

# THE SOWER.

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"The Woman of Canaan."—(Matt. xv. 22-28).

"The Blind Beggar."—(Luke xviii. 35-43).

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'Tis the woman of Canaan of whom I would speak,  
Who came to the Saviour a favor to seek,  
And earnestly cried, "Lord have mercy on me,  
Son of David have mercy to whom I now flee,  
My daughter is vexed with a devil; Oh! give  
Relief, and the thanks of my heart Thou'lt receive."  
But Jesus was deaf to her earnest request,  
He spoke not but left her downcast and depressed,  
His followers asked Him to send her away—  
His answer to her could no comfort convey,  
"I am sent to the lost sheep of Israel alone."  
Poor Syrophenician! how sad was thy moan,  
It would seem that thou now must submit to the evil,  
And thy daughter remain in the power of the devil.  
But she did not despair, for she loudly 'gan cry,  
"Lord, help me; Oh! help me," as one doomed to die.  
But the Saviour unmoved gave as yet no relief,  
But left her bowed down 'neath the weight of her grief.  
For though His kind heart was with love all aglow,  
He was outwardly cold as an image of snow.  
"Tis not meet," were His words, "to take children's bread  
And cast it to dogs"—then she answered and said,  
"Oh! Lord that is true, but then it's not all,  
For the dogs eat the crumbs 'neath the table that fall";  
Thus taking the place of a dog, then He saith,  
Filled with wonder divine, "Woman, great is thy faith,  
Be it to thee as thou wilt"; 'twas a word of great power,  
For her daughter was healed in that very same hour.

Now, what may we learn from this narrative? Wh?

Did the loving Lord seem, earnest prayer to deny?  
 List!—a blind beggar sat by the side of the road,  
 A crowd came surrounding the bless'd Son of God,  
 The man, being blind, was unable to see,  
 But he cried, "Son of David, have mercy on me."  
 (The very same words that the woman employed  
 When she prayed that the demon's dread power be destroyed.)  
 And Jesus stood still at the poor beggars cry,  
 Saying, "What shall I do for you, lo here am I?"  
 As quick as he could to the Saviour he ran,  
 "Lord give me my sight," cried the blind beggar man.  
 "It is thine," answered Jesus, "faith maketh thee whole."  
 And the beggar rejoiced from the depths of his soul.

Thus suppliants twain came and urged the same plea  
 In the very same words, as you plainly may see,  
 "Son of David, have mercy," loud shouted the two,  
 The Canaanite woman, the blind beggared Jew.  
 But the Canaanite seemed to have shouted in vain,  
 He apparently heard all her cries with disdain,  
 While the Jew in a moment obtained his request,  
 As if, of the two, he was greatest and best,  
 Which he was not—then what was the reason I pray,  
 Why the Canaanite suffered so long a delay.  
 'Twas because she was out of her place—had she come  
 Like the heathen she was, she had soon found a home,  
 But she came like a Jew which she should not have done,  
 Calling loud on Messiah, great David's great Son.  
 The man did the same, but the man was a Jew,  
 And was right in so doing, a lesson for you  
 And for me, gentle reader, whoever should dare  
 To come before God in the state that we are.  
 Are we sinners unsaved? then as such let us come,  
 Feeling sure of a welcome, a welcome to home.  
 Are we saints? let us come as saints, owning His name,  
 And making His glory and honor our aim;  
 We cannot deceive Him, nor should we desire  
 E'er to do so, whose eyes are like bright flaming fire.

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## PEACE IN BELIEVING.

## VI.

**M**Y DEAR friend:—In your last letter you tell me that you “are not yet able to say that you have peace with God,” and that it often seems to you that all is “confused in your soul.” There is nothing surprising in that. Until the love of God in Christ is clearly known, and the heart established in grace, it is natural to experience this trouble and confusion. More than one Christian has had the same when the eyes have been turned away from Jesus.

“I do not doubt,” you say, “the purifying efficacy of the blood of Christ; but has my soul been sprinkled with this blood.” The word of God, my dear friend gives you an answer to this question; and if you can see it there, your soul will rejoice in perfect peace. Read in the Book of Acts, 13th chapter and verses 38 and 39.

You cannot doubt the purifying efficacy of the blood of Christ; now, is not that to believe in Jesus? And what says the passage I have just referred you to? “Whosoever believes is justified by Him.” You wish to have peace, you know that it is only to be found in Christ, and this same word of God tells you, “Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.” (verse 38). The pardon and peace which accompany it are announced by Jesus. “And by Him all that believe are justified.”

You add, "I do not feel that I have part in His precious blood." Our thoughts have nothing to do in deciding this solemn question. You do not doubt, you say, the efficacy of this blood; you then believe in it; and without any word of sentiment, God says, *whosoever believes* is justified. How do you know, and why do you believe, that there is any virtue in the blood which Christ has shed? You are not sensible of it, since you complain of the contrary, but it is because God says it. Now, is not His word worthy of being received when it declares that believers are justified; when it makes us know the Christ in whom you have the assurance that you believe? You say, "I believe, but I would like to feel that I have part in this salvation." God says all who believe have part therein. It is thus that He Himself disposes of your question.

It seems to me that, like many others, you seek to make a Saviour of your faith; you search yourself to know whether you have quite the right sort of faith, the true faith. It is in that you seek the foundation of your confidence, and in this way you lose sight of Jesus, who is the blessed object of it.

I recently said to a friend, who, exercised like yourself, had been in great distress of soul, that you were passing through the same agony. He has just written me, and sends this message to you:—

"Tell your friend to give up all striving, and to confide entirely in Jesus. All power is in Him; and in His hands we are in safety. God, in His infinite mercy, has shown me that was all I had

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to do; to go to Christ, to commit myself to Him only. One look to Him dispelled all my anguish; without Him, trouble resumed possession of my soul."

Behold, my dear friend, the language of confidence in Jesus, and love for Him, although it is quite likely that the one who wrote the lines was not conscious of it. You do not feel that you love Jesus; but why do you go to the trouble to discover that He does not occupy the place in your heart that you know He is worthy of? Be careful, however, lest you suppose that it can be in our love for Jesus, or our faith in Him, that we can, in the least degree, rest; it is upon Himself, supremely lovely, and alone worthy of our confidence and our love.

You ask me again, "Is it possible that a soul can come to Christ, confide only in Him for salvation, desire to feed upon Him, and yet be not immediately satisfied."

This is my reply. You have been invited to a feast, and trusting in your host, you seat yourself at his table; but, if instead of enjoying the dishes which are before you, and rejoicing in the reception which has been given you; you begin to ask yourself if you have really a right to be there, if you have a good appetite, if your intentions are right, if you can rightly take part in the banquet. Can you in this way become reassured? Take simply that which is presented to you; your hunger will be appeased, and you will have part in the joy of the feast.

Even so, a single look to Jesus has, by the grace

of God, wrought in your soul, for you tell me, "It seems to me that God has given me progress; my thoughts are certainly very different from what they were a month or two ago."

May the Lord give you to cast aside all your doubts, all the questions which embarrass and hinder your soul. May your heart feed upon Jesus, upon His person, His love, His expiatory work, His blood which cleanses from all sin.

In commending you anew to Jesus, the only and sufficient Saviour, whose love never repels any who come to Him,

I remain, yours, etc. ———

Let not the example of thy friends and relations, nor any confidence in the superiority of their wisdom, influence thee to defer the case of thy salvation to a future time; for all men, even thy friends and relations, will forget thee much sooner than thou supposest. It is better to "provide oil for thy lamp" now, than to depend upon receiving it from others, "when the bridegroom cometh," for if thou art not careful of thyself now, who can be careful of thee hereafter, when time and opportunity are forever lost? This instant—now—is exceeding precious; now is "the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." How deplorable, therefore, is it, not to improve this invaluable moment, in which we may lay hold of eternal life? A time will come when thou shalt wish for one day, nay, one hour, to repent in; and who can tell if thou wilt be able to obtain it?

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IT was a lovely morning in spring some years ago. One of those mornings when nature seemed telling out, in bursts of praise, the joy of resurrection life, when I knocked at the door of a cottage in which lived a sick woman and her husband. The husband was an infidel. One who would have cried with them of old, "We will not have this *Man* to reign over us."

Two days before, I had been visiting his wife, and seen him working in the little garden, and as I stood looking at the few flowers and thought of the few words we had exchanged, the joy of knowing Christ in all His grace seemed almost to overwhelm the heart.

A strange woman, one of the neighbors, opened the door, and led me into the little parlour-kitchen. Her manner was so silent and strange that I began to think something was wrong, and was about to ask whether the sick woman upstairs was worse, when she suddenly stopped beside a trestle bedstead, and without a word of warning uncovered the face of a form lying upon it.

It was the body of the infidel whom I had seen two short days before in the full vigor of health and strength.

"He fell down dead yesterday," she explained, "with never a word, mum, to God nor man."

What a face lay before me, dear reader. *Good,*

hard, stern, hopeless. It was not a face set in death alone, but a face set in hopelessness. "Having no hope, and without God in the world,"—(Ephes. ii. 12). seemed written on every stern, set feature. It was the face of one who had been cut down in a moment, *just as he was*. Not even five minutes to think whether there was hope for him or not. Not a moment to test his belief, or rather want of it. Gone like a flash of lightning. No time to cry, not even a half cry, with the "If thou be" of dying need. I have looked on many faces after death, but never, before or since, on one like that; and one longed to bring everyone who was rejecting Christ to stand for a few minutes beside that trestlebedside.

Years ago, when watching Mount Blanc from behind Geneva as the sun was setting and the pink light alone remained upon the snow-covered height, while all the foreground was steeped in blue haze, one with me exclaimed, "That is a judgment seat." It was one who did not know Christ as a Saviour, but the scene spoke of *power*—the *power* of God. And this still, hard face, spoke of power—the power of Satan, power of death, power of God. He had had power to resist the Saviour's pleadings and the Holy Spirit's strivings, all his days—and he was not a young man—but he had no power to stay the hand which ushered him into eternity unsaved. Man has power to question God's word and God's dealings. The power to use his brains, spending the best part of a lifetime in trying to prove some discrepancy

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in God's word. Power to bring man's thoughts and inventions to perfection; and Satan takes up the outcomes of science and uses them to destroy and terrify human beings, until even the godless and lawless cry out in fear for the remedy they have refused. Good is knowledge when Christ is known, but without Him all is only power for evil, forging fresh weapons for Satan's hand.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," and with all his power he cannot keep the life within the body, he cannot bid the heart beat on, when God has laid his finger upon it. No power to *give life* and no power to *stay death*. God's power without His love is a terrible thing, dear reader.

God said to Moses "Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live."—(Exodus xxxiii. 20).

When the Lord came down to Mount Sinai "There were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud. \* \* \* And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly."—(Exodus xix. 16-18).

No wonder "the people trembled." The Lord of heaven and earth in His power alone is indeed a "consuming fire"; and we see that His power will "spoil the strong man" bye-and-bye, and Satan will be cast into the bottomless pit. And to those who

worship "the beast," "The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of His indignation; and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb."—(Rev. xiv. 10).

This is God's power, dear ones, however slighted and set aside it may be. God's grace lies at your feet, but the judgment is behind it if you reject Him. What would those rigid lips have told us could that poor fellow have come back to life for one hour. No more daring to set himself against God. Would he not have intreated all to "flee from the wrath to come?"

We read of the "wrath of the Lamb." When John the Baptist saw Jesus, he said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." He took the little ones up in His arms. He said to the widowed mother, "weep not." He "loved Martha and Mary and Lazarus." Can *He* have wrath? He had no where to lay His head, no pence to pay the tribute money, no sword when they came to take Him in the garden. Can *He* have power? Listen.—"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels?" The power was stayed. "If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us," was the taunt of the thieves on the cross. And if *He* had, there would have been nothing for you and me but the power of God and the "wrath to come." "*They would not,*" and all they had to do was to come.

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“Tell them, Behold, I *have prepared* my dinner: my oxen and my fatlings *are killed*, and *all things are ready*.”—(Matt. xxii. 5). “But they made light of it.”—It was not worth considering.—“And went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise.” Many things we can go our way to, dear reader.

But, oh! what bubbles will have been chosen instead of Christ; what false mirages followed instead of “drawing water with joy out of the wells of salvation”; what straws and rotten reeds will have been leaned upon, instead of the loving heart of a living Christ, and the soul will awake, like this poor man, in eternity, to find Him who prepared the feast, no more a pleading Saviour, but the just, stern judge, who will give out the words, “Depart from Me, I never knew you.

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THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE; FOR ALL HAVE SIN-  
NED, AND COME SHORT OF THE GLORY OF  
GOD.—(Rom. iii. 22-23).

FOR WHOSOEVER SHALL KEEP THE WHOLE  
LAW, AND YET OFFEND IN ONE POINT, HE  
IS GUILTY OF ALL.—(James ii. 10).

IF WE SAY THAT WE HAVE NOT SIN-  
NED, WE MAKE HIM A LIAR, AND HIS WORD IS NOT  
IN US.—(1 John i. 10).

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH; BUT THE GIFT  
OF GOD IS ETERNAL LIFE, THROUGH JESUS  
CHRIST OUR LORD.—(Rom. vi. 23).

THE SCRIPTURE HAS CONCLUDED ALL UNDER  
SIN, THAT THE PROMISE BY FAITH OF  
JESUS CHRIST MIGHT BE GIVEN TO THEM  
THAT BELIEVE.—(Gal. iii. 22).

## THE PROFESSOR.

MANY years ago she professed conversion and joined a church; but upon being questioned, she was without assurance of life, and found to be an utter stranger to pardon, salvation, or peace with God. She still professed to be a Christian, of course, for who does not these days; but when pressed as to the grounds of her profession, or upon what she was resting for salvation, she was silent, and gave evident signs that it was an unpleasant subject to her. Only speak of her church, or anything else of the world, and she was quite free in conversation. This is a very bad sign; for when one knows salvation through Christ, redemption through His precious blood, (see 1 Peter i. 18-25), there is no backwardness in speaking of Him, and of what He has accomplished on the cross; but it is not so with a professor who is not also a possessor. This impressed the writer as very sad, because if she were not really converted to God, she was deceiving herself, and cheating her own soul for the lake of fire.

Rom. iii. was pressed upon her, laying stress on the words, "That every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God," . . . "For there is no difference; for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."

This was pressed over and over again, till showing evident signs of weariness of the subject, she said her head had troubled her so since she was ill with

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the grippe, that she really could not understand what was being said to her. The reply was that it was not a question of the head, but of the heart, and if her conscience were alive as to her danger of eternal punishment, she would soon come to an understanding before God as to her guilty soul, which might perish forever, if the question were delayed.

She was somewhat awakened, and Acts xiii. 38-39 was put before her, "Be it known unto you therefore, (now God has raised His Son again from the dead), men and brethren, that through this Man is preached (or proclaimed) unto you (what?) the forgiveness of sins; and by Him (the risen One) all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

She asked, "Who is this man?" This was an intensely important question, and it was gratifying to hear it. Verses 29, 30-37 of the same chapter, and also the incident of Phillip and the man of Ehtiopia, in Acts viii. 26-35, when a similar question was asked, were referred to as a reply. Christ, who died for all, has been raised again from the dead, and it is therefore *now* to be KNOWN; not merely hoped for, which so many seem to be satisfied with; but known, that pardon is to be had by faith in the risen and glorified Christ, and that by Him all that believe, every one that believes is justified from all things; and the law of Moses, or the works of law, never could do this—never was intended to; but rather to "give knowledge of sin,"

for "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in His (God's) sight." Works were of no use in this important matter, but Christ's work on the cross was all-sufficient, for it had satisfied, yea, glorified God, as to the whole question of sin and sins, and there was therefore justification from sins, or guilt, through Him, for He was raised again for our (the believer's) justification; therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."—(Rom. iv. 25; v. 1). Verse 39 was repeated at her request.

Let every anxious soul ponder and believe these scriptures, for they reveal what has forever satisfied God, and His perfect remedy for the troubled conscience, and rest for the wearied heart. (See Matt. xi. 28-30). Trust no longer upon a religion without Christ, and have done with resolutions, and good works for salvation—after you are saved, good works are in order—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house."—(Acts xvi. 31); and trust nothing else, nor all things else, for His is the only "name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."—(Acts iv. 12).

Receive His message, and be at peace with God.

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Oh! poor, unsaved reader, will you, oh! will you not put your trust in that blessed One who died on the cross, and thus obtain everlasting life and blessing. If you reject or neglect Him, you must sink into endless perdition. Oh! trust Him.

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THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.  

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IT would be startling to some who may read these lines to be told that a religious and exceedingly zealous man, who had been brought up from childhood at the feet of a pious and learned teacher, and had been taught according to the accuracy of the law; who, notwithstanding the fact that he knew its accuracy, could say that he had fulfilled its righteousness blamelessly and had lived in all good conscience before God all his life. I say that, to many, the statement that such a man was the chief of sinners would be startling indeed. Why, they might enquire, what more could be desired than that a man should be well taught, and pious from his youth, that he should blamelessly fulfil the righteousness of the law, always acting according to the dictates of a conscience not left to the light of nature, but governed by the law accurately known, and that withal he should be very religious and exceedingly zealous? Yet the one man who was all this, and more, was distinctively without any looseness of expression, the chief of sinners, and his religion was the moving spring that made him such. All the enmity of that strong nature, which made him excel in the points just rehearsed, was roused by his religion against the One who was God's beloved. "The *carnal mind* is enmity against God," and never was there a more striking example of this than in the case of Saul of Tarsus.

## UNQUENCHABLE THIRST.

THE theatre at I——, was in a state of great excitement, a renowned actress was to perform, and the old scenery and rubbish of the stage was replaced by new, and everything was done to please the STAR, and make the new play a success. The night came—the hand-bills and placards had done their work—and the house was crowded. While carrying beer to the orchestra I was called to carry some wine to one of the boxes. I did so, and there found Miss D. (the star); she was chatting familiarly with one of the actors about the crowded condition of the house and made the remark, “Oh! suppose the gallery should give way.” “There would be a great many more souls in hell, I am sure, if it should,” he said. The words seemed to touch a hidden chord in the heart of the actress, for she turned to me instantly and said, “Oh! leave this place—leave it—you are too young to be here—there is something better than this, leave now, before it is too late.” And oh! the look that was in her eyes, it told of the THIRST in her soul that had never been quenched. She had been at the well, oh! so often, and had drank, and drank, and *drank*, but had never been filled. She had never got her fill from the pleasures of the world, and she knew it. “Who-soever drinketh of *this water shall thirst again*,” are Christ’s own words, and they were so true of her. Her words cut me to the heart, and I left; ’twas the last night I ever drank of those waters.