

THE SOWER.

“HIS BLOOD BE UPON US.”

O H! blessing craved in ignorance and sin!
Oh! cleansing sweet, for guilty souls! “His
blood

Be upon us, and on our little ones”!
Hearts! Look within. If Jesus stood before
You now, with agony of death and love,
Shining from out the patient eyes. Stood there,
With thorn crowned brow and weary lips. Say,
say,

Would *ye* join with the voices of the past?
Aye! Is it not far worse to trample *now*
Beneath the feet, the precious blood of Christ?
To push aside the pierced hands, and spurn
The gift of life eternal which they hold?
Is it not far worse *now* to cry away
With Him, Jesus the crucified?
To choose the murderer of life and joy,
And turn from Jesus, stricken thus for thee?
Oh! ponder well the deed. To-day is thine,
To-morrow may not be! Perchance the pale
Still face, the ashen lips, the closed eye,
May tell, thy soul is in eternity.