

THE SOWER.

There "might have been" no rock for sin-stained feet,
There "might have been" no golden mercy-seat ;
There "might have been" no resting-place in God
If Jesus had not shed for me His blood.

There "might have been" no Father's heart for mine
To lean upon, no changeless Friend, divine
To strengthen, shelter, on the pilgrim road,
If Jesus had not brought me nigh to God.

There "might have been" no blessed life of prayer,
With Jesus knowing, bearing every care,
No perfect peace, no precious path of trust,
If Jesus had not raised me from the dust.

Oh! sinner, pause, lest bye-and-bye you cry
There "might have been" a place for me on high,
There might have been the light of Jesu's face
If I had hearkened to His call of grace.

There might have been the hour of perfect rest,
There might have been a place on Jesu's breast,
There might have been the shelter from the strife,
If I had let His Spirit give me life.

Lest in the terror of eternity you see,
There "might have been" His endless joy for thee ;
And from the misery of hell's abyss
You cry "*There might have been eternal bliss.*"