

THANKSGIVING

For stars against the blackness of the night
After the storm is spent, and gone away –
For Hope, that's born anew with morning's light;
The eventide, when lips are wont to – pray –
And blossoms, springing from the senseless clod,
For all of these – I thank Thee, O my God.

By Beth Slater Whitson

From: Metropolitan Magazine
Vol. 27, No. 6, Pg. 617
April, 1908