



ARE ye able to walk in the narrow, strait way,  
With no friend by your side, and no arm for your stay?  
Can ye bravely go on through the darkening night?  
Can ye patiently wait till the Lord sends the light?

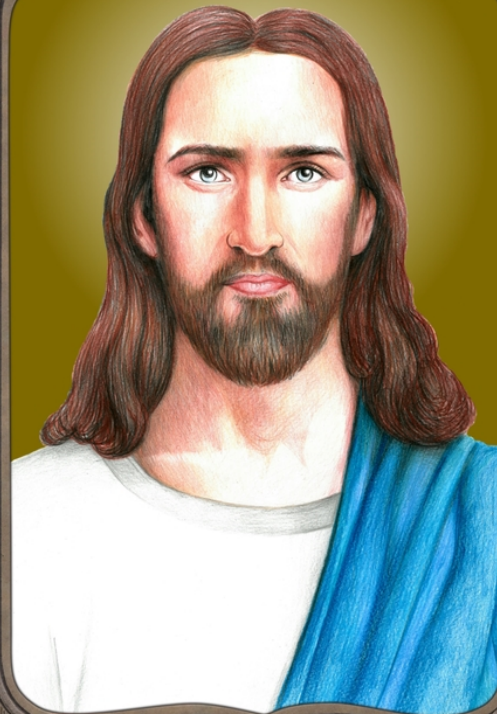
Are ye able to crush your soul's longing for love,  
Will ye seek for no friendship save that from above?  
Can ye pass through this world, lone, unnoticed, unknown,  
While your faith faintly whispers, "*He knoweth His own!*"

Where the feet of the Blessed One stood, can ye stand?  
Can ye follow His steps to a *wilderness* land?  
Are ye able to cast aside pleasure and fame?  
Can ye live but to glorify *His* precious name?

Can ye smile as His dear voice says tenderly "No,"  
When "*the field is so white,*" and your heart yearns to go?  
Can ye rest then in silence, contented and still,  
Till your Lord, the Chief Reaper, revealeth His will?



# "ARE YE ABLE?"



THE MESSIAH



Are ye able to lay on the "Altar's pure flame"  
That most treasured possession, your priceless *good name*?  
Can ye ask of your Father a blessing for those,  
Who see naught in your life but to scorn and oppose?

When the conflict twixt Error and Truth fiercer grows,  
Can ye wield the strong "*Sword*" against unnumbered foes?  
Can ye lift up the "*Standard*" e'en higher and higher,  
While His praises ye sing in the midst of the *fire*?

When ye see the Lord's cause going down to defeat,  
Will your courage endure in the *seven-fold heat*?  
Will your faith keep you steadfast, though heart and flesh fail,  
As the New Creature passes beneath the last "*Veil*?"

Ah, if *thus* ye can drink of the *Cup He shall pour*,  
And if never the Banner of Truth ye would lower,  
His Beloved ye are, and His crown ye shall wear,  
In His Throne ye shall sit, and His Glory shall share!

