

Poetry.

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray ;
Keep me from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will--
Prompt to obey ;
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work,
And daily pray ;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word,
Unthinking say ;
Set thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

—*Selected.*

SYMPATHY.

I walked in August heat amid the grain
And saw the ripe heads droop for lack
of rain,
The dusty leaves and all the gasping
flowers
Turn up their piteous eyes to God for
showers.

I wept with them and mourned for all
their grief,
And they and I prayed humbly for re-
lief ;
And as we prayed the heavens were over-
cast
With sudden cloud, - the rain had come
at last.

What wondrous change ! The grass and
dusty grain
Breathed the sweet air and raised their
heads again ;
The flowers laughed, the leaves on all
the trees
Whispered soft music to the passing
breeze.

O gentle rain upon the thirsty grass !
O leaves and flowers ! - ye teach me as I
pass
Most precious things, from which I
would not part
For all that I might gain in other mart.

And as I walk the broad fields of the
earth,
'Mid weary hearts and souls that know
not mirth :
And see the drooping heads and tearful
eyes
Which find no hope in all the brassy
skies--

Oh, may my heart flow out in sympathy
For every thirsty, drooping soul I see,
That all my days may fall in quickening
rain
On their parched soil and they revive
again !

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.