

THE SOWER.

NOTHING BUT CHRIST.

THE one who writes these lines recently received from a christian friend, a deaconess in a foreign infirmary, the following recital.

A man was taken ill and came to our institution who up to that time had lived in all the pleasures and distraction of the world. He was grateful for all the care that was shown him, indeed, for the affection with which he was ministered to, and wished in some way to express his gratitude to us. One day he offered a deaconess sister a ticket for a theatrical exhibition, to give her, as he said, "a pleasant evening." The sister refused it, saying that she never went to the theatre because she was a Christian. The following day the invalid offered the ticket to another sister, who was also a believer, and he received the same reply. Two or three days after he pressed a third sister to accept his ticket. This one, like the others, had the happiness of knowing the Lord Jesus as her Saviour; knowing that she was a child of God and an inheritor of His glory, she answered in a more explicit manner: "I possess, for my heart, something that gives me joy infinitely beyond anything that all the theatres and all the pleasures of the world can give,—my place is no longer in the theatre, and the theatre has no longer a place in my heart, which is filled with peace and joy in the Lord."