.

"Now Beza loved his little sister very dearly, and always strove to make her happy. So when he saw her dilemma, he immediately seated himself beside her, and quickly wore the tiny feet attired. Giving each sole an extra pat, he stood her upon her feet and turned to go.

"When Beza and his sister arrived at the margin of the woods, in which wild flowers were blossoming, they heard the sound of voices, and soon they found that groups of boys and girls already had assembled there.

"What will you do, Beza? If we had only been in the country long enough to feel acquainted, I would've liked to go. I don't want to meet strangers," said Eliza, to which her brother replied,

"These woods are sufficiently extensive to allow an ample range for both them and us. We may not meet at all, and if we do,

it is possible that we may see some one whom we have met before. We will hunt for flowers and eat our lunch by ourselves, without regard to any party that may have assembled here.

"Just then, upon opening in the trees, they saw a juvenile party seated on the grass; some of the girls wore wreaths, and others were making wreaths; while the boys were gathering flowers with which to decorate them.

"How thick they are dressed," whispered Eliza, "I don't want them to see me! they look like Spring, while I might be taken as the personation of Winter."

"You personate an obedient daughter, for you are dressed as mother desired, and you look much more comfortable than they do," her brother replied; and his tone of assurance quite relieved Eliza.

"While Beza was speaking he had turned in an opposite direction to that of the party they had seen, and was looking for flowers.

"Oh, here they are all around us," exclaimed Eliza.

"The pale anemone, the delicate hostonia, the blue and yellow violet, looked up for a greeting; while a delicious perfume of fennel and yarrow permeated the air, and the sweet music of wild birds, all combined to make the place seem like enchanted ground.

"Quite forgetting that they had apprehended anything unpleasant, Eliza and her brother went on to pick the prettiest and merryest flowers. They had worn wreaths for each other's hats, and collected more flowers than they could hold, when Beza suggested that if they emptied their baskets, they would have a more convenient way to carry their flowers.

"Yes, and here is a diamond that will serve as a table," said Eliza, "and here is a nice napkin which will spread over the top of the basket for her table cover, she arranged the provision in order," she said, for their collection.

"They sat a long time at their table, but the time did not seem long to them. Eliza tried to coax the catkins to come and eat, and threw them bits of cake, but it only frightened them away; and she vainly wished they were tame.

"While they were chatting and trying to imitate the thrush's note, a voice behind them shouted, 'Here they are, and they are ready to go!'

"Beating to his feet and sawing one of the May-party; who said they had been for some time pursuing the sound of voices, which some of their number had declared must be those of invisible fairies.

"You recollect me," said one of the group, then stepping back, apologized for coming so unexpectedly upon them. "We did not know you were eating," he said; "we will leave you to finish your repast."

"We have finished," interrupted Beza, stepping forward and shaking hands; "my sister is now giving the crumbs to the birds. So wait, Bateman, don't go. I have not seen you since we attended school together in years ago, and did not know you were in the country."

"You must accompany us," Bateman replied.

"And with the ease that is known to children they became acquainted, sharing their festivities during the remainder of the day. Some engaged in active plays, others sat on the grass and told stories of proposed conquests. When their shades began to grow long, Beza said,

"We must go home, Eliza, for our walk is so long that unless we start now, we shall be out after sun-down, and we promised mother we would return early."

"And so must we," responded many voices.

"My mother said I might stay till the sun was as far above the horizon-line as a tall man's hat, if a man stood erect on the line," said Bateman's sister, laughing and teasing.

"We must go out of the woods to see the sun," replied another; so nimbly they proceeded in the homeward direction.

"It seems to me that some folks are very queer who were very lively this morning; Mabel Flora, why don't you speak or sing, or laugh?" Do let us hear your voice some more!" said the son-loving girl.

"My throat's a little sore," replied Mabel Flora, and I don't care to sing, and I am some tired besides."

"Well, we are not far from your house now, and then you may rest, but don't look so dull."

"That morning Mabel had risen early. After dressing very thinly she left her room and went stealthily to the door, which she unlocked, and looked out into the very still, that she might not awake any one. She ran hastily down the steps and was just opening the gate when several of her companions whom she was expecting to meet, saw her, and shouted a welcome to her.

The sound of their voices attracted the attention of her mother, who hastened to the window, in season to see how imprudently her daughter was dressed. Raising the window she spoke to Mabel and requested her to return to the house and change her dress. But Mabel would not listen, and then her mother urged that she would at least wear a mantle, to protect her feet; telling her that she would certainly repent, if she neglected her advice. But Mabel said,

"No, I won't repent, either."

"This obstinately refusing to obey, she hurried on, and before her mother could enter, she was gone, and the sound of her mother's voice was to be out of danger. And now as she was returning home, not her sore throat, or her weariness, alone had checked her gaiety, for the words of her mother—'Mabel Flora, you will repent'—were ringing in her ears. Yet she strove to be cheerful, and when she arrived home, she stopped at the gate and said to her mates:

"I'm going to have a new dress made to-morrow; the next day, you know, I'm going to Boston; you must come and see me after I return, so that we can talk it all over."

"But Mabel rested but little that night, and the next morning at breakfast her eyes looked dull and the cheeks wore a feverish hue. She ate but little, for it pained her to swallow, yet she would not admit that she felt ill, because she felt that she was suffering the consequence of her disobedience.

"I will not bow to sickness," she said; "I will make my plans and will carry them out."

As Mabel had said, her new dress was made that day, but before it was ready to be tried on for the last time she grew faint.

"I can't stand, all is dark! what makes it so?" she said as she sank into a chair.

The dressmaker seized a glass of water which she sprinkled with force upon her face; this soon restored consciousness. "I will call your mother," she said; but Mabel grasped her arm.

"You must not," she said; "I'm going to Boston to-morrow," she said; "I wouldn't have my mother know I fainted for the world; she would not allow me to go if she knew it."

"You cannot go unless she knows it, in my opinion," the dressmaker replied, "for surely you will be sick unless you have some medicine."

"Oh, don't borrow trouble," replied Mabel, "I'll sleep myself well to-night; dear knows I sleep little enough last night, to make me sleep soundly to-night."

"That doesn't always follow," replied the dressmaker, "but you have a right to your opinion," said Mabel.

"But such was not the case. She could not sleep or rest. All night she tossed with fever. When morning came her reason all had gone. She did not know her mother even, and never again who ever looked on her, or wet her lips, or fanned her feverish brow. She died: a week from May-day—died. Many had loved her, and many mourned her loss; for notwithstanding all her waywardness, she had a winning way.

"Many years have passed since then, but when I hear it said, 'only the good die young,' I think of Mabel, Flora, and I think the reason that I seem so, is because we love to call to mind, and speak of early buds transplanted to a heavenly home, but shrink from thoughts of those whose end is gauged by their own waywardness."

Agricultural.

Raising Beans.

The culture of field beans is the most simple of all farm operations. They should be planted upon dry soil to ensure fair clean crops, as stony land will mould the pods and cause blight. The small white beans are the best for market, the demand for which is the most certain, for army uses, and for the price is high. For white beans the soil need not be very rich, or very strong, though it is none the better for being poor. A clayey or shaly hill-side have found to be the best adapted to this crop. Clover or wheat land would be right if it was not so rich as to throw the crop all to stalks. The rows should be raised three feet apart, and plant on the ridges eighteen inches apart, leaving about three stalks to a hill; keep the surface well scratched and clear of weeds, during the fore part of the Summer.—Ohio Farmer.

FORM OF A DEVISE OR BEQUEST TO ANY OF THE BOARDS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The State laws give so much that no one form will answer in all the States, but in every case it is essential to give the RIGHT CORPORATE NAME.

The oldest Board was originally called the Board of Missions, but is now incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania under title of 'The Trustees of the Board of Domestic Missions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.'

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The Board of Church Extension of the General Assembly is not incorporated, but the following form of bequest, it is supposed, would be valid.

"I bequeath to my executor the sum of dollars, in trust, to pay over the same in full or in part, to the person who, when the same shall be payable, shall act as Treasurer of the Board of Church Extension of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, located in the City of St. Louis, Missouri, to apply to the use and purposes of said Board, and in the directions, and the receipt of the said Treasurer shall be a full and legal acquittance of my said executor for the same."

When real estate or other property is given, let it be particularly described.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY IN REGARD TO COLLECTIONS.

WHEREAS, Many of our churches do not contribute to our benevolent enterprises, and whereas, it is desirable to test the power of simultaneous effort; and whereas, an emergency has arisen requiring the cooperation of all our churches to save our Boards from serious embarrassment; therefore,

Resolved, That this Assembly earnestly request all our churches that have no fixed time for the purpose, to take up annual collections as follows, viz.:

For the BOARD ON DOMESTIC MISSIONS ON THE FIRST SABBATH OF NOVEMBER.

For the BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS ON THE FIRST SABBATH OF DECEMBER.

For the BOARD OF EDUCATION ON THE FIRST SABBATH OF MARCH.

For the BOARD OF CHURCH EXTENSION ON THE FIRST SABBATH OF JULY.

For the DISABLED MINISTERS' FUND ON THE FIRST SABBATH OF SEPTEMBER.

The Board of Church Extension of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, located in the City of St. Louis, Missouri, to apply to the use and purposes of said Board, and in the directions, and the receipt of the said Treasurer shall be a full and legal acquittance of my said executor for the same."

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Apply to the Secretary of the American Sunday School Union, at 100 Nassau Street, New York.

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