

MY PRAYER

If Thou, Eternal God, the Fount of Light,
Within this feeble dust ordain it meet
That breath immortal still shall have its seat,
Grant me, dear Lord, the grace to live a-right;
And to some aim direct my wandering sight,
So Thine omnipotence may shine replete
With countless graces to mankind; and treat
Me as Thou wilt; my heart to Thee unite.
Revive and keep revived within me then,
Eternal power, that spark of love divine,
And far from me all thought of evil cast;
That, shown by Thee, I may direct to men
The narrow path emblazoned by a sign,
And gain eternal bliss with Thee at last.

D. S. MacD.'27

