

THE SOWER.

THE BIDDEN GUESTS.

“ But they made light of it.” (Matt. xxii. 1-14).

Ye are slighting the King's command !
Despising His servant's call !
Has He spread the feast with His royal hand,
And ye care not to come at all ?
Are you going your wilful ways ?
Shall nothing your heart alarm ?
Ah me, 'tis a pitiful crop you'll raise,
Poor slaves of the mart and farm.

O, come as a wedding guest,
Poor desolate child of sin !
Go quickly, ye servants, and call the rest,
Compel them to enter in !
Their robe shall be pure and fair,
In the blood of the Lamb made white ;
The sinner, the outcast, is welcome there,
Arayed in that vesture bright.

Dare ye tarry till it is too late ?
The feast must be largely shared—
Oh, hasten ye in at the narrow gate,
The banquet is all prepared.
The return of the Bridegroom's near,
The trumpet will shortly sound,
The voice of His coming ye soon shall hear,
Where, where will ye then be found ?