

THE SOWER.

RISE, HE CALLETH THEE!

An incident in a Gipsy camp.

“**N**OBODY ever told me,”
And your heart was glad and free,
With the glad, sweet breath of heaven,
And its ceaseless minstrelsy.

“Nobody ever told me”
Through the long and dreary days,
That God had looked with yearning
On sinners and their ways.

“Nobody ever told me”
In my dark and starless nights,
How could I dream of radiance
From such stupendous heights?

“Nobody ever told me,”
And my life was black with sin,
Yet no whisper came of Jesus
Stooping my soul to win.

“Nobody ever told me,”
And all along the road,
My weary stumbling footsteps
Went farther from my God.

“Nobody ever told me,”
How was I then to know,
That all my crimson sin stains
Might be as white as snow.