

# THE SOWER.

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JESUS STOOD AND CRIED.

John 7. 37.

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O H! my God my heart is breaking  
With the chains of sin around,  
And the weary spirit's aching  
Finds no vent in sigh or sound.

Dumb with all the soul's great yearning  
Over what dishonors thee.  
Lip and heart and mind are burning  
To cry out thy minstrelsy.

Cry thy heart's great depth of longing.  
Over sinners black with stain;  
Cry thy sense of sin, soul wronging,  
Cry thy purity and pain.

Thou didst hear the sighs of Egypt  
From the slaves too weak to pray,  
While thy heart was surging for them,  
And thy hand had cleft the way.

Christ of God! oh! risen Jesus  
Thou art calling sons of clay;  
Calling by thy spotless radiance,  
Calling by thy blood-paved way.

Way! The way to light and glory,  
Way to God's great sheltering heart,  
Way thy bruised hand has opened,  
Way of which God cries, "Thou art."

E'en the blackest, foulest spirits,  
Creeping 'neath thy blood's blest tide,  
May find cleansing deep and changeless,  
As the love in which they hide.

Jesus! Thirsting in the glory  
For these sinful souls of men;  
Could I echo out thy yearning  
Cry thy wondrous, "Now," and "Then."

Ah! methinks dark hearts would nestle,  
Broken, in thy heart of love,  
And nigh break at all the rapture,  
Over sinners saved, above.

Thou art calling, calling ever,  
Calling by thy blood-paved way,  
Calling by thy love's vast measure,  
Calling to the sons of clay.

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“**Y**E are like unto whited sepulchres,  
which indeed appear beautiful out-  
ward, but are within full of dead  
men's bones and of all *uncleanness*.” (Matt.  
xxiii, 27).

## THE RETURN HOME.

**A**NNIE F— left the home of her mother when quite young to go to live in a great city. Circumstances seemed to have necessitated the step, but the true cause was a secret desire to escape from under the care of a christian mother, and to do her own will. How the succeeding years of her life were passed no one knows but God and herself ; later, she confessed that she lived without God with the sole thought of draining the cup of this world's pleasures, and slipping smoothly down the broad road that leads to destruction. She had been seduced by the voice of Satan saying to her: "Peace, peace," when there was no peace, while like the fool she was saying in her heart: "There is no God."

During a rigorous winter Annie took a severe cold—she did not get rid again of her cough—and as she could no longer earn anything the people with whom she lived told her plainly that she would have to leave as they feared she might become a charge on them.

Out of money, everything she had of any value having been already sold, she was in great distress. She would willingly have gone, but where ?

The thought came to her that perhaps she was going to die ; she had heard persons say so, and she began to think it was true.

One night as the exterior sounds became

hushed there was heard on the stairs the heavy and uncertain steps of men who had come in, more or less intoxicated.

As a step heavier than the others approached her door, Annie began to tremble for she judged that it was the proprietor. He soon forced the door and staggered into the room, then with a dreadful oath he demanded pay from his lodger. The poor sick girl endeavored in vain to appease his wrath. She had nothing to give, nor could she promise anything and she was incapable of resistance. He seized her roughly, pushed her to the bottom of the stairs, and then threw her out into the street.

It was intensely cold; a thick carpet of snow covered the ground, and, but half dressed, she rapidly walked the streets, a prey to inexpressible anguish.

Satan, the master whom she had so long served and followed, suggested to her the darkest thoughts at this hour when he could no longer quiet her heart with the cry of, "Peace, peace." Must she die? "Yes," she said to herself, "for no one cares for me."

Then her poor heart suggested to her that it would be easy to find a deserted corner where she might lie down and die, and if death did not come to her there, could she not, as a last resource cast herself into the water?

Never before had she found herself face to face with the realities of sin and death. "Oh!"

said she later, I would have been glad to die, but that I knew that was not the end."

Paralyzed by the cold and hardly knowing whither she went she followed one street after another until she found herself at the station where she had arrived several years before, full of happy prospects.

Pressed on by some invisible power Annie entered the station. The departure of the train had been announced; the tickets had been punched; the last train was about leaving when the conductor chanced to notice the frail girl hurrying to enter a car. He raised his hand, the train came to a stand, and he asked her where she wished to go.

"I wished to go to A——" Annie replied, as she saw the name of that place on the train notice which had suddenly filled her heart with new thoughts—"but I have no ticket and no money to buy one—I wish to go home to my mother for I am dying, I have been a bad girl but I want to go there before I die."

What was to be done? The conductor, moved with pity, opened the door of the car for her to enter.

"Sit down," he said, and I will go and get you a ticket.

As he assisted her in he saw how thinly she was clad and feared she might die of cold before the train could reach A——. But what could he do?

As he went hurriedly to the ticket office to get the ticket a sudden thought came to his mind, and a moment after as he handed the ticket to her he quickly put his overcoat about her, saying, "She has more need of it than I have." The poor girl, shivering with cold and astonished at what had transpired, murmured, "God bless you," but the kind-hearted conductor did not hear it, he had hurried away to signal the engineer to start.

The kindness thus shown her and the thought that she was now on the way home, and that soon she would rest her head on the heart which she knew had not changed towards her, produced its effect in the mind of poor Annie. Perhaps, she said to herself, that even God might be softened towards her. Yes, surely, for it was His good hand that had been stretched out to snatch her from a miserable death, the thought of which now made her shudder.

Left to herself during that night, Annie, with a humble and broken heart, reviewed her life since leaving home, and the tears flowed freely down her cheeks as she remembered her conduct towards her mother.

It was long after midnight when the train arrived at A——. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and notwithstanding the overcoat of the conductor and the cup of tea he had got for her at one of the stations, Annie was half dead with cold and unable to stand. Her benefactor had

foreseen this and after seeing that she had got warmed in the waiting-room he determined to accompany her home.

When he had placed the lost child in the arms of the mother he slipped away and they neither saw him, or heard of him again, but when the remembrance of the cups of cold water is recalled, and all the little deeds of kindness and love receive their reward, the act of this man, if it was done as it seemed to be through a sense of christian love, will not appear too insignificant in the eye of Him who is mindful of the falling sparrows, to receive an acknowledgment.

A few days after Annie's arrival, her mother asked me to see her and speak faithfully to her as she feared her days were numbered. With deep sense of responsibility, I complied and I found the young invalid in the same bed she had occupied as a child, and indeed, her heart restored to somewhat of its child-like simplicity, as she willingly listened to what I had to say of Christ the Saviour of sinners.

The love which had been shown her had already spoken more loudly to her heart than any words that I could utter. When in her mind she reviewed her sorrowful history; when she thought of the compassion which had restored her to her home; of the love of her mother in receiving back her lost child, she was deeply moved. But what was this human love in comparison to the love of God who had directed every one of her

steps, and had arrested her on the very brink of destruction ?

With these thoughts came a profound sense of her unworthiness. When seated near her bed, I spoke to her of a love greater than any human love, of the love of One who had given His life for sinners, He the Son of God nevertheless a man. Her sins rose up before her, and her heart was broken at the thought that she had so wounded a heart full of tenderness as her Saviour's was. I then spoke to her of those hours of darkness during which our sins were laid upon Him; then that His holy soul was offered up for sin, that He had bowed His head under a judgment that we deserved, giving up His life that the righteousness and holiness of God might be satisfied, and so permitting Him to receive, pardon, justify and glorify all those who believed in Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

When leaving I gave her the following passages of scripture: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "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." (Jno. iii. 16, 36.)

We had several similar conversations and to the glory of the grace of God we had the joy of witnessing that Annie had received the assurance of the pardon of all her sins.



## HOW A DYING MAN FOUND PEACE.

ONE damp November evening some two years ago, a young man far gone in consumption came and asked me to go and see a friend of his who was very ill. He told me he had just come from seeing him, and that he had tried to speak to him of his soul's salvation, but that he coughed so much he had to stop; but he promised to send him a friend who would tell him of this great salvation, which one might know was theirs by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The following Sunday I accordingly made my way to his house, looking to the Lord to give me the word that might meet the need of his soul. I found him ill at ease and anxious about himself, for his daughter had just returned from the doctor who said he could not live six months. I put before him the solemnity of meeting God in one's sins, to which he agreed, and pointed out to him, that there was nothing before such a one but death and judgment. I then told him of God's provision for the sinner; how that there was no need that we should meet Him in our sins, because that He Himself had provided a way in which we could come to Him without fear—explaining that the death of the Lord Jesus Christ had met all God's claims against those who simply believed on Him.

On leaving I promised to visit him again, which I did on one of the following Sundays.

He was even more ill at ease in his mind than before, because his sins seemed more real to him, and he confessed he did not understand how one could have peace with God. I opened my bible and read him some passages, which dwell on the assurance of salvation which God offers in Christ, —one being, "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." I told him that man having sinned and come short of the glory of God, needed some one to bear his penalty, or else he would have to die eternally for his own sins, and that it was then God gave His own Son, who went on the cross, and there in His own body bore our sins on the tree; that, because of who He was, He was able to exhaust the judgment of God in those three hours on the cross, which it would have taken us an eternity in the lake of fire to meet, that He, knowing that all God's claims were met, said, "It is finished," and expired; that God had now raised Him up from amongst the dead, that He might give us the assurance that all the sins of those who believe on Him are forever gone; that now He has set that blessed One at His own right hand, such is His satisfaction in the work He accomplished.

As I spoke in this manner he suddenly said: "Yes I see how it is now;" going on to explain how all the difficulties he had in his mind were met. We knelt down, and I thanked God that

one more sinner had confessed with his mouth the Lord Jesus, and prayed Him, who alone can search the heart, to make it real there. I left him trusting that the work was of God, and therefore would stand the assault of the enemy. When I returned again I found him rejoicing in the knowledge of the peace the believer has with God, and anxious to learn more of Him who had accomplished this work by His death on the cross.

As months passed on, his disease caused him more and more bodily suffering, but the joy of his soul as his release drew near became great, and he spoke much of God's goodness in sparing him until he knew his sins were forgiven. At last the disease in his throat grew so much that he could not speak, but he still showed that he liked to hear the word read, and God thanked in prayer for all His goodness to us, and his children and mother commended to Him. As he pressed my hand for the last time, his eyes filled with tears, and he pointed upwards as if to signify that our next meeting would be in the glory, where our Lord and Saviour is.

The young friend who was so anxious he should hear of the salvation which God has wrought for the sinner in Christ, passed away also within a few weeks, to be with the One he had known as his Saviour.

Some time after, paying a visit to his aged christian mother our conversation turned on

her son, and how gracious God had been in giving him faith to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. I was struck by her saying: "Before he was saved, we thought he must be in great bodily suffering, as often he groaned as if in great pain, but after he confessed the Lord his whole manner changed, and showed it was the state of his *soul*, not of his body, which caused him the distress."

When you consider it, can you wonder dear reader? for what an awful state—to be about to pass into eternity without hope, worse surely than the greatest earthly physical suffering.

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I AM the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me. (John xiv. 6.)

He that hath the Son hath life. (1 John v. 12.)

The *gift of God* is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. (Rom. vi. 23.)

He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life. (John iii. 36.)

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. (Prov. xvi. 25.)

## THE CRIPPLED CIGARMAKER.

I N one of the most densely populated parts of New York city there once lived a crippled cigarmaker known as Fred. He was in poverty and wretchedness, the pitiable object of some of his companions in distress, but more often the subject of their ridicule and scorn, on account of his infirmity. Lamé on both feet, he hobbled and shuffled along on two stout hickory canes, the observed, and the butt of passers by on the street. Sensitiveness about his deformity, made more so by the comments and stares of the crowd, caused him to avoid as much as possible appearing on the streets, and to shun the companionship of his fellows by seeking the solitude and seclusion of his room, and to make cigars for his living.

But God had better things in store for the crippled cigarmaker in the rich provision of His love and grace. After a while he left the crowded city to go to a factory in a more retired spot in New York State to work at his trade. While there he heard the gospel preached by a servant of the Lord, and then, for the very first time in all his life, he realized that God loved him. Yes, loved poor crippled Fred, the despised cigarmaker, for had not the Lord Himself declared it? Yes, he heard it, and saw it, and read it in John iii. 16; "For *God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that who-*

*soever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."*

Fred believed it was the voice of God to him when he heard and read in Romans 3. 23; "*All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.*" He did not try to justify himself by endeavoring to keep the ten commandments, holy indeed they were and are, but the very holiness of the law, and of these commandments condemned him, for he had sinned and transgressed, and besides it was plainly written in the New Testament, he had seen, and read it himself in Galatians 3. 11, "*that no man is justified by the law in the sight of God.*" And again in Romans 3. 20. "*Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight; for by the law is the knowledge of sin.*" He did not endeavor, as many are *vainly* trying to do, to make himself better, this he, nor no one else can ever do; for the bible says; he had read and seen it himself: "*There is none righteous, no, not one,*" (Romans 3. 10). He was convinced by these words from the bible, that he was a guilty sinner in God's sight, and as such he needed pardon for his sins.

But God loved him, for he had heard it, seen it, and read it for himself in the bible in Romans v. 8. "*But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.*" He believed this and knew from God's word that his sins were forgiven him for

Christ's sake. He had seen and read in Acts, xiii, 38, 39: "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man" (the crucified and risen Jesus, the Son of God) "is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins; and by Him *all that believe are justified* from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

There could be no doubt about it whatever. There, in 1 John ii, 12 it is stated, "I write unto you, little children, because your sins *are forgiven you* for His name's sake." And in His dear Son, "we *have* redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins," Colossians i. 14. Turning over the pages of the bible to 1 John v. 13; Fred had seen and read: "These things have I written unto *you that believe* on the name of the Son of God; that ye may *know* that ye *have eternal* life."

This crippled cigarmaker was saved, and he knew it because He believed that Jesus, God's beloved Son, had died for him, and he believed God's word that those who *believe* on the name of the Son of God *have* eternal life. He lived to tell others, in his simple way, the story of God's love and grace to sinners. One winter's morning a messenger came to tell me that Fred, the crippled cigarmaker, had suddenly departed from this world. Ah! he was prepared for that. He was, "absent from the body, present *with the Lord.*" Reader, I ask you not, how many, or

how few sins you have committed, but if you are not saved, to own the truth before God that you have sinned in His sight. If one sin was sufficient to shut Adam out of an earthly paradise, how much more one sin, yea, only one sin, is enough to shut the sinner out from the heavenly paradise. But, oh! unsaved friend, God loves you. He sent not His Son into the world to condemn you. Oh! no, but that through Him you might be saved. Reader, death may be near to you, it may come at the most unexpected moment to you. Are you prepared? If not, and it should come to you unsaved, unforgiven, you will be eternally punished. The Lord is coming to take to Himself above His blood bought ones, and when this does take place, the door of grace will be forever closed to all who have not believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, who have heard the gospel. Are you ready to meet Him? If not you are in great danger of being "too late."

**G**OD be merciful to me a sinner. Luke xviii. 13.

ANSWER: Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 1 Tim. i. 15.

What must I do to be saved? Acts xvi. 30.

ANSWER: Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Acts xvi. 31.

Create in me a clean heart, O God. Psal. li. 10.

ANSWER: A new heart also will I give you. Ezek. xxxvi. 26.