

# THE SOWER.

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“Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” (Matt. xviii, 3).

Can you measure the mighty ocean  
My little baby friend?—  
Can you tell me where the surgings rise  
Or where the waters end?—  
You can dip in the lapping wavelets  
Thy tiny, restless feet,  
And laugh at the white-crest breakers  
As you and they retreat.

You can bathe the little fingers,  
In the cold, but sunlit deep;  
And hollow out the close-grained sand  
As you and they retreat.  
But your little heart knows nothing  
Of the hidden treasures there  
You can only laugh and wonder  
In the soft sea-scented air.

Can you measure the love of God  
Oh! heart of fierce despair?  
If you sound the mighty depths of sin  
Can you prove its vastness there?  
Oh! not in the force of sin. (John iii, 16)  
You see the love of God,  
But in the wondrous heart of Christ  
Bruised by the judgment rod. (Isa. liii, 5).

Can you measure the love of God  
Oh! heart at rest in Him!  
You sank in the boundless waters  
But you only touched the brim. (Eph. iii, 18).  
You cannot—but your heart can rest,  
With the peace of a little child,  
In the love that knows no measure  
Through Christ be it waste or wild.

(Rom. viii, 38, 39).