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Thanksgiving Hymn.

(By W. J. Dawson.)

God of our sires, who knew Thy hand
 Upon the seas, and sought Thy will
 In building up this pleasant land
 Help us that we may know Thee still.
 Forbid in us the things, that be
 Thine insult and our injury,
 The evil pride and vain desires,
 That scorn Thy name; God of our sires,
 Turn Thou Thy children's hearts to Thee.

Not as of old, from angry foes
 We pray for triumph and release,
 No plague destroys, no war-fire glows,
 But lo, the perils of our peace!
 The lenience of the summer's sea,
 The wealth that is our poverty,
 The soul asleep, the mind waxed gross
 That understands not its own loss.
 Turn Lord, Thy children's hearts to Thee.

For, lo, the land, O God, is Thine,
 Thine by the graces manifold
 Of saint and martyr, souls divine,
 That gave Thee praise in days of old.
 And Thine the land shall ever be,
 Freed by the truth that made it free!
 O Lord, baptize us for the dead,
 Lest we be disinherited.
 Turn Thou Thy children's hearts to Thee.
 —'The World.'

