

THE SOWER.

“THERE IS NONE LIKE UNTO THEE.”

JER. x. 6. 7.

When conscience like a watchman
Wakens the sleeping breast,
The finished work of Jesus
Alone can give it rest ;
Only that blessed Saviour
Who died on Calvary's tree,
Can tell the guilty robber
Of “ Paradise with Me.”

Alone, for sins like crimson
He pardon can bestow,
Only the blood of Jesus,
Washes as white as snow.
He, who the cross enduring
For sinners to atone
Only can speak forgiveness,
He who is God alone.

In Him alone the leper
To heal, found power and grace—
The blind man gazed, adoring,
Upon his Healer's face.
To Him the guilty sinners
In all their ruin came,
For though the great Jehovah,
Yet Jesus is His name.