

THE SOWER.

“THE MISTAKEN PRAYER” AND ITS RECTIFICATION.

WITH conscious guilt oppressed,
Of God and hell afraid,
I smote upon my breast,
I grieved, I wept and prayed.
I treasured up my tears,
And deem'd the precious drops
Might calm my risen fears,
And raise my sunken hopes.
Thus I began to count
My sad transgressions o'er
To own the full amount,
And shun them evermore.
Amongst my duties, too,
I patiently did plod,
For thus I doubted not
To please an angry God ;
Yet all was sad constraint,
My heart was not above,
I had become a saint
From fear and not from love.
I wished my sins forgiven,
And yet I loved them well :
I sought for heaven only
Because I dreaded hell.
With dark, reluctant mind
My knees were daily bent,