

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.

