

THE SOWER.

REST.

MY feet are weary and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed—
And I desire, what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways ;

'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best ;

And I have prayed, but vain has been my
prayer

For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield ;

'Tis hard to till and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart-oppressed ;

And so I sigh a weak and human sigh
For rest—for rest.

My way was wound across the desert years
And cares infest

My path, and through the flowing of hot
tears

I pine for rest.

And I am restless still ; 'twill soon be o'er,
For down the west

Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

—*Rev. Father Ryan.*

(Lines suggested on Rev. Father Ryan's poem on
 "Rest.")

Oh weary one ! there's news—good news—for thee ;
 There's rest—sweet rest,
 Just now, for all who in this life will flee
 To Jesus' breast,
 On Calvary's cross He full atonement made
 For all thy sin.
 He died ("'Tis finished," were the words He said)
 Thy soul to win.

The justice of a holy God is satisfied ;
 Sin put away ;
 The Saviour has been raised and glorified ;
 Night turned to day.
 From heaven He speaks, as when on earth He
 spoke
 " Come unto Me."
 " Ye burdened ones—upon you take my yoke,
 And rest in Me."

Why not believe His word ? He asks thy faith
 In what He says ;
 And fruit abundant, as the scripture saith,
 Shall crown thy days.
 You need not wait until life's sun has set,
 Far down the west,
 For heaven begins, whene'er through faith you get,
 His glad—sweet rest.

Expect not rest through any works of thine—
 The precious blood
 Of Christ alone, through faith, by grace Divine
 Brings rest in God.

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WHAT GOD IS DOING.

TAKE two illustrations of what God is now doing by the gospel. One from the higher circles, and one from the lower—or, rather from the lowest of the low.

Alice was an only child, an heiress. Lovely and accomplished, she lived for this world, and this world offered her no ordinary attractions. Idolized by her parents, and beloved by an accepted suitor, she knew not the meaning of a wish ungratified.

But an unexpected visitor arrived at the mansion. A pale messenger came to Alice. A hectic flush suffused her beautiful face, rendering it, if possible, more lovely still. The eagle eye of affection soon perceived that the seeds of consumption had been laid. The skilled physician pronounced the heart-rending verdict that her days were numbered, and that the career of love and self-indulgence would soon close.

Alice sank by degrees, and as she lay on her couch surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, began to think how sad it was to leave her loving friends and all her brilliant prospects, and to go—where? where?

She could not find an answer satisfactory to her soul.

So she sent for the High Church Clergyman.

He came. The family were assembled. He produced a missal. They all knelt round the bed. He intoned the service for the sick. Having received

her confession and pronounced absolution, he, with peculiar genuflections, administered the sacrament, and placing his hands on her, blessed her, and pronounced her a good child of the church. He departed, perfectly satisfied with his own performances, and assuring the parents that all was right.

Was Alice satisfied?

She had submitted to all. She had endeavoured to join in the service, but in her inmost soul she felt a blank.

"Father" said she "I am about to die. Where am I going?"

The father gave no reply.

"Mother, darling, can you tell me what I am to do to get to heaven?"

No reply save tears.

"William, you who were to be the guide of my life, can you tell me anything of the future?"

No response.

"I'm lost! lost!" She exclaimed. "Am I not father? Is there any one who can tell me what I must do to be saved?"

At length the father spoke.

"My child, you have always been a dutiful daughter, and have never grieved your parents. You have regularly attended the Abbey church, and helped in its services, and the minister has performed the rites of the church, and expressed himself satisfied with your state."

"Alas! father, I feel that is not enough. It is no rest to my soul. It is hollow—it is not real. Oh! I

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am about to die, and I know not where I am going. Oh, the blackness of the darkness! Can no one teach me what I can do to be saved?"

Blank despair was pictured on her countenance. Misery overshadowed the circle. They were overtaken by a real danger. Death was in their midst. Eternity was looming before them. They knew not how to answer the agonizing appeal of an immortal soul, awakened to a sense of sin—to a dread of appearing before God—to the terrors of hell.

Alice was attended by a little maid, who was in the habit of frequenting a meeting held in a barn in the village where prayer and praise were offered up in simplicity, and where they sang the old hymns—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains."

and

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all and frees us
 From the accursed load:"

and where she heard words which reminded her of the good old pastor.

She longed to tell her mistress that she might "wash and be clean," but felt diffident. At last she took courage, and just as the Israelitish captive said unto Naaman's wife. "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy," she told her mistress,

“There is a preacher in the village who proclaims salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and urges us to accept the forgiveness freely offered in the gospel.”

“Oh that I could see him,” exclaimed the dying girl.

Alice besought her father to invite the strange preacher to the house; and, though he thought it extraordinary, her wish was law.

Again the family were assembled, and the man of God entered the room. The dying girl, raising herself appealed to him. “Can you tell me what must I do to obtain rest for my soul, and die at peace with God?”

“I fear I cannot.”

Alice fell back. “Alas!” said she, “and is it so? Is there no hope for me?”

“Stay,” said he, “though I cannot tell you what you can do to be saved, I *can* tell you what *has been done* for you.”

“Jesus Christ, the Saviour God, has completely finished a work by which lost and helpless sinners may be righteously saved. God, who is love saw us in our lost and ruined state. He pitied us, and in love and compasssion sent Jesus to die for us. ‘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 shed His precious blood on the accursed tree in the stead and place of sinners, that they might be pardoned and

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saved. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"And have I nothing to do?"

"Nothing but to believe. No doing, working, praying, giving, or abstaining, can give relief to the conscience burdened with a sense of guilt, or rest to the troubled heart. It is not a work done *in* you by *yourself*, but a work done *for* you by *another*, long, long ago. Jesus has completed the work of our redemption. He has said, 'It is finished.' Through faith in Him you have pardon. It is impossible for a sinner to do aught to save himself. It is impossible to add anything to the perfect work of Christ. *Doing* is not God's way of salvation, but ceasing from doing, and believing what God in Christ *has already done for you*. God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son."

"I do believe that Jesus died on the cross for sinners; but how am I to know that God has accepted *me*."

"Jesus the God-man, has ascended into heaven. He has presented His blood before God, and has been accepted for us; and when you believe, you are accepted in Him."

The awakened sinner listened with breathless attention. She received the word of God, which revealed Christ to her soul. The glad tidings of salvation fell as balm upon her wounded spirit. Her face was lit up with heaven's sunlight. Looking upwards she exclaimed, "Oh, what love! what grace!"

Jesus thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress :”

and in a few days she departed to be with Christ.—



About this time the gospel tidings had spread over a large tract of country and many were the subjects of divine blessing. In visiting the cottages from place to place I heard of a notorious reputed witch, whose evil power was stated to be fearful in the destruction of stock, and in turning all the dairies into utter confusion. The belief prevailed that the losses of persons who have the misfortune to offend these so-called witches, were very serious. A godly woman near to whom I lived, had experienced some troubles of this kind, and the statement of various individuals, who bore witness to what they had seen of the disasters occurring for many days successively, led me to visit the old woman who bore this dreadful character. The people strongly dissuaded me from it saying that she had sold herself to the devil, and that it was not safe for any one to go to her. Turn- a deaf ear to all this, I called and found her ill in bed: surely, if looks betray character, she certainly had a very bad one.

After some inquiries as to her health, and what she was suffering from, I asked her if she expected to get beter.

She replied “No.”

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She stared at me fiercely, like a tiger about to spring from its lair. I gently put my hand on her shoulder, and she screamed out,—

"I's going to hell! I's wicked! I's going to hell! I's wicked!"

"But why do you wish to go to hell?"

"I don't want to go, but I's forced to go."

"But who is it that forces you to go to hell?"

"The devil," she said. "I have served him all my life."

"But did you never hear of God, and His Son Jesus Christ who came down from heaven to save us from going to hell?"

"No."

"Did you never hear of God?"

"No, I can't read; I's wicked."

"But do you not know what love is? Had you a child?"

"Yes, I had eight."

"But don't they love you?"

"No, they robbed me."

"Did not your husband love you?"

"No, he turned me to doors."

"And did you never love anyone?"

"No, I's wicked, I hate all—everybody."

Finding all was of no avail, I asked her if she would like a few nice things to eat.

"I can't have it. No one will gee it to I."

"Oh yes, I will give it to you, this very night I will send it to you." Her amazement was equal to her horror before.

"Will ee sure?"

"Yes; so you see somebody loves you. Now I want to tell you that some one else loves you, and sent me to tell you about His love."

"Who is that?"

"It is the great God, the King of the world. He lives up there above the sky. This great King made all things. He made you. This great King has one Son, whom He loves very much, because He deserves to be loved, yes this great King loved you so very much that He sent His Son all the way down from heaven to die for those who, like you, have been committing sins all their lives. And He has sent me with this letter to read to you, that you may not go to hell but to heaven. I then read to her some of John iii., and sought to instruct her mind, and tried to make her understand who the great King of the sky was, and how He would not turn away from her.

"But will He hear a poor old thing like me?"

"Yes," I said "He will."

"But what shall I say to 'un?"

"Just tell Him what you are afraid of. Tell Him what you have told me, that you are wicked."

She at once looked straight up to the ceiling as if she saw some one there and said, with all the vehemence of despair, "O Lord, the King of the sky, have mercy on a wicked old woman like I—I have been a wicked old woman all my life." She kept saying this till she cried bitterly.

I then taught her that beautiful passage—"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." This she repeated after me till she had it in

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her memory. I then left her; and before I called again she sent for me. Her first words were, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son cleanseth us from all sin." I asked her who Jesus Christ was.

She said, "He is the Son of the King of the sky."

"Well what has He done for you?"

"O, He has died for me!"

I need not say much more, only that she found out that God loved her, and this soon made her love every one. I saw her many times subsequently, and each time found that the word had taken deeper root in her heart. She confessed to a life of the greatest wickedness, although she said she was not guilty of the crime for which she was forcibly driven from the parish in which I reside, about fourteen months before this time. The last words I heard from her were, "Oh, I be a wicked old 'ooman, but I's not afraid: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

THE Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. Luke xix. 10.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that HEARETH My word, and BELIEVETH on Him that sent Me, HATH everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is PASSED from death unto life. John v. 24.

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. 1 John v. 13.

Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is BORN OF GOD. 1 John v. 1.

THE WAY OF CAIN AND THE WAY
OF ABEL.
(Gen. iv.)

THE natural man finds it impossible to discern any superiority in Abel's offering over that of Cain. He regards the difference merely as the accidental consequence of their respective occupations and fails entirely to see why Cain's offering was not as good, or better, than his brother's. Did he not lead the way, bringing his offering without awaiting the example of another? Had he not expended days of toil on the fruit he brought? Had not God blessed his labors in giving him a harvest? Why then should he not bring of the product? Did he not thereby "acknowledge God's supreme dominion over him and his total dependence upon Him?" What was there more in Abel's offering?

This is confessedly an important question; because "The Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering; but unto Cain and his offering He had not respect." And Cain was very angry and his countenance became sullen. Then the Lord reasons with him and tells him why his offering was not accepted; tells him what he had forgotten; what his offering utterly ignored; reminds him that sin had entered, and well he knew, death by sin. Here was grace on the part of the Lord, but it found no response in the heart of the will-worshipping Cain. He had brought his offering and it had been rejected.

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Abel had brought his and had been accepted, with his offering. He talked with Abel his brother, and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.

Cain, the first-born, was simply a natural man. He knew nothing of the new birth, which four thousand years later the second Man, the Lord from heaven announced to another will worshipper (who was being brought out from darkness into His marvellous light), as being primarily necessary ere a man could see the kingdom of God. (John iii.) Cain was blind to these things. The plainest instruction from Jehovah Himself was therefore lost upon him. He is the perfect picture of the natural man who, wrapped up in his false religion, persecutes him who is born after the Spirit. So it was before Christ; so it was when He was here; and so it is now. (Gal. iv. 29) "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them." (1 Cor. ii. 14)

Abel, however, was of a different generation. His eyes were not lofty nor his eyelids lifted up. If Cain, like the elder brother of whom our Lord speaks (Luke xv.) was pure in his own eyes and worthy to bring the fruit of his own toil, gotten by tillage from the earth, cursed by Jehovah, Abel had better learned the lesson of his circumstances. There was the garden of delights where his parents had once enjoyed the visits of their beneficent Creator, but he was outside—had been born outside, and the

Cherubim kept guard against any return. A flaming sword, too, guarded the way of the tree of life. Yet Jehovah had been gracious to his parents. He had Himself clothed them, they having found that, in His presence, the work of their own hands left them still naked. He had provided a coat which, even in His own presence, was a covering, by means of death. Consideration of these circumstances might have led him to approach God in the manner he did, by the blood of another, but I judge from the statement made concerning him by the inspired writer in the epistle to the Hebrews (chap. xi.) that there was some word from God about the matter and that it was in the knowledge of both the worshippers. We are told it was by faith he offered unto God a more acceptable sacrifice than Cain; and in another place, that "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by God's word." In any case the essential difference between the offerings is now clearly before us—the one was a bloody sacrifice, the other an unbloody. Here lies the secret. Cain presumed to draw near without blood; as a worshipper, it is true, acknowledging the creatorial goodness of God, but ignoring sin on the one hand, and the holiness, truth, and righteousness of Jehovah on the other. Abel came saying practically "God be propitiated to me, the sinner!"

This, then, is the way of Cain and the way of Abel. Ever since, men have gone in one way or the other. Take the most degraded heathen; he has his religion; he worships. It may be the host of heaven, or idols of wood or stone, or creeping things. There is no

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merit in worshipping. Even bloody sacrifices offered to the true God may be an abomination to Him. (1 Cor. x. 20.) "Woe unto them," says the Spirit, "for they have gone in the way of Cain." (Jude 11). And the way of Cain we have seen to be worshipping the true God in a way offensive to Him, forgetting one's own state, ignoring sin, unmindful of the holiness, truth and justice of God. How many have gone in the way of Cain! How very many, in fancied security, walk therein today!

Reader, how are *you* worshipping? How do you approach God? You must come by a sacrifice. Have you one? I say, have you a sacrifice; an innocent and worthy victim to offer as your substitute to bear the judgment due to you? You do not know what I mean; you have never felt your need. Yet you are a sinner and God is holy and just. How can you meet Him? Are you saying, I have sinned and perverted that which is right and it has ruined me? Ah, He looketh upon men to find a heart in just that state. "Then He saith; 'Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom.'" (Job xxxiii. 24.) Do you know what the ransom is? It is not silver or gold—it is a sacrifice—it is the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." (1 Pet. i. 18, 19; Heb. ix. 26.) Are you content to approach by that "one offering" "once offered?" (Heb. x. 14; ix. 28.) Is this the sacrifice you bring? Then fear not; you will certainly be accepted for your offering has already been. "The Lord had respect

unto Abel and to his offering." Observe each worshipper stood or fell by his offering. If the offering be accepted so is the worshipper. Then fear no more, poor sinner coming to God by Jesus Christ, for He has put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and now He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them—to appear in the presence of God for us.

A LADY living at B—had bought a bible intending to give it to one of her relatives. Not having an opportunity for sending the book it remained some time in the room of one of the maid servants. One evening this young woman opened it and her eyes fell upon this passage; "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God." (Jer. ii. 22).

Being struck by these strange words unknown to her, she became troubled and closed the book, but what she had read impressed itself upon her mind, and occupied her thoughts all the following day. In the evening she took up the bible again, and behold it opened at the very same place. The same solemn words met her view. "*Though thou wash thee with nitre.*" Her trouble increased, her sins were brought to her remembrance she sought and found rest in Jesus, the Son of God, whose blood, "cleanseth us from all sin." (1 Jno. i. 7).

Reader have you found rest for your soul in the blood which purifies?