

with other good results, the respect of respectable men. And none of us are, without divine leading, always so judicious as to escape deserved contempt. Timothy and Titus no doubt had occasion to think of that word of holy writ, "Through thy precepts I get understanding;" and we, with the added New Testament Scripture, may well recall that to mind, and this, also, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask it of God." *Golden Censer.*

From Bro. T. F. Campbell.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.,

Oct. 3, 1882.

I wrote you from Liberty a few days ago, while delivering a series of lectures, the last of which was to be delivered on Wednesday evening, but a continuous rain from 6 to 8 o'clock caused an indefinite postponement. This was the more unfortunate since I had made two sermons and two lectures, and I was to have my monied reward at the end of the third lecture. As it is, I am consoled with the promise of something better in the future. However agreeable such promises may be, they are unlike gold or friendship in this that there is a possibility of having too much of them. Our friends have everywhere encouraged us by commending the noble work in which we are engaged, but never fail to show us many and weighty reasons why in that particular locality and at that particular time, they can not aid me financially. They will very cheerfully give me the use of the church building to preach a few sermons in, but they are sure it would not be worth while to make any lectures with a view to getting money until the particular matter now in hand is completed and paid for.

At four points where I have preached since I left Monmouth the brethren have tendered me something for current expenses, at seven other points they have courteously invited me to return and preach for them, assuring me that I would always "find the latchstring out;" or to call when passing, that they will always be glad to see me.

I am still hoping to reach some place in my travels where they are neither worshiping in halls, building nor repairing meeting houses. In such a congregation I shall, doubtless, find those who are ready to hear an appeal from Oregon, and are able and willing to respond liberally.

I returned from Liberty, and made another unsuccessful effort in Kansas City to secure a hall or church in which to teach the people. I shall protract my visit with my son, Dr. A. F. Campbell and his family, a few days longer, then I shall meet an engagement at Waverley.

I am blessed with excellent health, for which, I trust, I am truly thankful to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Love to all the brethren.

Yours in Christ,

T. F. CAMPBELL.

SEATTLE, W. T., Oct. 2, 1882.

Bro. Stanley:

We have completed our church organization. Our membership at the present time is 14, and there is quite a number that has not united with the church yet. I think that we can count on 25 members. We feel encouraged in the good work, although we have a great opposition to contend with.

Bro. Espy was with us last Lord's day and preached for us, and two were added to the church. Bro. Espy preaches every first Lord's day; this is all the preaching that we have; he was sent here by the annual meeting, and we extend our thanks to the brethren for their kindness toward us, and hope that some day we will be able to repay them for their kindness.

Our Sunday-school work is moving on nicely, considering the many disadvantages we have to contend with. We want to awaken the Sunday-school interest in Western Washington; if we can do this and secure a hearty coöperation, we have gained the first step. Now let us see what we can accomplish in this work this winter, and be able to go into a Sunday-school convention next summer with a good report. Let us take hold of this work with a determination that knows no failure.

Yours,

J. W. OSBORN.

When we look at the photograph of a friend we take it to the window and try to see it to the best advantage; but when we look at his character we cast a shadow over it, and talk of its defects. Is this living the brother in deed and in truth? Do parents love to hear their children thus discuss each other's faults and weaknesses? Does the Lord write these words of criticism on the brother, in His "book of remembrance" with approval?

A Precious Pillow.

Dr. Judson, one of the earliest missionaries to Burmah, completed the translation of the New Testament in 1823. The manuscript was destined within a year to enter on a strange history. The Judsons

went to Ava, the capital of the empire, very hopeful of doing effective missionary work there. War, however, broke out between England and Burmah, and all foreigners were soon regarded with great suspicion. On June 8, 1824, Dr. Judson was apprehended, and with cruel violence and gross indignity was cast into the death-prison. In a few days, through a money payment, he and other prisoners were removed from that awful place to an open shed within the prison bounds. There they lay with irons upon their limbs. When her husband was thrown into prison, one of the first acts of Mrs. Judson was to bury the manuscript of the New Testament under the house in the soil, lest it should be found and destroyed by their persecutors. When Mr. Judson was permitted to receive a visit from his brave wife, and they could speak together a little, naturally, one of his earliest inquiries related to the safety of the work which had cost him so much time and toil. The rains had set in, and the manuscript would be destroyed if it remained long in the ground. A plan for the preservation of this priceless treasure was soon devised. Mrs. Judson sewed it up in some cotton stuff, which she further encased with matting, thus making a pillow for her husband, so unobtrusive and so hard that she supposed no one would care to take it from him.

After about seven months had passed the prisoners were suddenly thrust again into the inner prison, and loaded with extra fetters. The few poor mattresses and pillows which had scarcely seemed to ease their aching bones, were taken from them, and among these the rough bundle on which Dr. Judson was wont to lay his head. The first night of this new misery the prisoners expected speedy execution and Dr. Judson's thoughts dwelt a good deal on the contents of the strange pillow he had lost. He thought of passages in that New Testament which might be more perfectly translated. He wondered what the future of the manuscript would be. Would Mrs. Judson ever see it again? Would it in

some future year be found, and be a source of light and blessing to the benighted heathen of Burmah? The jailer, however, to whose share the pillow fell, found it so uncomfortable, and apparently so worthless, that he flung it back into the prison. Tastes differed, and if the prisoner liked that sort of thing to rest his head upon, he might have it for all the jailer cared. Presently came a day when the prisoners were stripped of nearly all their clothes, tied "two and two," and driven barefooted over sharp gravel and burning sand to a wretched prison some miles away. When, on that occasion, the fierce Burmans were seizing all the spoil they could, the mat was unfastened by one of them from Mr. Judson's pillow, and as the hard stuff within seemed to be of no value, it was thrown away. A Christian convert picked it up as a relic he would keep in memory of the dear teacher whom he feared he would never see again. Little did he imagine what the mean-looking cotton roll contained. Months afterward, when the troubles were over, and the Judsons were free again for their loved work, the New Testament was found no worse for the perils through which it had passed. In due time it was all printed, and today the men and women of Burmah read in their own tongue "the wonderful works of God.—*Sabbath Reading.*

What is Wanted.

We want in you a Christianity that is Christian across counters, over dinner table, behind the neighbor's back as in his face. We want in you a Christianity that we can find in the temperance of the meal, in moderation of dress, in respect for authority, in amiability at home, in veracity and simplicity in mixed society. Rowland Hill used to say he would give very little for the religion of a man whose very dog and cat were not the better for his religion. We want fewer gossiping, slandering, gluttonous, peevish, conceited, bigoted Christians. To make them effectual, all our public religious measures, institutions, benevolent agencies, missions, need to be managed on a high-toned, scrupulous and unquestionable sense of honor, without evasion or partisanship, or overmuch of the serpent's cunning. The hand that gives away the Bible must be unspotted from the world. The money that sends the missionary to the heathen must be honestly earned.—*Ex.*