

THE SOWER.

THE QUESTIONS.

What has the world to give thee
That thou holdest its hand so fast?
It gives thee pleasure and laughter,
Can it give thee *peace* at last?
It calls—and thou followest after,
In the track of its car with speed;
Its pathways are strew'd with earth's flowers,
Dost thou know where those pathways lead?

What has the devil to give thee?
Thou hast wrought for him faithfully;
Thro' life's morning, and noon, and even,
None has been thy master but he.
Thou hast worked and hast played—art thou weary?
He will give thee thy wages, he saith;
They come at the end of the journey,
And what are the wages?—Death.

What can thy heart do for thee?
Is it strong enough to save?
Is it wise enough to guide thee
To the land beyond the grave?
Thou thinkest it strong—it is feeble;
Firm—it is tempest-tost;
Free—'tis the slave of Satan,
Thou thinkest it safe—it is lost.

What has the Saviour to give thee?
He gives Himself to thee,
He gives thee peace and pardon,
And life for eternity.
His presence for life's rough pathway,
His voice through the din of the strife,
His smile at the end of the journey,
And His love which is "better than life."