

THE SOWER.

THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING.

The light of the Morning is tinging the highlands;
The mists of the night, are fast fading away;
'Tis the roseate hue, which but hints of the splendor,
The Sun will reveal, as He brings in the day.

II.

Awaken, ye sleepers! think, think of the promise,
The absent One left you, to comfort and cheer!
Soon, soon will you see the bright Star of the Morning;
E'en now can rejoice, that the rising is near.

III.

That rising so blessed, for them who are watching,
Who look for the morn, with its promise of rest;
The night, with its darkness and shadows, dispelling,
The end of all weariness, pain, and unrest.

IV.

But let us remember, that those who are ready,
Alone, of the waiting ones, enter the door;
Five virgins discover, that empty profession,
Quite current with men, can avail them no more.

V.

Alas! for a world, now so deaf to the pleading,
Of One who, in patience and love, still entreats
Despising the mercy; rejecting the pardon;
Now fills up the measure; its guilt it completes.

VI.

Oh fly, then, unsaved one; take refuge with Jesus,
The arms of His love are outstretched to enclose—
Oh haste thee—delay not—the door is still open;
Trust, rest, in His love—on His bosom repose!