

A PRAYER FOR UNDERSTANDING.

BY ONOTO WATANNA.

Thy Book is here, I hold it now
With hesitating hand;
But, ere I ope, give me the power,
Dear Lord,—to understand!

What lies within? What may I learn?
A thought too great and grand
For such as I—so frail, so small,
So weak—to understand?

Father above, I'm wandering towards
The good and better land:
Ah! guide my footsteps in Thy way
And help me—understand.

Written by one who is not a Scientist, but who like a little child lost in the dark is crying vainly for the light. She does not know as yet what the "Key to the Scriptures" contains. The book lies before her. She will read it soon, and though she has been a freethinker all her life, she prays for understanding before opening it.

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