

All the beauty that pencil or chisel imparts,  
 Nor the rapture that music so sweet can afford,  
 Is too good to employ in the praise of the Lord!  
 For the Lord is the Author of all that is grand,  
 Great, good, and delightful! From His mighty hand  
 Came the treasures of earth, the pearls of the deep,  
 The orbs that so brilliant their steady course keep!  
 The plants and the trees with their foliage so green,  
 And the flowers that so beautiful brighten the scene!  
 The birds with their plumage that through the air glide,  
 Or sing in the branches, or soar in their pride!  
 And the beasts that roam, and the fishes that swim,  
 All, all were created to glorify Him!  
 Hence He commanded His servants of old\*  
 To sacrifice to Him the *first* of each fold,  
 To offer in homage *first fruits* of the earth,  
 To present at His shrine each *first son* that had birth!  
 Thus each *best* and most *highly prized* creature and treasure  
 God willed should be given for His service and pleasure!  
 Hence it is "Holy Mother the Church" lets us know  
 That to-day God is what He was ages ago,  
 The tokens of love that delighted Him then,  
 He still looks for, receives from the children of men.  
 As He gives us all we possess and enjoy,  
 'Tis right that in gratitude we should employ  
 In His honour and worship, His service and pleasure,  
 A portion, at least, of each talent and treasure:  
 Not that He stands in need of our offerings; but we  
 For our own sakes, in thanks for His favours, should be  
 Most willing and prompt to return Him some token  
 Of love for His word whether written or spoken.  
 'Tis therefore His children so gladly unite  
 To present Him their offerings. The poor widow's mite,  
 The jewels of princes, the rubies and rings  
 Of queens and princesses, the diamonds of kings—  
 The trophies of soldiers so valiant, who fight  
 For their Country, Law, Liberty, Justice and Right!  
 The free grateful gifts of the rough sons of toil,  
 Which they honestly earn cultivating the soil,  
 Or tuning the anvil, or hewing hard stones,  
 More happy at labour than kings on their thrones!  
 The brave hardy fisherman's offering so cheerful,  
 Obtained as it is oft in peril so fearful!  
 The sailor's free tribute hard earned amid danger!  
 The merchant's rich gift from the land of the stranger;  
 Like the gold, myrrh and frankincense kings from afar,  
 Brought to Jesus in Bethlehem when led by His Star, †

\* Exodus XIII. 12. Lev. II. † Matthew II. 11.