

# THE SOWER.

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HEAR WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR MY  
SOUL!

SAVED by blood, I live to tell  
What the love of Christ hath done ;  
He redeem'd my soul from hell,  
Of a rebel made a son,  
O ! I tremble still to think  
How secure I lived in sin ;  
Sporting on destruction's brink,  
Yet preserved from falling in !

In His own appointed hour,  
To my heart the Saviour spoke ;  
Touch'd me by His Spirit's power,  
And my dangerous slumber broke.  
Then I saw and own'd my guilt :  
Soon my gracious Lord replied,  
" Fear not, I my blood have spilt,  
'Twas for such as thee I died."

Shame and wonder, joy and love,  
All at once possess'd my heart,  
" Can I hope Thy grace to prove  
After acting such a part ?"  
" Thou hast greatly sinn'd," He said,  
" But I freely all forgive ;  
I myself thy debt have paid,  
Now I bid thee rise and live."