

THE SOWER.

“EARTH HAS MANY VOICES, HEAVEN
ONLY ONE.”

MANY hearts are breaking, breaking,
As the tide rolls to the shore;
Sorrow tracking many footsteps
While despair is at the door.
Sin and Satan sweep their billows
Over many a drooping head,
And the pall of anguish darkens
Around many a christless bed.

Disappointed hopes are surging,
Over many a bruised heart,
And the soul is calling, calling,
For the strength to bear its part.
Where is found a heart to soften
All the bitter strain of life?
Where a love to sweeten sorrow,
Eating out the soul in strife?

Where a spirit strong and tender
For the soul to rest and hide?
For some hearts are breaking, breaking,
As the shore receives the tide.
Aye! One heart is open daily,
Wounded once to heal for aye,
Sheltering love and tender pity,
Wait for every son of clay.