

# THE SOWER.

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HEAR WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR MY  
SOUL!

SAVED by blood, I live to tell  
What the love of Christ hath done ;  
He redeem'd my soul from hell,  
Of a rebel made a son,  
O ! I tremble still to think  
How secure I lived in sin ;  
Sporting on destruction's brink,  
Yet preserved from falling in !

In His own appointed hour,  
To my heart the Saviour spoke ;  
Touch'd me by His Spirit's power,  
And my dangerous slumber broke.  
Then I saw and own'd my guilt :  
Soon my gracious Lord replied,  
" Fear not, I my blood have spilt,  
'Twas for such as thee I died."

Shame and wonder, joy and love,  
All at once possess'd my heart,  
" Can I hope Thy grace to prove  
After acting such a part ?"  
" Thou hast greatly sinn'd," He said,  
" But I freely all forgive ;  
I myself thy debt have paid,  
Now I bid thee rise and live."

Come, my fellow-sinners, try ;  
 Jesus' heart is full of love !  
 O that you as well as I,  
 May His wondrous mercy prove !  
 He has sent me to declare  
 All is ready, all is free ;  
 Why should any soul despair  
 When He saved a wretch like me ?

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**T**WO *ways* :

One broad, the other narrow ; the one  
 leads to destruction, the other to life  
 Many go by the one, few by the other.

Which is your way ?

*Two classes* :

The righteous and the wicked, the wheat and  
 the chaff, the living and the dead.

Which are you ?

*Two deaths* :

The death of the righteous, and the death of  
 the wicked.

Which do you think you will die ? Which  
 do you wish to die ? Which would it be if you  
 were to die this moment ?

*Two resurrections* :

Only these two. The resurrection of the just  
 and the resurrection of the unjust. Shall yours  
 be a resurrection of life, or a resurrection of judg-  
 ment ?

## "GOD CALLING YET."

MARY T— had been brought up by a godly mother, whose earnest desire was to see her brought to the Lord. Often had Mary been spoken to about her soul, by her mother and others, but their words made no impression. She heard what was said, but paid no attention to it; her heart was hard and she was far from God.

One night, when she was fourteen years of age, she had a dream which made a very vivid impression upon her. She thought she had died, and had been sent to hell, and when in that dreadful place, she saw the flames kindling and leaping about her.

When she awakened from this horrible dream she was in great terror; she would have been glad to go asleep again and forget this fearful vision, but she felt that she did not dare to do this, for something seemed to say to her: "Suppose you go asleep, then in the morning you will be in hell in reality."

Mary had allowed all admonitions and warnings to slip by unheeded; she was as one that heard not; her own purposes and plans had filled her heart, but now God was opening her ears and she would have to hear. "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumbering upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their

instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man. He keepeth back his soul from the pit." Long she lay awake, fearing to allow herself to go asleep again lest she should waken in hell. But after a time, tired nature asserted itself and she slept.

Morning came, and Mary, busied with the duties before her, forgot all about her dream, and the day passed quickly by. But God did not forget; that dream was to do its work. That evening there was a gospel meeting held some distance away, and Mary, with a number of others, went over the hills to attend it. In due time they reached the place—a private house—and entered. Soon the room was filled. When all were seated, Mary looked about her to see who was there, and very quickly concluded that there was only one unsaved person beside herself present.

This made her feel very uncomfortable, and all the more so, as every word the speaker uttered, as he proceeded, seemed to apply to her, and she thought it was intended for her. This was too much for Mary; she could not endure it longer; what should she do? Being of a ready mind, she soon devised a plan; feigning severe tooth-ache, she muffled her wraps up about her face and ears and leaned her face upon her hands. But all in vain; she had thought to drown the sound, but the words still reached her ears. This tried her sorely, but she had

still another source of anxiety ; she fancied that the people present were watching her to see if she was moved by the preaching. This touched her pride and she inwardly resolved that they should know nothing of her thoughts, so she closed her eyes, began to breathe heavily, and in every way she could, made pretence of sleep.

How subtle, and how full of deception the arch-enemy is, and how man yields himself a willing victim to his power !

But the Lord was watching over this dear girl and He was about to break through her indifference and to overcome her opposition. While she was seeking to shut out the sound of the words, and was endeavoring to hide from the eyes of man any feeling or emotion that might be going on within, the speaker uttered three times over, in ringing tones, these solemn words, " Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Ah ! Mary was roused now. God was speaking ; tooth-ache and sleep were quickly forgotten ; before her rose her terrible dream of the night before, and now God, by His word, seemed to confirm the horror that rose in her soul.

Oh, what anguish ! there was a dreadful place where the fire would *never* be quenched ; God's word declared it, and she had, in spirit tasted of it. And was this to be her portion forever !

While these thoughts were filling her mind, the hymn which closed the meeting was read and sung. One verse arrested Mary's attention. It was this :

"God calling yet, I cannot stay,

"My heart I yield without delay,

"Vain world farewell—from thee I part;

"The voice of God has reached my heart."

Mary listened; the words sank down into her soul. Yes, God was calling; could she yield? Here was the world with all its enticing allurements; could she say farewell to it? Truly, the voice of God had reached her heart, but instead of yielding at once, a struggle ensued. She felt that God was now calling her, but, notwithstanding the terror that had been before her, she felt that she was not ready to give up the world—that would be too great a sacrifice. At first she thought she would like to take Christ and the world, too, but she soon decided in her mind that this would not do—she could not have both; then a voice seemed to say, "Which will you have—Christ or the world?" Still she did not yield; her inward reply was, "I would like to have both."

On the way home Satan still further assailed her; he whispered that she was *too bad* to come to the Lord—she was "too saucy," and she was "too lazy." Poor Mary, conscious that she was serving Satan rather than God, said in her heart in answer to these evil whisperings, "I'll serve

you a little longer but if I don't find peace I'll go to the Lord."

How true it is that "the God of this world" blinds "the minds of them which believe not!" Mary thought maybe she could still serve Satan and hold to the world, and possibly get peace! But if not—ah! peace was beginning now to look sweeter to her than all else.

This resolution to serve Satan a little longer did not give her rest—quite the contrary, for she felt more and more wretched as they wended their way homeward. She wished that someone of the little company would speak to her, but no one spoke and she walked on, filled with gloomy thoughts and forebodings, which at times, for a moment, were displaced by gleams of hope.

On reaching home she sought opportunity to speak with her mother. She said to her, "Ma, how do you feel when you are forgiven?" Her mother replied, "I believed that Jesus put away my sins, and I felt free." She then asked Mary, "Do you believe!" Mary answered, "Yes." Her mother then said to her, "Well, you are free, because Christ has borne the punishment due to you."

Ah! now the truth had reached Mary's heart as well as her conscience; she believed on that blessed One who had suffered for her sins, and her soul rejoiced. The conflict was now ended. She thought again of the world but reasoned that its hopes and joys would soon pass away;

then she said to herself, the heavenly pleasures will be better than these down here, for these fade, but those endure. Before she retired to rest for the night she had decided for Christ.

Reader, God is calling yet. Have you heard the call, and will you refuse? He is stretching out His hand to you; and will you not regard? Alas! alas! if you "set at naught" His counsel, and will none of His reproof, the day will come when He will "laugh at your calamity," and will mock at your fear, when it cometh as desolation, and your destruction as a whirlwind. Ah! then it will be too late. You will call but get no answer; you will seek, but you will not find; and—sad thought—you will be left to eat the fruit of your own way (Prov. i. 24-33.) Oh, hearken now while you may! Listen to His call. Do not be held longer under the dreadful bondage with which Satan binds. Have not these words a voice for you as well as for dear Mary T—?

"God calling yet, I cannot stay,

"My heart I yield without delay,

"Vain world farewell—from thee I part;

"The voice of God has reached my heart."

"HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE  
CAST OUT."

**A**S one was carefully picking his way along a mountain-side, he was thrilled by his little child crying out behind him, "Take the safe path, papa; I'm *coming after you!*"



## "PROVE THAT THERE IS A DEVIL."

HAVING to make a short journey recently, I took a second class passage. There were six of us in the compartment. I felt in my pocket for some tracts but only found four, these I distributed among my fellow passengers, and then began to read a little book.

The man who was seated at the end of the bench on which I was sitting, and who seemed a person of some social rank, received one of the tracts. Taking out his gold pencil case, he read several lines until he came to the word "Satan," this he underlined, and wrote in the margin: "I do not believe that there is a devil," and handed me back the tract. I said nothing, but taking out a piece of India rubber I effaced what he had written and put the tract back in my pocket; then I went on with my reading.

This was too much for my travelling companion. He started up quickly, and cried out: "I do not believe that there is a devil."

Then he launched out in a torrent of abuse against those who believed in an evil spirit.

"Sir," said he to me, "I defy you before these persons," who were looking at him with astonishment: "I defy you to prove that there is a devil. Which way would you begin?"

"Nothing is easier Sir," I said, raising my eyes from my book. "Nothing is easier, I will begin with yourself. Your impassioned language,

your conduct which is not that of a Christian is sufficient proof that you are at this moment under the power of the devil."

"Well, well, I was a little excited," he replied, seating himself, but he still continued ridiculing the idea of a wicked spirit.

"If the devil has no existence what is it that has led you to manifest so much anger?"

"It is the evil principle within me; you cannot prove that there is any other devil."

Taking my bible from my pocket, I said:

"Now, Sir, will you be good enough to take this book in your hands."

He took it very unwillingly; I continued: "With that bible in your hands I ask you, do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?"

"Yes, certainly, I believe it."

"Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the eternal Son of the eternal God?"

"No, I do not believe that," he replied angrily. "Show me where that is said."

A lady near me said: "There are many passages which prove it in almost identical terms."

I then repeated several passages from the word of God: "In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was God \* \* All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made \* \* And the Word was made flesh and

dwelt among us" (Jno. i. 1. 3. 14). "Jesus said unto them: Verily, verily, I say unto you: Before Abraham was I am" (Jno. viii. 58). "I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do, and now, O Father glorify thou me \* \* \* with the glory I had with thee before the world was" (Jno. xvii. 4-5). After His resurrection, Jesus saith unto Thomas: "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto Him: My Lord and my God \* \*. \* \* These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name" (Jno. xx. 27. 28. 31.) "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself" (2 Cor. v. 19). "And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory" (1 Tim. iii. 16). "And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life" (1 Jno. v. 20).

Then I added:

"I see what you are Sir, you are a Unitarian, and as such you shut out from yourself every

hope of salvation, which only is through Jesus and His blood. Tell me, what sort of a person is Jesus to you?"

"The best of men," he replied.

"No sir, according to your belief He is a sinner and a deceiver; the Jesus in whom I believe is the eternal Son of the eternal God."

Opening the bible again to the fourth chapter of Matthew's gospel I read: "Then was Jesus led by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil." Was it an evil principle in Him or was it not rather evil in person?"

For a moment the mouth of the contradictor was closed. I continued: "You have no blood in your religion; you hate the blood; you hate expiation by blood."

"I thank God that I have not a drop of blood in my religion; I hate it," he replied.

"Yes, I know that you deny the Person and the work of the Son of God. But before we separate you must hear what God has said as to the blood: "The blood shall be to you for a token \* \* and when I see the blood I will pass over you" (Ex. xii. 13.) "Whom God hath set forth, a propitiation through faith in His blood" (Rom. iii. 25). "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 Jno. i. 7). "He that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses; of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son

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of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he was sanctified, an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the Spirit of grace" (Heb. x. 28, 29.)

The train stopped and we separated, not to meet again in all probability until we should find ourselves in the holy presence of Him whose Person and work are all that the poor sinner has of any value for his eternal salvation.

Reader, the devil exists and desires your destruction; Jesus the eternal Son of the eternal God, came to save you; His blood cleanses from all sin the one who believes in Him.

**I** REMEMBER hearing of a Hindoo lady who had learned to know the Saviour and to make Him the one object of her desire. She meekly bore persecution and the loss of much for Christ's sake. Her husband forbade her Christian friends to come near her dying bed, and he burned her bible and all her Christian books. But she continued faithful through all. In a few words spoken to her husband before her death she revealed the secret of her peace: "You have forbidden my friends to come to see me; you have robbed me of my bible and my other books, but there is one thing of which you cannot rob me—the story of my Saviour's love—for that is written in my heart."

Is it thus with you? Is Christ precious to you? Is the story of His love the cordial in every sorrow and your comfort when all else fails?

## THE END OF ALL FLESH.

**I** SPENT years trying to love God. 'A good thing,' you say. What! to fly in the face of God's plainest testimony, is that piety? Do you thus differ with God? Many do. Do you say a man can do nothing of himself, he must look to God for help. That is what He will never give until He bows us to believe His testimony. No power can ever make you fit for God in yourself. Man's best won't do for God. All that God can do is to make an end of it in judgment. This He does for faith in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it must be accepted by us and learned here, or else in the LAKE OF FIRE. The fatal flaw in all that which is born of the flesh is that IT IS FLESH. Does your eye now turn hopelessly away from all your discovered sins and self too to Jesus bearing the wrath of God? without strength to be anything but what you are, as you have proved it may be by fruitless and repeated efforts. Then Christ is for you there. The ark, the risen Christ is the provision of God's grace; and either there, or in death and under judgment we must learn that God can no longer look upon man. Your title, owning this, is to know that you are in Christ. Don't REST until you know it! Are you content to have your window turned towards heaven? to have the blinds drawn upon all in this scene under judgment? or are you waiting for the

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execution of judgment to believe it as with those when the flood came? Then perish the fatal folly of it ere you prove it so by perishing as they. Inside that ark shut in by God ALONE will do. Thus bowing to God's clear and reiterated testimony of judgment, turning from all lying under it to Him, you find yourself IN CHRIST. Is there a raven that goes out to feed upon the masses of corruption around? Then, not patch-work, but the END of all flesh will do for God. Hold fast to it that the flesh is judged by the cross of Christ and we are to have 'no confidence in it.' (Rom. viii. 3. Phil. iii. 3).

Close the door upon the raven and do not let him out, and he will feed upon corruption.

The dove knows the place of her rest and returns for shelter to Him who saved her. I lose sight of her after this renewed earth until she descends upon the head of Jesus. So let us learn what is truly ours to enjoy, and hold under judgment all the workings of the evil thing which God has expressed His condemnation of.

Wilt thou despise the Saviour's love  
 And choose the way to hell,  
 Or in the glorious realms above  
 With Him forever dwell?

Say! will you hear His gracious voice  
 And have your SINS FORGIVEN,  
 Or will you make that wretched choice  
 And bar yourself from heaven.

## AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

IS GOD WILLING TO SAVE ME ?

**T**HIS is the question that is raised in many a soul when brought to a sense of need.

There is no doubt of His power, but the question is, "Is He willing?" A deeply important question surely, and one too that the word of God only can possibly answer.

When the poor leper (Luke v.) came to Christ, the one thought in his mind was, "Is He willing?" When he saw Jesus he fell on his face and besought him, saying, "Lord if Thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."

The blessed Lord was not long in making his reply. Ah, no! His tender loving heart was moved in the presence of the man's misery and helplessness, and He stretched forth His hand and touched him, saying, "I will, be thou clean. And immediately the leprosy departed from him."

Never was there a case of need, whether corporal or spiritual, that Jesus was unwilling or unable to meet. In His presence, and by His love and power, all need was met, whether it was a leper in his leprosy or a sinner in his sins. "I will, be thou clean," was spoken to the former, and "Thy sins are forgiven," to the latter. It is so ever. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.)