

THE SOWER.

“HO! EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.”

ISAIAH LV-L.

A VOICE is heard, a voice of love,—
To each, to all, it cries,—
From One who came from joys above ;
He calls, He weeps, He dies ;
The Son of God has man become
The prodigal to win ;
And bring him to his father's home
From vanity and sin.

Ye wearied ones, ye desolate,
Ye mourning souls, attend ;
Be sins or sorrows e'er so great,
Come to the sinner's friend,
Seek not your guilt, or woes to hide,
Ye need not from His eyes !
The Holy One will not in pride
A broken heart despise.

The smitten Rock, thou thirsty soul
Gives forth its living streams ;
Thou sick one He can make thee whole,
Dark one, behold His beams !
No more, ye starving, labor spend
For that which is not bread ;
To Jesus' gracious call attend,
And ye shall all be fed.