

THE SOWER.

A LOST SOUL.

Never to be invited more,
To enter by the open door ;
Never to see the Saviour's face,
Never to share the wondrous place ;
Never to feel the Father's kiss,
Oh, sinner ! hast thou thought of this ?

Never to thank Him for His love,
Never to dwell with Him above ;
Never His likeness true to bear,
Never His glory bright to share ;
And joy at His right hand to miss,
Oh, sinner ! hast thou thought of this ?

Never to hear His praises ring,
Never with saints and angels sing ;
But Christless in that awful throng,
Who to the realms of woe belong ;
Never to taste of endless bliss,
Oh, sinner ! hast thou thought of this ?

Into the depths of *endless* woe,
Rejecters of the Saviour go ;
Forbid the thought that you who read,
Should longer have no sense of need
Of th' only way to realms of bliss,
Oh, sinner ! hast thou thought of this ?