

# THE SOWER.

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## THE GOLDEN WORD.

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There is a word that melts my heart,  
No other moves me so ;  
For me no other can impart—  
What this word doth bestow.

JESUS is my unrivalled word ;  
A golden word to me ;  
For in its sound all these I've heard,  
Love, pardon, life for thee!

No mother's voice, grown soft to lull  
Her weary, waking child,  
Was e'er of tenderness so full,  
So hushed, and deep and mild.

This word is with me in the dark ;  
I hear it on the wild ;  
It sheds a light upon my path,  
And I am reconciled.

In the loud storms it soundeth clear ;  
And oft I bless this word ;  
It tells me that my help is near,  
That my faint cry is heard.

Would I exchange this word for ought  
Of gold or costly gems ?  
Ah, no ! a world to it were nought,  
Though piled with diadems.

## THE DEATH OF A CHRIST REJECTOR.

SOME years ago I became acquainted with Mrs. M——, and as a natural character she had much about her that was attractive. She was bright and intelligent, had great conversational powers, and the art of pleasing others when she chose. Alas! however, she had not a thought as to the value of her soul, or the awful realities of an endless eternity. Well does that word "Having no hope, and without God in the world" (Eph. ii. 12) describe her condition.

She seemed from the first of our acquaintance to take a fancy to me, and sought my society much more than I desired, and when I tried to speak of her state before God and the need of being "Born again" (John iii. 3) she answered me with a covert sneer, or else open indifference, declaring that such thoughts never troubled *her*, nor did she intend that they should as she meant to enjoy life.

Time passed on, and she seemed to become, if possible, more hardened and indifferent and I saw less of her. Going on a visit for a few weeks I heard on the evening of my return home that she had not been well, so, feeling rather timid as to my reception, and looking to the Lord for guidance I went to her house, asked to see her, and was admitted. When I enquired as to her health she assured me it was nothing but a "slight cold," and already she was better. We conversed on various subjects and she seemed very happy and cheerful; but when I ventured to inquire

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if she thought of what purpose God had in sending her that touch of illness, her face changed instantly to a deep frown and rising she said with dignity : "Miss H—, *if* you and I are to be friends you must stop talking in that manner." I too, arose, feeling it to be a solemn moment, and with earnestness pressed on her to consider her lost condition before God ; adding, that I must speak of Christ; that through His blood I had forgiveness of sins, and that I could form no friendship where I could not speak freely of Him. I forbear to write what she said in reply, suffice it to say that all the deep hatred of the natural heart towards God flowed freely from her lips ; and with an aching and saddened heart I took my departure.

We retired to bed as usual that night, but what words could depict my horror when that poor lady's husband came in the middle of the night and implored my mother to come to his house at once, for, added he, "my wife is dead." Yes, the sad news was but too true. That poor soul was suddenly summoned into God's presence, there to answer for her rejection of His salvation. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." (Heb. ii. 3). She complained in the middle of the night of not feeling well, got out of bed, and without a word fell lifeless on the floor, where my mother found her when she hurried in.

Reader, this is a true story, not written to excite a passing emotion, and then be tossed aside and forgotten, but that it may through God's mercy have a voice for YOUR heart and conscience. Do not let this little paper out of your hand I beseech you without

putting this question solemnly to yourself—if God called me suddenly am I prepared to meet Him?

You may not be openly indifferent as that poor lady was, but if unsaved your heart is in as bitter enmity towards God as hers, whether you acknowledge it or not, for His word declares that “The carnal mind is enmity against God.” (Rom. viii. 7). “It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed because His compassions fail not,” (Lam. iii. 22) and Oh! while you are still spared, while time and opportunity are yours, be wise and consider the most important thing in this life—your soul’s eternal welfare. Did you ever think of the value the Lord Jesus has put on your soul? Listen then, “What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul.” (Mark viii. 36-37).

Earth’s joys are fast fading, your history on earth may soon be closed, and eternity fully faced, whether you like it or not; for “We all do fade as a leaf.” (Isa. lxiv. 6). Thank God you are not yet too late, God longs for your soul’s salvation; He seeks your eternal happiness, and if you just prove Him you will find that He *delights* to bless. Oh! then do not delay but accept now His own loving invitation, “Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.” (Jno. vi. 37). “The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from all sin.” (I Jno. i. 7). May it never be said of you, reader: “But they refused to hearken, and pulled away the shoulder, and stopped their ears, that they should not hear.” (Zech. vii. 11).

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## SALVATION A QUESTION OF POSITION.

READER, a word with thee. It may be that you are one of that numerous class who think they have something to do or to pay before you can be saved, and I write to warn you of your error.

You have nothing to do, no not a bit.

Nothing to pay, no not a whit.

And the reason why is simply this that Jesus has "Glorified God upon the earth and finished the work that the Father gave Him to do." (John xvii). Salvation is not a matter of works but a question of position. "Consider what I say and the Lord give thee understanding."

It is written that before the flood "The earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence. . . . And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me ; for the earth is filled with violence through them ; and behold, I will destroy them with the earth." But Noah found favor in the eyes of the Lord and so He told him to build an ark for the saving of his house ; and the ark was built, and Noah and his family went into it, and the Lord shut him in, and then the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened, and lo the earth was destroyed by a deluge. In vain the terror-stricken inhabitants fled to the

tops of houses or to the summits of the hills, for the raging waters followed them and they were drowned. ALL of them were drowned. All excepting the little handful who were in the ark. And why did they escape the fate that overtook the many thousands that perished in the waters? BECAUSE THEY WERE IN THE ARK.

At a much later date the children of Israel crossed the Jordan and entered the promised land under the command of Joshua. But the strong city of Jericho, manned by the sons of Anak, and fortified by lofty walls reaching to heaven, seemed to bar their way. Spies were sent unto that city and the king of Jericho learning of this sent soldiers to take them, who came to the house of the harlot Rahab where they were hid and demanded them from her. But Rahab had faith in God, and believing that Israel was His people, she evaded the king's commands and entered into an agreement with the spies by which she bound herself to endeavor to save them on condition that the Israelites would spare her household when they took the city. And this was the agreement, that she was to bind a line of scarlet thread in the window of her house that it might be known and thus be sheltered from the judgment impending over the doomed city. And because it was thus placed under the shelter of the scarlet line all its tenants were saved from death, while all the other inhabitants of Jericho were slain with the sword. THEIR SALVATION WAS OWING TO THEIR POSITION.

Was it not the position of the Israelites that saved

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them from destruction on that dread night when the first-born of Egypt fell beneath the stroke of the destroyer? Let every man of you, was the command of God, take a lamb, a lamb for every house, let him kill it, and sprinkle its blood upon the lintels and upon the door posts, "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are, and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt." (Ex. xii. 13). It was because the household of Noah were in the sheltering ark that they were saved, not because they were better than their neighbours. It was not because Rahab the harlot, and her household were what men call good people that they were saved, it was because they were under the protection of the scarlet line. And why were the first-born of Israel saved from the stroke of the destroying angel? BECAUSE THEY WERE SHELTERED BY THE BLOOD OF THE PASCHAL LAMB. In every one of these cases salvation was a question, not of character but of position.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." (Heb. ix. 27). Such is the common lot of man, but all will not share it for the Son of God hath said, "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, (judgment), but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24). All such therefore will escape the judgment, for they have already been judged in the person of their substitute, Christ Jesus. They are therefore a redeemed people

and their redemption has been effected not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish and without spot. (I Peter i. 18-19). The paschal lamb was to be without blemish, for it was a type of Him, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, but after all it was only a shadow of good things to come; (Heb. x. 1); Christ was the substance. If the mere shadow saved Israel from the stroke of judgment how much more will the substance save us who believe, as most assuredly it will for it is Jesus that hath made peace through the blood of His cross.

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Though hell and earth have so long, and in every variety of way, tried to extinguish the light of the gospel, it is still the power of God to every one that believes.

The cross of Christ was the scale of divine justice on which sin was weighed to the utmost. God there laid its utmost weight on Jesus.

The gospel finds man blind as to God's character of love, and morally dead in sin. It reveals God in the blessed Jesus. God is love. The cross, ah, there the sinner sees the goodness of God. The infinite love of God; what a sight! This and this alone leads to repentance. When Jesus, saving from the curse of sin by the death of the cross, is revealed to the soul, there is then, that knowing God which is eternal life.

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## PEACE IN BELIEVING.

## II.

MY dear friend: Your letter has been very welcome and I thank God from the bottom of my heart for the rays of consolation He has communicated to your disturbed and troubled soul. I believe I understand what you mean by "the hardness of heart" of which you complain, and by the state which you depict thus: "It seems to me sometimes that my heart will break." Only those who have had a similar experience can understand how painful a position such as yours is. There is a fountain opened from which you may draw freely, but I do not know what hinders you from doing it. Permit me to remind you that there is no merit in nourishing these sorrowful sentiments, on the contrary they are born of unbelief, and thus are not only bitter and painful, but really *culpable* in themselves. What God desires is that we may believe that He tells us the truth when He declares that we have been the objects of His love; that His love for us has been such that He has not spared His own Son, and that such is His complete satisfaction in what Jesus has done and suffered, that by His blood—the blood of Jesus—He grants us now a free pardon, eternal life, the happiness of calling Him "Father," and of casting ourselves into His arms of mercy and love. Your sentiments are like those of a child who having offended its father, knows that he has good cause to be angry with him—all that the father desires is, that

the child should be conscious of its fault, in order to be at once pardoned and reconciled; and it is for this he waits that he may again take up and caress his child. But the child fails to comprehend the position. It *weeps* and *sobs*; its agitation and distress increasing while it continues at a distance from its father. Can the heart of the father rejoice to see the tears and the struggles of his child, and how can all that terminate? The child casts itself into the arms of its father, and sobbing on his bosom cries out: "Father, I have done wrong, I am much in fault!" What rest then succeeds the previous trouble. It is not that the pardoned and reconciled child has less sorrow for having offended its father than when it wept and distressed itself, at a distance from him. No, it is now more deeply afflicted than before, but the struggle, the anguish, is over, and the wonderment now is that it could have remained for so long a time out of its father's arms. Dear friend, God is this father. He reveals Himself thus in Jesus, He says to you in His word that as soon as the prodigal son had turned his face and feet from the fathers house, "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." Is the father in the parable more *tender* and more *compassionate* than "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ?" You know that the parable was given by Jesus Himself in order to show us that *it is His Father*, and with what kindness He receives every sinner that comes to Him. Do not then doubt an instant. Believe what God says of Himself.

Receive the blessing from above, while you wonder at His infinite love.

Let me tell you how the doubts and troubles of a lady in Scotland, who was in exercise of soul, were dispelled.

It was during the time of a "revival," when several people of this lady's acquaintance had been led to Christ, and among others, one of her best friends. Having, herself, some exercise as to her state, she went to one of the Lord's servants and told him she was unhappy. He replied that he was very thankful to hear it. Surprised and somewhat offended at this response she related to the minister all the efforts she had made to obtain salvation, how she had read and prayed, but without finding peace. He told her that her salvation did not depend on anything she was able to do, but upon what Jesus had long ago wrought on the cross. All that, was still obscure and mysterious to her. She took leave of the minister and went to see her recently converted friend. She asked her what she had done to obtain the peace of which she spoke. "What have I done! I have done nothing! It is by what Jesus has done that I have found peace with God." The lady replied that that was precisely what the minister had just been saying to her, but she could not understand it. She returned home in greater agony of soul than ever, and shutting herself up in her room, she fell on her knees, resolved not to rise, before her soul had found rest and peace. I do not know how many hours passed thus, but at length her strength failed and she fell asleep. Then

she dreamed that she was falling over a frightful precipice, when she caught hold of a little twig and hung thus suspended over the abyss. There she was crying and imploring help, when a voice came from below which she knew to be the voice of Jesus telling her to let go the twig and He would receive her and save her. "Lord, save me!" she cried, and the voice again responded: "Let go the twig." But she dared not let go and continued to cry: "Lord, save me!" At length He who was below, whose voice she had heard but whom she had not seen, said to her in the most tender and solemn tone, "I cannot save you unless you let go the twig." Then, almost in desperation, she let go, fell into the arms of Jesus, and the joy she experienced wakened her. The lesson which her dream taught her was not lost. She realized that Jesus was worthy of all her confidence, and that not only she had no need of any twig of self-righteousness, but that it was her determination in clinging to this twig that had kept her away from Christ. She gave up all and found Jesus wholly sufficient.

In the hope of soon hearing that you also have renounced every other trust, and that you have cast yourself into the arms of Him who extended them upon the cross for you.

I remain with prayers, Yours etc.

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Our God in mercy lingers yet,  
 And wilt thou thus His love requite?  
 Poor sinner, harden not your heart,  
 You may be saved, why not to-night?

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## A DEATH BED.

SITTING by the death bed of Miss D— a few hours before her departure to be with Christ, she spoke of her thankfulness to the Lord for having brought her to see her need of Him as a Saviour some time before she was taken sick, "For," she said, "had I left it until now, the pain of body I am enduring would prevent me giving the attention I should to the interests of my soul." As I left the house, never again to see her alive, I could not help thinking how true her words were. When the body is racked with pain how little thought is given to eternal things.

Have you, dear reader, ever been at a death bed? Have you seen the life fast ebbing away from some loved one? If unsaved was there much time then to prepare? You answer, No. Then take warning. Your turn may come next. One lie of the enemy of your soul is, "There is plenty of time yet. Wait until you come to your death bed, there is time enough then to be saved." But in many cases this has proved a fatal delusion. Dear friend, do take warning. The word of God is, "Now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation. (II Cor. vi. 2). He beseeches you to come now. He offers you salvation now. He wants to pardon you now. Will you listen to His pleadings and accept His offer now? The word of God teaches that you have to spend eternity, either in the realms of everlasting glory with Christ, or in eternal darkness. Amid the joys of heaven, or the

sorrows of hell. Which will it be? Should you be brought to a death bed unsaved, think, dear friend, of what remorse would be yours. You would think of the many opportunities you have had of being saved. Of the repeated invitations to believe on Christ as your Saviour. Of the prayers of a mother, a father, a wife, a husband or a child. How you would wish from the depths of your heart that you were saved. Will your last hour find you saved or lost? This should be a question of great interest to you. Settle it now. Christ may come and take away those who are saved and then your doom would be fixed.

But perhaps my reader is one who has found out the truth of all I say and earnestly desires to be saved. Then hear what God says: In Romans v. 8, we read "God commendeth HIS LOVE toward us," and what were we when this love was told out? "In that while we were yet sinners," what was the expression of this love? "Christ died for us." Now put it together and read it, "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Now, tell me dear friend, if God has told out His love to you, and that, when you were a vile sinner, and Christ has died for you does it not assure you of His willingness to save? His heart is full of love toward you. He longs to have you sharing the joys of Christ and His redeemed through eternity. No matter what your past life has been, if you come to Him as a needy penitent soul and believe on Him His word is, "Thou shalt be saved."

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(Acts xvi. 31). Are you ready to believe on Him now? Then fear not to confess Him for He says: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." (Rom. x. 9. 10). May you, dear reader, settle the question at once. Where will you spend eternity?

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But perchance thou sayest: "If I begin to follow Christ, I fear lest on account of my weakness I should fall away." How, over and over again, one must grieve and weep at the error of the sons of men! They fear not failure in following after those things which always do fail; rather they run after them with all their heart; and they venture not to follow after God who never fails.

Believe, I exhort thee, in the counsel of God, and commit thyself wholly to Him, and thou shall experience no failure. Last dear friend, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," and be assured, since the Holy Spirit so promises, that "He shall nourish thee." Delay not thy so great good, and fulfil my yearning for thee, that I may have thee for my companion in following Christ; and that we may strive together so that as thou seest me, so I may see thee, a companion in Christ's inheritance, which He gives. Be not ashamed of breaking the chains of vain intentions; since it is no shame, but an honour, to pass into the liberty of the truth.

## "FIG LEAVES."

"HOW long have you known the Lord?" said a friend of mine in S—. "About three weeks, sir, but I have been for forty years sewing fig leaves together."

There is a great deal expressed in these few words. Thousands are employed in the same profitless work as our poor old friend. Yes; thousands are occupied in the useless business of sewing fig leaves together. The man who is trying to save his soul by means of rites and ceremonies, ordinances and sacraments, church-going and chapel-going, is just sewing fig leaves together.—So also, the man or woman who is building upon prayers, fastings, and almsdeeds, is sewing fig leaves together.

All these things may be, and many of them really are, very good in their right place. But as a ground for the soul to rest upon for pardon and peace—as a title wherewith to draw nigh to a holy and righteous God—as a foundation on which to build for eternity, they are, in very truth, but sewing fig leaves together; and all who trust to them will find them to be so when alas! it will be too late.

In order to possess true, solid, divine peace, the soul must be resting simply on that which is absolutely of God. We may rest assured that nothing will, nothing can avail—nothing can give peace but that which is of God. There is not beneath the canopy of heaven, a soul possessing true peace who is resting on, or looking to human efforts of any sort or description.