

The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

VOL. XXXVIII.

MONCTON, N. B., OCTOBER 15TH, 1940

No. 56

Giving Thanks Always

For All Things Unto God and the Father
In the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

"O Lord truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant and the son of thine handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds: I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all His people. In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord."

"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, 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. O Come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God and a great king above all gods."

THANKSGIVING

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind,
We seek Thy kindly face;
Our hearts would fain a rhythm find
To Thy paternal grace.
Thy hand hath filled the empty store
And garnered for our need;
We asked Thee much—Thou gavest more,
A goodly gift indeed.
From grateful lips a song we raise
Crescendoed from the soul;
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
A grand TeDeum's roll.
Thy blessings flood the landscape's view,
They surge from shore to shore;
From Thee came seed-time—harvests grew,
Vast measureless the store.

Thy hand was 'neath the Winter's snows
And touched the Springtime's leaf,
Thy footsteps walked the furrowed rows
Till swayed by golden sheaf.
E'en as we gaze in wonderment
Our eyes uplift above
To Thee, the Friend omnipotent,
Jehovah, God of Love.

Let hallelujahs rend the skies
And paens float around,
Let joyful praise from prairies rise
And songs where lakes abound,
Till heavenly arches catch the strain
And back the echoes fling;
Earth's needs are satisfied again,
All praise to heaven's King.

—R. T. Redding

"LORD OF THE HARVEST, ALL IS THINE!"

If spring doth wake the song of mirth,
If summer warms the fruitful earth,
If winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
Still do we sing
To Thee, our King,
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

Lord of the harvest, all is Thine!
The rains that fall, the sun that shines,
The seeds once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!

New every year
Thy gifts appear:
New praises from our lips shall sound.

—John Hampden Gurney

THANKSGIVING DAY

We come to Thee again, O Lord,
With humble hearts of praise,
And thank Thee for the blessings which
So well have crowned our days!
Let this day be synonymous
With each glad heart that lives,
As throbs mark time in gratitude
While Thy hand heals and gives.

We thank Thee, Lord, that we've a day
On which we kneel in prayer,
As, nation-wide, we turn to Thee
And thank Thee for the care,

Beneficence, health, worldly gain—
Yes, all that Thou hast lent
To add to our experience,
And make our lives content.

We thank Thee, Lord, that we've desire
To use those lessons sent
So that the past may help to mold
The future, as 'twas meant.
Then as we profit by our gains,
As onward leads our way,
We pause to lift our hearts in prayer,
And thank Thee for this day!

—Speaker's Magazine

BOWING THE KNEE

People today think it is a childish thing, in which educated and sophisticated people at any rate do not indulge, to bow the knee before God and to be humble followers of the gentle Jesus. But they do bow the knee by millions—before Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, some movie idol perhaps.

Man must find something beyond himself before which he can bend the knee, to which he can surrender himself. If that be not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, then it will be some idol, and presently some hideous, obscene, cruel idol.—The Presbyterian Tribune.

THEY KEPT ON

Socrates, white-headed, learned to play musical instruments, Cato at eighty studied Greek, and Plutarch at eighty studied Latin. Theophrastus at ninety published his greatest work. In old age Chaucer wrote his "Canterbury Tales." Arnauld translated Josephus in his eightieth year. Hobbes published his translation of the Odyssey at eighty-seven and his translation of "The Illiad" at eighty-eight.

No one is old enough to retire or give up effort in the Kingdom of God until obliged to do so. We shall have an eternity in which to rest.—Selected.

KINDNESS

So many gods, so many creeds—
So many ways that wind and wind
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Mrs Hartshorn Mullen,
Jan 30