

# THE SOWER.

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“EARTH HAS MANY VOICES, HEAVEN  
ONLY ONE.”

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**M**ANY hearts are breaking, breaking,  
As the tide rolls to the shore;  
Sorrow tracking many footsteps  
While despair is at the door.  
Sin and Satan sweep their billows  
Over many a drooping head,  
And the pall of anguish darkens  
Around many a christless bed.

Disappointed hopes are surging,  
Over many a bruised heart,  
And the soul is calling, calling,  
For the strength to bear its part.  
Where is found a heart to soften  
All the bitter strain of life?  
Where a love to sweeten sorrow,  
Eating out the soul in strife?

Where a spirit strong and tender  
For the soul to rest and hide?  
For some hearts are breaking, breaking,  
As the shore receives the tide.  
Aye! One heart is open daily,  
Wounded once to heal for aye,  
Sheltering love and tender pity,  
Wait for every son of clay.

Calvary swept its storms around Him,  
 Calvary flooded earth with love.  
 While the heart of God was waiting,  
 Justice and compassion strove,  
 For each soul in tempest tossing,  
 Jesus waits the sinner's friend,  
 For each toiling, heavy laden,  
 There is comfort without end.

Sins forgiven, anguish vanquished  
 In the tender love of Christ.  
 Will you spurn a heart so mighty ?  
 Will you scorn a love so prized ?

Will you miss the stream of comfort  
 As you tread life's thorny way ?  
 Lose such springs of joy and blessing,  
 And from Jesus turn away ?  
 Lay thy head upon His bosom  
 Hear it beat in love to thee,  
 And there spend, in spotless radiance,  
 With Him an eternity.

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**O**N the ground of Christ's death, salvation is offered to all. Conversion, a soul turning to God, gets us through the straight gate into the narrow way ; then what a future is before us, life and glory.

Faith in Jesus and His blood gets us pardon, justification, peace, yea, all that is the fruit of His atoning death on Calvary.

## CALIFORNIAN MINER.

WHEN I was young, I wanted to go as a foreign missionary; but my way seemed hedged about, and as the years came and went, I went to live on the Pacific coast, in California. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived with my husband and little boys.

I heard of a man who lived over the hills, who was dying of consumption, and they said: "He is so vile, no one can stand it to stay with him, so the men place some food near him, and leave him for twenty-four hours." And added, "They'll find him dead some time, and the quicker the better. Never had a soul, I guess."

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work; and I tried for three days to get some one to go and see him, and find out if he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with his indifference, the thought came to me: "Why don't you go yourself? Here's missionary work if you want it."

I'll not tell how I weighed the probable uselessness of my going, nor how I shrank from one so vile as he. It wasn't the kind of work I wanted.

At last, one day, I went over the hills to the little abode, or mud cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open, and up in one corner, on some straw and colored blankets, I found the dying man. Sin had left awful

marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated. As my shadow fell over the floor, he looked up, and greeted me with a dreadful oath. I stepped forward a little, and there came another oath. "Don't speak so, my friend," I said. "I ain't your friend. I ain't got any friends," he said. "Well, I am yours, and——" but the oaths came thickly, as he said: "You ain't my friend. I never had no friends, and I don't want any."

I reached out, at arm's length, the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the door-way, I asked him if he remembered his mother, hoping to find a tender place in his heart; but he cursed her. I asked him if he ever had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God, and he cursed Him. I tried to speak of Jesus and his death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths, and said: "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

I went away discouraged. I said to myself, "I knew it was no use." The next day I went back again, and I went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude of a dog. At the end of that time, I said: "I'm not going any more." That night, when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charlie noticed it, and said: "Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man." "No," I answered, with a sigh.

"Have you given him up, mamma?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Has God given him up, mamma? Ought you to give him up till God does?"

That night I could not sleep. "That man dying, and so vile, with *no one to care.*" I got up and went away by myself to pray; but the moment I touched my knees, I was overpowered by the sense of how little meaning there had been in my prayers. I had had no faith, and I had not *really cared*, beyond a kind of half-hearted sentiment. Oh, the *shame*, the *shame*, of my missionary zeal! I fell on my face literally, as I cried: "Oh, Christ, give me a little *glimpse of the worth of a human soul.*" Did you, Christian, ever *ask that* and *mean it?* Don't do it, unless you are willing to give up ease and selfish pleasure; for life will be a different thing to you after that revelation.

I stayed on my knees until Calvary became a reality to me. I cannot describe those hours. They came and went unheeded, but I learned that night what I had never known before, what it was to *travail for a human soul.* I saw my Lord as I had never seen Him before. I stayed there until the answer came.

As I went back to my room, my husband said; "How about your miner?" "He is going to be saved," I said. "How are you going to do it?" he asked. "The Lord is going to save him

and I don't know as I shall do anything about it," I replied.

The next morning brought a lesson in christian work I had never learned before. I had waited on other days until the afternoon, when, my work being over, I could change my dress, put on my gloves, and take a walk while the shadows were on the hill-sides. That day, the moment my little boys went off to school, I left my work, and, without waiting for gloves or shadows, hurried over the hills, not to see "that vile wretch," but, *to win a soul*. I thought the man might die. There was a human soul in the balance, and I wanted to get there quickly.

As I passed on, a neighbor came out of her cabin, and said: "I'll go over the hills with you, I guess."

I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I could. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin, she said: "I'll wait out here, and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected, but the man greeted me with an awful oath; but it did not hurt as it did before; for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could bear what struck Him first.

While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day, and which he had used, but never thanked

me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird note.

"What's that?" said the man eagerly.

"It's a little girl outside, who is waiting for mé."

"Would you mind letting her come in?" said he, in a different tone from any I had heard before.

Stepping to the door I beckoned to her, and then taking her by the hand, said: "Come in and see the sick man, Mamie." She shrank back as she saw his face, and said, "I'm 'fraid," but I assured her with, "Poor sick man, he can't get up; he wants to see you."

She looked like an angel; her bright face, framed in golden curls, and her eyes, tender and pitiful. In her hand she held the flowers she had picked off the purple sage, and, bending toward him, she said: "I sorry for 'ou, sick man. Will 'ou have a posy?"

He laid his great bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and the great tears came to his eyes, as he said: "I had a little girl once, and *she died*. Her name was Mamie. *She cared for me*. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

I knew at once I had the key to the man's heart. The thought came quickly, born of that midnight prayer service, and I said: "When I

spoke of your mother and your wife you cursed them; I know now that they were not good women, or you could not have done it, for I never knew a man who could curse a good mother."

"*Good women!* Oh, you don't know nothin' 'bout that kind of women. You can't think what they was."

"Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn't she have been just like them? Would you have liked to have her live for that?"

He evidently had never thought of it, and his great eyes looked off for full a minute. As they came back to mine, he cried, "Oh! God, no! I'd killed her first. *I'm glad she died.*"

Reaching out and taking the poor hand, I said, "The dear Lord didn't want her to be like them. He loved her even better than you did. So He took her away where she could be cared for by the angels. He is keeping her for you. To-day she is waiting for you. Don't you want to see her again?"

"Oh, I'd be willing to be *burnt alive* a thousand times over, if I could just see my little gal once more, *my little Mamie.*"

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Oh, friends, *you know* what a blessed story I had to tell that hour, and I had been so close to Calvary that night, that I could tell it in earnest



The poor face grew ashy pale as I talked, and the man threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as though losing breath. Then, clutching me, he said: "What's that, woman, you said t' other day 'bout talking to somebody out of sight?"

"It's praying. I tell Him what I want."

"*Pray now, pray quick.* Tell Him I want my little gal agin: tell Him anything you want to."

I took the hands of the child, and placed them on the trembling hands of the man. Then dropping on my knees, with the child in front of me, I bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie, and wanted to see her again. This was Mamie's prayer:—

"Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He has lost his 'ittle girl, and he feels bad about it. I'se so sorry for him, and he's so sorry, too. Won't you help him, and show him where to find his 'ittle girl? Do, please. Amen."

Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood One with the prints of the nails in His hands and the wound in His side.

Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying, "Tell Him more 'bout it; tell Him everything; but, oh! *you* don't know!" Then he poured out such a torrent of confession that I could not have borne it, but for the One who was close to us that hour.

You Christian workers know how HE reached out after that lost soul.

By-and bye, the poor man grasped THE strong hands. It was the third day when the poor tired soul turned from everything, to Him, the mighty to save, "*The Man who died for me.*"

He lived on for weeks, as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him one day about a meeting, and he said, "I'd like to go to a meetin' once. I never went to one of them things."

So we planned a meeting, and the men came from the mills and the mines, and filled the room.

"Now, boys," said he, "get down on your knees while she tells 'bout that Man that died for me."

I had been brought up to believe that a woman shouldn't speak in meeting, but I found myself talking, and I tried to tell the simple story of "The cross." After awhile he said, "Oh, boys, you don't half believe it, or you'd cry; you couldn't help it. Boys, raise me up. I'd like to tell it *once.*"

So they raised him up, and between his short breathing and coughing, he told the story. He used the language he knew,—

"Boys," he said, "you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes, and carries off all the dirt, and leaves the gold behind. Well, the

blood of that Man she tells about, went right over me just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. But it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see 'the Man that died for me.' Oh boys, *can't you love Him?*"

Some days after, there came a look into his face that told the end had come. I had to leave him, and I said: "What shall I say to-night, Jack?" "Just good-night," he said. "What will you say to me when we meet again?" "I'll say 'good-morning' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the men sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the dead, and I looked on the face, which seemed to have come back nearer to the likeness of an unfallen creature.

"I wish you could have seen him when he went," they said. "Tell me about it." "Well, all at once he brightened up 'bout midnight, and smilin' said, 'I'm goin', boys. Tell *her* I'm going to see Mamie. Tell *her* I'm going to see the *Man that died for me.*' An' he was gone."

Kneeling there, with my hands over those poor cold human ones, that had been stained with blood, I asked that I might come to understand more and more *the worth of a human soul*, and to be drawn into deeper sympathy with Christ's yearning compassion, "Not willing that *any* should perish."

## LOST.

SATAN has blinded the mind of the sinner, and he is LOST (2 Cor. iv. 3-4); and until he is begotten by the word of the gospel (1 Cor. iv. 15; 1 Pet. i. 23-24) he is still dead in sins. But when born of God he has eternal life, and is become painfully sensible of his guilt, and unfitness for the presence of God. If his convictions are wrought by the Spirit, as the result of new birth, he will be led on to godly sorrow and repentance unto salvation, by faith in the gospel of the death and resurrection of Christ (1 Cor. xv. 1-4.)

The sinner *must* have eternal life, or perish (John iii. 14-16); but having eternal life he must have the knowledge of salvation by the remission of his sins, or he is without peace with God. Some have mistaken life for salvation, and are saying, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." This is self-deception which subjects them to doubts and fears, and they hope it may turn out all right with them at the end. Yet in their fancied peace, they know their sins are not gone. When this false peace is gone, they are ready to believe the gospel of their salvation, which is followed by the sealing of the Spirit. (Eph. i. 13. 14).

Now they know they are saved by grace, through faith in the gospel, and not by works. But "good works," which prove their faith in

God, before men (James ii) spring forth in their life of peace with God—peace made by the precious blood of Jesus (Col. i. 20). Their doubts and fears have given place to assurance of salvation through the word of the truth of the gospel believed. (Eph. ii. 9-11 ; Col. i. 5).

New birth and sealing are not necessarily received by the same act of faith, nor at the same moment—it depends on *what* is believed. There is a difference, but life is first in order, and both are by faith.

The salvation of God is not mere forgiveness of sins, and deliverance "from the coming wrath" by the blood of Jesus, which cleanses from every sin, once and forever, even to justification "from all things;" but it also is the present practical deliverance from sin, as a master. That is, Christ has not only died for the believers' sins, but sin itself was condemned on the cross, and by our death with Christ we have been delivered from its service, though not from its presence within; and we therefore reckon ourselves dead to sin, but alive to God in Christ risen, and are *thus* enabled by faith to "sin not." See 1 John i. ii.

But there is also the hope-phase of salvation as regards the body, which we keep under looking for its redemption at the Lord's coming. This is the full salvation of God. See Rom. iv.-viii.

## IMMEDIATELY !

IT is related of one, that he had a large iron plate put up near his house, having on it the words, boldly painted, "Prepare to meet thy God !"

One day a gentleman, in passing by the place, noticed that the letters of the inscription could scarcely be seen, and he got permission to have the paint renewed, so that the words should be perfectly plain. He then engaged a painter to repaint it, but the latter was so negligent that it was not done. Several times he went to the shop to speak about it, but finding it still unattended to, he very decidedly requested the painter to enter it afresh in his order book, and see it was attended to immediately. Looking over the man's shoulder to see that he had actually entered the order, he saw that he had written,

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD—IMMEDIATELY !

As he read the account, the words seemed to stand out like letters of fire ! Prepare *some time*—prepare when we get ready—prepare before death shall come—*every one intends that !* But now—at once—immediately, it sounded like a message direct from heaven !

A wise man once said to his disciples, "Be sure and turn to God a day before your death !" But they said, "How can we know the day of our death ?" "You cannot," he replied ; "therefore turn to God to-day, for you may die to-morrow !"

## QUESTION.

“ I SEE in Rom. III. that ‘There is none righteous, no, not one,’ and ‘God so loved the *world*, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish,’ but have everlasting life’ (Jno. iii. 16). So I believe that Jesus Christ died for me (for my sins) for ‘Christ died for the *ungodly*’ and as my sins are gone, He has given me eternal life, so I see that I am saved. Now God is not willing that any should perish, how is it then that He makes that provision in Jno. iii. 16, for if the debt is paid, the debtor is free whether he believes it or not (in ordinary circumstances) and God cannot exact the penalty twice. Christ could not then have taken away the world’s sins, although He died for the ungodly does this ‘ungodly’ mean all?”

## ANSWER.

The trouble seems to spring from the wrong thought that Christ came to take “away the world’s sins.” In John i. 29, it is “sin,” not *sins*; and in 1. John ii. 2, the three words in italics, “the sins of,” should be omitted. Christ “died for all,” the sinner and the ungodly or wicked sinner (II. Cor. v. 15; Heb. ii. 9); but not for the sins of all. He died for, is the propitiation for, our sins, the sins of the believer or “the many.” See I. Cor. xv. 3. 4; Heb. ix. 26-28. He was sent of the Father the Saviour of the world (I. John iv. 14). And He is the propitiation “for the whole world.”

available and sufficient for all; but the world rejected and crucified Him, and therefore God commands "all men everywhere to repent" (Acts xvii. 30. 31).

Sin is not a "debt," but an outrage against the nature of God. Nothing short of the sacrifice of Christ could meet this; but His precious blood "cleanses us from all sin" (I. John i. 7); see also (I. Peter iii. 18).

He makes the provision in John iii. 16, "that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and because He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (II. Peter iii. 9).

With all the freeness of the "Gospel of God" to *all*, yet certain and dire judgment awaits the rejectors of His love in the gift of His only begotten Son. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke xliii. 3). Man's blindness and ruin is his own will, and not the justice of God, which is forever satisfied, and Himself glorified, in the atoning sacrifice of Christ on the cross.

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**A**N aged Christian, now gone to heaven when accosted, in the common parlance of the day, "What's the news?" would always answer, "Jesus died for sinners, the best of news, brother." This is the *best* of news, the greatest news, the most important news that ever came from heaven to earth.