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Attempted Church Persecution.

[We invite the attention of our ministerial brethren, and especially the Secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions to this letter.]
MEMPHIS, March 12, 1864.
MESSRS. EDITORS:—In answer to communications from brethren who have addressed me in reference to a notice which appeared in the Banner of February 23d, I beg through your paper to say that those in whose behalf I wrote are not an organized church. The field for which we desired a minister is what was, and yet is, the Second Presbyterian church of Memphis, the building belonging to the military authorities, and used and occupied, more particularly by the chaplains as a hospital chapel for the benefit of the army. But as the necessity for such a place is not now so great as it has been, a small number of Presbyterians, including a very few of the old congregation, have been engaged in shipping there for several months, desired to have this church again occupied by a Presbyterian minister; believing the military authorities would be willing to release it on condition that it would be occupied by a loyal minister. The condition of affairs in said church, however, were so unpropitious, to such an extent, that we were not prepared now to make any proposition, the change having been brought about by the advent in our midst of a Rev. Mr. Bliss, who purports to be the Exploring Agent of the American Home Missions Society, and who has been engaged in organizing a church under the auspices of said society, which in reality is intended to be nothing more and nothing less than a Congregationalist church of the most liberal sort; and if the course he has here pursued, is a specimen of the manner in which he executes his trust of looking after the interests and promoting the welfare of the church, we will be for Christians everywhere to beware of him. We, however, are not yet quite willing to surrender our claims to the church, but intend presenting a statement of facts to the authorities that may lead to the rescinding of the order placing the church in other hands. The old congregation, we learn, has made application to the President for the release of their church, and it is quite likely they will get possession; if so, and they provide a loyal minister, we will throw no obstacle in their way, but bid them God speed.
ANGUS CAMPBELL.

Voyage of Missionaries to China.

SHANGHAI, Dec. 21, 1863.
The ship *St. Paul* sailed from New York July 2d, 1863, pending the final assault on Vicksburg and the concentrating of the armies at Gettysburg; but no news had reached us of the progress of the rebel privateer *Ureca*. Our apprehensions were excited to the utmost. Some of the passengers were quite sure that the disposition of our valuables as we supposed would be most likely to secure them, and awaited their result. The suspicious crew kept the English colors flying, and we supposed was just about the way a privateer would try to deceive us. As she was clearly a much faster sailer than we, flight was out of the question; and we were powerless to resist. As time wore away our anxiety increased, until at length, about 4 o'clock, we were all called to the decks to see the result, and in the hope that the number of ladies on board might induce them to let us go. She was now coming up rapidly astern of us, and evidently intending to pass close by us. When she was fairly alongside of us, the speaking-trumpet sounded, and we saw the English bark *Ureca*, bound to Valparaiso; that the captain was dangerously ill with brain fever, and asked if we had a physician on board. Our relief may be imagined. Gloomy faces were brightened, and heavy hearts were lightened; and we thought within ourselves, that next time we would not get treated so long before we were hurt. We replied that we had no physician, and the unconscious cause of our fears soon sailed out of sight. Our sympathies followed the poor man who was suffering with such a disease, without medical aid, and with such a gale of wind to add to his misfortune.
We got the S. E. trades on the 12th of August, which soon carried us clear of Jeff. Davis' emissaries (as we supposed), and brought us in due time into the roaring-forties. Here we had strong winds, old weather, and, as the term indicates, a roaring sea. There was no sun, and the air was grandeur and glory, here is the place. When the wind was almost directly after us, the waves would frequently present a most singularly grand and beautiful sight. When a large wave would overtake us, the ship would have some peculiar action on it, causing it to rise and fall, and in the most rapid manner, falling in a broad sheet of white spray on the breast of the rolling billow. This sheet of foam would often be as much as from six to ten feet wide, and from fifty to a hundred feet long, all over sparkling and flashing in the light, and as white as the driven snow. Thus it would roll rapidly forward along the side of the ship, with a boiling, sputtering, roaring noise that added not a little to the effect. I have seen nothing among ocean sights to equal this poignant foam.

After some days of variable winds, we caught the S. E. trades once more, and steered for Sandalwood and Torrid Islands. It should be noted that from September to April, when the monsoon in the China sea flows from the N. E., ships cannot go through the Strait of Sunda and up the China Sea, except clipper ships, which can beat against the wind. As we were not a clipper, we had to go the round-about way called "the Eastern Passage," which lies through the East India Islands, and out into the Pacific far enough East to reach port by using the N. E. trades.

On the 15th of October (104 days from New York), occurred the most pleasant surprise of the voyage. Early in the morning the captain sighted a vessel directly astern of us. This was something, as we had not seen a living thing but birds and fishes for forty-six days. It was soon evident that the stranger was gaining on us rapidly, and various surmises were made as to who she was. About 4 o'clock the captain put the ship about, and waited for her, as she was but a few miles off. We saw the stars and stripes flying, and soon learned that she was the clipper-ship *Surprise*, from New York to Hong Kong, having sailed ten days after us. As she came on, the captain announced her name, and the victory at Gettysburg. Oh, how those few words relieved our long uncertainty, swept away our dependent fears, and filled us with new hope. Three lusty cheers were instantly given for each victory—ladies and all joining in the shout, and the ship was rapidly for her our prayers shall still ascend. After some further conversation, having kindly thrown a package of late papers on board, the *Surprise* went on her way. The real pleasure felt on the meeting of two ships on the wide ocean, can hardly be estimated. It was a joy never felt like this in our case peculiar circumstances conspired to heighten the pleasure. It broke the long and tiresome monotony of our every-day life in the most delightful manner, and gave to us all new life and spirits. It was "as cold waters to a thirsty soul," for we had not seen a living creature for some days. The *Surprise* was a clipper-ship, which we next observed, not without its difficulties and dangers. So at least it proved in our case. For more than a week we had been making our way up the little wedge-shaped sea that separates Timor on the S. E. from Lombok, Pantar, and Ombay on the N. W. The passage was made through the narrow Strait of Ombay, at the head of this sea. It seemed almost a hopeless task to make this passage, as the winds were very light and mostly contrary, and a current was all the time setting us back. At length on Sabbath night, October 25th, we were enabled to make the passage, and were considerably; and on Monday morning we were quite close to the Ombay shore, and not very far from the desired passage. Presently the wind died away, but during the forenoon a current was bearing us along toward the head of the island; at the same time, however, bringing us rapidly nearer the shore; so that by noon it was not more than two or three miles distant. Ombay, like all the islands in the vicinity, bears marks of a volcanic origin. It is mountainous, barren, and rocky. The shore is composed almost entirely of bold, precipitous rocks, and dangerous of course, to approach. While we sat at dinner, we were suddenly surprised to find the ship going rapidly around. We had drifted into an eddy of some kind, and were entirely lost, and almost before we knew it we had made a complete revolution. All was confusion, and the boats were lowered and effort made to tow the ship's bow away from the shore. The sails were shifted again, and again, but there was not wind enough to fill them, or give us any steerage. Meanwhile the water was raging and boiling around us, and a strong current was bearing us rapidly toward the rocks. The boats were lowered, and a few feet away, and when hope had almost failed, a gentle breeze swept down the mountain-side and filled the sails. It was an angel of mercy to relieve our distress. For a moment we stood still, the opposing forces balanced, and then slowly moved away from the dreaded rocks. The wind increased, and the boat was driven toward the shore, and we were obliged to beach. There were some thankful hearts, I trust, on board the *St. Paul* that evening. The Captain called it a "turn of good luck," as by Christians we could regard it only as a signal interposition of Divine Providence. We felt that in many prayers were answered—prayers that were, perhaps, just then ascending on our behalf. It did us good, I trust. It taught us to rely more implicitly and cheerfully on the faithful love and watchful care of our Father in heaven, and to value more than ever the prayers of the people of God on our behalf.

We encountered no other serious danger on the voyage. We had no severe storms, but, on the contrary, our patience was sorely tried by repeated calms. In the Pacific we were seventeen days making three hundred and fifty miles. A dead calm, under a Tropical sun, when one has been long at sea, is not a pleasant thing to be subjected to an uncomprehending mind. In the good providence of God, the passengers and officers were blessed with general good health. The sailors, however, did not fare so well. When we reached port, all had the scurvy but three, and several were in imminent danger of their lives. Scurvy, though formerly the scourge of the sea, has scarcely been known, for late years, among mercantile vessels of good character. It was evidently caused in our case by foul water and bad meat, and perhaps by want of cleanliness. After we recovered from sickness, we had preaching and Bible class on the Sabbath, the passengers, and occasionally some of the officers attend-

ing. The captain refused to allow the sailors to attend, and denied us the privilege of going to the fore-castle, to speak to them either individually or collectively. If any man truthfully say, "No man cares for his soul," it is the poor sailor. I had often heard that his lot was a hard one, but I never suspected the amount of shameless tyranny and rapacity that is practiced upon him.

Friday, Dec. 11th, we arrived abreast of Shanghai, and took a pilot on board; but owing to the crippled condition of the crew and the contrary winds, the ship did not get into port for some time. Wednesday, Dec. 16th, we were taken off the ship by a steam tug, and at long last found ourselves in Shanghai, 167 days from New York. We were most cordially welcomed by our missionary brethren, and have since been enjoying their hospitality. We hope soon to go on North, and commence our work.
C. W. M.

Report on China as a Mission Field.

Read before the Society of the Friends of the Foreign Missions, at New York, on the 10th of February, 1864.
The first Protestant missionary to China was the Rev. Dr. Morrison; in 1807—a time when foreigners were permitted to live only in Canton, and their residence there restricted to certain streets and warehouses along the river. No European could have access to any other place along the coast, nor penetrate at all into the interior. Siam, however, had something of a commercial intimacy with China, and was numbered of the Chinese were drawn thither in the 18th century trade. The first successful missionary labors among the Chinese were commenced here, and at other points, as Macao and Singapore, where they were living away from the midst of their scornful prejudices, and beyond the jurisdiction of their haughty despots. But a calm occurred in 1817, between England and China, and a war, though cruel and unjust, in its every aspect, and begun to promote a most important trade, terminated favorably for commerce and Christianity. Five ports were opened by treaty to foreigners, and the stations were transferred from these distant outposts to points along the coast, where those who long had wailed in their confinement found themselves at length planted within its walls.
[Missions are now sustained at nearly all points accessible to foreigners, by different nations and different denominations, and the number of converts is increasing rapidly. Those of our own Church are at Chefoo, Shanghai, Ningpo, Canton, and Peking. The Mission at Peking—the imperial city of China—was commenced during the past year under very favorable auspices, by the Rev. A. P. Martin. He is a native of the United States, and speaks the Chinese language, and having translated a work on international law, which is of great value to the Chinese Government at present, he met with a cordial reception from their Ministers of State, and used it as a stepping-stone to his present position. From Shanghai, he has sent some twenty missionaries, and among other things, the printing of thirteen and a half million pages at the Mission press.
The Mission at Ningpo is lamenting the death of the Rev. Rankin, and the continued and serious illness of Messrs. Green and Martin. The Chinese are very kind there during the past year have been very signally blessed. At Ningpo, thirty native adults were baptized on profession of their faith.
From Canton we have the annual report for '63. It is written by Dr. Happer, who, in the recollection of many of us, presented in this hall the claims of Chinese missions with an earnestness it would be hard to forget. He mentions that the mission has been strengthened by the arrival of Rev. A. P. Martin, and that he has participated in their labors. The facilities for their work have been increased by the opening of two additional chapels—have now six in connection with the Mission, in which more than twenty services are held weekly. A few of their number have given some time to itinerant work in the neighboring villages, where they teach, distribute tracts, and dispense medicines.
The labors of the missionary at all the different stations, consist in preaching and teaching, the preparation and distribution of books, and the practice of medicine—all of which they regard as different agencies in the same work. The Chinese are very kind to the missionaries, and have every opportunity to see the fruits of the Gospel. A peculiarity of these Missions, have here a prominence they do not hold in other fields. They have proved very efficient in removing prejudice and furnishing an occasion for the dissemination of truth. One of the most striking evidences of a disinterested benevolence, is an excellent preliminary to a religious conversation, and a good preface to a tract, when placed in the hands of the singularly suspicious Chinaman. The missionary looks with interest, too, to the Mission school; for there is being trained his native converts, who are to be the nucleus of a future community, moulded under Gospel influences. Preaching is the most direct agency by which the missionary gathers around him his little church. Yet at all the Mission stations, perhaps the greatest lever of influence has been the Press. The Chinese are very naturally bookish people; they have every variety of books—religious, historical, and scientific—even dramatic and fictitious. In no other language under heaven are there so many who can read and write as in that of the Chinese. There is a stimulus given to the Chinese mind, by the written language and the acquisition of the spoken language, inasmuch as the road to honor and position leads up through learning. His Indian neighbor finds his lot fixed immovably by the mere accident of birth, as nabob or as serf, and many a form lit up by the fires of genius, struggles with his hapless fate, or submits to a sullen silence to the fetters of ineradicable caste. But here the Mandarins or rulers are selected from the literati of the land, and the letters are open to any and every one whose ambition may stir him to the strife. In the native schools, the competition for literary honors is absolutely surprising. Their written language is said to be difficult of

acquisition, being rude and hieroglyphic rather than alphabetic characters, standing for ideas, rather than simple sounds. But the stimulus given to learning, accounts in a measure, for the general mastery. No matter how obscure the facts may differ or oral languages be, the Chinese were never less understood by him. Since the outbreak of the present rebellion, refugees from the interior provinces have thronged the cities of Canton and Nanking, and they became a perfect babel of conflicting dialects; but the merchant had the intermediary could be easily understood by all, where they could write the Chinese language. This general ability and taste for reading, gives the missionary work in China, and as long as their present policy toward us remains open, the printed page will be a reader's and a path of truth, and the missionary is eyed with suspicion, or his person entirely proscribed.

As an interesting field for missionary enterprise, China is not exceeded. The interest must be in a measure enhanced in that she who were long identified with this Society, and the English, situated with many of us, have lately been in its distant shore. But everywhere, the friend of Missions turns with a peculiar interest in this direction. We have pity on barbarous nations which, in a state of savage life, degenerate human nature by the abominations of heathenism; but here we find a people, first successful in the history of the world, and polished by the hand of civilization, and indeed indulging some of the elegancies of life. To say the least of it, the Chinaman is a most respectable being. If one false religion is better than another, he has the pursuit of all false religions copied from the Egyptians, situated with the South Sea Islands, and the Hindoos of the Hindoo ritual. Their system is complicated, beyond comprehension; not only beyond comprehension, but also a trace of almost every mythology that has ever made a figure in history. They have eyes the same as ours, but they have the Greek and the Roman, though in their transfer they have born the characters of all their indecencies. Ancestral worship is the prominent feature in their religion; it is founded on filial reverence; and one of the best affections of humanity is thus pressed into the service of Satan. It is the stronghold of their idolatry. They are proud to be immortalized, and are bound to it by immemorial custom; and public opinion brands its neglect as base ingratitude. In the writings of Confucius, though he was more of a statesman than a theologian, they have many good things, and through them, the system of religion is to be found which will golden word of Truth wrought into the dark shroud of error.

Finality of Work.

Finality of work, the time is short. The night is coming down, all then. The rest perishes, and the work of God is not forever.
Finality of work, then sit thee down. On some celestial hill. And if thy strength be failing, Take thou thy fill.
Finality of work, then go in peace; Life is the feast, and death is the feast. Hear from the throne the Master's voice, "Well done, well done."
Finality of work, then take thy harp, Give praise to God above; Sing a new song of mighty joy, To all that love His name.
Give thanks to Him who hid thee up, In all the fasts and fastenings; Who made thee faithful unto death, And crown thee now!
For the Presbyterian Banner.
Our Church on the Pacific Coast. STELLACOOM, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, February 8, 1864.
MESSRS. EDITORS:—From this distant region, on the outskirts of civilization, you might desire to hear something; especially in reference to the interests of our Church. We have been so busy up to date, that we have not had time to do so. We feel assured that a brief statement will be read with interest by many of your patrons.
The toils and trials of the missionary are severe in any frontier settlement, but more particularly in this case in a land where the people are so ignorant, and the leading trait in the character of the inhabitants, religion is far in the background. Few, very few, of those who profess religion in the States, renew their obligations when they arrive in this golden country. The few Christians who are here have not time to do so, and are often under the Macedonian's entreaty, to which Paul gave heed. "Come over and help us." To you, we look for labors. To the Atlantic side of the Continent we send many a longing and wishful look for more help. Our prayers to the Great God, who has sent us here, are for more labors into this wide and interesting field. Thousands of people are coming to this coast, who have not the means of grace afforded them. I am the only missionary in this field connected with our branch of the Christian Church, since the death of Rev. B. J. Evans. We have an important work to do in the religious training and educating of the youth and rising generation in this Territory. If the Presbyterian Church expects to participate in this noble work—the evangelization of these people—she must send forth more aid, more workers into the vineyard. Other denominations are occupying the ground and putting forth their energies in the prosecution of their plans; for this purpose, and shall we not progress also? Surely if our people were alive, their interests as they should be, we would not have reason thus to deplore this want of indifference. The number of church organizations in the Territory is five, they are situated far apart; and I can only preach regularly at one point—Stellacoom—and occasionally at two others. Mr. Whitworth, who is Chief Clerk in the Indian Department, preaches at Olympia, since the removal, by death, of Mr. Evans. We have a church edifice in Stellacoom. The building will cost about two thousand dollars. Our Sabbath School, which is indeed the nursery of the church, is flourishing. We look toward the time when, righteously, we shall prevail over error, and when the

glorious Gospel shall pervade the minds and hearts of men in this land, where every-where, in this course, may be more convincing proof that those who can avail themselves of the means of grace, will be ready to become the obedient laborers of the Lord, and to be instrumental in the propagation of the Gospel.

That they may be saved.
"One of the best evidences of real Christian character is deep anxiety, and living desire for the salvation of sinners. Just as soon as a soul has been received by the Holy Spirit, it begins to be moved mightily with pity for those who have not yet received this precious gift, and are still in darkness and unbelief. And throughout all the actual process of sanctification, this yearning for the spiritual welfare of others grows deeper, more pervasive and controlling. This language of the chief apostle is the spontaneous and necessary outbreathing of the heart that is in love and sympathy with Jesus Christ: "I have heard his desire and prayer, to God for his brethren, that they may be saved." It is a heart and mind with desires and plans, it continually rises to the lips in prayer to God, and it prompts to unceasing efforts, labors, and sacrifices, to bring men to Christ.
That this should be so is evident from the nature of the new birth. Being born again is a change from selfishness to benevolence; from supreme regard for self, to supreme regard for God, and a consequent love for those who were made in the image of God and for whom God had such love that Christ died to save them. All that are included in the apostasy are naturally controlled by selfish feelings, selfish choices and a selfish state of the will, while the first requirement of God is, "Give me thine heart." Therefore, when the heart is given to God, all things are changed within the soul. The feelings are changed, the motives are new, self passes into the background, and God in his character and claims, and the wants and woes of men are seen in a new light and prominence. The whole process of sanctification is of the same nature. Its tendency is to the utter crucifixion of all that remains of the old, selfish man with his deeds, and the complete enthroning of love to God and man. Therefore the longer and the more Christians advance in the Christian life, the more earnest and ardent they become for the salvation of men.
That this desire for the salvation of men should be highly characteristic of Christians, is further evident from the deep and impressive conviction of Gospel truth which religion gives. A change of heart, and a state of grace, and the Christian's feelings are to the mind and heart. Christians are to covet the solemn facts of the Gospel, not only through their intellect and reason, but also through the heart, by a quickening, vivifying experience. While they are in the exercise of faith, they are never troubled with doubts and uncertainty concerning the important truths of Scripture. They feel as well know, that unconverted men are in the greatest possible danger. They know in their hearts that there is salvation in Christ; they are sure that they may and must be pardoned. They have themselves passed through the perils of, and rescue from the unconverted state. They know by their bitter experience, the blindness, and the strength of the bonds of error and sin in that critical state. They know by a sweet and lively experience, what it is to be delivered from that state of unbelief and hardness of heart, and be brought into the glorious light and liberty of the children and heirs of God. A man who has been shipwrecked himself, and has been wonderfully rescued, will have a much more vivid and moving impression of the scene, than one who merely hears the recital of such an event. How much more ready than others will he be to rescue himself from his night slumbers and rush to the shore to rescue those that are ready to perish.
But it is not only experience which quickens the Christian to exertion in saving men. He has also the Holy Spirit dwelling in him to prompt, to quicken, and to impress him with the sad condition of sinners. Thus he is brought into communion and sympathy with the mind of God on this subject. He feels to some good degree as God does; and the invitations and threatenings of the Scriptures have a very deep meaning to him. They sink into his soul. They often give him such anxiety that he can not repress his feelings in the presence of those whom he longs to save. Often these desires for lost men take away sleep and appetite; they lead to frequent attendance upon meetings, to great efforts and the sacrifice of time, sleep and health.
Those of us who have little of this feeling for perishing men, who are moved but faintly by any such efforts and sacrifices, have much reason to doubt that we are Christians. If we can be taken up with the world in any of its forms; if we can be absorbed in business or study, and care little whether men are saved or not, can it be that the change from selfishness to benevolence has been wrought in us? Can it be that we know from experience the infinite value of salvation? Can it be that we have the Holy Spirit as an indwelling presence, bringing us into sympathy with God and his will? If we dwell for a little time on the lives and writings of apostles and early Christians, we can not fail to see that this is a necessary and very important element in all true piety. How deeply and anxiously they felt for the salvation of sinners, and how earnestly and persistently they strove to bring them into a saving knowledge of Christ and his cross.—Boston Recorder.

His First Family Prayer.

Thirty years ago, Mr. W. lived in the "hill country" of Ohio. He was an enterprising and comparatively wealthy farmer, much respected as a citizen and beloved as a friend. He was the counterpart of his excellent father, Deacon W., except in one thing; he lacked piety. At the time alluded to, that father had been a few years in heaven; but leaving behind "the old family Bible that lay on the stand." Mr. W.'s wife was a fit companion; an excellent woman, yet, like her husband, lacking the one thing needful.
Being out on one of his missionary tours, twelve miles from home, and needing refreshment both for myself and my horse, I called on Mr. W. His hospitality was tendered with a welcome that went to my heart. Why, thought I, why should not things be looked piety. As Christians? And the next moment we were on the sub-

ject of personal piety. In answer to my inquiries, they said they had long desired to be Christians; but felt willing to do or give anything in their power for an interest in Christ; did not know, however, of their present perilous condition, but supposed the fault was all in themselves; and hoped some day to rejoice in the hopes and prospects of the children of God.

"What could I say to them? Taking up the Bible I said, this is the book your good father used at family worship. 'Ye have had your family worship since he left you?' 'No, sir.' 'Why not?' 'Because I am not a Christian; if I was I suppose we should; but I can't pray, and I don't know as it would be right if I could.' 'Right? May be it is your duty, and the neglect of a known duty is sin. Here are your little children? How do they know there is a God? They do not see their father bow the knee before him, morning and evening; and how can they be expected to become persons of prayer, unless they are taught to pray? I will show you how. Who says you can't pray? And who says it would be wrong for you if you could? Not the Bible."
Then, turning to Mrs. W. I exhorted her the same evening, to bring out that old Bible to read at family prayer; if her husband declined, adding, I did not believe her husband would dare refuse to pray. The next I heard was that she did bring forward the Bible and read; and after much exhortation from her, he fell upon his knees and offered up his first family prayer. Soon they both rejoiced in Christ, and confessed him before men.—Ch. Herald.

Farwell.

My faithful child I have no song to give you;
No hark could pierce you so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you;
For every day.
Be good, sweet child, and let who will be clever;
Do nobleships, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, as long as you can, sweet;
One grand, sweet song.
—Charles Kingsley.

The Art of Growing Poor.

Some professors of religion spend more money for oysters each year than the missionary cause; others give more for tickets to lecture concerts, new bonnets, etc., than for the preacher. They are always of the kind who complain the most about the church, the quality of the sermons, and the coldness of the membership. Giving nothing or next to nothing for the Lord, they find life an awkward thing to do, and seldom paying with their own hands, or accumulating anything in the way of property. As with individuals, so with churches. In refusing to give, they bring barrenness and deadness on themselves.
Said one of the most eminent of laymen once, making a platform missionary address: "I have heard of churches starving out of their own giving; but I have never heard of one dying of benevolence. And if I could hear of one such, I would make a pilgrimage to it by night, and in that quiet solitude, with the moon shining and the aged elm waving, I would put my hands on the moss-covered ruins, and gain on the venerable scene, would say, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'—Scripture Observed in the

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