

THE SOWER.

REACH AND TAKE.

(ROM. VI. 23.)

A WHITE-FACED wreck upon the bed she lay,
And reaped the whirlwind of her yesterday.
Before her rose the record of the past,
And sin's dark wages all were due at last.

A gentle messenger of peace was there,
Who kissed her brow and smoothed her tangled hair ;
And in the tenderest accents told of One
Who died for her—God's well-beloved Son.

"No power could ransom such as me," she cried,
"No cleansing stream my crimson sins could hide ;
For souls like yours there may be pardon free ;
The Son of God would never stoop to me."

"I bring a gift of love," the listener said,
"This dewy rose of richest, deepest red.
Will you not take it? Have you not the power?"
The trembling fingers reached and grasped the flower.

"My sister," said the giver, "just as I
Held out to you that rose of scarlet dye,
God offers you salvation from above,
Through Jesus' precious blood—His gift of love."

* * * * *

"I take it, Lord!" And lo, the dying eyes
Were radiant with the light of Paradise!
Lost one, God offers you for Jesus' sake
Eternal life. Will you not reach and take.

THE MURDERER AND THE MOMIER.

IT was noon in Geneva, one fine summer day about fifty years ago, and the bright sunshine glanced through the window of the court-house and lighted up the solemn scene that was passing there. Its streaming rays fell on the eager faces of the crowd, on the stern countenance of the judge, and on the pallid, haggard aspect of the wretched man trembling in the dock. He was standing there, charged with the terrible crime of murder; the verdict of guilty had just been pronounced, and now the judge was speaking the fearful words that cut him off from life and hope, and condemned him, according to the Genevese law, to be shut up for twenty-eight days in an underground cell, and then brought forth to public execution.

When the judge ceased, the awful silence that reigned throughout the court was suddenly broken by an agonized cry from the criminal, "Mercy! Mercy!" Alas for him, that was no place for the exercise of mercy; only justice could be dispensed from that tribunal, and he knew that his sentence was just. As the miserable man was led away, a murmur of pity ran through the court, and there, as far as most of the spectators were concerned, all sorrow for his fate ended. But there was one present, a member of the little band who, for their lives of singular sanctity, were called "Momiers" by the people of Geneva.

Th
pious
Engl
man,
But v
respit
bring
who c
fit for
the ge
its glo
ing ou
except
cell, a
of the
he inc
was co
ground
apertu
admitt
for wh
At c
grating
and fo
read on
verse o
believ
is coun
voice fr
words a
and th

This "Momier"—as he was called in ridicule, as pious people were formerly called Methodists in England—felt the keenest pity for the condemned man, and longed to do something to lessen his misery. But what could he do? He had no interest to obtain a respite in his favor; but he wished most earnestly to bring to the poor perishing soul tidings of a Saviour, who could wash the vilest clean, and make the guiltiest fit for a home with Him in Paradise. Day after day the good man came to the prison, and wandered round its gloomy walls without finding any means of carrying out his blessed purpose. He was told that no one except the gaoler was ever admitted to the condemned cell, and that it would be useless to seek permission of the authorities. Nothing daunted by difficulties, he inquired in which part of the gaol the murderer was confined, and found that a small grating near the ground, in a certain part of the prison walls, was the aperture through which a few rays of light were admitted to his dungeon. Here was the opportunity for which he had prayed.

At once he seated himself on the ground near the grating, and began to read in a clear voice the third and fourth chapters of the epistle to the Romans. He read on without interruption until he reached the fifth verse of chapter iv.: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness," when a deep, hoarse voice from within the wall called out: "Read those words again." He read them slowly and earnestly, and then, as no further sound broke the stillness, he

went away with a gleam of hope in his heart. Was it not said in the book: "The entrance of thy words giveth light"? He returned again and again to his post by the small grating, until his reading attracted notice, and he was brought before the governor of the prison and questioned concerning his conduct.

"I wanted to tell the prisoner where the mercy he cried for can be found," was his explanation.

"And where is that?" asked the governor with a smile.

"In Jesus," said the "Momier," simply and bravely: "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.'"

"Well, if you have anything to tell him that will do him good," said the governor, "I will grant you admission to his cell for half-an-hour each day; it will be better than your making a disturbance outside."

It was a wonderful favor; but the "Momier" knew that all hearts were under God's control, and he accepted it gratefully, as an answer to prayer. He was taken into the prison; and, in charge of the gaoler, he traversed its gloomy passages, until at length they reached an iron door, and the key being turned, he was admitted into a place about eight feet square, too dimly lighted for him at first to discover any object; but when his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he saw the prisoner sitting on a straw bed, his limbs heavily ironed, and his whole attitude betokening the utmost dejection of spirit. The "Momier" spoke, and his voice at once was recognized by the poor fellow,

who
the
me
out
pre
dow
Jesu
the
fulfi
to pa
"
man
man
the l
"
"bec
is 'm
to di
enou
punis
the l
right
has d
died
you
(Rom
Th
the n
teach
"Go
of the

who, starting from his stupor, exclaimed: "You are the good man who read those wonderful words. Tell me more about Him who justifieth the ungodly without works." It was a joyous task to open to a mind thus prepared the glorious message of salvation; and sitting down in the dark dungeon the "Momier" told of Jesus, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world; told him He had borne punishment and fulfilled all righteousness, that those who had nothing to pay might be frankly forgiven.

"And is there hope for me?" asked the doomed man. "I have been a great sinner. You see how man judges me; and what must I be in the sight of the holy God?"

"There is hope," said the messenger of mercy, "because Jesus offers to undertake your case, and He is 'mighty to save.' You are in this cell condemned to die for the sin of murder; but if any one loved you enough to die in your place, that he might bear your punishment instead of you, do you not think that the law would be satisfied, and that you might be righteously forgiven? Now this is just what Jesus has done to save you from death; and because He died on the cross for sinners, God is ready to pardon you as soon as you ask Him for Christ's sake." (Rom. v. 7, 9.)

The poor man listened as he would have done to the news of the king's pardon; and whenever his kind teacher paused, there came the craving, hungry cry, "Go on! tell me more." And then the harsh grating of the key in the massive lock was heard, telling that

his allotted time of half-an-hour was gone. But the next day, and the next, the "Momier" was permitted to return; and soon it came to pass that those half-hours in the condemned cell were the brightest moments of the day to him, for at each visit he found the prisoner understanding the way of the Lord more perfectly.

A light shined in the prison then—a light streaming out from the excellent glory, where the Lamb dwelleth, and where angels rejoice "over one sinner that repenteth."

The day before that appointed for the execution came, and again the "Momier" was with the condemned man. He was so taken up with the thought of God's forgiveness, and of the wonderful grace of Jesus which had purchased for him a crown of life, that he seemed to have overcome all fear of that terrible death that was so near. "If I could but tell the other prisoners of this blessed hope!" he exclaimed; and turning to the gaoler, who had just then entered the cell, "I have a last request to make: will you grant it to a dying man? I want you to take me through the prison, that I may speak to every one of Jesus and mercy."

"I have no power to remove your irons," said the gaoler, "or I'd willingly oblige you; for you've given me almost no trouble at all, and that's more than I could say of most that's been shut up here; the only thing I've had to complain of at all has been that you've sung hymns so desperately loud the last few days; and it seemed rather unnatural-like, considering

wh
the
"
pris
crip
pair
inm
was
saki
glor
the
afte
as a
for
The
fact
imm
Y
beer
of t
God
yet
four
forg
He
the
law
bein
hims
begi
mur

what's before you; but, as I said, I dare not take off the irons."

"I do not wish it; let me go as I am," said the prisoner. And so, his poor limbs weighed and crippled by the clanking fetters, he went slowly and painfully from cell to cell, telling to the amazed inmates that he had found mercy; that though there was no earthly pardon for him, God had, for Christ's sake, forgiven all his sins, and that he had a hope of glory so bright and blessed, that he cared little for the shame and agony of the scaffold to-morrow. And after bearing this glad testimony to the power of Jesus as a Saviour to the uttermost, he went back to his cell for a few more hours of darkness and loneliness. Then came the bitter pain and infamy of a malefactor's death—now cheered by the hope of life and immortality through Jesus Christ.

You think this wonderful, dear reader; had you been amongst the crowd that watched the dying agony of that murderer, you would probably have thanked God that you were not such a miserable sinner; and yet that miserable sinner was one who had sought and found mercy. Are you sure that you are washed and forgiven, as that poor convinced and converted man? He was a great culprit, doubtless. He had broken the law, and had deserved to die. Thus the human law had its due. He had violently hurried a fellow-being out of life, and in return was justly put to death himself. But oh, blessed be God, here the difference begins between human and divine laws. For the murderer there was no forgiveness at the bar of man's

judgment. There *could* be none ; for were the law to relax its penalties, society would be broken up. But, blessed be God, at the divine judgment-seat there is forgiveness. It is a forgiveness that not merely remits the penalty, but actually insures the reformation of the offender. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life." (Rom. v. 10.)

As eagles on the rock do build,
 And rise toward the sun ;
 So may we build on Christ, the Rock,
 The strong and Holy One.

“**I**N hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment.” Listen to his words, “I am tormented in this flame.” Contrast this with the *certain* beggar who died and was carried by the angels into Abraham’s bosom. Which end would you prefer? The latter undoubtedly. But which are you like while living ; for “in the place *where* the tree falleth *there* it shall lie.” (Ecc. xi. 3.) “The time is short.” “A lot of people are dying.” *You* may be the next. Come poor sinner to the Saviour. Come *just as you are*, and you will cause heaven to ring with joy. “There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one* sinner that repenteth.” Will *you* give God, a loving gracious God, this joy ?”

“7
 “I w
 ““

Wh
 best
 I wi
 ther
 And
 laid
 and

Do
 mind
 with
 calcu
 his i
 work
 forgo
 eyes
 him ;
 his o
 solely
 make
 what
 Every
 He lo
 but fu
 for “1

"THIS NIGHT."

"*This night* thy soul shall be required of thee."—Luke xii. 20.

"I will pass through the land of Egypt *this night*."—Ex. xii. 12.

"THE ground of a certain rich man," says the Lord Jesus, "brought forth plentifully; and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

Dear reader, such was the history of one whose mind, and thoughts, and affections, were so engrossed with this world, that he had omitted God in his calculations. Entirely occupied with himself, and his interests, determined to make the best of this world and what it contained, he would seem to have forgotten God, and *His* existence altogether. His eyes were upon the earth; everything went well with him; of money he had plenty; his property was his own, and his crops were abundant. Occupied solely with these things, his one thought was to make himself comfortable in the earth, and enjoy what it afforded. *He had never thought of God at all.* Everything he looked at, apparently belonged to him. He looked on the world as a scene, not only of present but future happiness; and he made his arrangements for "many years" of "ease," luxury, and happiness.

Practically he denied the existence of a God. Poor soul! How many there are in the world at the present time just like him! Perhaps the eye of one such may rest upon this paper. Dear reader, allow me to address a word pointedly to you. Are *you* at the present time making your arrangements for passing "many years" here? Perhaps you are a landowner with a fine estate, having tenants who discharge their liabilities regularly. Perhaps you are a member of Parliament universally respected both by your compeers, as well as by your constituents. On the one hand, doubtless, you are engrossed with improving the property that you consider in all human probability may be in your hands for the next twenty years; on the other, perhaps, you look with satisfaction at the list of voters that you can count upon as likely to support your interests through many a contested election to come.

Or perhaps my reader may be of another and less prosperous class, the farmer of twenty acres, the small shop-keeper, or the lone widow with a large family, who is hard put to at times to make both ends meet.

The farmer from sunrise to sunset views the corn and root crops with the greatest satisfaction; his rent is a matter of no concern to him; he looks before him and sees a bright vista of many years of good prices and beautiful seasons; and he says: "This world is a pleasant place, and I'll let the future take care of itself."

The shop keeper serves his customers with a smiling countenance; he can afford to give long

cred
even
neve
Th
her,
and
one,
are to
Sh
husb
De
night
be pr
Po
paper
you.
years
think
worm
Think
thee,
your
know
Tak
take
messa
been
Phara
I sho
not th
v. 2.)

credits ; he is universally popular, and he spends the evening over the fire with his family, and of course never thinks of an eternity to come.

The widow sees her children are growing up about her, they must be provided for ; and as she works late and early she turns it over in her mind where this one, and that one, will get a place, or what trade they are to follow as their years capacitate them for it.

She forgets that ere long she may follow her husband.

Dear reader, if God were to say to you, "*This night thy soul shall be required of thee,*" wouldest thou be prepared to meet him ?

Ponder it well, I pray you, ere you throw this paper aside, and think of the eternity that is before you. Twenty years seems a long time,—one hundred years, a thousand years, are lengthy periods,—but think of *an eternity* of woe in the place where "The worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Think of your soul's welfare for a moment, I beseech thee, ere it is too late, and God has to give you up to your heart's desire because you have "rejected knowledge."

Take warning by the man of whom Jesus spoke ; take warning by Pharaoh and the gods of Egypt ; message after message ; warning after warning ; had been sent to them, and they regarded it not. Pharaoh had but one reply : "Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice to let Israel go ? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go." (Exodus v. 2.) "The Egyptians and Pharaoh hardened their

hearts" (1 Sam. vi. 6.) and *therefore* "God gave them over to a reprobate mind" (Rom. i. 28); and when the night of judgment came, they were found unprepared. What a solemn night that was! "At midnight," at the very moment of their deepest slumber, the angel of the Lord went forth; and "there was a great cry, for there was not a house where there was not one dead." (Exodus xii. 29. 30).

Dear reader, *this night* may terminate your existence here; are you ready?

There were some ready even in Egypt. With God "Mercy rejoiceth against judgment" (Jas. ii. 13), and there never was a scene of judgment where His loving hand did not spare a remnant. So here, and so even at the present time; as in those days there was a way of escape, so in these, God has devised a "means whereby His banished should not be expelled from him." Let us contrast the two

"Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for an house . . . according to the number of the souls . . . Your lamb shall be without blemish, a male of the first year . . . and the whole assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening. And they shall take of the blood, and strike it on the two side posts and on the upper door posts of the houses, wherein they shall eat it . . . 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."

Such was God's remedy for Israel, and thankfully did they without a moment's hesitation avail themselves of it; they took the lamb, they slew it, they sprinkled the blood; and then calmly resting on the promise of the God in whom they believed, they sat down to feed upon the lamb in peace; their security was this, that God had said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

What is the sinner's mode of escape from judgment now? Is it not even this, that *Jesus*, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," has been "brought to the slaughter" (Isa. liii. 7), has "by His own blood entered in once for all into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us"? (Heb. ix. 13.) As Peter says, we "are not redeemed with corruptible things...but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish, and without spot." (1 Peter i. 19.)

From His side has flowed forth the blood that made peace with God. (Col. i. 20.) God's eye has rested on that blood, and whosoever, seeing their need of shelter from the coming judgment, accepts the remedy that God has provided, is secure from all condemnation, because God Himself has said: "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

Dear reader, do you tremble at the thought of death? Learn that "the blood of Jesus Christ.... which cleanseth from all sin" is sufficient to meet every claim a God of judgment has against you.

But a God of love could not be satisfied with merely sheltering Israel from judgment; and He

therefore devises a way whereby He may have them *around Himself* in an entirely new position.

He opens a way for them through the Red Sea. Their necessity is His opportunity; and He gives them a perfect and entire deliverance from all their enemies, bringing them out in triumph through the depths of the Red Sea. Thus were they not only a people sheltered from judgment, but as it were *alive from the dead*; for they had come out of what was a grave to their enemies on the new, or resurrection ground.

Has not this likewise its counterpart with us? Christ has made a channel for us to pass through the waters of judgment. He has wrought a victory over our Egyptians, our enemies; He has gone down into the depths for us, and in His grace we may see the end of our sins, the close of our transgressions. He has risen from the dead, and in Him risen, we who believe have life, eternal life; we are "alive unto God in Jesus Christ our Lord"; not only shall we "not come into condemnation," but we have "passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.) We have, through faith, life in a risen Christ—His own life.

The Israelites left the Red Sea behind them *never to return to it again*; we possess a life on the other side of death, and can never now die. Our earthly tabernacle may be dissolved; we may be absent from the body and present with the Lord; but we never can return to the condition of death from which God has saved us.

M
they
were
was
glor
Is
feet
a di
Fath
and
Him
xvii.

I
N
rarel
But
bind
surel
have
ledge
be th
Me
of yo
the w
rewar
"F
whole
man

More than this, the cloud overshadowed Israel; they were baptised unto Moses in the cloud; they were, as it were, already half enveloped in that which was the dwelling place of Jehovah, the abode of the glory.

Is it not so with those that believe now? Their feet are on wilderness ground, they journey through a dry and thirsty land; but already by faith the Father's house of many mansions half envelopes them, and they long for the time when they shall be with Him, where He is, beholding His glory. (John xvii. 24.)

IN the dark ages men sometimes sold themselves by deliberate compact to the devil. For so much wealth or honor, he should have their souls. Men rarely do that now, I suppose, in any formal way. But this busy age, busy country, and busy city are binding them in chains, and sealing them for hell, as surely as any infernal sorceries. When men say they have no time to think of Christ, while they acknowledge His divine claims, they really say, "Business, be thou my god! I devote myself to thee."

Men of the world! You must take time to think of your souls, or eternity for remorse. If you take the world for your service, you take hell for your reward.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul." (Matt. xvi. 26.).

JESUS SAYS, "I AM THE WAY."

A LITTLE boy was passing along a street one day, with a book under his arm, when a gentleman coming up to him said, "Can you tell me the way to Waterloo Station my lad?"

"Yes, sir," cheerfully replied the boy, "and I can tell you the way to heaven too."

The gentleman looked surprised.

"Well, my boy, I should like to know both ways."

"Straight before you, sir, no turnings, will bring you right to the station," and, looking up to the gentleman's face with a happy smile, "Jesus says, 'I am the way, the truth and the life,' and that is the way to heaven, sir."

Did that little boy know what you don't?

Dear anxious soul, are you trying some way of your own to be saved? Now, what's the use? Jesus says, "I am THE way." Now, do you believe it, that Jesus, and He alone, is the way to the Father? Yes, you say I do.

Why then not go to Him?—Do you doubt if you would be made welcome? Then why did God send His Son into the world at all? Was it not that He might open a way for poor sinners back to God? Yes, dear friend, Jesus did so, through His death on Calvary's cross. And now let me tell you, that you may go right to God the Father through Jesus, and find a welcome, yea, more than a welcome. Think of the Father's grace to the prodigal. Such is God's heart, dear anxious one, towards you. "I am the way." He is the salvation of God.