

THE SOWER.

—♦♦♦—
"WHICH?"

LIFE, like a vapour bubble,
Mingles its colours bright;
What will you do when its radiance
Is lost in fuller light?

Life, as a summer cloudlet,
Tinged by the golden sun,
Glories your sky of azure;
What when its course is run?

What when the eye of Jesus
Flashes its light divine;
Will adoration kindle,
Or anguish torture thine?

Now, while the dew is lying
Upon the tender grass,
And summer days are flying,
And clouds of autumn pass,
Will you not come to Jesus
In answer to His cry?
Can you spurn a love so mighty
Or scorn a grace so high?

Now, while thine eye is dancing
In radiancy of life,
And thine eager pulses throbbing
For pleasure or for strife,
Will you not come to Jesus
Who gave *Himself* for thee?
The choice is endless darkness,
Or *Him* eternally.