

THE SOWER.

ABSOLVO TE.

One Priest alone can pardon me
Or bid me go in peace,
Can breathe the words, "Absolvo te,"
And make these heart-throbs cease.
My soul has heard His priestly voice,
It said, "I bore thy sins rejoice!"

He showed the spear-mark in His side,
The nail-print on His palm,
Said, "Look on Me, the Crucified,
Why tremble thus? Be calm!
All power is mine. I set thee free—
Be not afraid—Absolvo te."

By Him my soul is purified,
Once leprous and defiled,
Cleansed by the water from His side,
God sees me now His child.
No Priest can heal or cleanse but He,
No other say, "Absolvo te."

In heaven He stands before the throne,
The Great High Priest above,—
The Lamb of God—that name alone
Can sin's dark stains remove;
To Him I look on bended knee,
And hear the word—"Absolvo te."

"A little while," and He shall come
Forth from the inner shrine,
To take poor blood-bought sinners home;
O bliss supreme divine!
When every blood-bought child shall see
The Priest who said "Absolvo te."

“STOP : THAT IS UTTERLY REPULS-
IVE TO ME.

SUCH were the words uttered by Mrs. W—, who had partly come through a surgical operation so severe that her life seemed to hang for days in the balance. She was lying in a Hospital in D—.

One who was deeply interested in the welfare, both of her soul and body, made known her case to me, and desired me to call and converse with her in a few days, when she would have gained sufficient strength for visitors to be permitted.

When a week had passed, after looking to the Lord for guidance and help, and with rather a trembling heart not knowing what was before me, I found my way over to the Hospital; I was soon admitted by the Matron, who was very cordial and friendly, to Mrs. W's room. Mrs. W—— received me kindly. Instead of finding, as I had expected, one worn with disease and suffering, and bearing the marks of age, I saw before me a bright girlish face, one which still bore the marks of beauty. Although it was soon evident that here was a somewhat impetuous nature, yet there was sufficient vivacity and winsomeness in her ways to encourage conversation. She soon began to tell me how God, in His great love, had spared her life, and of her confidence that He would restore her to health and strength again. There seemed to be an overflowing sense of God's goodness and love. But thought I, as she thus talked, has she entered

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into *God's thought about sin*: for there are some who can talk in a kind of sentimental way about love, who have never been in God's presence and there learned their own vileness. Inwardly looking to the Lord for help, I thought I would seek to probe her as to this matter.

So, after acknowledging and rejoicing with her in the thought of God's love, I read to her from Rom. iv. and v. "Who was delivered for *our offences*, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God," pointing out to her that God had laid a righteous basis on which He could meet the sinner and manifest His love to him. "Jesus our Lord" was delivered for our offences; it was *when* He was bearing our sins and *because* He was bearing our sins that the strokes of divine justice fell upon His head; He, who had ever been God's delight, was forsaken of God upon the cross—It was at this juncture that with upraised hand and compressed lips, and her bright eyes dilated and flashing, she uttered the words, "stop, that is utterly repulsive to me."

It was then my turn to be surprised.

I said "what is it Mrs. W——, what do you mean"? "Why," said she, "He *never* was forsaken of God, the thought is *utterly repulsive* to me." "What then," said I, "is the meaning of those words, 'my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'" Her eyes fell for a moment, then in rather a subdued tone she said, "He was not forsaken, it was only a momentary weakness."

I saw that she was much excited, and knew that it would be unwise to say anything that would irritate her further in her very weak state, and said to her that I did not think it well to talk too much with her when she was so very weak, but I would much like to speak further with her on this subject and give her scripture for my taking the ground I did, when she would be better able to hear. She said she would like to have it so, and after prayer, which she requested, it was arranged that I should go again in two or three weeks.

When the time came, once more I found myself at the Hospital. Mrs. W—— had gained somewhat in strength and expressed herself as able and ready for conversation. I asked her if she had thought further about what we had had before us.

“Yes,” said she, “I have not been able to get it out of my thoughts.”

‘And do you see differently from what you did,’ said I.

“No,” she replied, “it is just as repulsive to me as ever, and some of my Baptist sisters have been in and I have mentioned it to them and it is just as distasteful to them as it is to me.”

“Well now,” I said, “I would like to show you what God says about it.” She told me she would listen. I turned to Isaiah, liii., and read, “*All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way: and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*” “*It pleased the Lord to bruise Him: He hath put Him to grief: when thou shalt make His*

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soul *an offering for sin*, He shall see His seed” Then I read from Zech. xiii., “Awake, O sword against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the *Lord of hosts*: smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered.” Then from Mat. xxvi, 31, where Jesus applies this very prophecy to *Himself*. “Then saith Jesus unto them, all ye shall be offended because of Me this night: for *it is written*, “I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad.”

I called her attention to the fact that not only was Jesus “bruised” and “smitten,” but that it was *the Lord* who bruised Him. I then sought to show her that there were two things seen markedly at the cross: one was *God’s hatred of sin*, the other, *God’s love for the sinner*. In the *holiness* of His nature He could no more bear sin in His presence, than that light and darkness could exist together. Sin must *always* be visited with judgment by a holy God, and when Jesus bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and was “made sin” for us, it must be that God’s wrath would lie hard upon Him, and that He should be “afflicted with all His waves.” The sacrifice was a perfect one—*He knew no sin*—but *made sin*, and bearing our sins, God, in His holiness, and abhorrence of sin, could, in consistency with His own nature, but pour upon Him, the just deserts of sin: hence, that bitter cry, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me.” And in the depth of His anguish He could say, “All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.” It was *righteous* on the part of God thus

to deal with sin, and if Christ, the holy spotless lamb of God, was made, when bearing our sins, to feel the weight of God's wrath, what chance would the poor sinner have if he were to stand in his sins before God! And oh, what love and grace in our God not to *spare* His son, but to give Him up freely for us! And what love *in Him*, thus to suffer! His was a love that "many waters could not quench," yea, "a love stronger than death."

When I stopped Mrs. W—— said slowly and thoughtfully, "well, I never saw it so before."

More than a year after this she told me that the truth unfolded to her was very precious. What had before seemed so cruel and unjust, she now saw to be God's righteous way of bringing salvation to the sinner. She gained in strength and grew* in grace. Many Bible readings and conversations followed, which, she said, were of "incalculable blessing" to her.

Again disease laid its ruthless hand upon her, and she is now with the Lord, awaiting that blessed morn, when all the redeemed of the Lord shall rise to meet Him in the air

She had learned to look forward with great longing for His coming. Her end was peace. In the midst of sorest suffering she bore a bright and blessed testimony for Him she had learned to love.

May any who read this little account learn to know, as dear Mrs. W—— did, that the bruising of

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the blessed One, is Gods way of salvation for all who believe in His name, that the cup of judgment, due to us, has been drunk, and *death*, the wages of sin, *paid*, and we, being justified by faith have peace with God.

“ Death and judgment are behind us,
Grace and glory are before ;
All the billows rolled o'er Jesus,
There they spent their utmost power.”

ANXIOUS SOUL.

You have simply to believe in a finished redemption,—to take God at His word,—believe His record,—accept His salvation,—rest in His love. He has declared Himself satisfied in the perfect work of His only beloved Son ; and the question is, Are you ? Do you want something more than Christ to satisfy you ? Are you looking for something in yourself to give you confidence—some feeling or evidence ? If so, you will not find peace. You must find your *all* in a crucified and risen Saviour. You must look to the Man who was nailed to the tree and is now crowned on the throne. This is the only way of peace. Thousands are writhing in agony of soul, simply because they will not accept a full Christ. They are tossed about by the conflicting dogmas of theological schools, instead of drinking of the streams of life and salvation that flow from the very heart of God, through the pierced side of a crucified Saviour.

THE YOUNG JEW,

OR

"I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT JESUS."

IS it within the range of human thought to frame words, or construe a sentence which would more emphatically declare, the desperate, and utter depravity of "the first man," (I. Cor. 15-47; John iii. 31), words which would more plainly tell out the fact, that "the carnal mind is enmity against God," (Rom. viii. 7-8), than the above, "I don't want to hear about Jesus," and yet these were the words of a bright, intelligent looking young Jew in answer to the remark, "you keep Saturday instead of Sunday?" "Yes," his reply was, "I don't want to hear about Jesus." It seems several had spoken to him along the road about the Lord Jesus, hence what was in the heart came out, viz.: Intense hatred of God's Christ. "Not this man, but Barabbas" (John xviii. 40) is still what's found in the heart of man. But, O! dear, unsaved reader let me tell thee (be thou Jew or Gentile, it matters not, for God says, "there is no difference for all have sinned and come short of His glory."—Rom. iii, 22-23) what is in God's heart, for it has all come out. Wouldst thou know it? Then look at the cross of Christ, where Jesus the Saviour of sinners died on the tree; His life He gave

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His precious blood was shed : yes, shed for thee poor, lost one—for thee. “Was ever love, Lord, like Thine?”

Reader, wilt thou let it in? Wilt thou come just as thou art, in all thy rags and misery, and own thy true condition before God—a lost and guilty sinner, deserving naught but God’s wrath? If this be so, the Father’s welcome shall be thine; and what a welcome: (Luke xv. 20-24) But O! shouldst thou refuse, and die in thy sins, eternal wrath will be thy portion forever. (Rev. xx. 10, 15, xxi, 8.) “Behold, now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation.” II. Cor. vi. 2; John v. 24.

HOW DOES YOUR CASE STAND?

A CLIENT eagerly asked his lawyer, “Will my case be called to-day? Are you sure that nothing is left undone? If judgment is pronounced against me I am ruined.” Dear reader, if your case were called *to-day* for the final judgment, is there nothing left undone? Has the blood of atonement been applied to thy soul? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with thy spirit that thou art a child of God, born again, adopted into the divine family, truly regenerated, and walking in the beauty of holiness? Shall this awful and eternally important matter be settled *to-day*? This is the alternative—redeemed or ruined! Now is the day of salvation!

IT WAS FOR ME.

ONE stormy Sunday afternoon, at the hour when a class of young women usually gathered in a little mountain cottage, one young girl only, waited for her teacher.

She had been learning during the week the sweet words contained in the 53rd of Isaiah; and as she toiled up the hillside, she had been repeating the verses to herself; but they were only to her then, as the "very lovely song of one who had a pleasant voice." She did not know the meaning of "being healed by His stripes."

After prayer, with which the hour of teaching always began, Mary repeated the first four verses of her chapter. When she reached the 5th verse—"He was wounded for *our* transgressions, He was bruised for *our* iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed," the tears filled her eyes, and before reaching the end of the verse her head sank down, and the fast-falling tears dropped on the open Bible before her, as she sobbed out—

"It was for ME, it was for ME."

The intense solemnity of that moment prevented any other words being spoken than these in answer to her words—"Let us thank Him, dear child, that it was for you:" and they knelt down, and after the teacher had thanked the Lord for opening the blind

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eyes of her dear scholar to see Jesus as *her* substitute, the weeping girl, in broken words, said—

“Lord Jesus! I thank Thee that Thou didst die for me, that Thou didst take my punishment;” and then the sweet calm of conscious acceptance in the Beloved stole into the broken heart, and peace with God was sweetly realised.

Rising from their knees, the teacher saw a troubled look pass over the bright face upon which “the light of His countenance” was shining, and in deep distress the poor child said—

Oh! My father, my mother, my brother! they do not know this joy.”

So they knelt again to plead for those still “far off,” and rose up comforted.

The joy of resurrection life filled the heart of that young girl with unspeakable joy, but it was only when by faith she could say, “It was for me, it was for me.”

Till the disciples saw for themselves that the grave of Jesus was empty, the words of the women who returned from the sepulchre were like “idle tales.” Have you, who it may be are reading these words ever known the joy of the realisation, that “He was wounded for *your* transgressions, that He was bruised for *your* iniquities, that the chastisement of *your* peace was upon Him?”

If not, you are far from God; outside in the darkness of unbelief and death; and till you accept the love

of a living, loving Saviour, and see Him as *your* Sin Bearer, there is no peace, no life, no joy for you.

Oh! believe this love that is yearning over you—that was stronger than death, and is infinite as God Himself.

O SINNER! HERE IS GOD'S THOUGHT
ABOUT YOU.

As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.—Rom. v. 12.

There is none that doeth good, no, not one.—Ps. xiv. 3.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.—I. John, i. 8.

The wages of sin is death.—Rom. vi, 23.

AND HERE IS HIS GRACE TOWARDS YOU.

Deliver him from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom.—Job xxxiii, 24.

And He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.—I. John ii, 2.

As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life.—John iii, 14-15.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.—Is. lv, 1.

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MOSES.

I N the summer of 1871 I had occasion to go to Fort Matagama, in the Canadian North-West. I was kindly welcomed on my arrival by Mr. Richards, the Hudson Bay Co's Officer in charge of the District, and after some conversation with him, I said that I would like to preach to the Indians. Well, he said, if you would so desire, I will collect them. He rang a bell; the Indians came at the call and entered the church,—Mr. Richards kindly acting as interpreter,—I told the dear people that the Lord had sent them a message through me from Ottawa, and that that message was that He (God) had sent His only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save every one of them if they would only believe on Him.

The attention here, as generally through this Indian country, was very marked.

We had left the church about an hour when the Indians, many of whom had been away, hearing the bell toll, had returned from their fishing and hunting in the vicinity of the Fort, and were collected in knots conversing together. Three of the chief men approached and spoke in their beautiful language to Mr. Richards, saying: We want to hear "more words" from him. When this was told me, I said: The words I spoke are the words of the Great Spirit, and I can tell you more of His words and His love; He sent me here for that purpose.

I told them again of that marvellous grace of God. This time not only did they listen with deep attention, but with bowed and covered heads, some bitterly weeping. In the evening of the same day I was called to an outer apartment to see an Indian, named Moses, his wife and child, who had just arrived and was desirous to see me. (They had been in a starving condition during the previous winter and the woman had, with her own hands, killed four of her children and she and the family had eaten them.) I went to see them and said to Moses: The Lord has sent me from Ottawa to see you. Yes, he said, and the Lord has sent me here to "hear words." I then told him of that "Grace of God" sent to meet us in our lost condition, and that with faith in the Lord Jesus He would not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape. This appeared to move him very much, but apparently not so much his wife. Nine years after that I visited Matagama again, and hearing that Moses' wife was in the vicinity, I went to see her, and walking into her poor camp with an interpreter, we sat down and looked at her. The interpreter said: "Who is this?" She said: "I know; the one who spoke 'words' to us." I said: "Where is Moses?" She answered: "He is dead." "Did he remember the 'words'?" "He always remembered the words you said and was happy to die." "And you remembered the 'words'?" "Yes, and believed them too." With a few comforting words I left her, wondering at the Grace of God.

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Dear sinner, have you heard the voice of Jesus, and have His words entered your soul and found a resting place there! Oh! mark! believe the gracious message and live, "he that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already." A poor Indian cannibal mother may witness against you, one whose abominable crime was not too deep to be washed away by the precious blood of Christ. For if she could believe and be ready to die, how will you stand before the now Glorified One in unbelief!—remember "The fearful and unbelieving * * * have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Rev. xxi. 8.

"You know," said a Christian lady to a girl whom she found one day ill in bed, "that Jesus died for *us*."

"Yes," replied the feeble voice, "but I know something better than that, *I know He died for me*."

March! March! March! Earth groans as they tread;
 Each carries a skull, going down to the dead.
 Every stride, every stamp, every footfall is bolder:
 'Tis a skeleton's tramp with a skull on its shoulder.
 But oh! how he steps, with high tossing head,
 That clay-covered bone, going down to the dead.

March! March! March! How lightly they tread,
 Looking up to that One who rose from the dead.
 Every stride, every step, every footfall is bolder:
 'Tis a sinner draws nigh, with a load off his shoulder.
 And oh! how he steps, looking up to his Head,
 Who triumphantly rose from the midst of the dead.

THIS IS WHAT I WANT.

A CERTAIN man on the Malabar coast had long been uneasy about his spiritual state, and had inquired of several devotees and priests how he might make atonement for his sins ; and he was directed to drive iron spikes, sufficiently blunted, through his sandals ; and, on these spikes, to walk a distance of about 480 miles. He undertook the journey, and travelled a long way, but could obtain no peace. One day he halted under a large shade tree where the Gospel was sometimes preached ; and while he was there, a missionary came and preached from the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (I. John, i. 7). While he was preaching the poor man's attention was excited and his heart was drawn ; and rising up, he threw off his torturing sandals and cried out aloud, "This is what I want !" and became henceforth a living witness of the healing efficacy of the Saviour's blood. Are there not thousands throughout the length and breadth of Christendom trying to get peace by walking on iron spikes ? May God lead them to rest in the precious blood of Christ.

Thine alas ! a *lost* condition !
Works cannot *work* thee remission,
 Nor thy *goodness* do thee *good* ;
Death's within thee, all about thee,
 But the *remedy's* without thee,
 See it in thy SAVIOUR'S BLOOD !