

HYMN FOR THANKSGIVING DAY, 1898.

Once more devoutly we appear
Within Thy house with one accord,
To own the mercies of the year
And render thanks to Thee, O Lord.

For gifts of season in their turn,
According to Thy word restored,
For snow-clad winter grim and stern:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For genial sunshine of the spring,
Loosing the earth from winter's ward,
And giving life to everything,
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For summer with its warmth and shade,
Its fragrant flowers and verdant sward,
And beauty of the forest glade:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For autumn with its whitened sheaves,
Its garner filled, its granaries stored,
Its ripened fruits, its reddened leaves:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For food enough for man and beast;
For the West's new-found golden hoard;
For all the commerce of the East:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

For that Thy strength was ever near,
Thy weaponed hand outstretched to guard,
To quicken trust and quiet fear:
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.

The clamor of realm-rending war,
The clash of the destroying sword,
The guns were only heard afar;
For this, for all, we thank Thee, Lord.