

# THE SOWER.

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## REALITY.

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What is the worth of profession,  
Coming not forth from the heart ;  
What is the good of confession,  
Which us from our sins does not part.

What though we say we have Jesus,  
If we nurse evil within ;  
And permit Satan to please us,  
With the enjoyments of sin

God is the God of true knowledge,  
Actions by Him are all weighed ;  
Fig trees with nothing but foliage  
Low in the dust will be laid.

God is the God of reality ;  
'Fore Him all hearts are unlocked ;  
Fruit He will judge by its quality ;  
Think not that He can be mocked.

Oh ! that these truths realising,  
We on the heavenly road,  
Should from our slumbers arising,  
Walk in the presence of God.