

THE SOWER.

THE GOLDEN WORD.

There is a word that melts my heart,
No other moves me so ;
For me no other can impart—
What this word doth bestow.

JESUS is my unrivalled word ;
A golden word to me ;
For in its sound all these I've heard,
Love, pardon, life for thee!

No mother's voice, grown soft to lull
Her weary, waking child,
Was e'er of tenderness so full,
So hushed, and deep and mild.

This word is with me in the dark ;
I hear it on the wild ;
It sheds a light upon my path,
And I am reconciled.

In the loud storms it soundeth clear ;
And oft I bless this word ;
It tells me that my help is near,
That my faint cry is heard.

Would I exchange this word for ought
Of gold or costly gems ?
Ah, no ! a world to it were nought,
Though piled with diadems.