Not many lives, but only one have we, Only, only one; How sacred should that one life ever be, That narrow span! Day after day filled up with blessed toil.

Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil. Our being is no shadow of thin air, Ne vacant dream, No fable of things that never were, But only seem.

'T is full of meaning as of mystery, Though strange and solemn may that meaning be Our sorrows are no phantom of the night, No idle tale:

No cloud that floats along a sky of light On Summer gale. They are the true realities of earth. Friends and companions even from our birth. O life below! how brief and poor and sad!

One heavy sigh. O life above! how long, how fair, and glad! An endless joy.

O to be done with daily dying hera; O to begin the living in you sphere! O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth,

How dull your hue! O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth Made fair and new ! Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green; Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene! -Dr. Bonar

Literary Hotices.

LETTERS TO THE JONESES. By Timothy Titcomb, author of "Letters to Young People," "Gold Foil," "Lessons in Life," etc. 12mo. pp. 347. New-York: Charles Scribner. For sale by R. S. Davis, Wood Street, Pittsburgh.

Dr. J. G. Holland has been long and favorably known as an editor, a lecturer, and, under the nom de plume of Timothy Titcomb, as an author of several popular works noted for their humor, wit, and practical good sense. We cannot fully endorse the views which Dr. Holland at times so confidently and plausibly advances in regard to religious subjects. While he usually speaks of religious things with the most becoming respect, he sometimes alludes in an objectionable manner to matters considered by most evangelical Christians as highly important. In his letter, for example, in the present volume, addressed to Rev. Jeremiah Jones, D.D., concerning the failure of his pulpit ministry, while he tions, and while his condemnation of exclusively intellectual and dogmatic preaching will be concurred in by thousands of our best Divines, still. throughout the whole letter, there runs a vein of sarcastic feeling, the tendency of which is to create in many minds a most bitter prejudice against religious creeds and all forms of systematic theology.

There is, however, so much in these Letters to the Joneses that is humorous, witty, sensible, and withal morally and religiously excellent that we feel far more disposed to commend than to censure. If those who read these Letters will read for themselves, and not for others, we fancy most will conclude that, if not veritable Joneses they are at least near akin to the family and that Timothy Titcomb has written one or more of his letters for their particular benefit.

AN ESSAY ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME. By John Foster, Author of "Essay on Decision of Character," etc. Edited by J. E. Ryland, M.A. With a Preface by John Sheppard. 12mo., pp. 264. New-York: Robert Carter & Bros. For sale in Pittsburgh by R.

The Improvement of Time has ever been fruitful and familiar theme for the school-boy composer as well as for the mature and profound essayist. On a subject so hackneyed, few could at present presume to write with any reasonable expectation of gaining very extensively the attention of the reading public. We are pleased to see that the present elaborate treatise on this familiar but still too much neglected subject, comes to us with such incontestable claims to public favor, as the name of John Foster must ever carry with it. Men in professional life will not regret as lost the time they may devote to its attentive perusal. They will find it stimulating to thought, contributive to mental expansion and invigoration, useful in its historical information, and eminently suggestive of practical hints which may be turned to excellent account. To young persons, the book will prove especially valuable, if they will not only read it, but make it a particular subject of study. A portion of the, work is intended for idlers; those of this class who are not too far gone to bring to the reading of it the mental exertion which it requires, are likely to be greatly benefited. The book is worthy of the attention of persons of all ages and conditions.

MAUD SUMMERS, THE SIGHTLESS. 18mo. pp. 234. New-York: Robert Carter & Brothers For sale in Pittburgh by R. S. Davis. THE SALE OF CRUMMIE; or, THE DIAMONE BROOCH, AND OTHER STORIES. 18mo., pp. 171

Same publishers. ALICE BARLOW; or, PRINCIPLE IN EVERY-THING. A Country Village History. 18mo., pp. 280. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Roard of Publication.

For sale in Pittsburgh at the Presbyterian Book-Rooms.

TRY: BETTER DO IT, THAN WISH IT DONE. By the Author of "Annandale," "Clouds and Sunshine," etc. 18mc., pp. 244. Presbyte-rian Board.

We can cordially recommend all the above juve nile works to the attention of parents and Sabbath School:teachers. Any one of the four may be selected as a suitable holiday present for the young.

TO ALL PERSONS interested in Agriculture in any of its departments, we recommend, with pleasure, that standard monthly, the American Agriculturist. Persons wishing to subscribe will address Orange Judd, New-York city.



A. Story for the Little Ones. One day a little lamb left the fold of the kind shepherd, and wandered off toward the woods. It was a beautiful, sunny day; and everything looked so bright and joyous that the lamb felt very happy, and thought, "How much nicer it is out, than in the fold. Here there is no one to tell me what. to do, and I mean to do just as I please,

now. It had a merry time, racing here and there till it was tired; it then laid itself rear rank. down to rest. But the sun would not

didn't think of going back to the fold, though it had heard the shepherd calling it, and knew he would take it in. But, it got into a rough way. Thorns choked John. the path, and tore the poor little lamb. It and fell. Then it heard the howling of in a tone of irony.

little lamb? Oh no! He saw it go, and fol- pied and animated the snow-man was called lowed it, calling it to return; but as it heeded his "spirit." him not, he felt very sorry that it should act so; and still followed on, hoping it would yet | even to his red flannel lips, inked paper eyes come. At last, just as it was getting dark, and eyelids, and a pasteboard crown on his he heard its piteous bleating, and called once more. The lamb did not run away spirit" to do its duty. John presented him seems to him, and, wearied self with a proud, elated air, when there was your freedom, Sebastian."

"A contribute a spirit!" and He sank on his knees, and a groan of He sank on his knees, and a groan of He sank on his knees, and a groan of stooped down, lifted it in his arms, all torn | the boys, one and all, ran from the playand covered with dust as it was, and carried | ground, pretending the greatest fright, and | burning eyes to his master's face : "the freethe trembling little thing home, washed it nice and clean, removed the thorns and briers from it, fed it, and led it into the fold, with the other lambs.

Now, my dear children, can you tell me who are meant by the kind shepherd, and nearly blinded by the flying snow. the wandering lamb? What is meant by the thorns, the wild-beasts, and so on? Try to find out; or if you cannot yourself, ask some older person to explain it to you. And now, lest some of you have never seen it, I will write part of a beantiful School. Will you please learn it? "I think, when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men; How he called little children as lambs to I should like to have been with him then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me; That I might have seen his kind look when he 'Let the little ones come unto me.'" COUSIN MARY.

John Smith, the Selfish Boy.

John Smith is good looking, dresses neatly, and has easy, graceful manners. But he boys, who wanted him to play at "bat and that taketh a city."—Congregationalist.

"I don't like to play ball," he said.
"Please play, John," said the other

"No, I don't like to play ball."
"Please play this once," they said enwe can't play without you."

"No; Ishan't play ball," answered John. firmly fixed in his intention to have his "how came you to hurt your sister so bad- also figures among the feathered creatures regardless of the pleasure of others. "Well, what will you play, John?" "I don't know. Let me think what I

'king,' or I'll play 'lion.'" "O'lion.' Let's play 'lion,' and we'll

all take turns in being lion," shouted the other boys. "I must be lion first," said John, "because I thought of the play."

This was agreed to. A cave was built for the lion, and John, on all fours, took possesion of it, roaring and growling in a most lion-like way, as he thought. The other boys, jackals for the time being, brought their offerings, and laid them stealthily at a little distance from their king, who growled and snapped most royally whenever he espied their humble approach, filling the poor jackals with such apparent terror that they fled away, and hid themselves. After a time it was proposed that John should let some one else be lion, and take his turn in jackal service.

"No, he wouldn't; he had rather be lion, and wouldn't play unless he could be." The other boys, wishing to try their power and skill in lionbood, and having some idea of fair play, demurred at this, and ceased ministering to his majesty. He growled and roared in his cave, unattended and unnoticed for a short time, and then leaving his all-fours, emerged from it with a most unliqulike growl, "I never saw such

selfish, disobliging boys!" On the opening of school, John appropriated to himself the best seat and desk, and when the classes were formed, he rushed for the first place, as if the most important exhibition of passion. Think, think again.

At noontime, in a group of several boys he was the only one who had a lunch, and though he had a superabundance of dainties. not one did he share with his companions. After having eaten too much, he saved the rest, thinking he might possibly be hungry in the afternoon recess, or on his way home from school. He had a fine knife which his uncle had given him, and which he had great delight and pride in showing to the school-boys, but he would not let them so much as take it in their hands. He had a would let no one else fire it.

What do you think of John? Do you at all resembles him? I wonder how he has become so very selfish? Has he no Bible? Does he not know that God requires | to others as he would have them do to him? Does he not know that "it is more blessed soul is made fat," and that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver?" Poor John! Without love, without generosity, without kind ness, he is indeed poor and pitiable.

John has had a few lessons to teach him the folly, if not the sin of selfishness. And he may have learned that " before honor is humility." The boys of his acquaintance were forming themselves into a military company, and invited him to join them, offering him the office of sergeant. He demanded to be captain, declaring that he would have nothing to do with the companv unless he could be at its head. His demand was refused. He was too well known to be popular. Too many of the boys had played jackal to his lion, to enlist under him as head officer. But John persisted in his demand, and the company was organized and went into drill without

he went to the captain and offered to accept a vacant office. captain, who was not an admirer of John. | erase it, rather let me finish it."

'And well filled, too," he added with dig-John then wished to join it as private, suffering are merged into the youthful but was told that no "raw recruit" could spirit, rising from the impetus of his own be received on parade day—that on certain double energies, into a gladsome sphere of named days he might be permitted to enlist, on signing the articles of the company John was greatly humiliated by this cool treatment, and still more when, after enlisting, he was obliged to take his place in the

John?" asked one and another.

"I don't like piling snow, but I'll be the gaze. spirit when the old fellow's finished," said

"O, will you! how obliging! perhaps you was getting dark too, and it often stumbled | will !" answered some of the indignant boys

wild-beasts, which would gladly have torn | The man of snow was made hollow, and it in pieces, if they could have reached its so large that a boy could stand within him Now the little wanderer wished it was safe and speak for him, answering questions put But, did the shepherd forget the foolish | declaiming speeches. The boy who occu- punishment or reward, my dear pupils?"

> When his snow-excellency was finished. leaving John all alone in perplexity. But dom of my father !" It was his turn to run, and he ran, never his bosom.

faster, his hands on his ears, and his eyes "We'll make a snow-man of you, you selfish good-for-nothing!" shouted some of the boys, sending their balls after him till he but made a painter." was quite out of sight. John did not again offer his services as

"spirit," but one day, when the snow-man of Murillo and Sebastian. hymn which children often sing in Sunday was animated by a prophet, he ventured to School. Will you please learn it? There was something in the deep, sepulchral to the sanctuary of the heart and awakenvoice, which reminded one of the precocious ing its holiest sensibilities? Is there not captain, as the prophet slowly and solemnly between the circumstances and trials of our pronounced this doom, making John turn pale and tremble: Art thou selfish, thou shalt be hated in pressive and truthful analogy?

life, neglected in death, and despised in thy The snow-prophet spoke the truth. Though he could not look into the future he knew something of it from the past John felt that he spoke the truth, for he was already hated by some and shunned by last in Paris, I never saw Louis Napoleon many. Poor John! It is so hard to overcome selfishness. It requires such close to see him. If it were possible for the male watching, hard inward struggling, and earn- or female spinx to form a matrimonial alis little loved or respected, for he is neither est prayer for help from God. But how liance with one of the sons or daughters of noble, nor generous, nor kind. When first brave, how worthy is he who overcomes it! Israel, I should expect that a man-child or I saw him, he was in company with other "Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he woman child would be born with a visage

Think Again.

win, for he struck me in the face with his hoop stick!" cried little Emma, as she came his physiognomy. Louis Napoleon has a

gushing from her lips. "Why, Edwin," exclaimed the mother, is the inspired symbol, although the cock ly? You surely could not have done it in- on the national tentionally."

like to play best," said the selfish boy, with accident. She came running in my way and he dreams of stringing for the French an air of great consequence. "I'll play when I was driving my hoop, and the stick people a line of modern Cæsars. By reckstruck her; I did not. "Come to me, Emma, and let me wash the has been able already to get as far in his

> sorry after it is done. You are satisfied be knocked on the head to-morrow, how that it was an accident, and that you were could the interval of his minority be bridgas much to blame as your brother. You ed over for L have heard more than one were both careless, and that was the way the Frenchman declare that the nation would accident occurred. If I punish him, I shall never live under a crinoline regency, which

> him?" "No. no. mother," said Emma quickly, hand. and the tears fell faster than before. "I know he did not mean to hurt me." "Then go and kiss him, and tell him you forgive him for his carelessness; and ask Returning from Paris to St. Cloud through him to forgive you, for your anger toward

> him? It was a sweet sight to see the loving chil- the border of the great lake. I do not re dren locked in each other's arms, kissing member to have seen a face with a more away each other's tears. Little children, never do or say anything in anger; but think again, and you will always find that the second thought is the

wisest.

Miscellaneous.

The Unknown Painter. -Murillo, the celebrated artist of Seville often found upon the canvas of some one of his pupils, sketches or specimens of draw- nent relief. Happily, or unhappily, Empeing, imperfect and unfinished, but bearing rors also are but mortals, and no lithotothe rich impress of genius. They were ex- mists can be found in all their wide dominecuted during the night, and he was utterly ions who are able to use the knife without unable to conjecture the author. One causing pain. Think of Louis Napoleon toy-pistol which he liked to fire, but he morning the pupils had arrived at the bound to a surgeon's table after having esstudio before him, and were grouped before an easel, uttering exclamations of delighted attempts upon his life. like him? Do you know of any one who surprise, when Murillo entered. His as tonishment was equal to their own on find-ing an unfinished head of the Virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of him to love his neighbor as himself, to do surpassing beauty. He appealed first to horses' feet were trampling upon the reto give than to receive," that "the liberal the choice but mysterious production; but rubbish of ages. Before our eyes uprose they returned a sorrowful negative. He who has left this tracery will one

> night?" "No one but myself, Senor." "Well, take your station here to-night, and if you do not inform me of the myste- work pierces the accumulated soil. rious visitant of this room, thirty lashes shall be your reward on the morrow." clock struck three. He then sprang from his couch, and exclaimed:

my master's !" seat at the frame to erase the work of the morning sun. This glittering speck was him. When he saw it on its first grand preceding night. With brush in hand to the tomb of the holy Aly. To pray before march, drums beating and banners flying, make the oblivious stroke, he paused, this at some period of his life, to kiss the "Oh, those eyes," he said, "they pierce sacred dust of the earth around, there at me through: that blood will run from "Our offices are all filled," returned the those purple veins—I cannot, I cannot

He went to work; and soon the slavethe darkened brow-the child of toil and liberty and brightest beauty.

A little coloring here, and a touch there a soft shade here; and thus three hours

A giant snow-man was to be built by the ful-Oh, my beautiful" This is the contact by the was a car.

shine always; so it slowly sank down | boys in the school where John went, and all | A slight noise caused him to look up. toward the hills in the West; and at hands were hard at work building him, roll- Murillo, with his pupils, stood aroundlast, took a final peep through the trees, as ing little balls into larger ones, and piling much as to say, "I am going, good night."

So the lamb began to look around for work but John.

some safe place to atay in all night. It "Why don't you take hold and help, slave, and the spirit's folded wing seemed to flutter. His eyes fell beneath their eager

"Who is your master, Sebastian?" "You. Senor." "Your drawing master, I mean?"

"You, Senor. "I have never given you lessons." "No; but you have given them to these young gentlemen, and I heard them." "Yes, you have done better-you have back again, if it could only find the way! to him, telling fortunes, reciting verses, or profited by them. Does this boy deserve "Reward, Senor-reward," was the quick

What shall it be?" One suggested a suit of clothes-another sum of money; but no chord was touched

anguish burst from him. He lifted his

they soon returned and then such a volley The death-chill passed from his heart, of soft snow-balls as was poured upon him! and he breathed. Murillo folded him to

"Your pencil shows that you have talent-your request, that you have a heart; you are no longer a slave, but my son. There are still to be seen in classic Italy

many beautiful specimens from the pencils Is there not a voice fraught with sweet eloquence from this little story, penetrating

little hero and the events that sometimes occur in the career of a Christian, an im-

Louis Napoleon.

The Paris correspondent of the Providence Journal says:
During five or six months passed first and

of precisely the same type as that of the Emperor of the French. In its expression is combined the mystery of the spinx with the cunning of the Jew. And all the "Oh, mother, I wish you would whip Ed- world knows that the characteristics of the "There are only four of us, and running home from school, with the blood hooked nose, but its hook is more that of the hawk than the eagle. The latter bird

> The darling object of this man's care ev-"No, mother, sister knows that it was an idently is, the establishment of a dynasty, oning one that never figured in history, he blood from your face; then I will punish arithmetic as number three, but it is hardly your brother, if you wish me. Shall I do probable that the round Roman dozen will ever be made out. To be sure there is prom-"Yes, mother, he is a careless, naughty ise in the earnest eyes of the Imperial Prince, still an innocent boy of less than "But think again, Emma, you may be eight years. But if the Emperor should hurt him more than he did you. Would that of the Empress must necessarily be. it do you any good to see him cry? Would The old French maxim— Le Roi regne it make your face feel any better to know et ne gouverns pas, is not applicable to the that he was suffering pain? Think again; nation which invented it. In this country I will do just as you wish. Shall I punish it is clear enough that the King must not only reign but govern, and with a strong

> My opportunity for seeing the Emperor was a favorable one, and I turned it to account by making a leisurely inspection. the Bois de Boulogne, he descended from the carrriage and walked for half an hour along profound expression of stony gravity, but I would not say of impassability. The lines are slightly deeper than one would expect to see in a man of fifty-five, and a very decided general tone of age is beginning to Let elder children guard against the same settle upon the whole physiognomy. The exhibition of passion. Think, think again, skin has a leathery, bilious hue, and the features bear traces of the acute pain which it is known he suffers. I noticed a swaying motion in the gait as he leaned rather heavily upon the arm of his companion. The Emperor's malady is such that he is not able to go on horseback without sufferintense pain, and all his visits to mineral springs do not seem to produce any permacaped the bombs of Orsini and the other

The Tower of Babel. After a ride of about eight miles, we were at the foot of the Biers-Nimrood. Our one and then to another of the young gen- mains of bricks, which showed here and tlemen, to see if they could lay claim to there, through the accumulated dust and a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was the Biers-Nimrood, the ruins of day be master of us all. Sabastian," said the Tower of Babel, by which the first he to a youthful slave who stood trembling builders of the earth had vainly hoped to before him, "who occupies this studio at scale high-heaven. Here also it was that Nebuchadnezzar built-for bricks bearing his name have been found in theruins. At the top of the mound a great mass of brick

With your finger you touch the very bricks, large, square-shaped and massive, He bowed in quiet submission, and retired. That night he threw his mattress mortar—the "slime," now hard as granite before the easel and slept soundly until the handled more than four thousand years ago by earth's impious people. From the summit of the mound, far away over the "Three hours are my own; the rest are plain, we could see glistening, brilliant as a star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that He then seized a palette and took his caught and reflected the bright rays of the some time or other to bend his body and count his beads, is the daily desire of every devout Mohammedan.—A letter in Blackwood.

Agricultural.

Wintering Sheep. rolled unheeded by.

"Oh, those beaming eyes; those lips—his method of feeding sheep in Wint they will speak and bless me! My beauti- John Johnston Writes us as follows: In reply to some inquiries in regard to his method of feeding sheep in Winter, The best time to yard sheep for fattening, Lecodestan Politicação em 1

or even store sheep, is when they do not improve on the pastures. There should be no loss of condition in the Autumn or early

Winter, nor at any other time. You want dry yards well littered, so that they can always have a clean bed, with sheds to go in when they choose; but unless quite stormy they always prefer the yard for their

I have fed as many as 600 in one yard, but that is too many, as they are apt to hurt each other in going to their grain. From 150 to 200 in one yard does very well.

I salt once a week when feeding grain, about two quarts to the 100 sheep. fed oil-meal without any grain they care little for salt and I feed them none. It is the same with cattle. I put the salt in the troughs when there is no grain in them. For the first two months I generally feed

straw only for fodder, and I have sold many fat sheep that got nothing but straw for todder. But much depends upon the condition of the straw. If the wheat is cut in a raw state—that is, not quite ripe—and gets no rain, it makes better sheep-fodder than ripe timothy hay.

I fodder the sheep three times a day in the common board racks. I feed the grain twice a day—one bushel to the 100 sheep in the morning, and another bushel about

4 P. M. when I keep my sheep until the middle of March, they have generally increased trom 20 to 22 pounds on the average; but much depends on how much and how long Record at 50 cents each, shall be entitled to 20 I have fed clover hay, and whether I have per cent. for each such subscription procured reduced the corn or oil med on commendiate reduced the corn or oil-meal on commencing the hay. Very fat sheep can be made with early cut clover hay and one bushel of corn, buckwheat, or oil cake meal to the 100 sheep per day, if you can commence with the clover hay when pastures fail, and continue it until March, but they eat an immense bulk of good clover hay.

It is difficult to buy sheep (good ones) for feeding purposes at present for less than 41 cents per pound, live weight—a high figure to start with-and corn very high, oil cake still higher, and I fear buckwheat wont be low. There is nothing better to fatten sheep than buckwheat. One or one-and-ahalf pounds to each sheep per day makes fine sheep.

I have been writing about fine-wooled sheep-Merinos. I have had greater increase in weight with grade Leicesters, with the same amount of grain or oil cake meal. -Genesee Farmer.

Keeping of Winter Cabbages. We have no reason to change our old mode of keeping cabbages through the Winter; and to those who have not stored theirs we again commend it as all that is desirable. Take up the cabbage by the roots—set it closely together in rows up to the head in soil, roots down the same as it grows-drive in posts at the corners of the bed and intermediate spaces if necessary, higher one side than the other-nail strips of board, lath or anything else that will answer on these posts-lay upon these old boards, doors, or if you have nothing else bean poles and cornfodder, so that the roof will be clear of the cabbage and allow the air to circulateclose up the sides with yard or garden offal of any kind-and your cabbage will keep all Winter, fresh and green, and be accessible at all times, or nearly so, the frost, not being hearly so severe under this protection as in exposed places. We have pursued this plan for years and it has always given satisfaction. Remember, exclude moisture -never mind the frost, which is a benefit spirit of rebellion has been entirely quenched, and our Gov. rather than an injury .- Germantown Tel-

Fattening Poultry. The most advantageous and cheapest food to use for fattening every description of poultry is ground oats. These must not be confounded with oat meal or with ordinary ground oats. The whole of the grain is ground to a fine powder-nothing of any kind is taken from it. When properly ground, one bushel of the meal will more effectually fatten poultry than a bushel and a half of any other meal. The greatest point in fattening poultry is to feed at daybreak.

FORM OF A DEVISE OR BEQUEST

BOARDS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH The State laws differ so much that no one form will answer in all the States, but in every case it is essential to give the RIGHT CORPORATE

The oldest Board was originally called the Board of Missions, but is now incorporated un-der 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."

Of the Board of Education the corporate name is, "The Trustees of the Board of Educa-

tion of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. 1-The Board of Foreign Missions is incorporate under the laws of New-York, under the style of "The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyte rian Church in the United States of America." The Board of Publication is incorporated un-der the laws of Pennsylvania under the style of "The Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Pub-

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 executors the sum of dollars, in trust, to pay over the same in after my decease, 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 be applied to the uses and purposes of said Board, and under its directions, and the receipt of the said Treasurer shall be a full and legal acquittance of my said executors for he same. When real estate or other property is given, let

it be particularly described. RESOLUTIONS OF THE GENERAL ASSEM-BLY 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 simulta neous effort; and whereas, an emergency has arisen, requiring the cooperation of all our churches to save our Boards from serious em-

barrassment: therefore. Resolved, 1. That this Assembly earnestly request all our churches that have no fixed times 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 January For the BOARD OF EDUCATION on the FIRT SABBATH OF MARCH. For the COLPORTAGE FUND of the BOARD OF PUBLICATION on the FIRST SABBATH OF

For the BOARD OF CHURCH EXTENSION on the First Sabbath of July. For the DISABLED MINISTERS' FUND on the First Sabbath of September. Resolved, 2. That when the annual collections cannot be taken up on the days above designated,

thereafter as possible. THE HOME AND FOREIGN RECORD. By order of the General Assembly, the publication of the *Home and Foreign Record* in the quarto or newspaper form will cease with the December number. It will from thence be printed only in the octavo, or

pamphlet form, which will be advantageous to those who annually bind it in a volume. The matters it presents have a permanent interest. It is our duty, as Christians, to know what, as a Church, we are doing now; and if preserved it Church, we are doing now; and, if preserved, it will be a valuable record of the progress of the

Church to succeeding generations. The change presents a favorable opportunity for pastors and others interested in the welfare of the people, to make a new effort to circulate the Record among them. It is now several years since any considerable accession has been made to the list of subscribers, and it is thought that in many churches there are numbers recently added, who know nothing of the existence of this periodical. It is hoped that the action of the Assembly will meet the approval of the Church, which could be shown in no better way than by a great increase of subscribers.

THE HOME AND FOREIGN RECORD OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Is the organ of the Boards of Domestic Missions Education, Foreign Missions, Publication, and the Board of Church Extension, and is issued nonthly, at Fifty Cents a year for a single copy. Packages to churches, for any number of copies, at 25 cents per copy. Payment in advance.

Address, Mr. Peter Walker, 821 Chestnut St.,

POSTAGE.—The postage of the Home and For eign Record is one cent each paper, payable quarterly in advance, at the office of delivery. But packages to one address are liable to one cent for each four ounces contained in them, payable quarterly in advance. Packages of the Home and Foreign Record are delivered, free of charge, in New-York, Balti-more, Louisville, Cincinnati, Wheeling and Pitts-

Philadelphia."

T.H.JE Presbyterian Banner

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

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