

## A Song of Thanksgiving

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Half a century has gone,  
Truth progressive, marches on,  
To the Great Eternal Goal  
Of its own immortal soul:  
Glad hosannas we would raise,  
God, anew, to thank and praise.

For His goodness through the years,  
For the harvests sown in tears,  
For the shining after rain,  
And the labor not in vain,  
Enter, then his courts and sing  
Hallelujahs to our King.

Half a century has gone  
Mosses mark the wayside stone,  
And our fathers slumber deep,  
In a dreamless, tranquil sleep,  
God of Hosts, from age to age,  
Guard our priceless heritage.

Through their trials and their pains,  
Builted they, these stately fanes,  
And the homes, where we abide,  
By their presence sanctified,  
For these guardians of our ways,  
We would offer heartfelt praise.

In the days of old they came  
Chanting of the temple's fame,  
Bringing gold and incense rare,  
To the God enthroned there,  
Giving gladly, full and free  
Of their choicest things to Thee.

So within Thy House to-day  
We would humbly kneel and pray,  
For Thy presence with us still  
As we journey up the hill,  
Or adown the winding track,  
Whence no traveler cometh back,  
Till we, one and all, shall meet,  
With the ransomed at Thy feet,  
Praises to ascribe to Thee,  
Through the bright eternity.

H. Isabel Graham.