

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1908



The True Thanksgiving

WE can love the whole wide world
 And pray it may be blest,
 Yet there is no time when it's
 a crime

To love our own land best.

No fields so rich and broad—
 No other skies so fair.
 Earth's richest dowers, sweetest
 flowers?

Look round! Behold them there!

P. H. Doyle

The nation, glad in praise,
 Joins in the glorious lay
 That born of love is sent above
 On this Thanksgiving Day.

But the dearest note of all
 To kiss the azure dome
 Is the grateful prayer for Heaven's
 care
 Breathed from the heart of Home.