

# THE SOWER.

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## THE WOMAN IN THE SEVENTH OF LUKE.

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“Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many,  
are forgiven; for she loved much; but to whom little is  
forgiven, the same loveth little.

And He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.”

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She came without being invited,  
No welcome had she to expect,  
Nor can she complain although slighted,  
How richly so-e'er she was decked.

What was she? a poor outcast sinner,  
Degraded, forsaken, forlorn,  
With nought but impurity in her,  
A mark for the Pharisees' scorn.

But how has the change been effected  
So deeply important and true,  
Which this outcast, so sadly neglected,  
Presents to our wondering view?

We know not, but this we know only  
Then when she appears to our gaze

She is humble, repentant, and lonely,  
And walking in wisdom's clean ways.

Just note it ; the guests are at dinner,  
And Jesus reclines at the board,  
When in came this poor wretched sinner  
And stood at the feet of the Lord.

All her thoughts upon Him were centered  
Sole source of attraction was He,  
'Twas the Pharisee's house she had entered  
But she sought not the proud Pharisee.

A box of pure white alabaster  
Full of rich precious ointment she brought,  
To anoint the dear feet of the Master,  
For thus she to honor Him sought.

So with all her deep marks of devotion  
To Him so deservedly paid,  
All her tears, all her heartfelt emotion,  
This penitent sinner displayed.

By His actions so wise and so loving,  
By His sympathy touching and kind,  
By His words sweetly tender and moving  
He had conquered her heart and her mind.

'Tis by Him that the conscience is lighted,  
'Tis with Him every blessing begins  
She came without being invited  
And He gave her forgiveness of sins.

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## JESUS RECEIVING A SINNER.

LUKE VII. 36 50.

IN this seventh of Luke we have a most lovely picture of the grace and the glory of the Lord Jesus in the scene in the house of Simon the Pharisee. Simon had bidden Jesus to a feast, thinking He was a prophet; but, to his offence, He suffers a woman of the city, a *sinner* to embrace His feet, and washing them with her tears, to wipe them with the hairs of her head. Simon thought that if Jesus had been a prophet He would have known *who* and *what sort* of a woman this was who *touch*ed Him, "for" said he "she is a sinner." But now the Lord's turn comes, and He let's Simon know that He knew both him and the woman; and out of the mouth of the Pharisee himself, He brings the explanation of her conduct, so strange in his eyes; and his own condemnation because he had not done likewise. For *truth* came by Jesus Christ. He was the true light, which made every man manifest. Simon is laid bare to his own eyes in the presence of the Son of God, whilst the woman is set forth in all the fragrance of her sacrifice.

Jesus relates the parable of the two debtors, the one owing five hundred pence and the other fifty; and the grace of the creditor, who seeing they had nothing to pay, frankly forgave them both. And then He gets from Simon the acknowledgement that *love* was due on the part of both for such royal grace; but most love from him to whom most was forgiven. And

then at once, as so often in the gospel, the Lord takes His own place of pre-eminencé and glory, and places Simon at His bar. Turning to the woman, He said unto Simon, "Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou did'st not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

The Lord reveals to Simon that He was the creditor, and that the Pharisee was His debtor as well as the woman; but alas! for him, he thought little of his debt, and cared nothing for the grace that was there to forgive. *There was no love.* But the woman *loved much.* She knew the greatness of her debt, and that she had nothing to pay; but, O! the love of that blessed One, whose feet she could not cease to kiss. He had freely forgiven her *all.* What could she do but love Him? And O! the grace of Jesus, He accepts that woman's tears. Tears, contrition, joy and affection were there all centering on Him. And heaven was gazing with interest on this scene which offended the cold heart of the Pharisee. Yes, with joy; for there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one* sinner that repenteth. And, O! what joy to Jesus! He had found His sheep that was lost; and

having found it, He lays it on His shoulder rejoicing *His* love had reached this poor woman's heart, and He knew how to accept and to justify her. In Simon's eyes she was but a sinner, whom he would not *touch*; in the eyes of Jesus she is one of His ransomed ones, drawn to Him of the Father in the faith of His perfect grace. She *believed* He would receive her; she believed that He would, although no one else would. Ah! her eye had been opened of the Father to see in Jesus the *friend* of sinners. She was a sinner and she wanted the friend of sinners. One who could receive her in all her sins and yet deliver her from them. She wanted a *Saviour*. The sinner touches the Holy One, and through Him she becomes holy too. Thenceforth she belongs to God. Her faith had saved her. She loved much because she had much forgiven; and she had *all* forgiven because she believed. She expected such a welcome as this from such an one as Jesus, and she got it because she expected it. *She* wanted it; He had it to give. He had love enough to give it. She believed He would give it to her. She gave Him credit for what He professed to be—a Saviour; for what God had set Him forth as being—Jesus; who *came into the world to save sinners*, and who came to them because He *LOVED* them. This the woman *believed*. She believed that *He loved her*, and that He loved her just *because she was a sinner*. Did He disappoint her confidence? Did He ever disappoint *confidence in His love*? Never. And mark again, the woman had *nothing* to commend her. She was but a sinner—a woman of the city, yes, let me

say it—a *harlot!* will Jesus receive such? Will the Son of God let her *touch* Him? Will not that Holy One retire from the presence of such a polluted one? Ah! He *came* to meet her: He was there to receive her, and to assure her of His grace.

He came, *not to call the righteous*, but sinners; and sinners He called *because He loved them*. And, blessed be His name, *He loves such still*. He has a place in His heart for such. O, what a large place! And more, He lets them know it. He *calls* them to His bosom. He lets them know that if others reject them, He receives sinners—that He plucks *brands* from the burning. He takes away their filthy garments, and clothes them with change of raiment. And what is more, He makes them His friends. There was the interchange of divine affection between Jesus and this woman of the city. *He accepted her love*. O wondrous grace! and this tie is an eternal one; for He saves us for eternal glory with Himself. Blessed and adorable Saviour!

Jesus, Thine everlasting grace  
Our scanty thought surpasses far,  
Thy heart still meets with tenderness—  
Thine arms of love still open are,  
Repenting sinners to receive.  
That MERCY they may taste and live.

“Whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.”

God in tenderest love bids you now, this moment believe and be saved.

THE BLOOD WHICH CLEANSETH FROM  
ALL SIN.

A MAN engaged in selling bibles climbed one day the broken stairs which led to the garret of a wretched house in an infamous quarter of a great city. When he reached the top he found himself confronted by a brutal and repulsive looking man who stood at the landing with arms crossed leaning against the wall. There was that in his whole appearance and manner which would inspire terror, and the first movement of the visitor as he saw him was to withdraw, but overcoming this involuntary fear he sought to engage the man in conversation. He told him that he had come with the desire to do him good and to see him happy, and that the book which he held in his hand contained the secret of happiness. This exasperated the wretched creature and he informed his visitor that if he did not at once cease such talk he would pitch him from the top to the bottom of the stairs. Whilst the bible seller sought by kind and gentle words to soothe his furious opponent he heard to his great surprise the sound of a feeble voice from behind a half opened door on the same landing. This voice hardly distinguishable, murmured these words. "Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" The bible seller did not at once respond to the voice of his questioner as he was intent upon touching the conscience of a hardened sinner—Again the voice from the inner room

came with greater force and clearness. "Tell me, O tell me if your book speaks of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The stranger opened the door and entered the miserable apartment. Its only furniture was a wooden stool, and in a corner on a heap of straw was extended the wasted form of an old woman. On the entrance of her visitor she raised herself on her elbow and leaning her head on her hand, she looked intently and earnestly at him with eyes brilliant with fever, and again repeated her question:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?" He seated himself near her and asked:

"What do you wish to know about the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

She replied with strange eagerness and redoubled energy:

"What do I wish to know about it? Why I am dying and I must appear naked before God—I have been a wicked woman, very wicked all my life, I shall have to answer for all that I have done." And she began sobbing bitterly at the thought of a life passed in sin. "Once, many years ago," she continued, "I was passing the door of a chapel and I entered, I do not know why or how; but I shortly left, and have never from that time forgotten a word which I heard there; it was about the blood which cleanseth from all sin. Ah! if I could but hear it spoken now. Tell me, O tell me if it speaks in your book of the blood which cleanseth?"

The bible seller opened his bible and replied to the

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question by reading the first chapter of John's epistle. The poor creature seemed to devour his words, and when he stopped she cried :

“Read me more of it, more.”

He read her the second chapter, and hearing a slight noise he turned his head and saw that the brutal man had followed him into his mother's room, and although his face was partly turned away the visitor perceived great tears rolling down his cheeks. It was only after reading the third, then the fourth, and then the fifth chapter, that the poor old woman would allow him to stop, but she would not let him leave without a promise that he would return the following day.

From that time until she died, six weeks after, he did not fail in coming daily to read the word of God to her, and it was a happiness to see that from the first readings she appeared to have found peace in Christ. At each of these visits the aforetime terrible man followed him into his mother's room and there listened in silence, but not without interest to the word. At length the old woman died, and the day of her burial, while they filled up the grave where they had just placed her mortal remains, her son turned to the one who had visited them with so much solicitude and motioning him to come, to him said :

“Sir, I have been thinking, that there is nothing in the world I so much desire as to consecrate my life henceforth to speaking to others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin.”

Dear reader, the Lord Jesus Christ has satisfied, blessed be His name, all the claims which a righteous

and holy God can have against a sinner; yes, has satisfied them for whoever believes in Him. Is not death the wages of sin? But Christ has died for the ungodly. (Rom. v. 6). After death is it not judgment? Yes, but Christ has been offered to bear the sins of many. (Heb. ix. 28). If any one should ask me, "How can I come to God!" one of the apostles answers, "By the blood of Jesus." "He has suffered the just for the unjust to bring us to God," says another. Thus, our miserable condition having been completely manifested in the light of God who sees all, who knows all, the Lord Jesus Christ has met all; He has answered to all; He has satisfied all that the holiness of Him whose eyes are too pure to look upon iniquity can demand.

What then remains to be done now? Not a thing but to believe that Jesus has done all. Marvellous truth! Unparalleled grace! God shows Himself *just towards Christ*, in forgiving the sins of whosoever believes in Jesus, and rests upon the perfect and finished work of the Saviour. And why is God satisfied? Because Jesus has borne the judgment which we merited; He has borne the judgment of sin, and in order to do that He has entered into God's thoughts both as to sin and our sinfulness so that He has glorified God in the work of redemption.

And now, Christ raised up from the dead by the power of God, and seated at His right hand in heaven, is the witness as well as the proof, that all the work is finished, and more, that God receives with joy him who comes to Him; He receives him with a joy that be-

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comes reciprocal, that He wishes to partake with us, for He says "Let us eat," (not merely eat thou). "Let us make merry." Salvation is by grace; life eternal is the gift of God.

For the sinner all is pure grace; Christ has borne all the penalty for sin. By His precious blood He has obtained eternal redemption; and God can righteously by virtue of the work of Christ manifest His grace in favour of the repentant sinner. What a solid support, what a permanent foundation for the soul of the believer! Can the blood ever fail; can it lose any of its power, its virtue, for the cleansing of the most miserable, the most ungodly, the most infamous of sinners who come to Jesus? Never, never!

Believe then the faithful word of God. Put all your confidence in the perfectly finished work of Christ and you will be saved. (Acts xvi. 31).

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God from the eternal throne proclaims His own justice in the forgiveness of sins. He sets Christ, once crucified, before our gaze, and addresses our faith to Him.

You need not look for a new revelation in your soul, but believe the Holy Ghost's testimony, in God's word, to what Christ is to God and what He is for sinners, and if you believe, you are that moment forgiven, and fit for God's presence, whiter than snow, washed in the blood of the Lamb, 'forgiven all trespasses,' 'clean every whit.' God says so.

Reader, do you believe in Christ? Are you saved?

## WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

READER, I implore you, in the name of all you hold dear, in the name of yourself, to consider seriously this question: WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?

In the stillness and darkness of this night as you lay your head upon your pillow, let this solemn question come before you. Do not avoid it; do not give yourself any rest until it has been settled in a clear, certain, and positive manner.

What is ETERNITY? It is that which follows the brief period of your uncertain life; that which is unchangeable. Time is that which speeds on; that which changes; that which is dragging you on to ETERNITY. ETERNITY is without end, O what a thought! I SHALL LIVE THROUGHOUT ETERNITY! Yes, you will think, you will feel, you will remember, throughout ETERNITY! The thread of your life which has begun here below, will continue to unwind itself forever, throughout all ages, without end.

WHERE THEN WILL YOU PASS THIS ETERNITY? There are but two ways of passing it; there are but two places where you can pass it; there are but two persons with whom you can pass it.

Whether will you pass it with God, in the glory of His heaven, in the inexpressible felicity of His love, in the radiant light of an endless day, drinking of the river of His delights, with Christ the well beloved

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Son of God, or whether will you pass eternity far from God; in tears; without hope; with Satan in hell; where the worm dieth not; and the fire is not quenched; and that an unchanging ETERNITY!

I again repeat it, and solemnly press the question :  
WHERE WILL YOU PASS ETERNITY ?

Listen to the voice of God : " He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life : and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life ; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

If you ask me who is the Son, I reply: It is Jesus, the Son of God, come to seek and save that which was lost, " 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."

Unbeliever, you have not to wait for the day of judgment to learn your condemnation. The sentence is passed already. Not executed, thank God, but passed. You are in the position of a criminal who has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced, and only awaits the day of execution.

In that position it is that God's free grace meets you with a full salvation. "God willeth not that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Precious words flowing forth from the loving heart of a Saviour God.

" He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

## KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

THE daughter of an English nobleman, was providentially brought under the influence of the followers of Jesus, and thus came to the knowledge of the truth concerning Him. The father was almost distracted at the event and by threats, temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading, and travelling in foreign countries and to places of fashionable resort, took every means to divert her mind from things unseen and eternal; but her heart was fixed. The God of Abraham had become her shield and her exceeding great reward. And she was determined that nothing finite should deprive her of her infinite and eternal portion in Him, or displace Him from the centre of her heart. At last the father resolved upon a final and desperate expedient by which his end should be gained or his daughter ruined, so far as her prospects in this life were concerned. A large company of the nobility were invited to his house; it was so arranged, that during the festivities, the daughters of different noblemen, and, among others, this one, were to be called to entertain the company with singing and music on the piano-forte. If she complied she forfeited her good conscience, and returned to the world; if she refused compliance, she would be publicly disgraced and lose, beyond the possibility of recovery, her place in society. It was a dreadful crisis, but with peaceful confidence did she await it. As this crisis approached, different individuals, at the

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call of the company, performed their parts with the greatest applause. At last the name of his daughter was announced. In a moment all were in fixed and silent suspense, to see how the scale of destiny would turn; without hesitation she rose, and with a calm and dignified composure took her place at the instrument; after a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then with an unearthly sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sung, accompanying her voice with the notes of the instrument, the following stanzas:

No room for mirth or trifling here  
For worldly hope or worldly fear,  
    If life so soon be gone;  
If now the Judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
    The inexorable throne.

No matter which my thoughts employ,  
A moment's misery or joy,  
    But, oh! when both shall end,  
Where shall I find my destined place;  
Shall I my everlasting days  
    With fiends or angels spend?

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death  
    That never, never dies;  
How make mine own election sure,  
And when I fail on earth secure  
    A mansion in the skies.

Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,  
Be Thou my guide, be Thou my way  
    To glorious happiness.  
Ah! write my pardon on my heart,  
And whensoever I hence depart,  
    Let me depart in peace.

The minstrel ceased—the solemnity of eternity was upon that assembly. Without speaking, they dispersed. The father wept aloud, and when left alone sought the counsel and prayers of his daughter, for the salvation of his soul. His soul was saved, and his great estate consecrated to the Saviour.

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Unsaved reader, you are a lost soul! a *lost soul!* and the night cometh. A night that has no morning, a long, long, dark endless night, into which no ray of light shall ever come. Oh! lost, lost soul, your night has no morning.

The night of the Christian is illumined by the love of Jesus, and is terminated by a morning that has no evening, “for there shall be no night there.” Oh, think of that scene, that happy scene, “the city that had no need of the sun, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof, and there shall be no night there.” Eternal and unfading glory.

But listen, “the morning cometh, and also the *night.*” Oh, what a night, Christless soul! You go into eternity without Christ, and what is it? All night! all night! No morning to that awful night, and for a few passing hours of pleasure will you risk that fearful night?