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EXCERPTS FROM LEIGHTON.
Comment on Peter 5:2.
"Feed the flock."
Every step of the way of our salvation bath on it the print of infinite majesty, wisdom and goodness, and this amongst the rest; that sinful, weak men, are made subservient in that great work of bringing Christ and souls to meet; that by the foolishness of preaching, (or what appears so to carnal wisdom) the chosen of God are called, and come unto Jesus, and are made wise unto salvation; and that the life which is conveyed to them by the word of life, in the hands of poor men is by the same means preserved and advanced. This is the standing work of the ministry, and this the thing here bound upon them that are employed in it: "to feed the flock of God that is among them." Jesus Christ descended to purchase a church, and ascended to provide and furnish it, to send down His Spirit. "He ascended and gave gifts, particularly for the work of the ministry," and the great use of them is, "to feed the flock of God."

Not to say any more of this usual resemblance of a flock as importing the weakness and tenderness of the church, the continual need she stands in of inspection, and guidance and defence, and the tender care of the Chief Shepherd for these things: the phrase enforces the present duty of subordinate pastors, their care and diligence in feeding that flock. The due rule of discipline not excluded, the main part of this duty is, by doctrine, the leading them into the wholesome and green pastures of saving truths revealed in the gospel, accommodating the way of teaching to their condition and capacity; and with this should be, as much as possible, particularly acquainted; and snit diligently and prudently their doctrine to it. They are to feed the sheep, those more advanced, to feed the lambs, the younger and weaker; to have special care of the infirm; to learn of their Master, the Great Shepherd, to "bind up that which is broken," and "strengthen that which is sick." (Ezek. 34: 16) those that are broken in spirit, that are exercised with temptations; and "gently lead them that are with young," (Isa. 40: 11), those in whom the inward work of grace is as in the conception and they heavy and weak with the weight of it, and the many difficulties and doubtings which are frequent companions and symptoms of that work. Oh, what dexterity and skillfulness, what diligence, and above all, what affection and bowels of compassion are needful for this task! "Who is sufficient for these things?" (2 Cor. 2: 16). Who would not faint and give over in it, were not our Lord the Chief Shepherd, were not all our insufficiency laid up in His richfulness, and all our insufficiency covered in His gracious acceptance.

A WORD TO POOR PREACHERS' CHURCH.
I propose to write a few lines for the benefit of the church to which "Poor Preacher" earnestly desires to get at.
Dear brethren, (and I also include the sisters), your pastor, with all his faults—and we all have many and great faults—is deeply concerned for the welfare of your souls. I have no doubt that he, like many of us, is too often burdened by the seeming neglect of those who fall to pay the very small sum promised. There are a few, perhaps, who have grace enough not to let these things annoy them, but a very few, I fear, who can from year to year remain in destitute circumstances through the neglect of their church members and not show some feeling. For the happiness of your pastor and the comfort of his family, I would say: Pay him a sufficient salary, and pay him promptly.

And now let me tell you why I give you this advice. First of all, not that it is above all other Christian graces, but it will enable you to enjoy your Christian life so much the more. Now let us see. If you owe any one, and you intend to pay him, you know you do not feel as pleasant in his society as you would if you were indebted to him. Then, if you would feel at ease in the presence of your minister, be sure to pay him. Again, you do not like to think of your creditors. Your pastor not only desires to be thought of, but to be paid for by each one of you. Then, if you would have freedom in prayer at a throne of grace, be sure to pay your pastor. Debtors are apt to think their creditors very unkind and ungentlemanly if any remark is made which seems to refer to them. Thus families and friends are often alienated in their feelings, and sometimes become the most bitter enemies. Now, religion is love to God and man. Then do not, I beseech you, my dear brethren, permit anything to estrange your Christian love and sympathy from him whom you have called to watch over you in spiritual matters—especially when it is so small a thing as paying your pastor. Thus I would say for your own growth in brotherly love and Christian sympathy for your preacher, pay him.

I might say much on this point, but I will not, as I always make it a point never to say anything to offend. I think I have said enough, however, to convince each of his hearers that it is his Christian duty to pay "Poor Preacher."
Let us look now at the inner life of such a preacher—I mean the paid up preacher. He can go into his pulpit with a heart free of worldly cares. His "costs" is paid for, his grocery bill is paid up. No unkind word falls from his lips. He can look his members full in the face without being suspected of thinking about what is due him. He can truly thank God for the blessings of this life, without sighing over such dark and gloomy troubles which must fill every heart burdened by debt. He can go into his study with a mind clear and active, and come out strong and filled with the message of divine life, which will not fail to produce its effect on the congregation. This is the course to pursue to make strong, efficient preachers. Then pay your preacher, and you will witness a great change in a short time. His pen will never be employed in writing hard things. His tongue will speak your praises in all the associations. You will be the best people, and he the best pastor. Love will be mutual. Prayer will be fervent. Visits always enjoyable and profitable. Serious eloquent, learned and full of notion, leading the unbelievers to Christ and rejoicing the hearts of the godly. Thus the pastor will get at the church, and the church love and rejoice with her pastor.
Let no one suppose that I am writing in my own interest, as you, Bro. Editor, know that in Swampville not a member of my church takes

the Recorder, and none of them will be likely to see these articles.
WYATT.
Swampville, Va.

THE SING SONG PREACHERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.
The Baptist preachers who proclaimed the gospel among the hills of Middle Tennessee, a half century ago, were a peculiar class of men, especially in their musical propensities. They sang their hymns, sang their prayers, and then sang their sermons. The tune was in peculiar metre, and always the same, on all occasions, by all the sermon singers. The familiar notes seem to be ringing in my ears now. They will never be forgotten. The most primitive and simple style of instrumental church music I ever heard, was at Hickman Creek, Smith county, Tennessee, where father Durham, the pastor, would stand up in the pulpit, tall and venerable, his long white hair hanging about his shoulders, and sing through the teeth of a tuck comb, with brown paper attached. The natives of those wild hills knew but little of scientific music. But the jingle of sounds, produced by the comb and the paper, was a sort of substitute for bass, tenor, alto, treble, and all the other parts.
People of this refined, cultivated and fashionable age, may laugh at this old-fashioned sing song preaching. But I verily believe that thousands of souls have been converted under it. It meets an inherent want of the soul. There is music in the howling tempest, and the wailing zephyr, in the thundering cataclysm, and in the pattering rain-drops—music in the billowy sea, and in the mountain rivulet, in the soul of man, and in heaven. Our religion would be imperfect, if it did not respond to the musical wants of our nature. It is the gospel taken into the heart, that saves men. What is the difference, whether the truth enters the heart through the eye, or through the ear—whether it is talked, or read, or declaimed, or sung into the heart? It is the holy alliance of the truth with the heart, that converts the soul, and makes man a new creature. We learn in chemical science, that different bodies may lie in juxtaposition, without entering into union, until the presence of a third substance, such as oxygen, or caloric, stirs their affinities, then a new compound is formed. So, the truth may lie in juxtaposition with the heart, without any alliance with it, until a new power vitalizes the truth, and stirs the affinity of the heart. Then a new creature in Christ Jesus is formed. Thus it is, that singing softens the heart, and brings it into affiliation with the truth, and the soul is converted. Many of our old-fashioned hymns are full of the gospel. Hence it is that so many souls are converted at our revival meetings, by singing the gospel into them.

Let us not be in haste to condemn this old-fashioned sing song preaching. It accomplished good in its day. There must be power in it, for some of the most aristocratic, fashionable city congregations of another denomination, are reviving it under a new name. They call it intoning. The two are all the same; only the organ has taken the place of the tuck comb. REUBEN JONES.

TOBACCO CHEWING.
Chewing tobacco may be pleasant to those who are engaged therein, but sometimes those who are, do not make themselves very agreeable companions to those who are not. Indeed, I have seen some cases in which a feeling somewhat akin to, if not altogether of disgust was created. However, the last month or two held the crowning and most disgusting of all the events of the kind that I have ever heard of or seen. And this is so too, although I have both heard of and seen some very remarkable instances. Have heard of Davy Crockett's refusing to spit in a spittoon while he was a member of Congress. Heard of a person's spitting upon his neighbor's chamber floor, and another spitting upon his neighbor's parlor carpet. Have seen a man in company with genteel people, with the corners of his mouth, and his hair somewhat stained, and his shirt bosom slightly discolored from not being particular while chewing tobacco. Have seen persons while engaged in pleasant conversation with ladies and gentlemen in chamber, and in parlor, interrupt the con-

versation, very much to the annoyance of the ladies particularly, by rising from their seats, and walking across the floor to spit in the tuck comb, or in a spittoon. But the following instance tops the climax:
SCENE.
Place: Splendid and spacious city church. One of the actors in the pulpit, the other very near, and immediately in front of it.
Audience: Eloquent, refined, intelligent Christian people.

ACTORS: Two elderly men, of noble families, prominent Christian gentlemen ministers of the gospel, distinguished D. D's. Such they were, and more they were.
ACTING: Chewing tobacco, and spitting upon a new and costly Brussels carpet bought for the occasion.
Yes, actually spitting upon that carpet in God's house—in the presence of that highly gifted and intelligent congregation! Somehow or other, I cannot keep from thinking that if Jesus had been there as He was in the Temple eighteen hundred years ago, He would have chided the brethren severely, if He would not have driven them out for making His house a tobacco chewer's spittoon.
VERBUM SAT.

HOME INFLUENCE.
"No place like home" is the language of old and young, rich and poor; and I often wonder if the remark is not more the language of independence than the spirit of real appreciation of its blessed influence. Do we ever think how lasting its influence! how home is interwoven with the thoughts and purposes, and practices of the future! This present earth, with all its treasures, sceptres, thorns, diadems, kingdoms and empires, will be forgotten. The pleasures after which the young and the gay pursue with the most deluded earnestness—objects on which the ambitious have placed their hearts—with all the glittering wealth for which so many are striving—shall pass away; but the influence of home, it never dies. It forms the habits, moulds the character, shapes the life and tunes the soul for rapturous songs of praise; or forges the chains with which the immortal spirit will be bound for ever.

Christian mother or father, look well after home; not only as to what you say, but as to what you do; for children, like streams of water, wind their way very much as did all the ages before them.
Think for a moment that at your homes all the forces that regulate society and fit the mind for all the practical concerns of life are lost, and then make home what some day you will wish you had made it.
Berkley, Va. J. A. SPRIGHT.

THE HEROIC PEASANT.
In Italy, on the banks of the river Adige, stands the city of Verona. The river was spanned for many years by a beautiful bridge, on the central arch of which stood a small house, the residence of the tollman. During one very severe winter, the river was completely frozen over, and it was necessary to come over to the bridge, and then make home what some day you will wish you had made it.
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INTERESTING MISSIONARY TOUR IN CHINA.
Preaching and Teaching.
Having worked so hard indoors, we were glad to be again in the open air; and we rode forward in high good humor, turning aside to visit five villages en route, to the home of our friend, Mr. Dzoong. Once there we had a great many visitors, mostly women and children. A few men came in at night, when their days work was over.

Next day we visited six villages, escorted by Mr. Dzoong. We were delighted to see the cordial regard entertained for him by his heathen neighbors. In several villages he has a hall freely at his service, the ancestral hall of a heathen household; or, if the family be not rich, access to some small room where he can teach or preach. We who are so used to sitting on our chairs or benches, were equally surprised and delighted at being invited into the great hall of a native gentleman, served with tea, the women urged to come in, and fall liberally given us to talk to them as long as we pleased. It is much easier on the throat to talk in a room than in the open air. Next day was Sunday, and we, of course, stayed at home, and worshipped with the Christians. The church was well filled, mostly with women and children. In the afternoon, at Mrs. H's suggestion, we had Sunday school. She took the women, Mr. Dzoong the men, and the children, as usual, at my request, fell to work at home by four o'clock, resting about noon for dinner at all.

The pleasure of cleanliness, quiet and comfort, after such a journey, is better imagined than described.
L. MOON.
Tung Chow, China, April 14th, 1876.
A Healthy Church.
It is the mission of a church to do good. To this end it must be healthy. It is a fact—sorry we are to state it—that too many churches, so called, fall short of doing the work they ought. They are not healthy. Some of them are very rich. During their whole existence some of them have been living on a "poor lying rate," and they fight as well as they can all the good they accomplish. Their trouble is that they do not observe the laws of health. When a man violates well-known health laws he need not be surprised if he becomes weak and emaciated, spends his days in wretchedness, and sinks prematurely to the grave. What is true of the man is true of the church. Dr. Cuyler, who is himself the husband of a live church, says there are "two things that characterize every church that is in the highest condition of spiritual health." The one is, that they all worship, and the other, that they all work. The first operates more directly to the heart, the second apparatus as well to the head, the hands, and the purse. The fullest combination of the two would almost realize the ideal of church-life in its highest form.—Exchange.

A Chinese Sermon.
The following discourse by a converted Chinese tailor, with reference to the merits of Confucianism, Buddhism and Christianity, is worth preserving:
I have fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay in it in my bottom, groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius walked by, approaching the edge of the pit, and said, "Poor fellow, I am very sorry for you. Why were you ever a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice; if you get out, don't get in again."
A Buddhist priest next came by, and said, "Poor fellow! I am very much pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest." But the man in the pit was entirely helpless, and unable to rise.
Next the Saviour came by, and hearing the cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said, "Go and sin no more!"

The Simplicity of Gospel.
Many years ago the licentiate of Princeton Seminary were in the habit of preaching at a station some distance from that place. Among their habitual hearers was a sincere and humble, but uneducated Christian slave, called Uncle Sam, who on his return home would try to tell his mistress what he could remember of the sermon, but complained that the students were too deep and learned for him. One day, however, he came home in great good humor, saying that a poor wretch old man, just like himself, had preached that day, who he supposed was hardly fit to preach to the white people; but he was glad he came for his sake, for he could remember everything he had said. On inquiry it was found that Uncle Sam's "unlearned" old preacher was Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, who when he heard the criticism, said it was the highest compliment ever paid to his preaching.

night, Mr. Dzoong had family prayers, and a good many neighbors were in. When the last hymn was sung, my poor throat felt itself very ill used, and I knew if I did not rest, I would have another missionary on the retired list before long. Mrs. Holmes' throat was even worse than mine.

REGARD TRIPLES.
We set out early on our return journey. The best part of it all was that we had two little girls coming back with us to Mrs. Holmes' school. The little creatures were so merry! so full of happiness at the prospect of the journey! They were quite heroes in the eyes of their playmates who came to see them off. I hope we have in them a rich mine, which will get all our girls' schools full to overflowing. Chinese children travel frequently in baskets along across a donkey's back. Accordingly, the two little girls were stowed away in baskets and lifted on to a donkey. How gaily they chattered! Mrs. Holmes intends to have our return cavalcade painted by a native artist and send it to you. If not sent with this letter, it will go before long. We were very happy to carry back this tangible result of our labor. The little girls are children of church members. Mrs. Holmes has the promise of another pupil from there next month or next year, and one was promised me for my sister's school, who is to come next month. They might have come at once, but for want of clothing. (We require their parents to clothe them.)
I had twenty-five miles before us; but we passed over it rapidly and came home by four o'clock, resting about noon for dinner at all.

SLEEPING BY FAITH.
We need faith to sleep sweetly. Worry is the parent of restlessness; but he that believeth enters into rest. "The just live by faith; they work, wait, toil, rest, eat and sleep well when they believe firmly. Follow the soul on the assurance that the Lord is in all things, and work all things for our good, and the pillowd head rests in comfort. Refreshing sleep prolongs life; the physical thus profits by the spiritual. Many believe that Christ will save at last, but doubt his care in little things; they trust him for the greater, but distrust in small concerns, and hence worry and chafe. The Lord is our keeper in the little every-day trifles of life, the affairs of the shop, farm, office, kitchen, nursery, parlor, temporal and spiritual, individual and social, and invites us to cast all our cares on him;—and when we do it, "He giveth his beloved sleep" and that enables them to work and prosper.—Baptist Union.

THE CHRISTIAN IN PERSECUTION.
Unless a grain of mustard seed be bruised the extent of its virtue is never acknowledged. For without bruising it is insipid, but if it is bruised it becomes hot, and it gives out all that pungent properties that were concealed from it. Thus every good so long as he is not smitten is regarded as insipid and of slight account. But if ever the grinding of persecution crush him, instantly he gives forth all the warmth of his favor, and all that appeared before to be weak or contemptible is turned into good fervor, and that which in peaceful times he had been glad to keep from view within his bosom, he is driven by the force of tribulation to make known.—Gregory.

RELIGIOUS FIDELITY.
When Keesuth, escaping the pursuit of the Osagees, sought the protection of the Sulist, that monarch offered him safety, wealth and high military command, if he would renounce Christianity and embrace the religion of Mohammed. A refusal of these conditions, for anything he knew to the contrary, would be equivalent to throwing himself upon the sword of Basish, which was whetted for his destruction, and this was his answer: "I welcome, if I need be, the ax or the distaff, but will befall the tongue that dares to make me so infamous a proposal.—Baptist Union.

SHORTS vs. LONG PRAYER-MEETINGS.
It is wise to hold long prayer-meetings. The practice of our largest churches, those which have the greatest number of active workers, members, and those which accomplish the greatest amount of work both in the prayer meeting and out of it, is, unless I am mistaken, strongly against it. Their meetings are limited to an hour, or at most an hour and a quarter. But there are some churches which prolong them to an hour and a half, or two hours, and in one church not long since, I attended many a meeting that was continued from half-past six until nine o'clock!

Now if the short meetings are better for one, why not for another, especially in the latter is the smaller church with a lesser amount of working material! In the first place these long meetings are wearisome, and for many persons really more than they can endure with profit. After attending two, and in many cases three, services during the day, they are called upon to stand an evening service which is longer than any of the others, and the fatigue which it occasions cannot be very favorable to the exercise of active religious feeling, or to the performance of religious duty. It not infrequently happens that those who are interested and thoughtful during the first half of the meeting, drop their heads during the latter half in an apparently devout attitude, when the real cause is fatigue and drowsiness. With such persons the meeting ceases to be of any benefit long before it closes, and it is impossible for them to carry away from it any of that impression which a profitable meeting always leaves. Again, the universal admission that long prayers and extended remarks are detrimental to the life of a prayer meeting, and yet it is only by these very means, to say nothing of the pauses which sometimes occur, that these long meetings can be carried on. A conscientious pastor may feel that if he closes at the end of an hour he will not be following in the lead of the Spirit, and will do an injustice to those who would be prompted to take part after that time; but it has been demonstrated, we think, that no one need be thus deprived of the opportunity of doing his duty. Let the meeting be commenced with the utmost promptness, and let it be understood that it will close just as promptly. Let the pastor, after one or two short prayers, open the meeting by a few verses of Scripture, and a few brief, pointed remarks, and the remaining thirty or forty minutes will be all sufficient for as many as duty requires to take part. For in this part of the meeting two minute speeches and prayers are more effective than longer ones. When a brother prays, he should have something special to pray for, and then stop; and likewise when he speaks. Pastors, try this plan, if you have not. Explain briefly—illustrating by your own example—how you wish your meetings to be carried on, and if your meetings do not increase in numbers, interest and efficiency.—F. W. WALKER.

HARD WORK.
"What is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied, "I have no secret, madam, but hard work." Says Doctor Arnold, "The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in energy." "Nothing," says Henry, "is so difficult well-directed labor, and nothing is to be attained without it." Excellence in any department," says Johnson, "can now be obtained by the labor of a life-time, but is not to be purchased at a lesser price." "There is but one method," says Sidney Smith, "and that is hard labor; and a man who will not say that prices for distinction had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox." "Step by step," reads the French proverb, "one goes very far." "Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will." This is the only law of success. "Effort over enters a cottage, never traveled in a coach, ever talked with a peasant in the field, or lolloped with a mechanic at the loom," asked Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, "and not found that each of these men had a talent you had not, knew something you knew not." The most useless creature that ever yawned at a club, died in a rage under the stars of Calabria; has no excuse for want of intellect. What men want is, not talent, but purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

THE GREAT AUTHORITY.
The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I asked her one day how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so opposed to her own. This was her answer, "Because to the authority of a father, I do not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible open before them. The Holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they perform a good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scripture has wrought the prodigy which surprises you."—Rev. Adolph Nord.

SHE RAN THE RISK.
The Rev. Mr. Darnall, Presbyterian pastor at Milton, N. C., relates the following incident, which was told him at the recent meeting of the Presbytery at Greensboro by a ruling elder, and that actually occurred among a certain congregation in North Carolina:
"A young lady at church gave heed to a powerful and awakening sermon, the preacher urging an immediate acceptance of Christ, and warning of the dangers of delay and putting off for a more convenient season. A few days after, the young lady was dangerously ill, and sent for the preacher to come and see her. He went, and found her at death's door, and yet she told him she neither wished him to pray with or talk to her, that she had heard his sermon the Sunday before, and at the time had written with her pencil a certain sentence in her hymn book, and ever since then all had been darkness and her heart as hard as stone. The preacher took the hymn book and read on the fly leaf in the back of the book the following fatal sentence: 'I'll run the risk.' A few hours more and the young woman died in the darkness of despair. 'She had run the risk.'—Presbyterian.

THE GOSPEL.
The gospel gloom! It is an anthem from the harp of heaven, the music of the river of life pouring its shores on high and washing in cascades upon the earth. Not so cheerful was the song of the morning stars, for the shouts of the sons of God so joyful. The shining of the mountains of eternal harmony; it was first heard on earth in a low tone of solemn gladness uttered in Eden by the Lord God himself. This gave the key-note of the gospel song. Patriarchs caught it up and taught it to the generations following. It breathed from the harp of the psalmist, and rang like a clarion from tower to mountain-top as prophets proclaimed the year of jubilee. Fresh notes from heaven have enriched the harmony, as the Lord of Hosts and his angels have revealed promises, and called on the suffering children of Zion to be joyful in their King. From bondage and exile, from dens and caves, from a bloody field, and from stakes and peaceful death-beds, they answered, in forces which cheered the disconsolate and made oppressors shake upon their thrones, while sun and moon, and all the stars of night, stormy wind fulfilling his word, the roaring sea, and the fullness thereof, mountains and hills, fruitful fields, all the trees of the wood have rejoiced before the Lord, and the coming of his appointed, for the redemption of his people and the glory of his holy name.—Dr. Hodge.

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