

THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME JESUS

I would reach far out to Heaven's own place
Where beauty abounds in classic grace,
And pluck a quill from an angel's wing--
He would feel no loss but the sweeter sing--
I would dip it deep in liquid flame,
In the ink of everlasting fame;
And across a page from the Book of Life,
With never a blot nor a mark of strife,
I would write with glowing letters a name
To stand eternally the same:
The vibrant name of Jesus !

I would blend the glory of the setting sun
And the wondrous glow of the early dawn,
On a pallet of colors of rainbow hue,
With the early morning's sparkling dew;
I would take from the treasure of kings most rare
My brush of gold and of camel's hair;
With my canvass outstretched from star to star,
With the moon and the planets as they are,
I would paint such a portrait of rare conceit
As to hold the eye of all it would greet:
The charms divine of Jesus!

I would gather the choicest from the Heavenly choir,
The glorious tones of the harp and the lyre;
And then add the children's sweetest notes
To the trill of thousands of feathered throats;
I would stand on a sphere of God's domain,

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Thou Shalt Call His Name Jesus, #2.

And Heaven and earth would join the refrain;
With the voice of the singers of every clime,
Of every age since the birth of time,
I would sing a glad triumphant song,
Supported by this wondrous throng:
The praise of the Holy Jesus!

By Eva Butterfield Stiles Adams.

San Diego, California.

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