

# THE SOWER.

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## NOW AND TO-MORROW.

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Now is the accepted time, 'tis even now,  
And now too is salvation's blessed day,  
Oh sinner! to the Saviour meekly bow  
And give to Him thy heart without delay.

Why linger? say, what hope'st thou to obtain  
By such a course, an hour may seal thy fate;  
Death comes! he strikes! then where is all thy gain?  
'Tis all contained in these sad words, "Too late!"

To-morrow means delay; our Saviour God  
Says "Come just now," No hurry, says the devil,  
Tarry awhile, rough is salvation's road;  
Beware dear friend, he counsels thee for evil.

To-morrow! there is no such point of time!  
'Tis a deceit, an ever bursting bubble,  
Surely 'tis folly, and not seldom crime,  
To trust in that which oft brings sorest trouble.

Upon the week's first day you give your word  
That on the morrow thou wilt bow thy head,  
And own the blessed Saviour as thy Lord—  
Morn dawns; but lo to-morrow's still ahead!

'Tis a mere will-o-th-wisp, o'er bog and fen,  
It glances lightly on, away, away,  
Always ahead, deceiving thoughtless men,  
Always behind, now is salvation's day.