

THE YOUNG MAN'S PRAYER.

One stood upon the threshold of his life ;
A life all bright with promise,—and he prayed,
“ Father of Heaven ! this beautiful world of thine,
Is trod in sorrow by my race.” The shade
Of sin and grief darken the sunshine, Thou
Around us with a lavish hand, hast spread.
Man only walks this breathing glowing earth,
With spirit crushed,—with bowed and stricken head.
I ask not, Father, why these things be so,
I only ask, that thou will make of me
A messenger of joy, to lift the woe
From hearts that mourn, and lead them up to Thee.

THE END.