

# The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Piety

And an Highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Piety—Isa. 35-8

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NO 6

## THANKSGIVING!

Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift—II.-Cor. 9-15.

Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—I. Cor. 15-57.

Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.—II. Cor. 2-14.

By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His Name.—Hebrews 13-15.

For what thanks can we render to God again for you, for all the joy wherewith we joy for your sakes before our God.—I. Thes. 2-9.

Psalm 105—1 to 5

Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, call upon His name, make known His deeds among the people. Sing unto Him, sing Psalms unto Him: talk ye of all His wondrous works. Glory ye in His holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord, and His strength: seek His face evermore. Remember, it is marvelous works that He hath done; His wonders, and the Judgments of His mouth.

Psalm 100

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord He is God: it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people and the sheep of His pasture. Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him, and bless His name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

Psalm 103—1 to 5

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits, who forgiveth all things iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.

### AN "OLD SWEET SONG"

The 103rd Psalm is one of the finest old sweet songs which have ever been sung and it comes spontaneously to the heart on

Thanksgiving Day. There seems to be no clear division to the Psalm and the note of praise is maintained from the opening to the close.

The psalmist strikes the keynote by singing of his own experience: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name." The singer is trying to bespeak the appreciation and gratitude which he feels in his innermost being.

When the poet Carpani asked his friend Haydn how it happened that his church music was so cheerful, the beautiful answer was: "I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think of God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as if it were from my pen." The psalmist, also, was giving expression to that which was within him.

Thus he continues: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." Here the note of remembrance is struck, and how much it is needed. How easy it is for man to forget the goodness and mercy with which God has crowned his days.

It is reported that, when the survivors of the "Titanic" disaster met in the "Carpahtia's" cabin to adopt resolutions of gratitude to those who had rescued them from death, the committee made a finding without a solitary religious note. An obscure woman protested, saying that, if thanks were to be rendered to any rescuer, God must not be forgotten. No vote was taken, but silence gave unmistakable consent, and the chairman, amid a profound hush, wrote at the top of the committee's report, a new introduction "Whereas, in the mercy of God, it has pleased him to spare our lives, we do humbly render thanks

to our Father in heaven and to all who have assisted in our rescue." It would be the making of a true contribution to our religious well-being if more frequent protest was made against the ignoring of God, even though it be only in a formal manner, in our public affairs.—Selected.

### THANKSGIVING!

(From the Ohio Farmer)

Put the extra leaves in the table,  
As many as it will hold,  
There's a glad time coming nearer,  
Now as the nights grow cold;  
For all the children are coming  
From near and far away,  
Back to the old home, mother,  
To spend Thanksgiving Day.  
Put the extra leaves in the table,  
There are little folks, yes, a score;

God bless their laughing faces,  
There is always room for more,  
"We are going home to grandpa's,"  
I can almost hear them say;  
"And going home together,  
For a glad Thanksgiving Day."

Put the extra leaves in the table,  
Heap high with the goodly things  
Brought in from cellar and pantry—  
Hark, how the kettle sings;  
There's hustle and wild confusion  
With greetings from far away,  
From aunts and uncles and cousins,  
All here for Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. Harishorn Mullen,  
Jan 27