

## **HIS HOLY NAME TO BEAR.**

Oh! patient traveler in life's narrow way,  
Tempted and tried, with hardly strength to pray,  
Rejoice! thy rest is near.  
Think what the Lord to those he loves will give,  
To share his glory, and with him to live,  
His holy name to bear.

The name which highest angel may not own,  
Which, with his waiting bride He'll share alone,  
She whom He loves to bless.

Upon His heavenly throne by love installed,  
This is the name wherewith she shall be called,  
The Lord our righteousness.

I know that steep, and narrow is the way,  
And shadows, sometimes hide the light of day,  
Till our feeble faith is tried;  
But if with Him we're crucified; if for His sake  
We suffer loss, with Him our portion take,  
We shall be satisfied.

Though now the cross is ours, and we must stay  
Until we hear the summons, "come away!  
The Master calls for thee;"  
How blessed then, to lay the cross forever down,  
And in its place receive the victor's crown,  
To wear eternally.

Lord guide our feet each step through life we pray,  
Grant we ne'er may wander from the narrow way,  
That leads to life unseen.  
Then let us gaze upon thy glorious face,  
Thou blest Redeemer of a ruined race,  
Without a veil between.

– MRS. A. AGENS.