

THE SOWER.

"SAVED BY THE BLOOD."

ONCE was on the way to hell, [dwell, Psa. ix, 17.	
Fast hast'ning on where demons	Matt. xxv, 41.
But now, by Jesus' blood "made nigh"	Eph. ii, 13.
I soon shall reign with Him on high.	Rev. v, 9-10.
I never, never can forget	Luke, vii, 47.
That day when I my Saviour met,	Col. i, 3-6.
When through His Word he said to me :	John v, 24.
"Thy debt is paid and thou art free,"	1 Peter ii, 24.
And now my sins, tho' crimson red,	Isa i, 18.
Are washed away by blood He shed ;	Rev. i, 5.
And more than conqueror I shall be	Rom. viii, 37.
Thro' that great love He had for me.	Rom. viii, 38-39.
With joy I can my title read,	1 Peter i, 3, 4, 5.
And changeful feelings do not heed ;	Mal. iii, 6.
All Satan's darts I now defy,	1 Peter v, 9.
Since I upon the blood rely.	Exod. xii, 13.
Oh, dreadful thought, that ever I	Job, xlii, 5, 6.
Should matchless grace so rich defy,	John i, 14.
Which stooped so low from heaven above,	Titus, ii, 11.
To save my soul, in wondrous love.	John iii, 16.
And now, may nothing in me grieve	Eph. iv, 30.
My Lord in whom I now believe,	John xx, 28.
But let my time and strength be given	2 Co. v, 15.
To Him who made me meet for heaven.	Col. i, 12.

Dear sinner, God has loved you, too—
 He gave His Son for such as you ;
 Who took the ruined sinner's place,
 And now He saves them by His grace.

And hence 'tis not of works, you see—
 'Tis all of grace so rich and free,
 The work was done when Jesus died,
 And "it is finished!" loudly cried.

In God's own Word we plainly see
 GOD SAVES, and for eternity ;
 But not thro' works which we have done,
 But by the blood of His dear Son.

* * *

My God, I would give thanks to thee
 Thro' Jesus I'll get victory,
 And, by that precious blood made nigh,
 I yet shall reign with Him on high.

I would remember now, while here,
 The coming of my Lord draws near.
 Redeem the time, and watchful be
 For Him who soon shall come for me.

Rom. v, 8.
 1 Tim, i, 15.
 Isaiah, liii, 5.
 Ephes, ii, 8.

Eph. ii, 9.
 Rom. xi, 6.
 Acts, xiii, 41.
 John xix, 30.

Isa. viii, 20.
 Eccles. iii, 14.
 Titus, iii, 5.
 Epes. 1-7.

1 Thess. v. 18.
 1 Cor. xv, 57.
 Heb. x, 19.
 Revel. xxii, 4,

Mark xiii, 35, 3
 James v, 8.
 Eph. v, 16.
 Heb. x, 37.

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.—(John iii. 36.)

Because there is wrath, beware lest He take thee away with his stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee.—(Job 36, 18.)

A mini-
 over-
 wood
 that
 all t
 and
 acco
 happ
 what
 ment
 The
 disap
 there
 be s
 right
 and
 forev
 Fc
 a wa
 in th
 eight
 ship
 well,
 cerne
 Al
 a ne
 a yo

"THROUGH FAITH."

A GOOD many years ago, in Turk's Island, W. I., a young girl, twelve and a half years of age, (whose father was a Baptist minister), on New Year's day, after dinner was over, resolved to go and meet the Lord in the woods, and to ask Him for a change of heart, that she "might walk with Him from that day all the days of her life." This desire was good, and the resolution fair; and these were, no doubt, accompanied by a certain amount of momentary happiness; but one who knows something of what the human heart is, knows what disappointments must necessarily follow such resolutions. The heart is corrupt and deceitful, and will disappoint the fairest resolves. And besides, there is the question of sin and guilt which must be settled according to the demands of God's righteous and holy nature, or else both we and our resolutions, however fair, must perish forever.

For a time, this girl went on in a quiet sort of a way, trying to do her duty, becoming a teacher in the Baptist Sunday school at seventeen, and at eighteen being baptized into the place of membership in the same church. So far, all went fairly well, as far as outward appearances were concerned.

About the age of twenty, she began to enter upon a new experience. She then became married to a young man who was unconverted; and this

contrary to her father's wishes, who, although he had given his consent, afterwards discovered that the young man was ungodly, and would gladly have seen the engagement broken off.

But God had His eye upon this young woman, and was about to lead her to a knowledge of Himself, such as she did not possess; and if her circumstances were not happy, He could use even these to make her feel the more her need of Him.

She had been married about five years, when her father died, and two months later she removed with her husband and children to Bermuda. They did not thus better their circumstances, and God only used this to further His own purpose of blessing.

With all her good resolutions, she did not know the forgiveness of sins, and she was unhappy and miserable in soul, and became sick. She was still working, but apparently growing weaker, and she came to the conclusion she was going to die. This only increased her wretchedness, for she could only look on the future as a dark uncertainty, not knowing whether her abode would be in heaven or in hell, and greatly fearing that it might be the latter.

While in this state, she asked her husband to promise her that, if she died, he would take the children back home to Turk's Island, which he promised to do. This being settled, and with

the
she
wa
bes
At
whi
lay
und
wor
"th
pas
kep
her
"Th
the
bef
drea
cou
He
find
T
the
upo
did
pra
wit
rece
the
V
her
cro

the thought of death and eternity before her, she went to the Lord about her sins. She wanted to know they were forgiven, and besought Him to give her the assurance of it. At this stage in the history she had a dream, in which she saw a man bending over her, as she lay in bed, and saying, "*Through faith* we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God." After she awoke, the words "through faith" were the only words of the passage which seemed to interest her, and these kept coming back to her again and again, leading her to look the passage up in Hebrews xi. "Through faith," "through faith,"—what could the Lord have meant by bringing these words before her? During the day after she had this dream she went to a stone quarry, where she could be alone with the Lord, to ask Him what He meant by these words. She felt she must find out, or give it up forever, and perish.

There, in the quarry, she knelt down before the Lord, with her bible under her arm, to wait upon Him for light. She did not pray, that is, did not use any words, and yet, in a way it was prayer, for she was waiting on bended knee, with earnest desire, and with closed eyes, to receive needed light from God. She must know the meaning of those words, "through faith!"

While thus kneeling and waiting, she saw, in her mental vision, the Lord Jesus hanging on the cross, and recognized that He hung there for her

sins, dying the just for the unjust. She saw, too, that the work of atonement which was necessary to release her from her sins was finished before she was born, and that now "through faith" in Jesus she was free—her sins were gone! "Through faith" in Jesus she was released forever from the burden of her guilt—released that day, and that moment, as she was kneeling before the Lord in that old stone quarry.

And now also, "through faith" in Him who for her had borne sin's heavy load, she had peace with God, a peace that has never changed through all the changing years of her life. Nay more! she became well in body also; for the sickness of which she thought she was about to die, she now discovered was *soul-sickness*, and when that was removed, the body as well as the soul was relieved.

Reader, have *you* had the question of your sins out with God? Have you, "through faith" in Jesus, received forgiveness of sins, and eternal release from the burden of your guilt? If not, why not now?

"FOR he saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee; behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation" (II Cor., vii: 2).

A
he
voi
the
it v
tell
clea
T
plea
cor
wor
ent
repe
"
war
all:
star
knc
STA
wor
sha
don
tho
"
doo
clea
now
blo

THE BLOOD THAT CLEANSSES.

A CHRISTIAN visiting among the poor, one day engaged a man in conversation about his soul, and while referring to the bible he held in his hands, was startled by a feeble voice near by saying, "Does your book tell of the blood that cleanseth from all sin?" Again it was repeated in thrilling tones, "Tell me, Oh tell me, does your book tell of the blood that cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor entered the room from which the plea had issued, and upon a bundle of straw in a corner he found the wasted form of a suffering woman. Raising herself up on one arm as he entered, she fixed her large eyes upon him and repeated her question.

"My poor friend," he said, "what do you want to know of 'the blood that cleanseth from all sin'?" Her voice and manner now became startling as she cried out, "What do I want to know of it? Man! *I'm dying*; I'M GOING TO STAND BEFORE GOD! *I have been a wicked woman, a very wicked woman, all my life.* I shall have to answer for everything I have done;" and a groan escaped her lips as she thought of her past sinful life.

"Once," she continued, "as I was passing a door, I heard something about *the blood which cleanseth from all sin.* Oh if I could hear of it now! Tell me if there is anything about that blood in your book." The first epistle of John

was read to her, and the poor creature seemed to devour the word, and exclaimed, "Read more, read more!" The second, third, fourth, and fifth were read before she would consent to a pause. Almost from the very first she seemed to find peace and joy in believing in Jesus, who gave His life for the remission of sins. In a few days she passed away—a ransomed soul.

"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 3:16).

THE night of the Christian is illumined by the love of Jesus, and is terminated by a morning that has no evening, "for there shall be no night there." Oh, think of that scene, that happy scene, "the city had no need of the sun, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof, and there shall be no night there." Eternal and unfading glory.

Listen, "the morning cometh, and also the NIGHT." Oh, what a night, Christless soul! You go into eternity without Christ, and what is it? All night! all night! No morning to that awful night, and for a few passing hours of pleasure will you risk that fearful night?

Unsaved one, the night has not yet come, though near. Jesus calls yet in tenderest love, "Come unto Me."

HOW A MORALIST WAS SAVED.

MR. M—— was an honest upright man, one who practiced morality and taught it in his family. He believed in a future state, but ignored God's way of preparing for it.

He thought if he acted right towards his fellow-man, and was a good citizen of his country, he would have no fear of meeting God.

But this was denying that he was a sinner, and God says "all have sinned" (Rom. ix. 23). And is it not a solemn thing to contradict God, or call Him a liar. To attempt to stand before God on the ground of morality is to say that the scripture which says, "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22) is an untruth. But the time is coming when all who are not sheltered by that "shed blood" will be confounded. And so it came for Mr. M——, for one day while he was shearing sheep he received a wound in his thumb that proved fatal. Blood poison soon set in, and quickly the virus of death was carried to the vitals. Shortly after, Mr. H—— a neighbor, and a child of God, was sent for, who had many times sought to show him his lost condition before God, but it only fell on his ears as an idle tale. When he came to the dying man's bed, he again tried to show him that morality was a sandy foundation that would soon let him down to eternal hell.

Christ alone is our salvation
Christ the Rock on which we stand,
Other than this sure foundation
Will be found but sinking sand.

He pointed him to Christ as his only hope, but He was again rejected, and still he clung to his own righteousness, although God says "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isaiah lxiv. 6.) But the time for breaking down was about to come, the foundation that he had built upon was about to be washed away by the waves of death. Morality might do in health and strength, but when all the physical powers are smashed by the hands of the king of terrors, a stronger support is needed. A few hours later, when every earthly and human hope was gone, when the star of life was shrouded by the clouds of mortality, he cried out in tones that drew tears from every eye that watched his dying couch: "*Lost soul, lost soul, lost soul!*" After uttering these words for some moments Mr. H— again put Christ and His finished work before him. This time he listened attentively, and a little later lapsed into deep thought. During this state his wife and friends watched him in silence, when suddenly he threw his arms up and said "Glory, glory, glory to God, the watchers are coming." After repeating these words for a while, his voice growing weaker and weaker, his spirit took its flight. He rejected Christ in his life but received Him in death.

God is sovereign, He will save even at the eleventh hour.

But, dear reader, let me conclude with a word to you. Death comes not the same to all, sometimes it casts upon a bed of sickness giving time to repent, but how often it comes like an arrow from an archer's bow; and, dear reader, if it comes to you and you are not prepared, what will it be to cry out forever in the region of eternal gloom "Lost soul, lost soul." To be lost at night, to be lost in the forest, to be lost on a stormy ocean without compass, sun, moon or stars to guide is a fearful thought, but to be lost in the darkness and blackness of that night that knows no dawn, and to be tossed by the waves of wrath on the ocean of endless despair is too appalling to be measured by human thought.

I HAVE been told of a wealthy man who died recently. Death came unexpectedly to him, as it almost always does; and he sent out for his lawyer to draw his will. And he went on willing away his property; and when he came to his wife and child, he said he wanted them to have the home. But the little child didn't understand what death was. She was standing near, and she said, "Papa, have you got a home in that land you are going to?" The arrow reached that heart; but it was too late. He saw his mistake. He had got no home beyond the grave.

ETERNITY.

A SERVANT of the Lord was resting one evening in his room after having preached the gospel, when there came a rap at his door and a visitor was introduced. It was M. H—— an acquaintance of the preacher's. After a little conversation about eternal and invisible things Mr. H—— said :

"You know D—— that I have often heard you preach on this subject and I know all that you can tell me. It is all right for you who are a Christian, but what is it to me who believes neither in God, in heaven, or in hell?"

"Well," replied D—— "I also have heard all that you have had to say as to these things, but now allow me to ask you to do something for me."

"I will do it with pleasure, my friend."

"Very well, go home, and for three consecutive nights after putting out your light, and before lying down on your bed, at the time that others would be addressing God in prayer, say these words: *Eternity! eternity! eternity!* I shall have to meet you; where? I do not want God; I do not believe in heaven; I deny that there is a hell; WHERE AM I GOING?"

H—— agreed. That night he put out his light with a resolute air, and standing erect, he pronounced without hesitation the words which his friend had asked him to say.

The second night, he would have liked, although not ready to acknowledge it even to

himself, that the light had not been extinguished before he said the words.

The third night he felt that he should let the light burn, and it was then that God, in His marvellous grace and love, began to respond to the prayers of his friend and to make the light shine into his soul.

He began: "*Eternity! eternity! eternity!* I have to meet thee! where? I do not believe in heaven." He stopped short. He could not say "I do not want God," as he realized deeply the presence of a holy and righteous God. "WHERE AM I GOING?" he continued, in a tone of agony and despair; and the reply resounded from the depth of his soul: "To hell, to hell! that is where I am going!"

Pursued by this thought which gave him no rest; in trouble which no words can express, he came back to D—— after several days, and told him what he had been passing through, adding: "What can I do, what can you do for me?"

"Nothing," replied D—— calmly, looking down; "nothing."

"What then ought I to do?"

"Nothing," was again the answer; "nothing."

"What? do nothing when I am in a state of inexpressible misery."

"No, nothing," D—— again repeated, looking first at his friend then again fixing his look

upon the ground, but full of thanksgiving to God at seeing his friend feel so really his misery and his helplessness because he felt that God was about to interpose.

"How is it," cried H—— "that you can remain so calm at seeing me in this fearful perplexity? How is it that you can say so coldly that you can do nothing? You a Christian, and to me an immortal soul going to hell, you can say nothing! And it is you who has led me into this state of despair!"

"No," again D—— replied. "I can do nothing for you. I am, like yourself, only a weak and powerless creature. You can do nothing, and as to myself, I can do no more than you, absolutely nothing. But," he continued, raising his eyes and pointing to heaven, "God and He only can do anything for you, and He has done all that is necessary."

Then the divine light shone into this poor souls till then, in all the darkness of infidelity, revealing Him who came to save the sinner, bringing to light life and incorruptibility by the gospel, the good news of His grace, and to open to the believer the doors of a joyful eternity in the presence of God. Thenceforth the question, "Where am I going?" could receive the joyful response; "To heaven, to be with Him who loved me and saved me from hell."

Reader, can you say as much?

AN OBJECTOR ANSWERED.

“ I DON'T like so much talk about religion,” said a rude stranger in a city boarding-house, to a lady opposite, who had been answering some questions with regard to a sermon to which she had been listening. “ I don't like it. It's something that nobody likes. It's opposed to everything pleasant in the world. It ties a man up, hand and foot. It takes away his liberty, *and it isn't natural.*”

“ Oh no !” answered the lady, “ it isn't natural. We have the best of authority for saying so. ‘ The *natural* man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither *can* he know them for they are *spiritually discerned.*’ True religion is rowing up stream; it is sailing against wind and tide.”

A pause for a few moments followed; then the stranger began again. “ People who speak and think so much about religion are queer, anyhow. I wish they could only know how people speak and think about them: nobody likes them, for they are like nobody, they are so very peculiar.”

“ Allow me to interrupt you again, sir,” said the lady; “ but I am so impressed with the manner in which your language accords with bible language, that I shall have to introduce another quotation from that blessed book. ‘ Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a *peculiar* people.’ ”

“Does the bible say they are peculiar, then? That’s odd. That book, somehow has got a dose for everybody. Yet, ma’am, you must allow that the commands that that book lays on us poor sinners are hard. It’s thou shalt not, and thou shalt not, all the time. Why, its precepts and views of things are not only systematic tyranny, but they are narrow, very narrow.”

“Yes,” replied the lady, “they are narrow, for the bible says they are. ‘Straight is the gate, and *narrow* is the way that leads to life.’ It is too narrow for pride, worldliness, selfishness, and sloth. It is too narrow for the service of two masters. It is too *narrow* for covetousness, envy, and all other evil passions. Hatred can find no place for so much as the sole of its foot, in the narrow way. Good deeds, kind words, faith, hope, and charity, occupy all the ground and will continue to hold it to the end.”

The stranger listened, surprised and annoyed, and at last arose and left the room, apparently a more thoughtful, if not a better man.

A SOLDIER lay on his dying couch during our last war, and they heard him say, “Here!” They asked him what he wanted, and he put up his hand and said: “Hush! they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name”; and presently he whispered, “Here!” and he was gone.