

A PRAYER FOR TO-DAY.

O, Thou, foreseeing One, mighty and great !
Give us strong men, in these dark, stormy days,
While Lust and Greed their voices, grim, up-
raise

To busy throngs, that in life's market wait !
Give us strong men, who snap their thumbs at
fate ;

Men, whose pure hearts with virtue are ablaze
To do the good, that lies in open ways,
While Poverty stands beggar, at Earth's gate !
Give us strong men with lofty, noble minds ;
Strong voices, that resound above the din
Of strife ; white souls, in which to sunshine in ;
Strong hearts, wherein glad Justice ever finds
Bright dawns of hope and cloistered aisles, so
gray,

Where tired spirits love to tread, for aye.

THEIR DEPARTED PRIEST.

They loved him for his saintly smile,
That dried the sinner's tear ;
They loved him for the kindly word,
So full of hope and cheer.
They loved him for the soothing voice,
That bade all gloom depart
And for the thoughts of mercy, sweet,
Imprinted on his heart.

They loved him for the life he led,
The life of priest and saint ;
'Twas pure as morning's lily, fair,
Yea, free from worldly taint.