

THE SOWER.

LORD, in the trophies of Thy grace,
Many a gem will shine ;
Revealing, in Thy lustrous love,
Depths from earth's darkest mine.

Thy Spirit works in wondrous nooks
Of unbelief and sin,
And Thou hast bowed o'er hell's dread brink
Thy priceless pearl to win.

We praise Thee that Thy work's the same,
Whether the light may shine
On hearts grown hard in Satan's ways,
Or those men call divine.

Thy blood can cleanse from every sin ;
Thy heart present each one
Spotless and faultless in Thy sight
When Thy blest work is done.

We cannot measure all Thy power,
We limit not Thy grace,
We only ask that hearts may bow
Before Thee, face to face.