

LESSON XXVI.—“THY WILL BE DONE.”

It is a short and simple pray'r ;
 But 'tis the Christian's stay,
 Through every varied scene of care,
 Until his dying day.
 As through the wilderness of life
 Calmly he wanders on,
 His pray'r in every time of strife
 Is still—"Thy will be done!"

When in his happy infant years
 He treads 'midst thornless flow'rs;
 When pass away his smiles and tears,
 Like April suns and show'rs:
 Then, kneeling by his parents' hearth,
 Play-tired, at set of sun,
 What is the prayer he murmurs forth?—
 "Father, thy will be done!"

And when the winter of his age
 Sheds o'er his locks its snows;
 When he can feel his pilgrimage
 Fast drawing to a close:
 Then, as he finds his strength decline,
 This is his prayer alone:
 "To thee my spirit I resign—
 "Father! thy will be done!"

THE END.