

# THE SOWER.

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## THE LAST KNOCK.

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“COME UNTO ME, ALL YE THAT LABOUR AND ARE  
HEAVY LADEN, AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST.” MAT.  
xi. 28.

A RT thou weary, sad and lonely,  
All thy summer past ?  
One remaineth, and One only—  
Hear His voice at last.

Voice that call'd thee all unheeded,  
Love that knocked all in vain ;  
Now, forsaken, dost thou need it ?  
Hear that voice again.

“Open to me, my beloved,  
I have waited long,  
Till the night fell on the glory,  
Silence on the song ;

“Till the brightness and the sweetness,  
And the smiles were fled,  
Till thy heart was worn and broken—  
Till thy love was dead.

“Thou would'st none of Me, beloved,  
Yet belov'd wert thou ;  
Thou didst scorn Me in the sunshine,  
Wilt thou have Me now ?