

Weekly Chemawa American.

CHEMAWA, OREGON,

FRIDAY DECEMBER 13, 1901.

MY PRAYER.

Father in heaven,
Thy Spirit aid impart
That this my prayer may come
From contrite heart;
I know not what to pray for
As I ought
So by Thy Spirit
Let me now be taught.
Let me not die before
I've done for Thee
My Earthly work,
Whatever it may be:
Call me not hence with
Mission unfulfilled
Let me not leave my space
Of ground untilled.
Impress this truth upon me,
that not one
Can do my portion
That I leave undone;
For each one in thy
Vineyard hath a spot
To labor on for life,
And weary not.
Then give me strength,
All faithfully to toil
Converting barren earth
To fruitful soil.
I long to be an instrument
Of Thine
Together worshippers
Unto Thy shrine;
To be the means
One human soul to save
From the dark terrors
Of a hopeless grave.
Yet most, I want
A spirit of content,
To work where e'er
Thou'lt wish my labors spent;
Whether at home,
Or in a stranger clime,
In days of joy,

Or sorrows sterner time.
I want a spirit passive.
To lie still,
And by Thy power to do
Thy holy will.
And when the prayer
Unto my lips doth rise—
Before a new home doth
My soul surprise,
Let me accomplish some
GREAT work for Thee;—
Subdue it Lord!
Let my petition be:
Oh make me useful
In this world of Thine,
In ways according to
THY will—not mine.
Call me not hence
With mission unfulfilled,
Let me not leave my
Space of ground untilled,
Let me not die before
I've done for Thee
My earthly work,
Whatever it may be
This then, My Father,
Is my earnest prayer,
Thy will, not mine,
Nor have I further care;
I ask it all in Jesus
Blessed name,
That evermore his love
I may proclaim.

NOTE—The first eight, and the last eight lines of this poem are by Rev. H. A. Ketchum D. D. to whom, while preparing for college in 1861, the remaining part of the poem was handed by a Christian lady. The author is not known. The prayer was given to the school in full by the Rev. Ketchum at the services, held the evening of Dec. 4th.