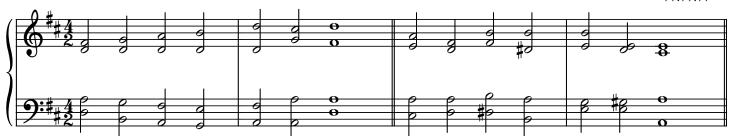
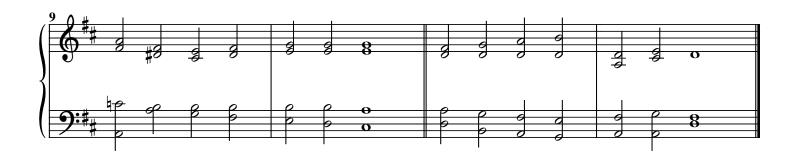
O give thanks to Him who made

A.S. Sullivan, 1842-1900 Mount Zion 77.77.77







O give thanks to Him Who made Morning light and evening shade; Source and Giver of all good, Nightly sleep and daily food; Quickener of our wearied powers, Guard of our unconscious hours.

O give thanks to nature's King, Who made every breathing thing; His, our warm and sentient frame, His, the mind's immortal flame. O how close the ties that bind Spirits to the Eternal Mind! O give thanks with heart and lip, For we are His workmanship; And all creatures are His care: Not a bird that cleaves the air Falls unnoticed; but who can Speak the Father's love to man?

O give thanks to Him Who came In a mortal, suffering frame— Temple of the Deity— Came for rebel man to die; In the path Himself hath trod Leading back His saints to God.

Josiah Conder