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THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame.
The yearning of the mind is stilled,
I ask not now for fame.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known;
I only ask a will resigned,
O Father, to Thine own.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto Thee.

Though oft, like letters traced in sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend Thy helping hand
Unto my prayers to-day.

