

Poetry.

An Answer to a Sweet Little Poem Written by a Soldier Father to his Children.

Father, now the shadows darken, As thy face we see no more, And the thought our spirits sadden, As we hearken—softly hearken For thy footsteps at the door.

When we yearn for thy caressing, For thy warm and fervent kiss; For thy sweet voice softly telling Of a blessing—O that blessing, Father, shall we ever miss?

And now, father! listen softly While we whisper in thine ear; Though thy way be red and gory, Still the Lord—the Lord of glory, Will be there to cheer us!

Fire-side Reading.

"Look out, Ellen, right across the street," said Mr. Walden, laying his paper on his knee, and speaking to his wife, who sat at the opposite from window.

"Yes, Henry; I happen to know him—one of your clerks," and the lady turned her face, most sweet, most fair, from the beautiful child, whom she was tending up and down a cluster of silver-voiced bells, and listening to its croon of triumph.

"His wife gaped sadly across the street to the slight young figure, who was slowly passing out of her range of vision. She remembered its rapid, alert step, which had struck her a little while before, and fancied there was remorse and depression in the altered bearing. Then her glance dropped on the sweet face with the wide bloom on its cheeks, and the childish wonder and joy in its eyes, and her heart grew pitiful, and reached out with a half mother-yearning for the slight half-drooping figure, which had just passed by."

"What is the matter, Ellen?" she smiled, half apologetically. "I was thinking, dear, what if that boy were ours?"

"I shall never place him in the midst of such temptations as my warehouse," said Mr. Walden, looking down upon his small heir a little touched.

Walden beckoning to him.

Walden beckoning to him. A blush burned up into the boy's cheek; he hesitated. And again Mr. Walden's voice came over to him kindly, but authoritatively—"Lucius! Lucius! Street!" And it compelled his steps to the gentleman's side.

Mr. Walden looked on his former clerk with kindly eyes, which were not to be mistaken. "Come in, Lucius, come in," he said. And the youth followed him into the great parlor, whose gorgeousness fairly dazzled his eyes, and seating him in one chair, took another by his side, and looking at him, said, in a kind voice, "Lucius, you have an honest face, and you had an honest name till that time, and because of it, if you had told the truth, we would have forgiven and kept you."

"The tears strained themselves into the boy's eyes, his breast heaved, every limb shook. Mr. Walden was touched. He laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Tell me the truth now, Lucius," he said; "you shall not be sorry for it."

"The boy looked up; his face was white, and worked fiercely. At last the half-coherent words struggled out of him, Mr. Walden; but I pose I did take the money, although I can't remember very well; but I will evidently drift you to your ruin?"

"I believe you, and now if, because of this, we take you back once more to your old place, will you promise, for your own sake, not to fall again—into avoid all temptations of evil wine and wrong companions, for they have made you fall once, and they will evidently drift you to your ruin?"

"I will promise you, sir," said the boy, and he turned to go. In an instant it was opened, and the next moment a sound had fallen on his hearing and excitement, turned pale, and the folds of her frock showed how she trembled. If she had held a serpent, she would not have thrown it down more quickly than she returned the stolen apple to the basket, and clasping her little hands together, tears filled her large blue eyes, and she exclaimed: "Guard my heart, O God of heaven, Let I take what is not given, Guard my heart and hands from sin."

"This one verse, with all its deep power, stopped that young child in the moment of strong temptation; and who shall say what effect it had upon the whole of his future life. She is a woman now, and has had many temptations, and perhaps the hymns of her childhood have helped her more than once.

Children, store your minds with beautiful hymns, and, above all, always stop and ask God to keep you right when you are tempted to do wrong.

Contrast Between Two Queens.

I have frequently heard it said, in a tone of censure, that our court is a very parsimonious one—too economical a great deal; but if it be economical, it is just and punctual in the extreme. It is certainly a fact, that so far as her milliners and dress-makers are concerned, her Majesty likes to know the price of articles before commanding them—a practice which her subjects would do well to follow; and all her trades-people know full well that their accounts must be punctually rendered every three months, when they are punctually discharged—another example well worthy of imitation, and one which, if the ladies of our aristocracy would but follow, they would find themselves saving at least fifty per cent. on their milliners' bills. They would, too, at once rebuke the employers of one great and general excuse for overworking their assistants—an excuse which they consider all-powerful—viz.: that their capital is so locked up by the long credit they are obliged to give their customers, that they have to do with as few paid assistants as possible.—The English-woman's Journal.

The Empress of France. The passion of the Empress for dress amounts almost to a mania. The Empress appears twice in the same dress, but changes the material and the color every day. It is said that in the front corner of the ceiling of her private dressing-room, there is a trap-door opening into a spacious hall above, filled with "presses," each containing a dress exhibited on a frame, looking like an effigy of the Empress herself. A servant, who is constantly on duty, holds a key to the door, through which the dressed effigy descends into the Empress. If it please her Majesty, the dress is lifted from the frame and placed upon the imperial person; if not, it is whipped up, and another comes down in its place, and perhaps another and another.

The Russian Bear. The Russian Bear is out forging. The Empire of Alexander now covers a territory well nigh as large as fifty empires of Louis Napoleon. It compasses an unbroken stretch of land from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea. The Bear reaches out his finger tips touching East and West. When he changed his capital from Moscow to St. Petersburg, he thought to menace progress toward Western Europe. But the progress has been toward the rising sun. During the last three years five acquisitions have been made—first, all Asia north of the Amoor; second, frontier posts in Central Asia, pushed out as pickets toward the Bay of Bengal; third, the region of East Asia from the Amoor southward, and nearer to Pekin than Cincinnati to New-York; fourth, the island of Saghalien, as large as Pennsylvania and having equal coal mines; fifth, the island of Yesso, as large as New-England.

What is the value of these gains? Let no one suppose that the great territory is only a great snow field. The Amoor, larger than the Mississippi, is not more frozen in Winter in its great southern bend than the St. Lawrence. Massachusetts is further north than the southern side of its valley. The soil yields wheat, barley, corn, oats, and the most ordinary crops of the Amoor, and harbor them upon its bosom. He may establish seaports, which, fronting the whole long length of Japan, will have hardly more ice in mid-Winter than the Fulton ferry boats encounter from New-York to Brooklyn.

His father was the first man in sending Count Mouravief into Asia to pick up some new jewels for the crown. The new Caesar's vigorous use of his fresh opportunities if interpreted to mean that he has knitted his brows into a threat against China and British India. He doubtless means to gather it up, and to keep all he can get. It is in fact, a novel and among them may yet be chronicled, as among royal adventures, how the Emperor made a progress to his colonial city of Hongkong, and how afterward, on his way back, he turned an Englishman out of a palanquin and rode in state into Calcutta. Meanwhile, we recommend that the British fleet in the Gulf of Mexico make a voyage of observation to the Bay of Bengal.

Samuel Wilkerson, Esq., formerly of the Buffalo press, now of the New-York Times, in his admirable address as presiding officer at the "Press dinner," given at Washington recently to Speaker Colfax, related the following pleasing incident: "At length, when patience seemed about to give out, and when he could stand it no longer, he went over to his neighbor, and Mr. Wright, and poured his troubles into his ear. Now Deacon Wright was a quiet man, said but little, but thought more. When he did speak, it was always to the point. He knew all about Mr. Bunnett, had great patience with him and a great regard for him. He used to say, 'Mr. Bunnett loves to growl, but he never really bites.' The Deacon was just going out to the barn to fodder his cattle, when Mr. Bunnett came up and said, 'Good evening—I can call such a cold night good.' 'Now, Deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't hear our preaching! I get no good. There's so much in it that I don't want, that I growl on it. I lose my time and pains.' 'Mr. Bunnett, come in here! There's my cow Thankful—she can teach you theology.' 'Now see, I have just thrown her a fork-full of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has found a stick (you know sticks will get in the hay), and see how she tosses it one side and leaves it, and goes on to eat the hay. There again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it one side and goes on eating. And there! She don't relish that bunch of daisies, and she leaves them, and goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a stick or a weed which she leaves. But if she refused to eat, and spent her time in scolding about the fodder, she too, would 'grow lean,' and my milk would be dried up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you."

Farm, Garden, &c.

Harvesting on the Prairie. With your permission we will tell your farmer readers how harvesting is done in this country. We suppose that a stranger passing through our vast prairie farms just before the grain is ready to be gathered, would think it impossible to harvest such wide fields before a great part of the grain had fallen into the ground. Well, if our farmers had to depend upon foreign help, and the use of such harvest implements as were every where depended upon but a few years ago, and are still depended upon in many places at this time, but a small part of the grain raised on our prairies would ever reach the stack-yard. But machinery has rendered our farmers independent of foreign help, and inventors have thrown implements which twenty years ago were supposed to be visionary, and safely stacked in the shade. You who farm surrounded by brush and hills and ponderous wood, come here—look at that field of wheat of one hundred, or one hundred and fifty acres, all ripe and ready to be gathered! What a task—what an army necessary to save it! But stop a little—in from four to six days before the grain is ready to be gathered, the farmer sends out a party of men to stack every working hour. And all this without a little army of men with dirty, rusty, sweaty shirts; bleeding, blistered hands; lame horses, and aching bones, and vast loads of sticks, rakes, scythes, &c. But to accomplish the task of one man of ordinary strength, perhaps one or two of the company only boys, with two teams to propel the machine which cuts the grain and deposits it into wagons, two or three teams to haul as many wagons, which receive the cut grain and carry it to the stack-yard; a few pack-horses, which are ready for any field. The machine to be used is one of no ordinary character. It is simple, powerful, reliable and complete. It is appropriately called the Harvest Queen. It cuts a swath ten feet wide, consequently it travels less than a mile to cut one acre. The cut grain falls back of the sickle on the other side, revolving apart, which is so elevated at one end that it is elevated to 20 feet above the ground, and falls into a box which can be driven under it along with the machine, and receive the grain as it falls from the elevated end of the apron. No grain falls on the ground, none is bound in bundles, shocked or pitched on the wagon by hand. The whole is done so easily and so quickly, that all the heads which are left on the straw, and leaves it properly scattered over the field. But without a moment's delay, the driver can adjust the machine so as to cut the straw any desirable length.

In many places harvesting is considered (and justly) the most laborious part of farm labor. With our prairie farmers it is not; especially when performed in the manner described. All farmers do not adopt this method, but a large number do. So it is all over the West, and so it will be a "most always."

But, if the Editor will let this find a place in the columns of the Banner, and allow us to trouble him again on this same subject, we will agree to stop here for the present. If it does not, we will stop here anyhow. Yours, respectfully, PATRIOT OBSERVER.

Plowing by Steam. A writer in the Royal Agricultural Society's journal in England, calls attention to the advantages of steam plowing, which has been introduced on some English farms, where the experiment proves that it is cheaper, more expeditious, and more efficient than horse tillage. A steam plow does in a day the work of from ten to twelve or even thirty to forty horses. It does not tire as horses do, and the soil is more thoroughly cultivated by it. It breaks up the soil to the depth of ten inches as easily as a horse plow does five inches; thus making a constant and great improvement of the land, which is better drained by the breaking up of the subsoil. Water and poor lands have thus become fertile and productive, and stiff clay lands have been transferred into garden soils. Through continued steam culture the land becomes lighter and more easily worked, and several farmers who use it testify that the increased work of their crops is so great that their lands have grown in value one-third. The Viceroy of Egypt is importing steam plows from England very largely, having a capital of nearly \$1,000,000 in them on his own estate. He wishes to encourage his people to use machines instead of animal labor. He intends to form a model farm on a large scale, introducing the most recent English improvements.

FORM OF A DEED OR BEQUEST TO ANY OF THE 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 correct 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." The Board of Education of the corporate name is, "The Trustees of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America." The Board of Foreign Missions is incorporated under the laws of New-York, under the style of "The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America." The Board of Publication is incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania under the style of "The Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication."

Benevolence of British Christians. The receipts for the past year of 43 of the principal religious societies which held their anniversaries in London were 2,951,092, or over four and three-quarter millions of dollars. Nearly one-half of this amount was for the support of foreign missions. The benevolent receipts of the Church Missionary Society were \$768,000; of the Wesleyan, \$708,000; of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, \$465,000; of the Baptist, \$420,000; of the Board of Christian Missions, \$410,000; of the London Missionary Society, \$410,000; of the Wesleyan Mission, \$183,000; of the Religious Tract Society, \$56,000.

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 will be a valuable record of the progress of the Church to succeeding generations.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY. Resolved, 1. That this Assembly earnestly request all our churches and foreign missions for the purpose, to take up annual collections as follows, viz.: For the BOARD OF 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 FIRST SABBATH OF MARCH.

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JUST PUBLISHED. The Presbyterian Board of Publication, 821 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia: COUNSELLORS FOR THE BOARD-ROOM. A PAMPHLET TO Boys and Girls on entering School. By John Hart, D.D. 32mo. Philadelphia, pp. 34. Price 5 cents. An excellent little book for teachers and parents to place in the hands of children.

W. MACKEDON, 107 Lombard Street, Pittsburgh. CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, DRUGGISTS, SHADES, and all other goods in their line, which they offer at prices much reduced from those of last season, having been purchased during the late PROLONGED SALE.

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