

THE SOWER.

JESUS STOOD AND CRIED.

John 7. 37.

O H! my God my heart is breaking
With the chains of sin around,
And the weary spirit's aching
Finds no vent in sigh or sound.

Dumb with all the soul's great yearning
Over what dishonors thee.
Lip and heart and mind are burning
To cry out thy minstrelsy.

Cry thy heart's great depth of longing.
Over sinners black with stain;
Cry thy sense of sin, soul wronging,
Cry thy purity and pain.

Thou didst hear the sighs of Egypt
From the slaves too weak to pray,
While thy heart was surging for them,
And thy hand had cleft the way.

Christ of God! oh! risen Jesus
Thou art calling sons of clay;
Calling by thy spotless radiance,
Calling by thy blood-paved way.