

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I ASK not now for gold to gild
With mocking sheen a weary frame ;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away,
Oh ! sweet fond dream of human Love !
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known—
I only ask a wish resigned,
O Father, to thine own !

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
A miracle our Life and Death ;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

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 !