

Poetry.

The Value of a Little.

Do thy little, do it well; Do what right and reason tell; Though the wrong and sorrow claim, Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, never mind Dreariness and drudgery; Thy whom Christ apostles made "Gathered fragments" when he bade.

Do thy little, never fear While thy Saviour standeth near; Let the world its javelin throw, On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little, God has made Million leaves for forest shade; Smallest stars their glory bring, God employeth every thing.

Do thy little, and when thou Feetest on thy pallid brow, Ere has fled thy vital breath, Cold and damp the sweat of death.

Then the little thou hast done-- Little battles thou hast won, Little masteries achieved, Little words in love expressed, Little wrongs at once confessed, Little favors kindly done,

Little toils thou didst not shun, Little graces meekly won, Little slights with patience borne-- These shall crown the pillowd head, Holy light upon thy shed;

These are treasures that shall rise Far beyond the smiling skies; These to thee shall all be given For thy heritage in heaven.

These shall all perfume the air When thy spirit enters there. Yet they still will linger here, And they name shall long endure, For a legacy shall be In their deathless memory.

Literary Notices.

MEMOIR OF REV. ERSKINE J. HAWES,

Pastor of the Congregational church, Plymouth, Conn. By Mrs. M. B. Hawes. Pp. 212. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers. For sale by R. S. Davis, Wood Street, Pittsburgh.

It is not always that parents act wisely in presenting to the world memoirs of their children. Characteristic incidents and circumstances which natural affection invests with peculiar interest and importance, may have nothing attractive to the mere stranger.

In the present memoir, however, we have not only a warm-hearted tribute of maternal love, but a biographical sketch which is adapted to be highly useful, and is deserving of a wide circulation. In the spiritual difficulties of the subject of the memoir, prior to his obtaining a hope in Christ, the anxious inquirer will find much to encourage his own soul. The solemn scenes which Mr. Hawes entertained of the importance of the ministerial office; his self-distrust; his dependence on God; his earnest consecration; and his faithfulness in his work, are all suggestive of important lessons to those who survive him in the ministry. And by the sudden removal of this young and useful pastor, we are all reminded that God is sovereign; that no position, however important, we may occupy in the Church or in society, is any guarantee for our continuance in life; and that we must, therefore, be always personally prepared and watching, at the same time that we are diligently spending our allotted days in our Master's service.

The closing scenes in the life of Mr. Hawes are graphically and affectingly described. Few will read the account without emotion, and we trust many will peruse it with abiding profit.

THE JEWISH TABERNACLE AND ITS FURNITURE, IN THEIR TYPICAL TEACHINGS. By Richard Weston, D.D., Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia. Large 12mo., pp. 398. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers. For sale in Pittsburgh by R. S. Davis.

The design of the present treatise is to illustrate, by means of the Tabernacle and its furniture, the great truths of the Gospel. We have not a "Thus saith the Lord" to corroborate the numerous suggestions which are here given respecting the symbolical meaning of the Tabernacle and its appurtenances, but the conclusions of the author appear to us eminently judicious and instructive, and strictly in harmony with the inspired Record.

Dr. Newton expresses, in the preface, an earnest desire that the volume may be honored by God as the means of bringing souls to the knowledge of Christ, and of giving to those who do know him a clearer apprehension of the fullness and preciousness of his salvation. May the prayer of the worthy author be abundantly answered!

THE THREE CRIPPLES. 18mo., pp. 202. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers. For sale by R. S. Davis.

The author of the volume before us is Rev. F. B. Power, so well known by his "I Will of Christ," and other religious works. The opening chapter introduces us to the humble abode of a poor but pious woman, Mrs. Graham, who is about being called away from earth, and who, before dying, solemnly committed to John, her oldest child, the care of his little sister and brother, Mary and Eddie. For awhile all goes well. John remembers his mother's dying charge, and cheerfully devotes his daily earnings to the support of the helpless children. But the enticements of the drinking room before long become a tempting snare, and John, after a feeble resistance, yields, and then enters upon a sad career of sin, suffering and disgrace. Little Eddie orphans are neglected and abused. Little Eddie becomes a cripple through his brother's brutal violence, and is, after great suffering, removed to a hospital. Mary finds a home with a friendly coal-broker. What took place after the children were removed from their brother, we leave our young friends to find out for themselves, saying, however, that the painful part of the story for the most part ceases with this removal. The volume contains many important lessons, and none more so than its solemn warning in regard to the fearful consequences of intemperate habits.

BLIND ANNIE LORIMER. By the Author of "George Miller and his Mother," etc., etc. 18mo., pp. 300. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication. For sale in Pittsburgh at the Presbyterian Book Room.

In the narrative before us others besides the young may find much to interest them, and to stimulate to duty. Spiritual sight is early communicated to the little blind girl and is gradually made to more than compensate for her lack of bodily vision. Blind Annie is not only happy

herself, but she seeks to make others so, especially in the enjoyment of true religion. Her zealous and persevering efforts are blessed to the conversion of her friends at home, and to the promotion of the moral and religious welfare of the neighborhood. Several characters are introduced to whom the reader cannot but become warmly attached. The whole story is charmingly related.

We might perhaps add, in criticism of the book, that Blind Annie appears to us a little better than people ever get to be in this sinful world; but the young need not be discouraged to emulate her efforts after the highest possible attainments in holiness, especially as Christ himself has said, "He ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

BESSIE GREY; OR, THE VALUE OF LITTLE LABORS. 18mo., pp. 128.

REBELLA; OR, THE SMILING WAY. By Nellie Graham. Author of "Little Annie's First Thoughts about God," etc. 18mo., pp. 144.

NINA GREY. A CHRISTMAS STORY OF '61. By Fleeta. 18mo., pp. 164.

These little volumes belong to the same excellent series published by Blind Annie Lorimer. Presbyterians especially should encourage the circulation of the Board's publications.

"LOOK TO JESUS," is the title of a neat 24-mo. volume published by Henry Hoyt, Boston, and for sale by R. S. Davis, Pittsburgh. It is well adapted to encourage the sinner to cast his all upon the Saviour.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for Oct., has been received, and is for sale by Henry Miner, Fifth street, Pittsburgh.

For the Presbyterian Banner. Presbytery of Redstone.

The Presbytery of Redstone met at Sewickley church, November 3d, 1863. Mr. W. L. Boyd opened Presbytery with a sermon on 1 Peter 1:10; the text assigned him for his ordination sermon. Rev. R. F. Wilson preached the usual sermon, in accordance with previous appointment. Rev. J. R. Hughes, the Moderator, in the absence of Rev. Samuel Wilson, D.D., by order of Presbytery, presided, and made the ordaining prayer. Mr. Boyd being thus, by prayer and the laying on of the hands of Presbytery, ordained to the holy office of the Gospel ministry, was installed pastor, for two-thirds of his time, over the church of Sewickley. Rev. Joel Stonoroff delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. R. M. Wallace to the people. Mr. Boyd will supply the church of Tyrone the remaining third of his time.

Mr. J. Logan Sample, a licentiate of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, was received under the care of this Presbytery. The call in the hands of this Presbytery, from the church of Concord Hill, was accepted by Mr. Sample, and the second day of the sessions of the Stated Spring meeting of Presbytery, at 10 o'clock A. M., fixed as the time for his ordination and installation; Rev. Dr. Samuel Wilson to preside, propose the constitutional questions, make the ordaining prayer, and deliver the charge to the pastor; Rev. J. R. Hughes to preach the usual sermon; and Rev. W. Hughes to deliver the charge to the people.

Resolved, 1. That in this inscrutable dispensation we recognize the hand of the Lord, and would be admonished that our own time is short, and that therefore we should work the more earnestly while it is called to-day, for the night comes when no man can work."

Resolved, 2. That we bear our cordial testimony to the unaffected piety, the Christian walk and conversation, the increasing devotion to, and growing interest in, the Master's work of the deceased, during the period of his connection with us.

Resolved, 3. That we hereby express our heartfelt sympathies with the venerable parents and other friends of the deceased, and invoke for them the sustaining and sanctifying grace of God in their bereavement.

Resolved, 4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the father of the deceased, and also to the Presbyterian Banner, for publication.

R. F. WILSON, Stated Clerk.

For the Presbyterian Banner. Presbytery of Kaskaskia.

The Presbytery of Kaskaskia met at the Waveland church, October 9th, at 7 o'clock P. M.

The Moderator being absent, Rev. S. A. Mutchmore, of the St. Louis Presbytery, was invited to preach the opening sermon--text, John 1:9, 10.

Rev. B. H. Charles was chosen Moderator, and Rev. W. L. Mitchell, Temporary Clerk.

Present, eleven ministers, and twelve Ruling Elders. Half an hour every day was spent in devotional exercises.

The usual Presbyterian business was disposed of promptly and harmoniously.

Presbytery earnestly recommended all its ministers to give faithful attention to the freedmen of the South within their bounds. An overture was sent up to the Synod of Illinois, asking Synod to make some provision for missionary labor among the freedmen.

The Narrative on the State of Religion expresses gratitude for the general peace and harmony and good attendance on the means of grace within the bounds of Presbytery; but it deprecates the alarming increase of intemperance and immorality generally, and the want of spirituality in church members.

Adjourned to meet in the Pleasant Ridge church, Thursday before the second Sabbath in April, 1864, at 2 o'clock P. M.

ALFRED N. DENNY, Stated Clerk.

For the Presbyterian Banner. Letter from a Chaplain.

CAMP OF THE 81ST OHIO, Poebachton, Tenn., Oct. 30, 1863.

MESSRS. EDITORS:--Our regiment has been stationary here for some time, but is not likely to remain so much longer. We have been guarding the Memphis and Charleston railroad, but it is evident now that we are to move toward Chattanooga; though some fighting may be expected before we get there, as some of the enemy are in the way.

We endeavor not to neglect the means of grace in our regiment, although military life imposes many inconveniences. We have preaching every Sabbath, and two weekly prayer-meetings, held on Sabbath and Thursday evenings, all of which are well attended. Some regiments have no Chaplain, and to supply these and other destitutions, increases our labor. Thus at our Chaplain's meeting, it is not uncommon for one to report having preached three

times on Sabbath, and once or twice during the week.

It is no strange thing for our meetings to be interrupted by the necessities of military life. Not long ago, when the enemy were trying to tear up our railroad near Colliersville, during prayer-meeting on Sabbath evening, when engaged in singing a hymn, the soldier sang, "Be ready to march in half an hour." We left in the middle of the hymn, the benediction was pronounced, the audience immediately dispersed, and for a few minutes the commanding officers, the rattling of drums, and the stir of the soldiers, rendered the camp somewhat a scene of confusion; but order was quickly restored, and every company was in readiness, quietly awaiting the order to return to their quarters.

INTELLIGENCE OF THE INHABITANTS.

The intelligence of the people here may perhaps, to some extent, be ascertained by examining the records of the Provost Marshal's office. During the last four months, 1,520 persons have come before the Provost Marshal here, and taken the oath of allegiance; of these only 300 could write their own names--not quite one in five.

At another place, 218 took the oath in one day; of these only 18 could write their names--not quite one in sixteen. Is it strange that such a people could be led by a few office-seeking politicians to attempt to destroy a wholesome Government and plunge their country in ruin? Yet here in time of peace, a Northern teacher was looking upon without surprise, least wonder, an Abolitionist, and there might be danger of him persuading some of their slaves to run away. But I think it possible if they had had a few more Yankees here, and they allowed to instruct both them and their negroes a little more in the knowledge of science, and also of the principles of human rights, it might have saved their country from almost desolation, and themselves from much privation and suffering.

Yours, truly, JAMES YOUNG, Chaplain 81st Reg't O. V. I.

For the Young.

Adapted from the German for The Methodist. A Story for the Little Folks.

GOING TO THE FESTIVAL.

About two hours' drive from the beautiful city of Dresden, in the kingdom of Saxony, you will arrive at the neat little town of Seligstadt. Near by you will see that celebrated rock of blue and black basalt rising out of the ground; and still a little further you will notice the houses of the village of Seligstadt. This was the name of the village even before Count Zinzendorf selected it as a residence for his Moravian brethren.

It was in the month of March, 1836, that the circumstance happened which I am now going to relate. The young people of Seligstadt, I must first say, employed themselves chiefly in spinning, knitting, weaving, and like employments. When the goose were to be picked it was the occasion of a great festival, and all the young folks in the village and from the surrounding country would come together, and spend the greater part of the day and night in games, music, and feasting. In one week from the time of which I now speak, this great occasion was to transpire, and the young people of the town had just getting ready for the looked-for festival.

Hal was a young man who lived in Seligstadt, but his friends lived about three miles in the country. He was engaged in weaving, his parents having put him to that trade when he was quite a small boy. He had a little sister, Minna, who lived at her father's house, and he had no other relatives.

It was an occasion of great pleasure whenever she was invited to a little party in the village. The road to Seligstadt was good, but as the country was very hilly and irregular it was difficult to keep in it if the night was dark.

The annual goose-picking was now to take place, and Hal was invited to attend. As he was quite a favorite among the young working-people, his little sister was very agreeable to him. And so it was. He went to his work, and all the young folks to the goose-picking festival, and the music must start as early in the afternoon as possible. Her heart beat more rapidly than before, and she said to herself: "What a splendid time I am going to have!" She was very fond of music and of all the sports which children usually like.

Minna was only a little peasant girl, her father had no handsome carriage, as many parents have, in which to take her to the party, and so she had to walk. She did not cry over it, however, for she was used to walking. On she went, over hill and vale, until the distance was about half a mile. She was alone, and she had no one to help her. She was a little nervous, and she was a little shy, and she was a little afraid. She was a little shy, and she was a little afraid. She was a little shy, and she was a little afraid.

"What a great tree this is! The storm must have been fearful out this way. See what great roots it had! And what a rock that is! I must get a nearer view of it. There were many trees like this, and they were all very tall and very thick. They were all very tall and very thick. They were all very tall and very thick.

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she was sitting, and its great branches broke off and scattered in all directions. It came just in the place where it came in contact with it. But it did not break off altogether, and as Minna looked up she saw the tree arched right over her head. Had it broken away, she would have fallen down on her and crushed her beneath it. The noise which it made in falling had almost deafened her. For a moment she did not know where she was or what was going to become of her. But when she saw that she was unharmed she was very thankful. Yet, thought she, the danger is not over; she must stay till the storm is past.

We must now see what has become of the festival in Seligstadt. The wind had been very high there, too, but the principal part of the cloud had passed over in the direction of which I have already spoken. Hal was at the festival, and he was anxiously waiting to see his little sister. Every time the door opened he hoped to see her enter. But in vain. The great hall was filled with young people, and among the rest were a few children about the size of Minna. The band struck up some music, and all the people sang together. Very well, these are the things we have to do in a storm, and yet God has preserved us all. Today we are happy because with one hand God has kept us from sinking, with the other he has shielded our heads from the storm. Now look at the inscription over our reception-room door, and let it be our prayer through life:

"Be Thy my strong rock: for a house of defence to save me."

How often do farmers whose lands are fertile, complain of their hard, stiff soils, so inclined to be cold and wet in the Spring, baked hard in the Summer, and tedious to work at all times! Very well, these are the things we have to do in a storm, and yet God has preserved us all. Today we are happy because with one hand God has kept us from sinking, with the other he has shielded our heads from the storm. Now look at the inscription over our reception-room door, and let it be our prayer through life:

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could not thank her parents enough. The day came for the great event, and the large room in that pleasant house was the reception-room. Over the yard gate was an arch with the inscription, in evergreen letters: "Let every one be thankful for a sheltering rock."

When the children were all assembled from the village of Seligstadt and the houses in the neighborhood, they wondered at the inscription over the door. They could see how Minna should be thankful; but they were never out in a storm, and hence they did not see how a rock that ever sheltered them. So Minna said to them: "I'll tell you what I mean. Each child in the world, and each grown person, too, has been sheltered by a rock. One of you may have the shelter-lever; another has had fever; many of you have had sickness of different kinds; most of us have met with accidents; and yet God has preserved us all. Today we are happy because with one hand God has kept us from sinking, with the other he has shielded our heads from the storm. Now look at the inscription over our reception