

THE SOWER.

SUPPER TIME.

Luke xiv, 15-24.

THE Supper's spread, the time is late,
The midnight hour is near,
And God invites both small and great
To come and taste His cheer.
The Lamb is slain, yea lives again—
All things are now prepared ;
Let none the message hear in vain,
Whom grace till now hath spared.

The poor, the halt, the maimed, the blind,
Each one, howe'er opprest,
May *now* the fullest access find,
And be a welcome guest.
The feast is rich, there yet is room—
The door wide open thrown ;
God willeth not a sinner's doom,
Oh, seal not, then, thine own !

Come as thou art ; He nothing wants,
Except that thou shouldst come ;
The suited robe Himself He grants,
And makes each feel at home.
No more do thou thyself excuse,
But to the supper haste ;
Lest shouldst thou still His grace refuse,
His judgment thou shouldst taste.