

*A PRAYER.*

Teach us, O Lord, to be
 As children at the knee
 Of a wise parent,—children knowing naught;
 But drawing all from him
 Through whom their life doth brim
 Its lucid founts of feeling and of thought.

Plant deep within our souls
 Those wise, strong self-controls
 And self-distrustings without which we are
 Waste lands that grow, apace,
 But harvests of disgrace,—
 Ill weeds that poison, and keen thorns that scar.

Train us betimes to know
 There is no way to grow
 In comely grace beneath Thy heaven wide,
 Save that by Thee ordained,
 God-ordered, God-restrained,
 Not such as wantons wild on every side.

Bend o'er us from above,
 An atmosphere of love,
 A dew of grace, drenching us through and through;
 As summer airs and rains
 Quickened the earth's glad veins,
 And fill the summer seas with heaven's own hue.

Guide us in all our ways,
 That aye through prayer and praise
 We render back to Thee what Thou hast given;
 Still growing fruitfully,
 Away from earth towards Thee;
 Still mirroring more true the light of heaven.

—FRANK WATERS.