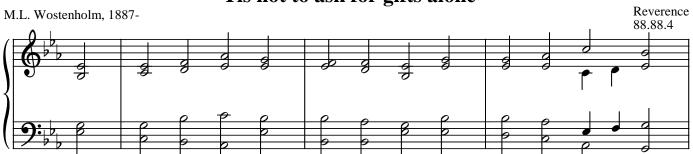
'Tis not to ask for gifts alone







'Tis not to ask for gifts alone, I kneel in prayer before His throne; But, seeking fellowship divine, I feel His love, and know it mine, When I can pray.

'Tis prayer that makes my spirit strong To do the right and fear the wrong, To know the peace of sins forgiven, To breathe the atmosphere of heaven; To live, I pray.

I ought to pray because my voice Can make the Father's heart rejoice! He loves His child, and He will meet And hold communication sweet With one who prays. Therefore I seek my God, and raise My grateful thanks, my fervent praise; While evil passions and deceit Will vanish when before His feet I kneel to pray.

And if, great Father, when I pray, Thy answer can be only 'Nay', Still Thou wilt comfort me and bless With visions of Thy righteousness: Help me to pray.

Mary R. Olivant

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