

THE SOWER.

“OH! I HAVE BEEN AT THE BRINK
OF THE GRAVE.”

(The following beautiful lines were written by one who passed away to be with the Lord in his sixteenth year. They were found in his pocket book after his death).

Oh! I have been at the brink of the grave,
And stood on the edge of its deep, dark wave ;
And I thought in the still, calm hours of night,
Of those regions where all is ever bright ;
 And I fear'd not the wave
 Of the gloomy grave ;
For I knew that Jehovah was mighty to save.

And I have watch'd the solemn ebb and flow
Of life's tide which was fleeting sure tho' slow ;
I've stood on the shore of Eternity,
And heard the deep roar of its rushing sea ;
 Yet I fear'd not the wave
 Of the gloomy grave ;
For I knew that Jehovah was mighty to save.

And I found that my only rest could be
In the death of the One who died for me ;
For my rest is bought with the price of blood,
Which gush'd from the veins of the Son of God
 So I fear not the wave
 Of the gloomy grave ;
For I know that Jehovah is mighty to save.