

THE SOWER.

THE THIRST OF GOD.

John iv. 7.

THE heart panteth after the waters,
The dying for life that departs ;
The Lord in His glory for sinners,
For the love of rebellious hearts.
Call back all the days of the ages,
All snow-flakes come down from above ;
All flowers of summers departed,
But think not to measure His love.

Behold Him, O soul, where He told it.
Pale, bleeding, and bearing thy sin ;
He knocketh, saith, Open, beloved,
I pray thee, to let Me come in.
Behold, I have borne all the judgment,
Thy sins, O beloved, are gone ;
Forgotten, forgotten for ever,
God seeketh, but findeth not one.

“ Behold, with what labour I won thee,
Behold in my hands and my feet,
The tale of my measureless sorrow—
Of love that made sorrow so sweet.
A flax-thread in oceans of fire
How soon swallowed up would it be ;
Yet sooner in oceans of mercy
The sinner that cometh to me.”

THE LOST ONE FOUND ;

OR, A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF SAILOR SAM.

A FEW years since at a village in Sommersetshire, there lived a man and his wife, named Miller ; they had a family of children, one of whom, their son Samuel, at the age of ten years, ran away, and his parents knew not what had become of him. They mourned his loss more sadly than if he had died under their roof. But he went to sea, and after an absence of twenty years spent in the East India and China trade, he returned, a fine, stalwart man, what his companions would call "a jolly sailor."

On landing, he went to his native place to look for his parents, but they had removed to Langport ; thither he went in search of them, and was told that the man he enquired for, worked for a Mr. Stuckey. When he got to the place of business, he saw an elderly man sweeping the pavement, and said to him, "Does Mr. Stuckey live here?" "Yes" was the reply ; "Do you want to see him?" "No ; but I suppose that I want to have a word with a man that works for him," said the sailor.

Twenty years had so changed both, that there was no recognition on either side. The old man then asked the younger—

"What is the man's name whom you want?"

"James Miller," said the sailor.

"That's my name," replied the other.

"Well, if you are the man I'm looking for, *I'm your Sam,*" said the heavy broad shouldered sailor.

"No! you're not my son," said the father.

"But *I am* your son," persisted the sailor.

"Well, if you are, your mother will know you—come along with me."

They went together to the old man's home, and the father sent one of his children into the garden to his wife, with a message that Samuel was come home. She immediately came in, and looked steadfastly at the stranger for some time in silence—at length she said with a significant shake of the head, "That is not our Samuel" and flaunted out of the room. Presently she returned, and said, "our Samuel had a piece of wood grown into his arm." The sailor instantly jumped up, drew off his jacket, bared his arm, and said, "There! will that do?" and sure enough, the splinter was there, and as easily slipped about as on the day he left home.

"Yes! oh, yes! it is our Samuel; *the lost one is found!*" the mother exclaimed; and they fell on his neck and kissed him; rejoicing like the father over the prodigal son.

The splinter in his arm was the result of an accident. James was making a faggot rick, and to please his son, who was just able to run about, he put him on the rick, and thoughtlessly threw the faggots at him. After some time of enjoyment, the little fellow began to cry, and the father, reproaching himself for his folly, took him down, and soon succeeded in soothing him, and so the matter passed away. Some time after, the child said, "Father, the piece of wood is still in my arm," which on examination

proved true, and the skin so completely grown over it, that the wood could easily be slipped about. The parents were concerned, and time after time was proposed for taking him to a surgeon to have it cut out, but the time never arrived, as the Lord in His wondrous love had ordered it, so that at length it became a mark of identity.

The parents, however, soon discovered that their long lost son had returned to them, not only lost to all sense of his soul's eternal interest, but even to any care for the morality common among men. Deeply grieved and yearning over him with a parent's love, they sought by words of tender remonstrance and entreaty to win him to some consideration of these things, but all in vain ; and his parents' society soon became uncongenial and irksome to the sailor. Two of his brothers had heard of his return, and came from a short distance to spend the day with him, and, as they said, "to have a jolly spree."

It was so ordered in the providence of God, that the gospel of His grace should be preached that night in that place by a stranger ; the father having heard of it, entreated his son to accompany him to the preaching, but he declined, preferring the company of his brothers, who like himself were "without God and without hope in the world ;" and "cared for none of these things." So the three brothers started for the tavern to seek congenial company. Finding him immovable, the father said to his son, "Well, Samuel, if you will not go with me, I will go with

you!" and there in that evil place sat the swearing, drinking, sons, and the praying father.

After a short time one of the brothers said, "Come, Sam, let us go to another place." They went a little way, the father following with a yearning heart. Presently Samuel said to his brothers, "Let's go back, there's no fun in having father about after our heels," and back they went to the father's house. When there, in reply to further entreaty, Sam said, "Well I suppose there'll be nothing but sulks in the house, now I'm come home if I don't go to hear the preaching to-night, so I'll go."

The preacher not knowing of his presence had read the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and chosen for his subject the lost son, or the father's love to the prodigal. During the evening his attention was arrested, for God had evidently spoken to him in the secret of his heart, convincing him of his state as a "sinner!" and his guilty soul trembled at the thought of God's judgment for sin. He returned to his father's house in this agitated and alarmed state, and some one asked the preacher to call and see him, which he did, and found a fine looking man seated and evidently under much emotion, his chest moving heavily.

The preacher said to him, "*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*" (1 Tim. i. 15.)

"I dare say it's all true enough what you say," he

replied, "but Christ will not have anything to do with me ; I'm too bad a fellow for Him." The preacher added, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came to seek and to save that which was *lost*, even 'The chief of sinners.' He died for sinners. Such was His grace, that in order to save them from the curse of the law which they had broken, He bore the curse in His own blessed person. God will now receive you, if you accept Jesus, and trust in Him as your Saviour."

"Yes, but you don't know," said he, "how bad a fellow I am. For twenty years I have not entered a church, nor read a word of the bible, nor any good book ; and in the worst crew of wicked sailors that I ever shipped with, I was so much worse than the rest that they named me 'the ship's devil.' Why sir, in the midst of a storm, when every plank seemed to tremble as the thunder broke and the lightning played around us, I have stood on the deck and madly cursed Him who sent the storm. No, no ! He'll not save *me*."

The preacher only added, "*Jesus* came to save real sinners, even the chief ; His blood can wash the foulest clean ;" and then said good night. He did not tell him to *pray* for mercy, but rather to *believe* in a mercy already provided in the Lord Jesus Christ. The fountain was there and he was to be shewn its waters rather than be told to ask.

The next evening there was preaching again, and he was present, and heard the same gospel as the night before, of present, perfect, and eternal salva-

tion, through simply trusting in the person and precious blood of Christ. The following morning while the preacher was at breakfast with his host, just before leaving the town, the door bell rang, and the servant, who was a believer, came in and said,—

“Samuel Miller is at the door sir; and he told me to say, that he loves the preacher better than the preacher loves him.” The message was easily interpreted, and he was shown in. “Oh, my dear sir!” said he, “I’m not the sailor you saw on Tuesday night, I’m another man—a *new man*. I heard the good news again last night, and my heart was opened to receive it, but the peace and joy didn’t come just then. After we went home, one deeply interested for me, said, ‘Let us pray together;’ and so he prayed, and then I prayed; and as we rose from our knees, I found myself filled with peace and joy. And when I went to bed—bed indeed!—no I didn’t go to bed—who’d think of going to bed on such a night as this? But I went up to my room, and there I rejoiced and gave thanks to the Lord for my salvation. But all at once I thought—‘Ah! but is it possible—all those dreadful sins of so many years gone—and in a moment?’ And I turned round and said, ‘Ah, Satan, that’s you is it? Come, come, you’ve had your way long enough. Yes! they are all forgiven; for ‘the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin? So the old enemy had heard enough and he fled. My dear sir, I feel as light as a cork; why I could clear that table at a spring, with only one hand upon it. Why, there are *two of us here now!* striking himself on

the breast—"Yes, *two of us*, one holding with the Lord, and the other still holding with the devil. Even this morning, that one that holds with the devil said 'Come Sam, let's put on our hat, and take a stroll; but the other said, directly, 'No, no, Samuel, we'll go and see the servant of Christ, and tell him what the Lord has done for us.' So here I came. Oh! how I should like to be able to go and tell my old shipmates that Christ has *sought* me and *found* me; and tell them about *Him*. But there! I suppose I must stay, and have my own faith and hope strengthened, and know more about the Lord, before I try my hand at that; but I can pray for them."

It was then said to him, "Samuel, you are indeed saved by grace; and now the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, teacheth us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we shall live soberly, righteously, and—" "Oh, yes!" interrupted he, "why the grace of God has been talking to me all this morning about that, just like a father would talk to his child. It said to me, 'Samuel, my boy, we have now no more to do with the old ways. It is our business now to please Christ and follow Him.'"

That night the profligate sailor, "the ships devil," was enabled to believe in Jesus Christ the Son of God; and *in believing* he received the knowledge of salvation full and free. He was translated out of the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Oh! glorious translation—wondrous change! A brand plucked out of the fire.

After four days the gospel was again preached by

the same individual at a neighboring village, about four miles distant, and Samuel was present, and he did indeed look like another man, not at all like the rough sailor seen but a few days before. Some Christians gathered around him after the preaching, and asked him some questions, and he, in his quaint way, said, "I don't know, I'm sure; for I'm only *four days old*."

Speaking after the manner of men he was now about thirty years of age, but he was reckoning from his *second* birth, which had only just transpired. From this time he lived in the power of the *new life* begotten in him; following faithfully the Lord who had redeemed him at such a cost.

The christian servant who came to the door and conveyed the message to the preacher, as before stated, at length became his wife. After their marriage they resided at Bridgewater, he still pursuing a seafaring life. From being a common sailor he rose to be mate of a schooner in the coasting trade. One day the weather being calm, and all right on deck, he and the captain were both below, so he said to him, "Captain shall we read a chapter and have a little prayer? With all my heart, mate," was the reply. So they read and prayed; and as they were seated Samuel looked across the table and said, "Captain, are you a son?" "Ah," said he, "as to that, I can't say that I am a *son*." "Then you are an enemy," said Samuel. "No, mate," said he, "I know that I am no longer an enemy." "Then you're a *son*," was the reply. The captain soon learned that he was a

son, and he and the mate often spent happy seasons together in speaking of the grace of the Lord Jesus and His precious blood, by which they were both saved.

As that in which he was employed was a coasting trade he was frequently in port, and had opportunities of spending some happy seasons by his own fireside, and in the midst of his family. He had two sons and two daughters, and was also kind to his aged parents, who were now greatly comforted by him, though at one time he had caused them so much sorrow and anguish. Instead of mate, at length he became captain, and was commanding a vessel in which he was part owner, or had some share in it. On the 28th of December, 1859, while crossing from Newport, in Monmouthshire, to Pembroke, he encountered a heavy storm, was driven on the West Helwick Sands, near Port Madoc, and all hands on board were lost, in sight of a vessel called "Affiance," belonging to Port Madoc. Thus ended the short but bright career of one who knew in his own case that where sin abounded grace did much more abound. His last passage for him was the best and quickest he had ever made, it was from earth to heaven—absent from the body, present with the Lord. He left a widow and four children, all of whom have been graciously cared for. On the 21st of January, 1867, it pleased the Lord to take to Himself the mother also, leaving the orphans here still, that they too might taste and see that the Lord is good.

Captain Samuel Miller was born on the 28th of January 1824, at Capland, in the parish of Broad-

way, near Ilminster. The first thirty years of his life were spent in the service of Satan, and had he been cut off in the midst of his sin during that period he would have been eternally lost ; but God in His infinite goodness and mercy plucked him as a brand from the burning, and the residue of his life, about six years, was spent in His fear, until he entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God at the close of the year 1859.

Reader, are you *saved or unsaved*? If still unsaved turn this very day to Jesus. Cast yourself into the arms of that loving Saviour. He will receive you, forgive you, bless you, and make you eternally happy. Don't trifle with conviction, be in earnest. If you despise this message of mercy, you know not but that you may be in hell before another sun goes down. God grant that this may not be your awful doom! Come for all things are ready, and whosoever will may come. Jesus has purchased a full and eternal salvation for every one who will receive it. "*Now* is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2). He is waiting that He may be gracious and He declares, "Him that cometh to me I will in *no wise* cast out." (John vi. 37).

GOD does not overlook sins, nor pass over our offences because it is human to transgress. God never foregoes His character. He forgives upon the ground of righteousness. It is because His own Son has borne the penalty due to sins that God forgives them. There is no forgiveness of sins apart from the blood of Jesus.

GOLD AND SILVER.

A MIDST the excitement prevailing over the American currency question, and the rising interest in the British Columbia gold mines, the writer considers it will be in order to call the attention of the serious reader to the fact that these are merely the questions of an hour—they are passing.

The writer does not under-estimate the vital importance, from an economic standpoint, to the American people of the subject which so engrosses them to-day, and is conscious that its issue will affect the nation's future unto the end, but it is because there will be an end, he desires to divert their attention to another question which he submits should take precedence of it, even at such a crisis as the present.

The currency question is a national one affecting individuals; the mines question an individual one affecting the nation. The question here brought forward is intensely individual, yet affecting the whole human race. In the currency question the debtor class is seeking relief; in the mines question all classes are seeking wealth. In pursuit of these, millions are allowing days to run into months, and the whole world, occupied with earthly toil and earthly care, is hurrying to eternity, a mad, struggling crowd, borne along by time's irresistible current to the boundless ocean of eternity. Yes, there is to be an end—an end for the individual, an end for the nation.

In the midst of all this madness, in clear musical

tones, which even the clamor of the foolish woman cannot drown, is heard the cry of Wisdom. Unto you, O men, she calls, and her voice is to the sons of men. Riches and honor are with her, yea durable riches and righteousness. Her fruit is better than gold and her revenue than choice silver. And not only wealth and honor has she, but length of days as well. Hast thou time to hearken, neighbour, for whoso findeth her, findeth life and shall obtain favor of the Lord?

With all this earnestness in the pursuit of wealth and of the necessaries of this life, as men speak, or even in search of the wisdom of this world that comes to nought, what supineness there is in seeking the wisdom of God. The supine, the careless, the indifferent will never find it—never, for the ease of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them. If thou desirest these treasures, these durable riches, with long life, even length of days for ever and ever to enjoy them, then diligently seek—not these, but Wisdom, the Giver of them; and if thou seekest her as silver and searchest for her as for hid treasures then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord and find the knowledge of God. There is no uncertainty about it, no worthless claims, no years of toil ending in bitter disappointment and suicide. “*Everyone that seeketh findeth.*”

Reader, I part with thee here. Farewell.

A DREAM.

A. said to B. "I had a dream last night: I saw a headless man groping along with a cane to find the side-walk. I awoke with a start, and have been troubled about it since, and anxious about its meaning."

"It was God speaking to you," said B." The man without a head is yourself, a sinner, without God in the world."

"But I have been trying to do what is right."

"Just so: the headless man was trying to find the side-walk: but he had neither sight nor sense, hopeless and helpless. And if honest before God you must own that you are lost, that you are without Christ, and an enemy of God: nor is it true that you have tried to do right—you are all wrong. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," "and there is no difference." See Rom. iii. "God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." And why? "That He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. He keepeth back his soul from the pit," &c. "Yea, his soul draweth near unto the grave, and his life to the destroyers." A messenger, an interpreter is needed to show what man ought to do. His uprightness is to confess his sins: "I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not."

"Then He is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom." Job. xxxiii. 12-30. Christ is the ransom.

"For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus: who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." 1 Tim. ii. 5-6.

But has A. nothing to do to satisfy God about his sins? Nay, he is totally unable, being without strength." But Christ has done all, and the work is finished. He offered Himself a sacrifice to God for sinners, died, rose again, and is in glory as the accepted One. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house (Acts xvi. 31). Cease your vain doings, and submit yourself to the righteousness of God." See Rom. x. 1-13

“**H**E that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God.”

Could anything be more just. If all this wondrous grace and goodness of God be despised, if Christ be rejected, if God's salvation be refused, what we ask remains? Nothing most surely, but eternal condemnation. Reader, how shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

WHERE else can we learn the holiness and righteousness of God, as they are to be learned in the cross of Christ? Man was ruined. God was resolved to save. Grace must reign. But how! At the expense of righteousness? Nay, but 'through righteousness?' Before man fell God knew he would, and determined to make man's sin the occasion of unfolding depths of compassion and riches of grace in Himself, which otherwise must have been unmanifested and unknown. But is he therefore, to be unrighteous? Can He make light of sin as though there were little, if any, difference between sin and holiness? Far be the thought. He is indeed gracious, and His grace must reign and triumph. But it must be in such a way as vindicates His glory and manifests His holiness; and hence the cross of Christ. There we behold grace indeed; but there we see holiness as well. 'Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign (not at the expense of righteousness, but) THROUGH RIGHTEOUSNESS unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.' Rom. v. 20, 21.

"The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us who are saved it is the power of God." 1 Cor. i. 18.

Jesus say, 'verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.' John vi. 47.

"Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God and there is none else." Isaiah xlv. 22.