

THE NARROW WAY.

O KEEPER of the narrow gate,
 I fain would tread Thy toilsome path.
*Yea, pilgrim, though 'tis rough and strait,
 A better way the world ne'er hath.*

Indeed, Thy road looks thorny, harsh;
 The briars and stones will wound my feet.
*These shoes of peace thy steps will guard,
 And smooth thy way through cold and heat.*

But, see, my garb is thin and worn,
 And no protection from assault.
*Here's breastplate, girdle, helmet, shield,
 And sword, blest armor, free from fault.*

Doth not the way look dark withal?
 I fear to stumble o'er some steep.
*This Word o, Mine's a glowing lamp.
 'Twill give thee light the path to keep.*

O Keeper of the narrow gate,
 How lonesome will the journey be.
*Cheer thy sad heart, O Pilgrim faint;
 For I Myself will go with thee.*