

HYMN FOR EMPIRE DAY.

O God of nations, God, the King
With grateful hearts to Thee we sing
For mercies manifold, and pray
Thy blessing on this Empire Day.

Bless, Lord, our sovereign king, and bless
The goodly lands we now possess;
Brought in by Thee, still have us know
The way wherein we ought to go.

Amid the darkness and the doubt,
The strife of tongues, the triumph shout;
Lead Thou, lest we forget, and cry,—
"Our arm hath got the victory!"

From lust of power, and pride of place,
From greed, and blood, and boast of race,
Good Lord, deliver us, and approve
The nation worthy of Thy love.

Strong in Thy strength, and loving peace,
So keep us, Lord, till wars shall cease;
The call to battle but to win
The kingdoms of the world from sin.—

O God of nations, God, the King,
With grateful hearts to Thee we sing,
For mercies manifold, and pray
Thy blessing on this Empire Day.

IN LOVING MEMORY.

No cloud obscured her sky:
She trusted "God is Love;"
And saw with faith-lit eye
The things above.