

THE SOWER.

A VOICE FROM A PRISON CELL.

There is nothing within me that ever I might
Give as reason why Jesus should wash my soul white.
I had mocked at His mercy so often before,
He might have forsaken my soul evermore.
But still in His wonderful mercy so free,
He had room in His heart for a sinner like me.

I would not attend, though so often He cried,
"Son! look at My hands and the wound in My side;
Oh, think of the love that could bring thy Lord down
To buffeting, hate and a brow-piercing crown.
I bore all that anguish to set thy soul free."
But Christ's love and mercy were nothing to me.

He bore with me long, and He followed me far
O'er the way where allurements and lusts ever are :
He brought me to bay, and He led me to think,
With my feet slipping fast o'er the terrible brink
To destruction and death, put the devil to rout,
Then I came, and He never has since cast me out.

He is ever the same ; and His bible declares,
There's rejoicing above o'er a penitent's prayers ;
That sins, red as scarlet, can be white as the snow,
If o'er them the blood of the Saviour but flow
He is pleading and calling, poor sinner, for thee :
He'll not refuse you, since He saved one like me.