

THE SOWER.

"TURN YE, TURN YE FROM YOUR EVIL WAYS; FOR WHY
WILL YE DIE?"—(Ezek. xxxiii. 11).

Oh! why will ye die? What a wonderful word,
Addressed to vile sinners by heavens great Lord;
'Tis loving remonstrance unmingled with wrath,
Kind warning to flee from a ruinous path.

Why turn a deaf ear? canst thou think it is well,
To follow the path which leads downward to hell;
When God, thy Creator, from yonder bright sky,
Calls urgently, Turn ye for why will ye die?

Let me plead with thee; think of the worth of thy
soul.

Go search the green earth to the uttermost pole,
Go climb the high mountain, pass valley and plain
Sail the bright shining river, the wide bounding main.

Search the depths of the ocean, the bowels of earth,
Lay bare all the treasures that there have their birth,
Then tell, if thou canst, the vast worth of the whole,
'Tis as nothing compared to the worth of thy soul.