

THE SOWER.

“HIS BLOOD BE UPON US.”

O H! blessing craved in ignorance and sin!
Oh! cleansing sweet, for guilty souls! “His
blood

Be upon us, and on our little ones”!
Hearts! Look within. If Jesus stood before
You now, with agony of death and love,
Shining from out the patient eyes. Stood there,
With thorn crowned brow and weary lips. Say,
say,

Would *ye* join with the voices of the past?
Aye! Is it not far worse to trample *now*
Beneath the feet, the precious blood of Christ?
To push aside the pierced hands, and spurn
The gift of life eternal which they hold?
Is it not far worse *now* to cry away
With Him, Jesus the crucified?
To choose the murderer of life and joy,
And turn from Jesus, stricken thus for thee?
Oh! ponder well the deed. To-day is thine,
To-morrow may not be! Perchance the pale
Still face, the ashen lips, the closed eye,
May tell, thy soul is in eternity.

FRANK V——.

THE following interesting narrative was related at a conference in New Brunswick by a brother present, to a small number gathered in the tent before the meetings commenced. The writer had heard the story from his lips before, and combines the two in what follows. Mr. N—— said:—

I was in Greenville, Ill., in 1869, and heard there of a young man whom they called Frank V—— who was distributing and lending religious literature containing teaching similar to what I myself was giving out. Not having heard of any of "our own company" in those parts before, I was seized with a desire to meet the man and to find out something about him. I accordingly sought him out, and found that he had a number of valuable tracts which he had carefully re-covered and which he would lend to one and another of his neighbors, as he found opportunity. I asked him about his conversion, and where he got this truth, and for an answer, received the relation of his life story.

"I was born," said he, "in a Catholic Canton, in Switzerland. When I was in my teens John Darby came there and began visiting from house to house, teaching the word, and sleeping, sometimes in barns, to avoid turning other folks out of their beds. After a time he secured a school-house and began preaching. Conversions followed; the priests were aroused and stirred

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up the people, who conspired together, and a company turned out one night to stone the preacher as he was returning from a meeting; and I stoned him as hard as ever I could. He was not seriously injured, however, and, after a time, left those parts."

"Three years later my father emigrated to Beaver Creek, Boud County, Ills. Having been there three years, the war broke out between the North and the South, and I, being then twenty-three years old, enlisted in the county company. In the adjoining county another company was recruited, and both were sent to the front. Many acquaintances of mine were in this company from the neighboring county. At a certain battle where the enemy were in a very strong position, the regiment in which my acquaintances before referred to were enrolled, was almost cut to pieces. Of nine hundred men who marched to the attack, only one hundred and sixty escaped unhurt and many were killed outright."

"At night we drew off to wait for another bloody day. I had just received my ration, and was about to eat, when one of the aides rode into camp and ordered my colonel to be in readiness to attack the next morning at daylight, where the others had just so disastrously failed. I overheard the order, and the thought flashed through my mind, I shall be in hell to-morrow night. My ration fell from my hand, and seek-

ing solitude, I got away among some bushes and there, crying to God, I promised if He would bring me through the next day unharmed, I would serve Him as long as I lived. Well, morning came, and we found that the plan of attack had been changed, so our regiment was not exposed to that terrible slaughter, and yet, before night, the stars and stripes floated over the fort. That night was spent in revelry, but I was sad. I felt that I had made a contract with God; that He had fulfilled His part and I must fulfill mine. I left off swearing, and began praying three times a day, and soon began to think myself a good Christian. Time passed, until one day a comrade having provoked me, I ripped out, and swore as roundly as ever. I then thought—I am not a Christian."

"Well, to cut a long story short, during the three years that I was in the army it was a constant series of resolving and breaking my resolutions. At the end of three years I was discharged and came home. I had been home about a fortnight, when one evening a neighbor rode up and said there was going to be preaching at the school-house. I thought to myself, I may get some help about keeping my contract and I'll go. An elderly gentleman preached a very simple, clear gospel, and having finished, moved around among the people, speaking to several, but coming to where I was standing beside my sister, he placed his hand on my

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shoulder, saying, 'Young man, do you believe on that blessed Christ that I have been speaking about here to-night?'"

"No, I don't, I said, but I wish I did, the tears falling down my cheeks."

"Fixing his eyes on me, he said, 'You *do* believe on the Lord Jesus,' and in an instant joy filled my heart and darkness was gone."

"I returned home so full of joy that I could hardly contain myself, and at a late hour retired, still feeling so happy that I could not sleep. At last, in the small hours, I fell asleep, to wake after sunrise, my joy all gone, and mind as dark as a pocket. I thought to myself, he said I was a believer and a Christian, but I am not. After breakfast I took my hoe and went to the bean patch. I was unwilling that my sisters should think me a Christian when I was not so. After a time, I made up my mind to go back to the house and swear in their presence, that I might disabuse their minds of the thought that I pretended to be a Christian."

"Starting for the house; as I turned the corner I saw the preacher of the night before, driving up in a carriage. Alighting, he put his hands on my shoulders and kissed me, after the manner of the Swiss, saying, 'Good morning, brother V——.' I said, I am not a brother. He replied, 'You are a brother,' looking me in the face; and from that hour to this I have never doubted it."

Sometime after, at the close of a bible reading meeting, I said to the old gentleman: Do you remember being stoned so many years ago in Switzerland, at such a place? 'Yes,' replied Mr. Darby, for it was he, 'but what do you know about it?' I said, I know I threw stones at you as hard as ever I could. He replied playfully, 'I don't know but I should do right to shake you for that.'"

The narrator added that Frank continued to grow in truth, and soon broke bread in remembrance of the Lord Jesus. He also called attention to the importance of having the mind of the Spirit so as to know how to deal with souls in all conditions. Mr. Darby would by no means have dealt with every anxious one as he did with Frank V—.

THE scripture hath concluded ALL under sin. (Gal. iii. 22).

There is a way which SEEMETH right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. (Prov. xiv. 12).

Except a man be BORN AGAIN, he cannot see the kingdom of God. (John iii. 3.)

He that believeth not is CONDEMNED ALREADY, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.—(John iii. 18).

What shall it PROFIT a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and LOSE his own soul? (Mark viii. 36.)

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TOO LATE.

I LATELY happened to be at a large railway station in the country. The train was expected, and great was the bustle among the passengers on the platform. Suddenly the bell rang and the long train drew slowly in. The guard's loud voice and shrill whistle were heard. My friends were waving their hands—"Good-by, good-by"—and I was slowly walking away, when in a moment a man rushed in at the door, breathless and excited. "Just too late, sir," said the porter. The gentleman walked up and down, and drew his hand over his brow, as if to rub off some unpleasant weight.

I left the station, pondering these words, "Too late." My walk took me past the post-office, where many people were thronging—in three minutes more the box would be closed. Poor and rich, masters and servants, hurried to post their letters. But the time was up, the door closed, and then stared me in the face two words, "Too late!"

The same afternoon I went into a cottage near my home to visit a child who was dangerously ill. I found the family in deep distress, for the little one was suddenly worse and dying. I went up stairs, stood by the bed, and saw that even then the hand of death was upon her. In a few minutes the doctor, having been sent for, came hastily into the house. I heard the mother say, as he came softly up the stairs, "I

am afraid it is too late, sir." He went into the room, touched the child's wrist, shook his head, and said in a whisper, "I can do nothing; it is too late."

Can you wonder that during the day, and for many a day after, those words, "Too late," seemed to be ever ringing in my ears, and that many solemn thoughts filled my mind?

Reader, how is it with your soul? It is bad to be "too late" in earthly matters; many a man has thus been ruined as far as worldly things go. It is possible to be "too late" in reference to your soul. Look in the 25th chapter of Matthew, and read this: "They that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not." It was too late.

For you, reader, it is not too late yet. Still the voice of mercy sounds in your ear, still Christ as the Saviour of lost sinners is preached to you; still the calls to repent and believe the gospel are addressed to you; still the precious promises of God's word are before you: still God waits to be gracious. But what if you should be surprised in the midst of your indifference by death? May God's Spirit lay the commandment of the new testament on your heart which says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

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LIFE IN A LOOK, AND THE BURDEN
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SOME months ago, a christian woman, who had charge of some Sunday-school children, drew an illustration on the black-board, in order to impress on the young minds the truth of man's lcast condition, and the remedy which God Himself had provided: She drew a picture of a lake, or pit, full of burning billows. This fiery pit was overhung by a great rocky precipice, on the brink of which stood a man with a great bundle on his back, which was bending him down, till he seemed ready to fall into the awful abyss below. This represented man's condition as a sinner exposed to the wrath and judgment of God; yea, exposed to the lake of fire. The bundle on the man's back was his sins, which must necessarily bear him down into the pit, unless he could be freed from the terrible load. In the picture on the board, not far from this man with the load of sins on his back, appeared three men on crosses. The One in the middle also had a great load on Him; and burning flames were seen coming down from above and falling upon Him, in order to consume the load which was upon Him. This was Jesus as a sin-bearer, and delivered on the cross for our offences, the fire of God's judgment falling upon Him to put sin away, in order that the sinner who believes in Him might be saved. It

was pointed out to the children that the man with the load of sins on his back could be freed from that load, and escape the burning abyss below, by looking off to the One who bore the load of sin on the cross. It was also pointed out that we are all sinners, and exposed to the wrath and judgment of God, until we get released from the burden of our sins through faith in Jesus who died for us on the cross.

The picture and the application made a deep impression on the children, and it is hoped that some of them will never forget it. One boy especially—a boy scarcely nine years old—was greatly impressed. Hitherto he had been somewhat careless and dull, and not very attentive. After this he was all attention, and seemed changed. And soon he confessed Jesus as his Saviour. Like the man in the picture, he had looked to Jesus, and his bundle of sins was gone. Jesus had borne them, and the fire had consumed them, when He hung upon the cross, and now he was free. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John iii. 14.)

Yes, reader, the Son of man had to be lifted up. "It behooved Christ to suffer." There was a terrible necessity, if man was to be saved. Man is a sinner; God is holy, and cannot let sin pass.

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Hence it was necessary that Jesus should be lifted up on the cross, in order that God, consistently with His own holiness and righteousness, might satisfy His love in saving sinners. "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." (John iii. 16.) God loved. Oh! *how* He loved. But He could not exercise this love at the expense of His own righteous and holy character. And rather than forego His great love in the salvation of sinners, He gave up His only begotten Son. He spared Him not. And now, sinner, there is life in a look. Will you take that look of faith? "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." (John iii. 36.) Yes, the look of faith brings life. Without that look, you are still in unbelief and rebellion against God and against His Son. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." Terrible position! Does not the thought of it press heavily upon your conscience? Do you not feel the burden of your sins pressing you down? Do you not fear the wrath of God, and the lake of fire? God's wrath against sin is terrible. But He has provided a remedy; and every one who believes gets the benefit of that remedy. The remedy is Christ, the Son of God, made a sin-offering on the cross; and this remedy avails for all who believe in Jesus.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

“**B**OAST not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” How constantly we are reminded of the truth of the words, “Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” Not long since we were told of two who had recently been married, and went to a pretty sea-side town to spend their “honeymoon,” looking forward with pleasure to a long life of happiness together. Earth’s pleasures are often short lived. The first evening a chill was taken. Serious illness followed, and in ten days the happy bride was a sorrowing widow. How uncertain is everything here! This happy pair never spent one day together in their own home. Unsaved reader, does not this speak to you? Lay it to heart, we entreat you. “For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” The brightest prospects are often gone before ever they are realized. Anticipation is the beginning and ending of many an earthly pleasure, but not so with the pleasures of eternity. With regard to them, each child of God will be able to say as did the Queen of Sheba of Solomon’s riches: “The half was not told me.” The realization will far, far exceed the anticipation.

Dear reader, in God’s presence, even now, there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand

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there are pleasures for evermore. (Psl. xvi. 11). Do you know anything of this joy? Are you looking forward to these pleasures at God's right hand? Jesus has purchased them with His own blood for all who believe in Him. Do *you* believe in Him? You need a Saviour, do you not? Take Jesus for your Saviour, trust in Him, and then, not an earthly, but a heavenly inheritance will be yours; a home with Jesus, the eternal Lover of your soul.

“Oh what a home! But such His love,
That He must bring us there.
To fill that home, to be with Him.
And all *His glory share.*”

A GOOD woman lay upon her death-bed. Her whole life had been spent in trying to benefit others. Her son tenderly said to her, “Mother, I suppose you have no fear of death. You can look back upon a long and well-spent life. You have done much good.” “Speak not so, my son,” replied the mother; “if I must depend on my own good works at this hour, my case would indeed be hopeless. No; *I go a beggar.* I rely upon the merits of Jesus Christ alone.”

GOD ONLY KNOWS THE HEART.

SEVERAL times together we had visited the hospital; passing from ward to ward; having a word here and there as the Lord gave opportunity; finding, as is so often the case, some who turned a deaf ear to what was said, apparently careless and indifferent; some who respectfully listened and appeared interested, while others, a few, seemed really anxious to hear more, and asked us to call again; some of the latter also, professed to have peace with God, and looked bright and happy. I said to my companion as we returned home, that I had no doubt of this one's or that one's conversion, referring to some of those to whom we had spoken. His reply invariably was: "God only knows the heart;" and this was said in that short, quick, crisp way; characteristic of the little man, whose broad Scotch accent, and good honest face, told you that he was intensely in earnest. He hated shams; he had known those who had professed to be saved, and yet their lives proved it far otherwise, and so he would say, "God only knows the heart." I have since, often thought of his words, for he is now with the Lord. And this has led me to look into the scriptures to see for myself what God has said about the heart of man; so I would ask my reader to follow me, and, if unsaved, it may with God's blessing, prove salvation to his precious soul. In Matthew xv.

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19, we read, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." Mark, reader, its "*out of the heart*," not out of some hearts, for all hearts are alike, as is clearly seen in Pro. xxvii. 19. Jer. xvii. 9 tells us: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and then God raises the question, "Who can know it;" yes, who indeed; there's only One, He who created it, and so, is it any wonder as we read on, we find words like these "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." (Pro. xxviii. 26.) O, my reader; would you like to trust a heart like that, a heart bad enough to murder God's Son. Away back in Gen. vi. 5 we find it all there, but its black and deadly contents did not come out until the cross. But to proceed further. "Fools die for want of heart." (N.T.,) not for want of light or knowledge.

No, no, there's plenty of that, and souls perish. (II Pet. ii. 20. 22.) Perhaps the one who peruses these lines has found out by bitter experience that his heart is very bad, that it's not to be trusted. Whether such be the case or not, God has plainly stated it to be so, and how wise to own it in very truth of heart, in His presence. It may be you say Yes, yes, I do own it; God knows my heart; but, O my sins, my sins. Well if such be thy condition, you surely need the next scripture, and this is also found in

Proverbs, see ch. xix. 8. "He that getteth an heart loveth his own soul." (N.T.,) showing clearly, man has not got one naturally, but that it's quite possible (by grace) to get one. Do you say that's just what I want; I do love my own soul, I don't want to perish; O that I had a heart for God's things. Well, reader, there is *one way*, and *only one way* of "*getting an heart*," and if you get it not in this way, you will be lost eternally. Read about Jesus, God's beloved Son, and you will soon get "an heart." Was there ever one like Him, who came from the bright glory of God, with a heart full of love, mercy and grace for poor lost, ruined man?

Read on, mark every foot-print of His blessed, holy feet down here; see how all told of perfection and goodness; poor blind men feeling their way through this dark world, had their eyes opened; they looked upon Jesus; they worshipped Him; lepers were cleansed; sorrowing hearts had their dead restored to them in life again; the hungry were fed, and to the poor, the gospel was preached. But O, LOOK at Jesus on the cross, HEAR that awful cry: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," and then as you LOOK, and HEAR, AND LEARN FROM GOD, WHY He so cried out; you too, my reader, will bow, and worship, and praise Him forevermore. (Rom. x. 8. 11; Psl. 103.)