

THE SOWER.

REACH AND TAKE.

(ROM. VI. 23.)

A WHITE-FACED wreck upon the bed she lay,
And reaped the whirlwind of her yesterday.
Before her rose the record of the past,
And sin's dark wages all were due at last.

A gentle messenger of peace was there,
Who kissed her brow and smoothed her tangled hair ;
And in the tenderest accents told of One
Who died for her—God's well-beloved Son.

"No power could ransom such as me," she cried,
"No cleansing stream my crimson sins could hide ;
For souls like yours there may be pardon free ;
The Son of God would never stoop to me."

"I bring a gift of love," the listener said,
"This dewy rose of richest, deepest red.
Will you not take it? Have you not the power?"
The trembling fingers reached and grasped the flower.

"My sister," said the giver, "just as I
Held out to you that rose of scarlet dye,
God offers you salvation from above,
Through Jesus' precious blood—His gift of love."

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"I take it, Lord!" And lo, the dying eyes
Were radiant with the light of Paradise!
Lost one, God offers you for Jesus' sake
Eternal life. Will you not reach and take.