

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

Selected from C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning."

FEBRUARY.

- 1. Friday. Ye are Christ's, 1 Cor. iii. 23. Christian, never belie your profession: be thou ever one of those whose conduct and conversation are so redolent of heaven that all who see you may know to whom you belong.
2. Saturday. Mighty to save, Isa. lxiii. 1. Believer, here is thy encouragement. Art thou praying for some beloved one? Oh give not up thy prayers, for Jesus is mighty to save.
3. Sunday. Do as thou hast said, 2 Sam. vii. 25. Our heavenly Banker delights to cash his own notes. It is God's nature to keep his promises. Let us go at once to the throne with, "Do as thou hast said."
4. Monday. What think ye of Christ? Matt. xxii. 42. We cannot believe too highly of Jesus, or think of Him as more gracious and loving than He is; there is more in Him than we can ask or think.
5. Tuesday. Whom have I on earth but Thee? Psalm lxxiii. 25. Lord, what is heaven but thy favour and reviving presence? What is hell but thy absence and displeasure? The glory of the upper sanctuary is thy blessed self.
6. Wednesday. My God shall supply all your need, Phil. iv. 19. By the righteousness of Christ, O believer, thou art entitled unto everything that thou canst possibly stand in need of.
7. Thursday. Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely, Rev. xxii. 17. Jesus says, "Take freely," He wants no payment or preparation; if you be but willing the invitation is for you.
8. Friday. Delight thyself also in the Lord, Psalm xxxvii. 4. Delight and true religion are as allied as root and flower; they are in fact two precious jewels glittering side by side in a setting of gold.
9. Saturday. I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, John x. 28. Where were the veracity of God, his honour, his covenant, his oath, if any of those for whom Christ died should nevertheless be cast away?
10. Sunday. Help Lord, Psalm xii. 1. The occasions for the use of this prayer are frequent: in seasons of affliction, in times of inward conflict, doubt, and alarm, indeed, at all times, this will serve the turn of needy souls.
11. Monday. Forsake me not, O Lord, Psa. xxxviii. 21. Forsake me not, O Lord, at any moment of my life. Not in my joys, lest they absorb my heart; or in my sorrows, lest I murmur against Thee.
12. Tuesday. The liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, Gal. vi. 1. Exercise thy right, O believer in Jesus. Come in faith and thou are welcome to all covenant blessing.
13. Wednesday. And they stoned Stephen calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit, Acts vii. 59. Oh that when our turn comes to die we may be blessed with some portion of this holy composure, this sweet serenity.
14. Thursday. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also, Matt. vi. 21. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven when our heart is there before us.
15. Friday. O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? Matt. xiv. 31. Remember how highly thou dishonourst the infinite love and free salvation of Jesus by thy weak and little faith.
16. Saturday. Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth, 1 John iii. 18. Christians should show the sincerity of their affection for each other by a regard to the interest and comfort, and by sympathy in the sorrows and joys, of all who belong to the brotherhood of Christ.
17. Sunday. I have chosen you out of the world, John xv. 19. Covenant engagements with the Surety Christ Jesus, are the quiet resting-places of trembling spirits.
18. Monday. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad, Psalm cxvii. 3. The Christian whose soul is in a healthy state will joyously say, I will speak not of myself, but to the honor of my God. Our griefs ought not to mar the melody of our praise.
19. Tuesday. We live unto Christ, Rom. xiv. 8. Let us see to it that our life answereth its end. Let us live earnest, useful, holy lives, and glorify Christ in our daily walk.
20. Wednesday. We love Him because he first loved us, 1 John iv. 19. Never should we have had a grain of love towards God unless it had been sown in us by the sweet seed of his love to us.
21. Thursday. The iniquity of the holy things, Exod. xxviii. 38. It will be profitable, though humbling, for us to pause awhile and see this sad sight; even our desires after holiness may be polluted by ill motives.
22. Friday. There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, 2 Tim. iv. 8. Poor doubting one, see thy fair inheritance, it is thine if thou believest in the Lord Jesus. There is a crown laid up for thee.
23. Saturday. I will help thee, saith the Lord, Isa. xli. 14. O my soul, is not this enough? Behold this river of God is full for thy supply. The eternal God is thine helper.

- 24. Sunday. There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God, Heb. iv. 9. Christian traveller, the hot day of weariness lasts not for ever. The sun is nearing the horizon; it shall rise with a brighter day upon a land where they both serve and rest from labour.
25. Monday. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, Eph. vi. 10. Let your faith, O believer, take hold of the strength of God, as if you had Almighty power in your hand to exercise it.
26. Tuesday. In all their afflictions He was afflicted, Isa. lxiii. 9. The idea of strangeness in our trials must be banished at once and for ever, for our glorious Head knew by experience the grief which we find so peculiar.
27. Wednesday. The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, Gal. v. 17. The enemy is so securely entrenched within us that he can never be driven out while we are in the body; but we have an Almighty Helper who assures us we shall eventually come off more than conquerors.
28. Thursday. The Lord shut him in, Gen. vii. 16. All the chosen dwell in God and God in them. Happy people to be enclosed in the same circle which contains God in the Trinity of his person! Baptist Year Book.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Pastoral Reminiscences.

No. 3. THE HARVEST PAST.

Several years have passed away since the affecting incident occurred which I am about to relate, yet so deep was the impression it made that every circumstance connected with it is vividly photographed upon my mind. At first I hesitated to record it, lest, possibly the feelings of some friend of the person to whom it refers might be wounded by the painful story. I remembered, however that the relative who would feel most keenly, has been several years in eternity, and the rest have removed to a distant land. I therefore have decided to state the facts as they transpired, with the earnest hope that the perusal of them may arouse some "careless ones" to attend to the momentous concerns of the soul "while it is day," assured that, "the night cometh, when no man can work." Among my hearers in a place of worship where for several years I preached the gospel, was a young woman who was constant in her attendance, and apparently a thoughtful "hearer of the word." More than once, when a solemn appeal was made to the impenitent, she was affected to tears. I became interested in her case, as she seemed to be one who as "not far from the kingdom of God," and I improved the first opportunity to converse with her concerning her spiritual welfare. I found that she had been the subject of deep religious convictions, and had several times, almost resolved to give up all for Christ. But alas, I also found she was undecided, and shrank from the sacrifices she would have to make before she could become a disciple of Christ. She was young. The pleasures of the world allured. The enemy of souls whispered "there is time enough yet," and her foolish heart listened to the delusive suggestion. I had frequent opportunities of conversing with her. She always received my counsels with respect, but I was deeply grieved to find that she was still putting off serious things until "a more convenient season." Time passed on. One Sabbath I missed her from her accustomed seat in the sanctuary. Early on the following Monday morning, her little brother came to my place of residence, in great haste, and with evident alarm, with the request that I would come at once to see his sister as she was dangerously ill. I hastened to her dwelling and found that she was attacked with brain fever. The physician had pronounced her case hopeless. As I stood beside the sufferer she stared wildly at me, and talked incoherently, reason had evidently fled, and I was unable to obtain from her any intelligible answer to any inquiries. I learned from her mother that she retained her senses, until, unwisely, as I thought, she was somewhat abruptly told of her danger. She became at once terribly alarmed, and gave vent to her distress in piercing cries of anguish. With deep agony of soul she exclaimed "I cannot die, I will not die, I am not prepared to die, oh send for Mr.—," calling my name. As I sat beside her bed, watching anxiously for the first indication of returning consciousness, I noticed that in her wild ravings she would allude to her fears, and once asked for some one to pray for her. After a considerable lapse of time, she became more calm, and recognised me. "Do you know me?" I said, "yes," she faintly yet eagerly responded as she grasped my hand and held it firmly, as if she imagined, I, as a christian

minister might help her in that dreadful exigency. I felt it was a solemn moment, and that my words must be few and to the point. "As a poor lost sinner, I said, "cast yourself at once on God's mercy through the merits of Christ, and you will be saved." But ere I had finished the sentence her mind began to wander, and she again cried out "I cannot die, I will not die, I am not prepared to die." Reason returned once or twice again, but vanished almost immediately. It was heart rendering to witness her bodily suffering, but most distressing of all was it to fear that she was about to pass into eternity unprepared. Before the closing scene I visited the poor sufferer several times, and turned to secure her attention, and direct her thoughts to Him who is "able to save unto the uttermost," but it was apparently all in vain. She did not recognise me, and it is doubtful if she understood what I said. She died and made no sign. Never shall I forget the day of her funeral. It was midwinter, and as her mortal remains were lowered to their last resting place, the snow flakes fell thickly upon her coffin, and the fierce winds howled around the saddened group of mourners with doleful wailings. The gloomy aspect of surrounding nature was in unison with the sorrowful emotions we felt as we thought that possibly the gospel we had preached in her hearing had only proved "a savor of death unto death." But it was not our prerogative to pronounce her doom, and we leave her case with Him, who will in the great day deal with all who will stand before Him, on principles of unerring rectitude and immutable truth. Yet who would wish such a death. Who would not much rather prefer to die as another young woman did, who was a hearer in the same place of worship and who died about a year after the person to whom we have previously referred. But how wide the contrast. The latter became a humble believer in Jesus, and after months of patient suffering from lingering disease, died with the words of calm and holy triumph upon her lips, as she said, "I have no tear of death, I long to be with Jesus. I know that I am going to heaven." Perhaps some young persons may read this sketch, who may be thoughtful, but undecided in religion. You really intend to be christians, but it is inconvenient at present. You may have your eyes on some future period when you will make the wise choice, and consecrate yourselves to God. What if the God "whom you have not glorified" should summon you suddenly to His awful presence. Of what avail then would be your good intentions, and your fair promises, while God's claims have been neglected, and no preparation has been made for that place into which none but the holy can enter. You might possibly have the opportunity of a death-bed repentance, but, alas, it might be the repentance of the young man in the eastern part of the province, who when dying said to a ministering brother of my acquaintance who arrived just in time to see him in the death struggle, "you have come too late. It is all over with me. I am dying and I am lost." Hear then the solemn awakening voice of God in His word, "the word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart, that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

"Ere long and Jehovah will come in his power, Our God will arise with his foes to contend, Haste, haste thee O sinner; prepare for that hour; The harvest is passing, the summer will end."

For the Christian Messenger.

Foreign Missionary Intelligence. HENTHADA BURMAN MISSION.

RECORD FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1866. Ko Shway Long and Moug Tike, taking a box of books and tracts, in all about 107,520 pages, started, on the first day of the month, on a preaching and tract distributing tour in the Opo district, intending to confine their labors to the villages which line the banks of the Opo Creek. This stream, commencing on the eastern slope of the Arracan hills, joins the Irrawaddi about fifteen miles above Henthada. They returned after two weeks, having distributed all their tracts and books, and found in every place hundreds of willing, often eager, listeners. Simultaneously with the two preachers abovementioned, Moug Doko gyer and Moug Kyaw of Paing-zoung-nau, went through the Creek on whose bank their station is situated, with 50,000 pages of tracts and Scriptures. They returned after giving away 30,000 pages. At one place, after nearly all in the village had taken books, some devout old women, alarmed for the honor of their faith, went round exhorting the

people to the following effect:—"Don't take the white books, give back all you have already taken. How do you know what may happen? The white teachers will come back and say—'You have received our books, you must enter our religion,' or they will make you give them money." Finding their exhortations unheeded, they had resort to another expedient. Extending a small bamboo and thatch altar to the "Nats," (evil spirits) they collected a number of persons like-minded and made offerings and put up prayers to the demons. Now the Burmans are frightened exceedingly of these Nats, to whom they attribute great and varied power. So the old women, their devil-worship done, went round again and spoke of the danger the people were exposing themselves to by angering the Nats in receiving the white books. "You know," they said, "how many times one and another of our villages has escaped, narrowly, being carried off by the alligators; take these heretical books and what shall hinder the Nats from sending the alligators to destroy you." The result was; on rising early next morning, the preachers found near their sleeping place a great pile of tracts, all having been quietly returned during the night. Some ten persons, however, refused to be intimidated, and kept their books. So there is some seed yet in that village. At another place, without any opposition at all, the whole village took tracts.

At Paing-zoung-nau, itself, there are two applicants for baptism; and two excluded members are giving evidence of repentance.

Ko Long and Moug Tike on their return from Opo went down the Irrawaddi, and visited several villages which lie between Henthada and the outstation of Zaloon, well supplied with tracts as usual. After this visit they went to the village of Tharrawa, within sight of Henthada. A day was spent there, and all, with scarcely an exception, received tracts gladly,—even several Phongies (priests) in the small monastery of the place. The Brethren speak of one man who particularly interested them; he seemed truly impressed with his need of a Saviour. He had read "The Golden Balance," borrowed from another, never having possessed a tract of his own. This is a case to be watched and prayed over.

In the tour of Henthada the pastor, Ko Aing, and the Bible woman, Ma Waing, prosecuted their work respectively; the former visiting from house to house, attending funerals, etc., for the sake of talking with the people, who assemble in large numbers on such occasions; and the latter carrying her bundle of books through the streets, improving every opportunity to address her country-women, and read to them the "Glorious gospel of the blessed God." At Zaloon, too, Ko Yan Gin has been similarly employed. No special cases have been reported. Nevertheless, there is great ground for strong and cheerful hope; for sowing the seed, casting in the heaven, and the praying of God's people, here and in America, constitute, surely, a kind of outlay from which we have reason to anticipate most abundant and satisfactory returns. On Thursday, the 28th, all the native preachers and the missionary left in a boat to attend the Burman Baptist Missionary Convention which met in Rangoon on the 28th.

ARTHUR R. R. CRAWLEY.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

DORCAS COONT,

Daughter of John and Rebecca Vaughn, was born at Chester. There, in the days of Joseph Dimock, the Lord opened her heart. About thirty years after, she was baptized by Rev. Willard G. Parker and united with the Baptist church at Port Medway; of which church she remained a consistent member to the end of her pilgrimage. Her christian life was characterized by meekness and steadfast hope, patience in affliction, and cheerfulness. The appointed weeks' suffering were borne as only they can endure whose sinking heads are sustained by Jesus. The approach of the death angel was not dreaded. He lifted his weapons of war to the music of "Strike, King of terrors! I fear not the blow." As she "brushed the dew on Jordan's banks," they told her, "the crossing must be near." I AM READY, was her firm, joyful, triumphant reply. The shades of the cold river enveloped her "only waiting to be gone." Her happy spirit, after tenting on earth sixty-two years, entered the "city of Jehovah, Salem," on the eighth of November, 1866. One of her children has long been beckoning from the spirit shore. She has left twelve children on earth. Ten of them are members of the Baptist church: one of the ten is a deacon. "Firm on the ground of sovereign grace She stands before Jehovah's throne. The only song in the blest place Is 'Thou art worthy, thou alone.'"