

THE SOWER.

THE THIRST OF GOD.

John iv. 7.

THE heart panteth after the waters,
The dying for life that departs ;
The Lord in His glory for sinners,
For the love of rebellious hearts.
Call back all the days of the ages,
All snow-flakes come down from above ;
All flowers of summers departed,
But think not to measure His love.

Behold Him, O soul, where He told it.
Pale, bleeding, and bearing thy sin ;
He knocketh, saith, Open, beloved,
I pray thee, to let Me come in.
Behold, I have borne all the judgment,
Thy sins, O beloved, are gone ;
Forgotten, forgotten for ever,
God seeketh, but findeth not one.

“ Behold, with what labour I won thee,
Behold in my hands and my feet,
The tale of my measureless sorrow—
Of love that made sorrow so sweet.
A flax-thread in oceans of fire
How soon swallowed up would it be ;
Yet sooner in oceans of mercy
The sinner that cometh to me.”