

THE SOWER.

COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."—John vi.37.

HAVE ye heard of Christ the Saviour,
How He left His throne on high,
To seek and save lost sinners,
On the cross to bleed and die?
I have heard the wondrous story,
I have found that it is true;
He has saved my soul for ever,—
He can do the same for you.

When I was sorely wounded,
He brought balm to make me whole;
With a draught of living water
He made glad my thirsty soul.
Oh! come and try my Saviour,
Who has done so much for me;
He is able, He is willing,
To do the same for thee.

I can tell you of His beauty,
I can tell you of His love;
I can tell you of the mansion
He prepares for me above.
Oh! come and try my Saviour,
Who does so much for me;
He is able, He is willing,
To do the same for thee.

Lo! He cometh : in a moment,
 In the twinkling of an eye,
 He will gather all who love Him
 To be with Himself on high.
 Oh! then hasten to my Saviour,
 Who hath done all for me;
 Oh! hasten ere He cometh,
 Or 'twill be *too late* for thee!

WHOSOEVER is presented to us in that well known verse of John iii. 16. "For God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." It is also mentioned in Rev. xx. 15. With one or the other of these passages of scripture we all have to do. "And *whosoever* was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."

I will ask the reader to read from Rev. xx. 11.-15., God is now offering eternal life to every one who believes in the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and as sure as the one receives everlasting life in the former *WHOSOEVER*, so sure will the rejecter of God's grace have his part in the latter *WHOSOEVER*.

O reader, ponder this solemn matter before it is too late.

"THAT FOOLISHNESS."

"**S**IT down in that chair!" The voice was peremptory—the tone excited.

The person who spoke was a colored woman whose home was nestled down at the foot of one of the pretty hills of the far away, sea-girt isles of Bermuda.

Florence, a girl of nineteen, meekly obeyed her mother's command, and sat down upon the chair which had been placed for her in the middle of the room. Flourishing a stick before her, the mother asked, "Will you give up thinking about that foolishness?" "No, mother, I cannot," meekly replied Florence.

The "foolishness" which the angry mother wanted her child to think about no longer was the blessed truth that she was saved—that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, had made her clean from all her sins.

For months Florence had been exercised about her sins. Her brother had been turned to the Lord, and this led her to think of her own condition, and she was made to feel that she was not in a state to meet God. Each afternoon, when she was through with her work, she went off and sat down where she could have a little quiet and rest; but day after day, as she did this, her sins rose up before her, and this made her very uncomfortable. She said to herself, "I am a sinner"—"my sins are not forgiven."

One day while thinking about these things—for she could not, try as she would, put these thoughts away from her—this verse of scripture came to her mind: “Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.” This only served to increase the feeling of guilt; she felt that she was hastening on the broad road in company with other sinners, instead of separating from them. The burden of her sins grew heavier and heavier and she knew not what to do.

About this time she left her home to go out for a period of service. But even there the thought of her sins pursued her. What should she do? how could she find rest for her troubled soul? One day as she was thinking about these things and feeling weighed down with the heavy burden she was carrying, these words came to her—“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” Ah! now her eyes were opened, and the burden was rolled away. It was believe—only believe! Jesus had suffered for her sins; He had taken the strokes that were due to her; all was settled before God, and her sins would never be brought up against her; seeing this, gave rest to her conscience and made her heart very happy.

But now came a sore trial to the dear girl's faith. The time had come for her to leave her place of service and return home, and she knew that she would meet with opposition from her mother who had no love for the

nam
shou
for l
that
that
motl
O
a ch
ing
W's
you
joy t
ing v
the l
W—
O
muel
salv
do se
Th
dista
able
ing t
“Be
after
again
soul
give
motl
Th
ende

name of Jesus. Should she speak to her, or should she keep silence as to what God had done for her soul? She longed to bear testimony to that blessed One who had redeemed her, but felt that she had not courage to speak of it to her mother.

On her way home she stopped at the house of a christian whom she had not before been willing to recognize. On entering, she took Mrs. W's— hand and said, "I am happy to meet you as a sister in the Lord." This gave much joy to this dear christian, who had been watching with anxious heart to see Florence turned to the Lord. After a little conversation with Mrs. W——, Florence went on her way.

On reaching home her courage failed her, and, much as she wished to tell her mother of the salvation that had come to her, she could not do so.

That evening a gospel service was held some distance away, and Florence was very glad to be able to go with her brother to attend it. During the address, the speaker repeated this verse, "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." Ah! again the voice of the Lord had reached her soul; to the poor, trembling spirit, courage was given; she now felt that she could tell her mother what the Lord had done for her.

The meeting was over; the long walk was ended; the dreaded moment had come; Florence,

sustained of the Lord, went to her mother and quietly told her she was saved. The mother did not at once fly into a passion, but she said to her daughter, "You are foolish," and in a moment added, "I will settle that with you to-morrow."

Next morning after the father and brother had gone away to their work and there was no one in the house but Florence and her mother, the scene, with which this little sketch opens, took place.

When the mother found that her angry threats, when brandishing the stick before Florence, did not move her, she bade her go into the bedroom. Florence obeyed, saying in a quiet voice, "All right, mother." The mother followed and when they were in the room, began to beat her with the stick she held in her hands. Poor Florence patiently stood and took the blows that fell thick and fast about her head and face, making no remonstrance whatever; but she clasped her hands above her head to protect it in a little measure from the heavy strokes which were frightfully bruising her. At last the mother, exhausted with her efforts, but not yet satisfied with her cruel work, for it had failed to have the desired effect, turned to the bureau and taking a knife from the drawer, told her daughter she would "cut her into pound pieces." By this time the excited mother was so frenzied with rage that she was trembling from head to foot; but the Lord did not allow her to go

further
daugh
"No
her
her.

Th
hous
came
whor
in th
in di
the n

Af
wom
a hor
and b
Wher
who
and i
child,
const
have
Mrs.

Bu
she g
she h
soul,
Her
true
Lord
the L

further with her inhuman treatment of her daughter, except to take hold of her, and, saying, "Now you can go to your own company," push her out of the house and slam the door after her.

The poor girl, thus thrust out of her father's house, went weeping along the road until she came to the house of Mrs. W—— the christian whom she had owned the day before as a "sister in the Lord." Mrs. W——, seeing that she was in distress, went out and asked her what was the matter.

After hearing her story, this kind christian woman took her in and told her she should have a home with them. She then sent for the father and brother who were at work some miles away. When the messenger reached the aged father, who was a believer in Jesus, he left his work and in the greatest haste went to his afflicted child, to comfort her in her sorrow. After some consultation it was decided that Florence should have a home for the time at the house of Mr. and Mrs. W——.

But now arose another question. How could she get her clothing? Almost sick from what she had passed through, timid and shrinking in soul, how could she again face her angry mother? Her dear friends, who had shown her such true christian love and kindness, besought the Lord for her, and she, too, took the matter to the Lord, and when the next morning came, her

fear was gone. She went back to her father's, met her mother, gathered up her clothes and departed. The Lord stood by her, and she was kept both from fear and from harm. It was some weeks before she recovered from the cruel beating that her mother had given her, but she was happy in her soul; and she was made to realize, in a very blessed way, that the Lord was her helper.

This dear girl was willing to suffer for Jesus; she confessed Him, knowing that it would bring upon her trial and persecution; and through it she has not been a loser. Her head and hands and arms were bruised and sore, and her heart was sore also because her mother had so dreadfully abused and ill-treated her; but while sore, her heart was also rejoicing in the Lord, and she had the happy consciousness of His approval. And the day is coming when the Lord Jesus will confess this dear girl; she was not ashamed of Him, and He will not be ashamed of her. How fully recompensed she will be when He confesses her before His Father, and before the holy angels!

“**M**Y sheep hear my voice and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand” (Jno. x : 17-28).

WHAT A CHANGE!

I PASSED several years in the service of a master; a hard and painful service, heavy burdens and poor pay. I often longed for a better position, but I was unconsciously so completely under the power of the one I served, so bound in his chains and so blinded withal, that I did not see any way of disengaging myself.

The name of my master was Satan; he is also called the god of this world, the enemy of souls, the devil, as well as other names. He used to tell me that I would be happier when my children were grown up and away from home, because then I would have less to do and fewer things to trouble me, that I would then be at rest and able to enjoy life; thus he kept me under his power and led me whithersoever he would, but in spite of all that, one thing continually tormented me and that was the thought of death.

At length it seemed to me that he came right into my house, and what a terrible and miserable state I was in. I did not know what to do. There was in my heart a power which I had never before known, and which condemned me, something within me which said: "If you were to die, you would go to hell."

I knew this was true, and how I trembled! I realized for the first time that I was a sinner, that I was neither fit to meet God nor to live,

and that if I should die, hell would be my portion forever.

I then thought I would get a minister to come and pray with me, with the idea that I might thus be comforted. He came; he spoke to me of the Lord Jesus Christ, of the precious blood of the Saviour shed on Calvary for poor sinners, but I was so blinded by Satan that I could not understand him, and the precious word of God was for me a sealed book.

The dear servant of God came often; he read and prayed with me, but it all seemed to make me more unhappy, because I knew that all he said was true as well as all that I read in the bible, and because of that the burden of my sins weighed continually more heavily upon me. I passed thus several sleepless nights; I seemed to be on the very brink of the bottomless pit.

One day I had a dreadful dream. I thought I saw the Saviour in the air clothed in a white robe and standing on a cloud of dazzling brightness. He held in His hand a great trumpet and I thought he had come to pronounce my awful sentence with the rest of the wicked. I awoke, believing I heard cries of grief and despair arising from the depth of hell.

Oh! how I wished to blot out my past, and how I prayed to the Saviour of sinners! I had heard that He is love and I at last resolved to go to Him and tell Him all the sad history of my sins. I felt that if I must perish I would

perish at His feet. But I found there peace and pardon.

Oh! dear reader, if you have never really believed that there is a hell and a heaven, believe it now as you read these pages, for the one who writes them has realised both, and more deeply than can be told. Years have passed away since my soul found repose in the bosom of my precious Saviour who loves me, and there I find fulness of joy. May God show you the consequences of sin and what awaits the unconverted sinner. Yield yourself to the God of love for life is short, death is near, and eternity is certain. Towards what port are you sailing, heaven or hell? Have you your passport to heaven sealed with the blood of Christ? Oh, if you could but feel the need of such a Saviour you would learn the life giving power which is in Him who loved us to death. Jesus said: "I am the way, the truth and the life, no one cometh unto the Father but by me." Ever since I went straight to Jesus all the joy of His own heart He has shed into mine.

I know, and have proved that His heart is a heart of love, for He has given His life for sinners. I need to occupy myself with Him, to know Him more fully and more intimately so as to be able to enter into His thoughts; yes it is Himself, His own person I long for.

Dear reader, all this is perfectly true; you will find it in John's gospel. For me it is now an

indescribable joy to serve my heavenly Master, a Master who loves me, delivered as I am from my old master. I am so joined to my new master, by such an indissoluble bond that it is the joy of my heart to say, nothing "shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." I fear no separation for "He is the same yesterday and to-day and forever."

My great desire now is His blessed person, and He is coming soon. Christ led me to God, and my life is hid in Him in glory. Heaven will not be for me a strange place for my Saviour is there, "the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely."

While waiting for Him, He shares my griefs and pains, He bears my burdens and thus He renders my joy permanent. If you are still a sinner unforgiven, Oh, go straight to Christ and tell Him all. He can save you, however desperate your case may be. Put yourself before Him in all simplicity with all your sins. He will receive you. He died to take away our sins and now He is at the right hand of God in heaven.

This short account of the marvellous change which God wrought in the writer of these lines is but one instance among thousands of the mercy of God. "This is a true saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief."

"ONLY BELIEVE."

IN the midst of an evil world that hates the Lord Jesus, with sin and Satan contending in every way with every delusion against the truth; yet in the name of Him who is the Captain of our salvation, I can pledge to you full, free, eternal deliverance from ALL the condemnation of this world, from all the power of Satan and of death, IF YOU ONLY BELIEVE God's word about Jesus. No doubtful message, no uncertain deliverance, is this which is freely presented to you of God. Were I to put an IF to it, were I to offer it upon conditions, were I to tell you only to hope for salvation, I should be a false messenger—a lying ambassador. Full, free, everlasting redemption you need. Salvation, about which there cannot be a shadow of doubt, alone will satisfy the desires of your souls; and such is the gracious provision of God in Christ for every sinner that really feels his need: "Whosoever WILL, let him take the water of life FREELY." (Rev. xxii. 17.) Here, you see, the offer is free to every one that willeth, "He that believeth hath EVERLASTING LIFE." (John iii. 36.) Here, you see, the gift is EVERLASTING.

The blood of God's Lamb has been shed; look to it as your shelter from wrath, and you are safe; you need fear no judgment then; for the blood tells of judgment already passed upon another, and borne by Him. Do you fear the wrath of God on account of sin? Behold, the

blood of Jesus tells us that wrath has been visited upon Him to the uttermost, on account of the sin of others, which He bore. Do you feel the uncleanness and pollution that sin defiles you with, making you unfit for God's holy presence? The testimony of God is, that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." (1 John i.) The word of God alone is that upon which the sinner has to rest; and that word points to the blood, and tells of the blood as the token of the entire cleansing, entire forgiveness of the sinner who believes.

The blood of Jesus is the token, not to the sinner only, but to God, that the sinner trusting it is safe. God, who is the judge of all, says, that the blood of His Son has been "shed for many for the remission of sins," (Matt. xxvi. 28); and He sends this message to you, and if you believe it, you are saved. And as to who has a right to the precious blood, why of course, they are welcome to it who feel their need of it. Such a Lamb needed not to have been slain, if the case of sinners had not been desperate. The Son of God did not leave the bright glory of His Father, and come down into the world of death in search of righteous people.—Had He been in search of the holy, the good or the pure, He would not have left heaven. He came to find sinners, to call sinners, to seek and save the lost; and He came down to this earth, where there are none but ruined, lost sinners.

T
stron
the
the
suns
with
dress
man
bore
tried
Sure
in th
Chri
so m
I
even
wher
inter
day
little
bette
away
the n
think
healt
think
apart
on w

A HASTY SUMMONS.

THE town of P—— in France is a gay and fashionable health resort. One sees life there in many aspects. Rich and poor, strong and delicate, all throng the boulevard on the sunny days in winter,—days which we in the british isles know little of—the glorious sunshine, and blue, blue sky overhead. And yet with all that money can procure, beautiful dresses, prancing horses, servants, etc., etc., many faces,—young and old,—had a weary, bored look, for the pleasures of life are all soon tried and exhausted, and then what have they? Surely there is only one thing which can satisfy in this weary world, “the unsearchable riches of Christ,” and the more we draw on those riches, so much the more are our longing souls satisfied.

I had not been long in P—— when a sad event happened. The barracks were quite near where I stayed, and we often looked on with interest at the evolutions of the soldiers. One day we heard the general stationed there was a little ill—but nothing serious. The next day no better, two days after he had passed away,—away from his busy round of worldly duties, to the never ending eternity. It was sad indeed to think of this strong man called away full of health and strength; but it was sadder still to think of his soul, his immortal soul. His apartments were opposite ours, and we looked on with aching hearts at all the vain mummery

of a catholic funeral. The very horses were draped in black; the bishops and other high dignitaries were there, with ghostly chanting and their open breviaries in their hands; and the magistrates and others in office. Then the soldiers marching solemnly and carrying the military belongings of the poor dead general. And in all this vain show we wondered about his soul and thought sadly of the words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." Our landlady and french maid said it was a grand funeral, that much prayer would be said for his soul, and so he would soon be quite happy.

We felt how blessed we were, who through God's mercy and love, believed that the Lord Jesus Christ died for our sins so that if we were suddenly called away it would be but "Absent from the body—present with the Lord."

Dear reader, would it be so with you? if sudden death came on you, would it bring you into the Lord's presence, into all the glory of that presence, or would it banish you for *ever* from it? If the latter, think well. One has everything in Christ, nothing outside Him. God's word tells us that "all flesh is as grass," so that the longest life is as nothing, compared to a never ending eternity. May God lead you to accept the Lord Jesus *now* as your Saviour. and then death, no matter in what form, loses all its terrors.