Our Father, by whose servants



Our Father, by whose servants our house was built of old, whose hand hath crowned her children with blessing manifold, for thine unfailing mercies far-strewn along our way, with all who passed before us, we praise thy Name today.

The changeful years unresting their silent course have sped, new comrades ever bringing in comrades' steps to tread; and some are long forgotten, long spent their hopes and fears; safe rest they in thy keeping, who changest not with years. They reap not where they labored; we reap what they have sown; our harvest may be garnered by ages yet unknown. The days of old have dowered us with gifts beyond all praise; our Father, make us faithful to serve the coming days.

George Wallace Briggs,