



The King's Highway

An Advocate of Scriptural Holiness

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Thanksgiving Number

To whom shall we give thanks?

Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift. (II Cor. 9:15).

When shall we give thanks? Only once a year? And what shall we give thanks for?

Giving Thanks Always for All things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

(Eph. 5:20).

How can we give thanks for All things at All times?

Above all things, put on charity which is the bond of perfectness, and let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him. (Col. 3:14 to 17).

Oh sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: His right hand, and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory. (Psa. 98:1).

Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and king,
The triumphs of his grace.
* * * *

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The glories of thy name.
* * * *

Jesus! the name that charms our fears
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.
* * * *

He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His Blood can make the foulest clean,
His Blood availed for me.
* * * *

He speaks, and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
—C. Wesley.

Oh worship the King all glorious above!
Oh gratefully sing his power and love!
Our shield and defender our ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
* * * *

Oh tell of His might, oh sing of His grace,
Who's robe is the light, who's canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
* * * *

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite!
It breaths in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
* * * *

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies, how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

—Sir R. Grant.

* * * *
"Oh happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures a' abroad."