

THE SOWER.

“WHO LOVED ME?”

Gal. ii, 20.

THREE little sunbeams, gilding all I see,
Three little chords, each full of melody,
Three little leaves, balm for my agony.

“WHO”

He loved me, the Father's only Son,
He gave Himself, the precious, spotless One,
He shed His blood, and thus the work was done.

“LOVED”

He loved—not merely pitied. Here I rest,
Sorrow may come—I to His heart am pressed,
What should I fear while sheltered on His breast?

“ME.”

Wonder of wonders, Jesus loved *me* ;
A wretch—lost, ruined, sunk in misery
He sought me, found me, raised me, set me free.

My soul, the order of the words approve,
Christ first, me last, nothing between but LOVE,
Lord, keep *me* always *down*, *Thyself* *above*.

Trusting to Thee, not struggling restlessly,
So shall I gain the victory,
“I—yet not I”—but Christ—“Who loved me.”