

THE SOWER.

I HAD been toiling, for I found within
My inmost being, the disease of *sin*.
SIN poisoning all my soul with deadly blight
Of leprosy, so vile that e'en the sight
Stirred in my heart so deep an agony,
So vast a sea of stormy misery,
As wrecked my every hope. How dark the gloom,
How great the sorrow, and how dread the doom.
From loathsome *self* I day by day recoiled,
Yet with despairing energy I toiled
And struggled, many resolutions made,
Wept sore for mercy, and oftimes prayed.
Hope came not; darker grew the lonesome night
Of my soul's misery. How I cried for light,
As wearily through the night hours I tossed,
Moaning the sentence of my sorrow—LOST!

A S gleam the stars from out the gloom of night,
As glows the dawn with orient beams of
light,
As hush the winds after the tempest roar,
As die the waves to ripple on the shore,
So found my heart its peaceful resting-place,
Not by my works, but through the wondrous grace
Of Him who died—who died to bring to me,
Without my labor,—*pardon full and free*.
HE FOUND ME, drew me to His loving side,
Said 'twas for sinners that He bled and died.
Showed me His hands and feet, His bleeding brow,
Then whispered in my ear, "Oh, trust Me now."
I yielded to His *love*, in Him was blest,
He gave me peace and in His love I rest.