

The Chemawa American

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Our Anniversary

Twenty-six years ago did you say?
That Chemawa was launched upon the way?

Well: who is here now, that was present then

To tell the story with tongue or pen?

Oh! Mr. Brewer was the one, you must know,

Who led his little band, from down below

Where Forest Grove now so great
Still marks a place in Oregon State.

Like David of old, with his little band,
He led them to this, their "promised land,"

To drink at the fountains of labor and learning,

And building a school where those returning

Each year, might see and behold,
The wonderful progress, of those growing weary,

But not looking backward. But
Wishing and yearning that those of
Their people they love, and their neighbors

Might take a step upward.

It's a labor of love, The building of
Such Institutions, and as our good
Uncle Sam, with his great heart of
Love and of pity,

Helped lay the foundations, that the
Children of Nature might rear temples
of

Learning and wisdom.

The best of his Nation was sent to
instruct and assist them.

Young men and young women with
minds

Free from care and visions undimmed
But with heart overflowing with
Sympathy, love and affection

Have entered the school-rooms and
tried

With an effort not vain to impart of
Their knowledge.

And Fathers and Mothers, the
Great Mother Love and heart of a father
Have imparted their wisdom

Guided and guarded by the FATHER of all
Who looks down from his throne in the
heavens, and whose promise

"Never to leave or forsake
Those who trust in him."

The "Great Spirit" whispers sweet
words of endearment, and urges us on

That a Greater Chemawa may rise,
And be builded, if need be on
Broader foundations,

That no danger of dust and decay or
Of crumbling may follow.

The buildings not ours.

We are only His servants

To follow instructions

So with "Uncle Sam" standing behind
us

The Star of hope ever before us

The Great Father Love of a God to protect us

For Greater Chemawa, is an unbounded
limit.

—M. E. C.