

# THE SOWER.

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**A** WAKE! Oh fellow sinner! Wake!  
The weight of death is on thy soul!  
The burden infinite of sin's uncanceled debt  
Forthstretching from that dire primeval fall,  
And reaching on to the abyss of *twice-told* living death  
That waits for ruined man!  
Awake! The shroud of night is on thy soul,  
Blackness of darkness! infinite—  
Still uncomprehended and unfelt though now begun,  
To end (not lose its end) in that immensity of woe  
Unuttered and unknown.  
How shall we bid thee wake and rise, that  
Christ may give thee light?

Oh! life of earth whose boast is in the grave;  
Time's passing *mirage*, vision of a night,  
How can man deem thee aught, and claim thee as  
his all?  
For thou but lull'st thy victims with sure opiates of  
forge fulness,  
And bidst them dream of life, while drifting down thy  
fiery stream  
Into the tideless ocean of eternal death.

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Light of eternal truth shine forth, irradiate on thy  
page,  
And bid each opened eye, Thy glory see,  
Each wakened ear the breathings of Thy quickening  
voice confess,  
Oh! Word of life, who bad'st the dead to rise—  
Who spake the word, "Let there be light."  
And darkness fled away.