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Thanksgiving.

I thank thee, Father, for the summer time,
Whose golden days of glory and delight
So grandly dower the glad year in its prime,
Warmed by Thy love, and by Thy smile made bright.

I thank thee for the peaceful hosts of flowers
That hang gay banners out above the sod,
Saluting with sweet scents the passing hours
And blessing me,—I thank Thee, O my God!

I thank thee for the purl of stream and rill,
For all the cheerful music song birds make,
For rolling echoes of the voicetull hill,
And for the silver glow of placid lake.

I thank thee for the change that dims the year—
The piercing breeze and snowflake-sowing shower—
When winter hies, destroying vernal cheer,
Because his rigors tell me of Thy power.