

THE SOWER.

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FOUND.

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MATT. XVIII. 12.

O GOD, through Christ the living way,
My Father and my God,
So near and I so far astray,
Brought nigh Thee by His blood.

Myself, and this, and that, I sought
Behind, around, before—
And yet the nearest found I not,
Until I sought no more.

It was Thyself, O God, who sought,
With tender yearnings deep,
The loveless soul who sought Thee not
The worthless wandering sheep.

I come, yet leave myself behind,
And thus unfearing come,
For nought besides Thyself I find
In mine eternal home.

I come—Thine open arms enfold
And welcome me within—
Let others work to bring their gold,
I only bring my sin.