

THE SOWER.

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GOSPEL INVITATION.

(ISAIAH LV.)
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Ye sons of men, who seek, and seek in vain
For that which satisfies the craving heart ;
Ye who for wisdom rack the laboring brain,
Ye that for riches crowd the busy mart,
Ye sons of pleasure, who excitement crave,
Drinking those draughts that make you thirst the
more,
Ye who for glory, death and dangers brave ;
Ye full, yet empty ; wealthy, and yet poor,—
Ye labor hard, but bread ye cannot gain,
Ye spend your money earned by feverish toil,
Nought that endures can all your wit obtain,
Nought that of death is not the certain spoil.
Come unto Me, ye weary ones, for rest ;
Ye hungry, thirsty, helpless, come to Me ;
There is a home of safety in My breast,
Peace in the blood I shed on Calvary ;
Come unto Me, your souls shall then be fed ;
Come unto Me, all other springs are dry ;
Come, for I am the living, heavenly bread,
Drink from My side the streams that satisfy,
The fatness of God's house, the milk, the wine,
All, all are yours, if you will but be mine."