

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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A Prayer.



I do not ask a broad, unchanging path
Down sunny slopes;
Methinks that one most sure Thy guiding hath,
Who blindly gropes
O'er roughest darkest ways.

I do not ask my shoulders may be free
Of load or cross;
Were never need of seeking aid of Thee,
Lord, mine the loss,
And mine the saddest days.

Not like to roses would I have my years,
To pluck and wear:
But when I know the thorns, and then the tears
For strength to bear,
For this Thy wanderer prays.

Lucy Gertrude Clarkin