

MY WISH.

A NEW moon! See a crescent! hung low in the dark-
ening sky.

Look to the right, and wish now. I look, and think, and
sigh,

So many wishes struggling for words to set them free,
Oh! silver hook, they'd bear thee down if I hung their
weight on thee.

I *wish*—from the tangled meshes of visions that arise
The fervid aspirations that tried to reach the skies,
The eager dream of doing—the dream of the undone,
From all my heart's desires, I would unravel one.

Hopes with rainbow radiance from my soul upspringing
Dazzle but confuse me, and the syren singing
Of pleasure's voice enthralls me, it fills the soft sweet air.
But through the magic music I breathe a little prayer.
My Angel Guardian, waiting to hear this wish of mine,
Is casting o'er earth's glamor a ray of the divine.
Oh throbbing heart, what will you, since heaven over-
floweth

Mid blessings choose your blessing. I *wish*—God only
knoweth!

The unknown future loometh as dim as yonder star
That flickers near the white arc, uncertain and afar.
But o'er my head uphanging one little patch of blue
Makes the fair day He gives me, and tender calm shines
through.

I *wish*—oh! human yearnings, He knows all you mean,
And human words are needless if on His love you lean.
I wish—dear Heart of Jesus, be fortune good or ill,
I trust Thee all my wishes—I wish Thy Holy Will.

BELLE LLE GUERIN.