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Said Sermon by
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SERMON

BY

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Text, 1 Chron. 16:24 "O Give Thanks unto the Lord"

Subject, Thanksgiving
Another year has gone. We stand at the close of another harvest. The last sheath has lain to rest into the snow. Every day of the year has been filled full. Some have gathered and stood up chief others good grain. We have forgotten most of that which filled our fists and dried our hand during the year. Each moment found us doing something.
There was only One among our friends who thought it worth while to record all our every act. So that One we came today to speak our word of gratitude. "A giving thanks unto the Lord." Probably nothing has been exactly what we planned. Many things were better than we supposed; some things failed at our first, and others still lie buried deep. These we will cherish and work to bring them to fruition during the coming year.
As we stand in review of our lives we note that there were times when clouds and darkness gathered about us but thanks to Him the sunshine of His face has always closed our gloom; there were days when it took courage to face and do the right things, when great opportunities came our way for service and we have tried our best to equal to the occasion. And here we are today. The year is ended while our lives
flow on in their separate
channels growing deeper
and clearer and stronger
at each bend and of the
way.

Our country has passed
through a great political
strife leading it farther
for the wholesome airing
of the various machines.
Here is certainly a deep
desire of the part of a
great majority if not
gall to see the coming
day. Their merit alone
shall stand paramount.
It has also had its share
Fires & flood & drought

Forest fires have been
more furious than 
ever this year. Ints.
upon mountains of 
fire timber and village
after village of now homeless
people have been swept
before them and only asks
remain to tell the story.

A drought such as has
not been since the 70's
has cut short the crops
of the middle states. While
floods have been num-
berous in many parts.
Death has removed few
our immediate presence
many of the illustrious.

In most of them is the
name of our only Pres. from
Cleveland—a brave man
and a good President.

As Nicholas Len, the widest-
known surgeon of the U.S.

Morris J. Greens, feeling
and philanthropist. David
P. Barhydt probably the
best of those who held office
in the Rep. of Texas. Dr.
W. Samkey, the hymn writer
and composer and fellow-
labors of D. L. Moody.

Jules Chandler Harris, the
man who immortalized
"Uncle Remus" and "Bos
Rabbit." are no more.
Many others might be men-
tioned of church and state,
political and social life.
from students of science
and art. to all of whom
we are indebted. Let us
rejoice in the influence
of noble lives that never
die.
Our land has made great
advances during the
post war. It comes
as a surprise to some
of us to read of the pro-
Pot Ries. In 1901 P.R. imported produce to the amount of $8,917,136 or about $300,000 more than the amount of exports for the same year.

In 1905 she imported $2,826,245 and exported $30,644,490, an excess of about $5,000,000 above the imports. P.R. produced $3,000,000 more than she consumed whereas in 1901 she consumed more than she produced.

Since 1901 the industries have advanced greatly.

Coffee from 1 mil. $ to 6 mil. $
Sugar from 4 mil. $ to 18 mil. $
About $6,000,000 worth of iron and steel have been placed along side of $7,000,000 worth of wood lumber for the strengthening of her industries.

$200,000 worth of agricultural implements are revolutionizing farming of the island. Men no longer can use the old crooked stick for a plow and expect to compete with steel and steam plows.

In 1901 there were few good well equipped school hedges. Now every town has its one, two or more hedges and few farms are without
the school. In 1901 there were few churches from Trembow, now churches
towns greet you in almost every town and the country
had its churches. Ignorance
is rapidly giving way
before knowledge. The
advance we note in
this island is equalled
only in our own
continent. In N.Y. They are
city monuments, while
from Alaska to Texas
They are breaking the fallow
ground for the coming gen-
etations. "Forward" is the
[Handwritten text]
and great rivers, pools of water in the pastures and the flat lakes separating nations, beautifully green, carpeted and silvery-streamed valleys nestled snugly between the hills and the sloping treeless, unbroken plains. Fir trees and pines, the scrubby musquash and the monstrous redwood. Perpetual spring in parts, and perpetual winter in Alaska, no distinct seasons in the northern States. Think of the showers of spring and the bountiful flowers
and song of the birds; of the gold of autumn with snow and ice and the happy shout of the school children. The dew on blades of grass and leaves of trees hanging now in myriads icy prisons and every block and forth in the fore-ward rays of sun by the cold wind. I think of the warm fireside with music and books and happy hearts that are spent in glad as the evening crowds go by till mother takes the little boy and tucks it snugly in a warm
Fraternized, then returns to
the family as they sit in the
red glow of the dying coals
of the hearth. They repeat
a psalm. Then kneel in
prayer after which while
the winds struggling to get
through the tree tops move
on and on till the night. It
is home. This is the crowning
triumph of the grandeur
of the world and of our own
native land. For this "I give
thanks unto the Lord."
Nature would lose its
charm, lose its import-
tance to man. And life itself its
meaning were there no God to thank. Were there no sovereign hand to shape
the destiny of our nation, to guide the heart of the home, to insure the perpetuity
of the good, to hold in check the wrongs of the wicked, to inspire the efforts of the noble and
instill motives of higher and greater things in mankind — the years
would be a burden on our
hands, work would be a curse
and war the vocation of
all. The God who
stays the storms with a
"Peace be still" and sets
the bounds of the sea
saying, "Hitherto shalt thou
come, but no further; and
here shall my sword return
to staye," for God whose
"eyes run to and fro
throughout the whole earth
to show himself strong
in behalf of those whose
heart is perfect toward
him," the God of Heaven
and earth is our God, both
yesterday, today and from
"I give thanks unto the
Lord" for my life amend.
such wonderful opportunities for our homes and our health, for our nation and all its wealth, and for his added blessing, Himself.