

# THE SOWER.

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JOHN I. 10, 11.  
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He came, whose embassy was peace,  
He left His throne above ;  
To prove if enmity would cease  
Beneath the power of love.  
He came, whose errand was to give—  
His hand was opened wide,  
Yea, at our need, that we might live,  
He gave Himself, and died.

What had the world for Him ?—'Twas meet  
To answer love with love,  
With signs of thankful joy, to greet  
The Stranger from above.  
For Him, His days are almost past,  
His sorrows well-nigh o'er,  
When lo ! the world will give at last  
From its abundant store !

The shameful cross—the piercing thorn—  
The vinegar and gall ;  
The world gives these with cruel scorn,  
And He endures them all.  
O world ! that cross doth still proclaim,  
On earth, in heaven above,  
The story of *thy* guilt and shame,  
The wonders of *His* love.