

## Thanksgiving

Once again our glad thanksgivings  
Rise before our Father's throne,  
As we try to count the blessings  
Of the years so swiftly flown;  
As we trace the wondrous workings  
Of His wisdom, pow'r and love,  
And unite our "Holy! Holy!"  
With the seraphim above.

As we gather 'round our firesides  
On this new Thanksgiving Day  
Time would fail to count the blessings  
That have followed all the way;  
Grace sufficient, help and healing,  
Prayer, oft answered at our call,  
And the best of all our blessings,  
Christ Himself, our all in all!

While we love to count the blessings-  
Grateful for the year that's gone,  
Faith would sweep a wider vision,  
Hope would gaze yet farther on;  
For the promises He gave us,  
All with one accord still say:  
Christ will come some day to bring us  
Earth's last, best Thanksgiving Day!

.....*A.B. Simpson*

