

**JUST FOR TO-DAY,
AND
OTHER VERSES.**

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Just for To-day, and Other Verses. by Various

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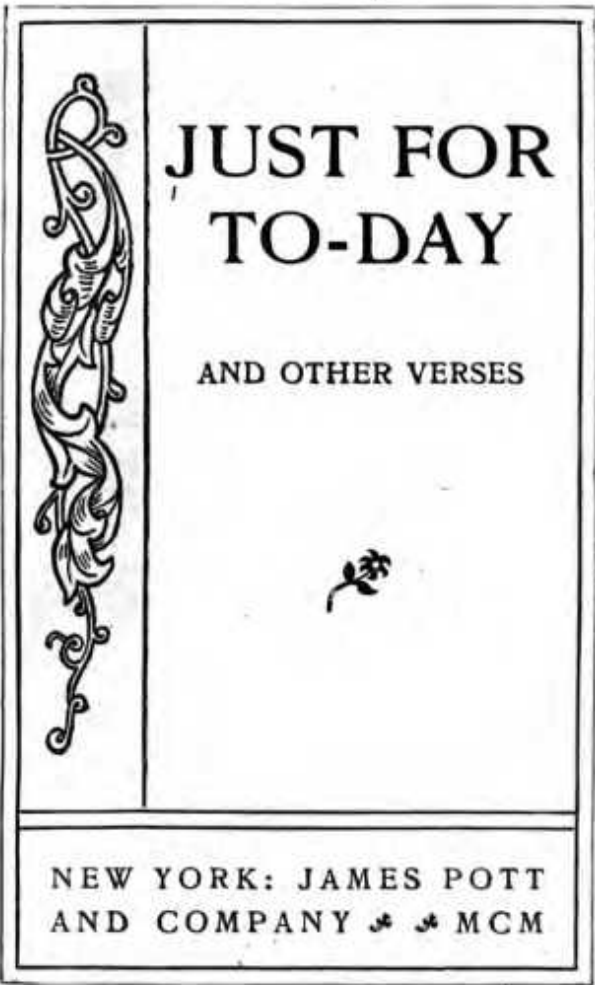
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VARIOUS

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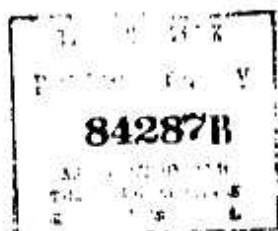
JUST FOR
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NBK



GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.



JUST FOR TO-DAY.

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

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

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

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

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

And if to-day my life
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy Sacraments Divine,
Dear Lord, to day.

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

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—
DEUT. xxxiii, 25.

STRENGTH.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there will never be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With much sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day; what a precious boon
For earnest souls who labor—
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend and neighbour.

Strength for to-day, that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quail not,
And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears
In their search for life may quail not.

Strength for to-day, in house and home
To practise forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

My times are in Thy hand."—Ps. xxx., 15.

SUPPLICATION.

Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for Thy daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free;"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

—WARING.

"Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but Thine, be done."—ST. LUKE xxii., 42.

THE WILL OF GOD.

O Lord my God, do Thou Thy holy will—
I will lie still;
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace! thou must not me beguile
With thy false smile:
I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways;
Be silent, Praise,
Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all
That hear thy call.

Come, self-devotion, high and pure,
Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,
Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round.
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek,
And read in thy pale eye, serene,
Their blessing, who, by faith, can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above.