

THE SOWER.

HEAVEN OR HELL.

Oh sinner bethink thee, time swiftly is flying,

The next fleeting moment may sound thy death knell :
Around thee, on all sides, poor mortals are dying,
And soaring to Heaven—or sinking to Hell.

Hast thou pondered these facts? Canst thou say thou art
ready?

Is it certain, dear friend, that with thee all is well?
Like a river, time bears thee, with course swift and steady,
Right onward to bliss—or the darkness of Hell.

Before thee there lies a dread, fathomless ocean,

Eternity! who can its boundaries tell!

But consider—nor think it a vain, idle notion—

What port thou art heading for—Heaven or Hell?

When, after long absence, he homeward is steering,

The thought of his home makes the sailor's heart swell;
Thou art bound for Eternity, is the thought cheering?
Say where wilt thou spend it?—in Heaven or Hell?

Christ died to redeem thee, Oh wonderful story,

Ye angels assist us His praises to tell!

Exalted, He seeks thee to share His bright glory

In Heaven, and escape from the torments of Hell.

Yes! His Word sets before us the good and the evil,

Sin that ruins the soul and the Blood which makes well;
Life and death everlasting: good God, wicked devil;
And—blest, dread, realities—Heaven and Hell.

Seek peace and pursue it, make Christ thy salvation,

If thou trustest to Him then with Him thou shalt dwell
In Jesus our Lord there is no condemnation,
But peace and bright glory with no fear of Hell.