

THE SOWER.

THE MERCY SEAT.

CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy seat,
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers prayer;

There humbly cast thyself beneath His feet,
For never needy sinner perished there.

Lord, I am come! Thy promise is my plea,
Without Thy word I durst not venture nigh;
But Thou hast called the burdened soul to Thee,
A weary, burdened soul, O Lord, am I!

Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptation sorely pressed,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint, I come to Thee for rest.

Be Thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding place,
I know no force can tear me from Thy side;
Unmoved I then may all accusers face,
And answer every charge with "Jesus died."

Lord, give me faith! He hears—what grace is
this?

Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve;
He shows me what He did, and who He is;
I must, I will, I can, I do believe!