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

BY MRS. E. B. CURRAN. 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.

How 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?

When we hear the loud wind mosning, And the clock ticks soft and low. And we know that thou art roaming 'Mong the sighing and the dying, Then the shadows come and go.

In the embers, softly gleaming Through the twilight, cold and grey, Oft we see the bright tear streaming. Through the seeming-quiet seeming For the dear one, far away.

Could the dove but stop the mutter Of the cannon's deadly roar, And the sweet word softly utter, 'Round us flutter—gayly flutter, Chasing wrong from sea to shore.

Fain would we to thee have spoken Of the clive-branch of peace-Of the bands of treason broken-Of the hopes—the hopes that waken, That the cruel strife may cease! And now, father! listed softly

While we whisper in thine ear; Though thy way be red and gory, Still the Lord-the Lord of glory, Will to thee be ever near! And though little hands lie listless,

Still we can forever pray; For we know, though sad and cheerless, Thou art fearless-valliant, fearless, And will surely win the day.

"Cease, then cease, thy weary pining, Pierce the clouds that cross thy way; Thou must surely see the lining Of the cloud-the 'silver lining,' Turning darkness into day. Huntington, Indiana, Jan 6, 1864.

## Fixeside Reading.

Lucius Street.

"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 front window. "Do you

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

" Was one of my clerks, you mean, Ellen. That's the very young man we turned off last week for helping himself to a ten dollar bill out of our drawer. You remember I told you about it."

"Yes: but I never suspected that he was the one. You know he brought me messages several times from the store, and I was always pleased with his bright, pleasant, courteous manner. He had n't the face of a rogue, Harry."

"No; this was his first offence. I believe the boy was as honest when he came up from the country as ever one was: but he fell into bad company, and there was an end of him. There's no trusting boy or man after the first theft," and Mr. Walden

took up his paper. His wife glanced sadly across the street to the slight young figure which 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 after the slight half-drooping figure, which

had just passed by. She thought of him, friendless, disgraced desolate, this youth, in the great city, so full of all temptation and enticement; and she thought, too, of the mother he must once have had, and who was just as proud and fond of him as she was of her own boy and involuntarily this lady whom wealth and luxury, and all that is good and to be desired in life, had not spoiled, reached out her hands with a quick jesture of alarm

and protection to her child. The gentleman opposite her, with his pleasant face and portly figure, and his hair a little sifted with gray, caught the movement, and looked up from his paper. "What is the matter, Ellen?"

She smiled, half apologetically. "I was thinking, dear, what if that boy were ours !"

Mr. Walden looked down upon his small heir a little touched. "I shall never place him in the midst of

such temptations as my warehouse." "But this boy had to meet them, and because he failed once, it seems to me that

it was hard to turn him right out into the cold and dark of the world. Mr. Walden smiled a little. "O. Ellen," he said, "that would sound very prettily in a story, and sentiment of

this sort is very attractive in a woman like you; but it do n't do for us business men. We've got to be up to the mark hard, and straight forward, and practical. "And yet, Harry, you business men have had mothers to love you, and have sons in your turn to love. That is the hard.

straight, practical truth." When she paused, her husband said "Why, Ellen, what makes you take such an interest in this clerk, whom you've never seen half a dozen times?"

"I don't know, Harry. Perhaps it's because I look at my own boy and yours." "Well, to please you, I'll promise to take him back once more, and give him a

And Mrs. Walden rose up, went over to her husband, pushed away the black hair sifted with gray from his torehead, and the kiss which fell there was the warm, sweet, fragrant kiss of a lovely wife.

Half an hour later, Lucius Street was retracing his steps through the wide street, flanked with its stately homes, down which he had wandered unconsciously, for some possession of him that day, from which he vainly tried to deliver himself.

Suddenly a voice called him on the opposite side-"Lucius! Lucius Street!" site side—"Lucius! Lucius Street!"

He turned, and there, standing on the broad stone steps of his dwelling, was Mr.

He turned and there are but broad stone steps of his dwelling, was Mr.

He turned and there are but broad stone steps of his dwelling, was Mr.

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 mistaken.

"Come in, Lucius, come in," he said. 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 kindly 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 Mr. Walden was touched. He laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Tell me the truth now, Lucius,"

said; "you shall not be sorry for it." and worked fearfully. At last the half-co-herent words struggled out. "It's all dim and blurred to me, Mr. Walden; but I s'pose I did take the money,

although I can't remember very well; the wine had got into my head." Mr. Walden shook his head, "Bad pany, bad company, my boy," he said. "It was the first time, the very first time

"I believe you; and now if, because o this, we take you back once more to your old place, will you promise, for your own tions 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.' "Then be back, Lucius, to your old place to-morrow morning." The boy buried his face in his hands, and

burst into tears-tears which, in his case, were the blessed "latter rain," in which dwelt repentance and a new purpose. And Mr. Walden, touched beyond his usual self. laid his hand once more on the boy's shoulder, and spoke to him many words of counsel and encouragement, which were almost him to remain to supper with his family; strong temptation; and who shall say what this. And when Lucius Street went out life. She is a woman now, and has had on the side-walk once more, it was not as | many temptations, and perhaps the hymns

he went in. That night, at "Spark's Saloon," half-a- than once. dozen young men and boys, bent on what they called "mischief" and "fun," waited ful hymns, and, above all, always stop and vainly for another to join their company. ask God to keep you right when you are The barn was fired; the flames spread be- tempted to do wrong. yond the original intentions of the incendiaries. Much valuable property was destroyed, but Lucius Street was not there to see. He was faithful to his new covenant. He withstood the jeers and persuasions of his old companions, the temptations and

enticements of his city life. As his years grew into manhood, he arose to new positions of trust and responsibility in the great warehouse, and always When a little child he was peculiar. He

as much moved as his clerk, "it was Ellen, when other people used the saddle, and my wife, who did it all. You owe the milked his cow on the right side instead thanks to her."

And then the senior partner, whose hair the old horse, why, people said, "Mr. was not now sifted, but crusted with silver, Bunnell is a peculiar man," and let it all related all which had transpired between pass. himself and wife that afternoon in his sitman wept like a child again.

stand it all now."

shall be counted blessed and honorable of had them done right. er.—Ladies' Repository.

Christ's Golden Rule.

Who knows the Golden Rule? You a know it, I hope. You may repeat it: do to you, do ye even so to them." Who made the rule?

Then we may be sure it is a right rule. back. Have you all got the rule? Have you all got it by heart?

Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, children, what is a rule made for To make things right by. That is what Christ gave us all the Golden Rule for. You have it in your heart, just as the young carpenter had his footplaymate, whom perhaps you do not like Bunnell loves to growl, but he never really to shake off a great weariness. I saw very well, asks you to do him a favor, and you say, "No, I won't; you won't do any you," that's not going by the rule. Stop, little boy, little girl, take out your rule; here is something to measure. What does or calls you names, and you clench your my time and pains." hand to strike him in return-stop. Where is your rule? You would be more foolish my cow Thankful—she can teach you thethan the carpenter's apprentice if you were ology!"
to strike back, while all the time you had "A cow teach theology! What do you

Christ's Golden Rule in your mind, which | mean?" tells you to do as you would be done by.

disobey it. Christ's Golden Rule.

The Hymn and the Apple.

school.

Lizzie had been away six months, and of nourishment in it." was home for the Midsummer holidays. Her parents were delighted with her; and turned away, saying, "Neighbor, that old her two brothers and sisters seemed to yield cow is no fool, at any rate."—Rev. Dr. up every thing for pleasure, while she, in Todd, in S. S. Times with kindly eyes, which were not to be return, entertained them all with something she had learned or done at school.

"Father," she said on one occasion, as And the youth followed him into the she sat upon his knee, "we all learn Watt's Hymns at our school;" and then, with deep earnestness, she repeated several. Now, it happened a few days after that some early apples were gathered from the

garden, and Lizzie much wished to have one, but her mother said, "My darling, I cannot give you one; there are not many, ent. You shall have some of the next we gather." Lizzie appeared disappointed, and staid behind in the garden, while the basket of rich fruit was carried into the house, and placed upon a table in the parlor. Several hours passed by. The sun, The boy looked up; his face was white, in rich splendor, tempted all into the garden; and the sounds of merry voices echshe sauntered slowly back to the house. She was not there long, before she found that she was alone, and, as though some sudden thought flashed into her mind, she it was opened, and she crept softly to the basket of fruit. Lizzie's hand was upon in my life," speaking steady and fervent it, but seeming to hesitate, she looked timidly round the room to see that no one was watching her, then glancing quickly at the apples, she took one in her hand and turned sake, not to fail again-to avoidall tempta- to go. All of a sudden, Lizzie stopped. No sound had fallen upon her ear, yet her little cheeks, rosy with health and excite- but changes the material and the color ment, turned pale, and the folds of her frock showed how she trembled. If she had held a serpent, she would not have room, there is a trap-door opening into a thrown it down mere quickly than she returned the stolen apple to the basket, and clasping her little hands together, tears

> "Guard my heart, O God of heaven, Lest I covet what's not mine.

filled her large blue eyes, and she exclaimed:

Lest I take what is not given, Guard my heart and hands from sin." This one verse, with all its deep power, fatherly in their tone, and even invited stopped that young child in the moment of but the reinstated clerk declined doing effect it had upon the whole of her future of her childhood have helped her more

## Miscellaneous.

A Cow Teaching Theology.

Old Mr. Bunnell was a peculiar man.

filled these to the satisfaction of the propri- did n't want to rock, or creep, or walk, like etors, and at last became head clerk in the other children. He seemed to prefer to establishment. And it was not till the creep sideways or backward, rather than evening of his appointment, which trans- forward. And when a boy no play suited pired ten years after his reinstatement in him, no plan was exactly right. When the warehouse, that he related to Mr. Wal- other boys wanted to skate, he wanted to den the evil into which he had fallen at slide. When they wanted to slide down hill, he wanted to run on the ice. When "I was on the brink of an awful preci- they learned to read in the usual way, he pice, sir," he said, with emotion which turned his book bottom upwards, and fairly choked his words. "My ruin was learned to read in that way. Not that he inevitable, and it was you, under God, who saved me." wanted everything done in his own way. "Not I, interrupted Mr. Walden, almost | When he became a man and rode bare-back of the left, and used an ox harnassed with

But there were places where he found it ting-room, ten years ago. And the young hard to travel with other people. Especially was this so on the Sabbath. He "I never knew before what made Mrs. never could enjoy the singing in the church, Walden so kind to me," he said; I under- because the chorister always got hold of the wrong tunes; and he could not enjoy the "Come up to supper, to night, and tell prayers, because they were too long or too her with your own lips," said Mr. Walden. short, too abstract or too common. They And Lucius went, and hearing it, Mrs. Walden wept for joy, and thanked God in were prayed for, he thought that the heathen at home might as well be remem-How few women take any interest in the bered. If the nations were mentioned, he life, moral or physical, of their husbands' thought the Jews ought to be mentioned clerks and employees! And here, at their by name. In all cases, somebody was left very doors, open out great avenues, through out or put into the prayers that ought not which they may walk like ministering and to be. He did n't "mean to scold or find which they may walk like ministering aut to be. Its did not be did nove to have China and British India. He doubless gels, speaking good, true words, doing their fault," he said, but he did nove to have China and British India. He doubless gels, speaking good, true words, doing their fault," he said, but he did nove to have China and British India. sweet, noble, most womanly deeds, which things done right." Poor man! he never

the angels, and which shall be like good But a greater trouble was the preaching. gifts of frankincense and myrrh, pleasant He professed to like his minister, and did and acceptable in the sight of God the Fath- like him as well as he could like anybody. But there were awful mistakes in the preaching. Sometimes a most important point, as he thought, was left out. Sometimes things were put in which nobody could understand. Sometimes things almost heretical were broached. What could he "Whatsoever ye would that men should do? He gave hints and propounded queries to his minister, and his minister so gently and kindly passed them off, that t seemed like pouring water on a duck's

At length, when patience seemed about in his admirable address as presiding officer to give out, and when he could stand it no longer, he went over to his neighbor, Dearecently to Speaker Colfax, related the folcon Wright, and poured his troubles into lowing pleasant incident: his ear. Now Deacon Wright was a quiet man, said but little, but thought more. Winter moonlight morning, while the When he did speak, it was always to the rule in his pocket. But I am afraid that a point. He knew all about Mr. Bunnell, great many of you are so foolish that you had great patience with him and a great being changed at the tavern in South Bend, do n't use your Golden Rule. When some regard for him. He used to say, "Mr.

bites." The Deacon was just going out to the thing to oblige me, and I won't oblige barn to fodder his cattle, when Mr. Bunnell can call such a cold night good."

"Now, Deacon, I've just one word to ined about the man, and about the lateness the rule say? "Do as you would be done say. I can't bear our preaching! I get of the hour to which it was protracted: by." Go by the rule. That's what the no good. There's so much in it that I and I wondered if he was in debt, and rule is for. When some boy strikes you, don't want, that I grow lean on it. I lose struggling to get out, and if his wife was "Mr. Bunnell, come in here! There's

"Now see. I have just thrown her a Remember, that Christ's Golden Rule is fork-full of hay. Just watch her. There sort of a man is he?" "He is very good given to you to measure things by. That now! She has found a stick (you know to the poor; he works hard; he is sociable rule is always right. If you see a man, or sticks will get in the hay), and see how she a woman, or a child, doing something that tosses it one side and leaves it, and goes on is contrary to that rule, you may be sure to eat what is good. There again! She folks depend on him; all this part of Indithey are doing wrong. And remember has found a burdock, and she throws it one side and goes on eating. And there! She this, I have never taken up the South don't relish that bunch of daisies, and she Bend Register without thinking of this leaves them, and goes on eating. Before eulogy, and envying the man who had just-Let us all try to make a good use of morning she will clear the manger of all, ly entitled himself to it in the dawn of his save a few sticks and weeds, and she will manhood. 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 Little Lizzie was a lively, clever, and in which she leaves. But if she refused to teresting little girl. All who knew her eat, and spent her time in scolding about could be undertaken than to attempt to re-

leave the rest. You will find a great deal Mr. Bunnell stood silent a moment, then

Contrast Between two Queens. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND. 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 and I wish to send them all away as a pres- 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 oed all around. Lizzie was not in the hap- saving at least fifty per cent, on their milpiest mood, and when tired with her play, liners' bills. They would, too, at once rob the employers of one great and general excuse for overworking their assistants—an excuse which they consider all-powerfulviz.: that their capital is so locked up by hastened to the parlor door. In an instant the long credit they are obliged to give their customers, that they have to do with as few paid assistants as possible.—The Englishoman's Journal.

THE EEPRESS OF FRANCE. The passion of the Empress for dress amounts almost to a monomania. The Empress never appears twice in the same dress. every day. It is said that in the front centre of the ceiling of her private dressingspacious hall above, filled with "presses, each containing a dress exhibited on a frame, looking like an effigy of the Empress herself. In a part of these presses there is a little railway leading to the door, through which the dressed effigy descends in to 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 -Letter from Paris.

The Czar's Empire. The Russian Bear is out foraging. 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 Czar reaches out his finger tips touching East and West. When he changed his capital from Moscow to St. Petersburg, he was 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 Amoor; second, frontier posts in Cen tral Asia, pushed out as pickets toward the Indus; third, the coast 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-

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 norther than the southern side of its valley. The soil yields wheat, barley, oats, and even tobacco; the forests are beyoud description for beauty and ship timber; the coasts will support fisheries like Newfoundland: iron has been found, and gold looked for; while everywhere, in forest and on plain, uncounted animals are only waiting to be skinned of fashionable furs.

Alexander may build navies on the banks 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 a shrewd man in sending Count Mouravieff into Asia to pick up these new jewels for the crown. The new Czar's vigorous use of his fresh opportunities if interpreted to mean that he has knitted his brows into a threat against can get. History is full of novelties, 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 palankeen 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

Schuyler Colfax in the Printing Office.

Samuel Wilkerson, Esq., formerly of the Buffalo press, now of the New-York Times, Eighteen years ago, at one o'clock of a

horses in the stage coach in which I was plowing the thick mud of Indiana were I walked the footway of the principal street light through a window. A sign, "The Register," was legible above it, and I saw through the window a man in his shirt came up and bid him "Good evening-if I sleeves walking quickly about like one that worked. I paused and looked, and imagexpecting him and had lighted a new candle for his coming, and if he was very tired. A coming step interrupted this idle dreamng. When the walker reached my side. I rejoined him, and as we went I asked him questions, and naturally they were about the workman in his shirt sleeves. "What

In the Wilderness Shall Waters Break Out.

Perhaps no more hopeless enterprise

Modern science, however, laughs at seeming impossibilities. Skilful engineers in the French army in Algiers proposed to sink Artesian wells at different points, with the strong confidence that thus water could be reached and forced to the surface. could be reached and forced to the surface. In 1860, five Artesian wells had been opened, around which, as vegetation thrives luxuriantly, thirty thousand palm trees and one thousand fruit trees were planted, and two thriving villages established. At the depth of a little over five hundred feet, an underground river or lake was struck, and from two of them live fish have been thrown up, showing that there was a large body of water underneath. The French Government by this means hopes to make the route across the desert to Timbuctoo fertile and fit for travel, and thus to bring the whole overland travel and commerce through Algeria, which will be one of the greatest feats of modern scientific enter-

Benevolence of British Christians.

The receipts for the past year of 43 of the principal religious societies which held their anniversaries in London were £951, 092, or over four and three-quarter million of dollars. Nearly one half of this amount was for the support of foreign missions. The benevolent receipts of the Church Missionary Society were over \$756,000; of the Wesleyan, \$708,000; of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, \$456,000; of the British and Foreign Bible Society, \$421,000; London Missionary Society, \$410,000; London City Mission, \$183,000; Religious Tract Society, \$55,000.

## Garden,

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Harvesting on the Prairie. With your permission we will tell you 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 is 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 inventers have thrown implements which twenty years ago were sufficient and satisfactory, entirely in the 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 ston a little—in from four to six days. But stop a little-in from four to six days in many churches there it is all nicely cut and safely stacked. From twenty-five to thirty acres goes into stack every day, and from two to three every working hour. And all this without a than by a great increase of subscribers. little army of men with dirty, rusty, sweaty shirts; bleeding, blistered hands; lame horses, and aching bones, and vast loads of sickles, rakes, cradles, &c. But to accomplish the task we see six men 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 forks, and the whole posse is ready for the 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 swarth ten feet wide, consequently it travels less than a mile to cut one acre The cut grain falls back of the sickle on an endless, revolving apron, which is so elevated at one end that a wagon with a large box 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 grain is cut low enough to get all the heads, which saves handling 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. This brief article will give the reader some idea of the ease with which a few hands can gather a vast amount of grain in

a very short time. 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 easy mode. Some follow the mode which makes a light task a heavy one. So it always has been; and so it will be "a most always."

But, if the Editor will let this find 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 he does not, we will stop here any how. Yours, respectfully, PRAIRIE 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. Waste and poor lands have thus become fertile and productive, and stiff clay lands have been trans-ferred into garden soils. Through contin-much reduced from those of last season, having been pur-chased during the late DECLINE, at ued steam culture the land becomes lighter and more easily worked, and several farmers who use it testify that the increased worth 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 abor. He intends to form a model farm on a large scale, introducing the most recent English improvements

FORM OF A DEVISE 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 RIGHT CORPORATE The oldest Board was originally called the

Walden beckening to him. A blush burned | sent her to what they considered a good | Get all the good you can out of it, and | and fainting caravans that traverse it. | Board of Missions, but is now incorporated united to the horizontal large of Pennsylvania under title of the horizontal large of Pennsylvania under title of der the laws of Pennsylvania under title of The Trustees of the Board of Domestic Mission of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church

> 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 under 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

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 the same.

When real estate or other property is given, let

t 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; meous 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 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 MAY.
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, it be recommended to take them up as soon 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 will be a valuable record of the progress of the shade. You who farm surrounded by brush and hills and ponderous boulders, come here—look at that field of wheat of one for pastors and others interested in the welfare

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

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