

The tainted atmosphere that brings,
The pestilence by men abhorred,
Fled from the rushing of Thy wings:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

From crash of ships within the deep,
Of ships that sink with all aboard,
Women and children, Thou did'st keep:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For peace and safety, public weal,
Order and toil, and toil's award,
The love we find, the love we feel:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For knowledge of a Father's care,
For peace Thy presence can afford,
For life eternal we may share:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For that Thou dost vouchsafe us still
Thy perfect law, Thy priceless word,
That we may learn Thy blessed will:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For the great Gospel of Thy Son,
For saving health, for grace outpoured,
For spiritual triumph won:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For all the gifts we now recall,
For ever be Thy name adored;
For those unsung, unknown—for all,
We render thanks to Thee, O Lord.

W. M. MACKERACHER.

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