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## TRIUMPHANT THANKSGIVING

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"He Took the Cup and Gave Thanks". Matt. 26: 27, 28.

The Christ was in the tragic hours of His life on earth. Behind Him was the scorn and contemptuous rejection on the part of His own nation, for "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." He knew that in the immediate future His chosen ones would fail Him: Judas would betray Him; Peter would deny Him; they all would forsake Him. The awful hours of the garden, the judgment hall, Calvary were clear to Him.

Yet here are the words "He took the cup, and gave thanks . . ." It was the cup of aloneness in the hour of trial, the cup of slander and bitter invectives. It was the cup of suffering and death, but He took the cup and gave thanks.

Here is an expression of thanksgiving in the darkest hour of all human history. What is the explanation?

His thanksgiving was not based upon things with which He was surrounded. He looked into the future to the final triumph of righteousness, and was thankful.

Christ saw that the day of faulty priests, and animal sacrifices was past. He knew that the vail of the temple would be rent and that the way into the holiest with God would become available to all sons of Adam.

The cup of His blood was the seal of the consummation of the task He came to accomplish—"to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

He had provided a fountain from which flows freedom—political and religious. He provided light for darkness, soul health for those diseased by sin, truth for those held in the bonds of pagan superstition—"and gave thanks."

He looked into the remote future and saw the redeemed hosts singing a new song around the throne of God: "Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." He saw a "great multitude which no man could number . . . clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands"—the triumphant tribulation saints, additional cause for thanksgiving.

Our gloom and thanklessness springs from the fact that we are harrassed by our past, or plagued by our perplexing present. Take the cup He offers, "and give thanks."

When He offers the cup of affliction, take it and give thanks, for He is working out His purpose. In some tomorrow you will see and understand.

When the cup of lonely suffering or cruel slander mars your happiness, drink the cup He offers and trust. He who holds the stars in place by the word of His power, and who is present at the death of the sparrow, will not forget you. Give thanks that in His wisdom He is perfecting a plan, He is refining your gold, He is building a character that in the ageless future He will not be ashamed to call your brethren.

## BE YE THANKFUL

Editorial in "American Holiness Journal"

Thanksgiving is not only urged, and encouraged in the Bible, but it is commanded. It might seem a bit strange that we need even to be reminded of the fact that we should give thanks, but experience bears out the fact that we are all too prone to take the innumerable blessings of life as a matter of course and feel little or no gratitude for them.

Our shop is now located pretty well up toward the top of one of our western Pennsylvania hills. Stretched out below us is the winding hollow through which flows Beaver Run. It is a beautiful view any time of the year, but of course, much nicer during the fall when the leaves are in full color. You can find on the hill sides below us any shade of any color, all mixed together in one grand profusion of pastel beauty. We have been grateful for the fact that we are here another fall to see this. When I was just a sliver of a lad, I remember Dad and Granddad talking together one evening as the November winds began to blow across the hills, bringing with them a taste of winter and a promise of lots more. They were lumbermen and worked out in the weather the year around. Dad said, "I wish it were the first of March instead of the first of November." Granddad who had seen more winters come and go, and who was probably aware that he wouldn't be seeing too many more, said, "Don't wish that much of your life away, boy."

Isn't it true that we are always wishing for this and that and failing to find the rich enjoyment that each day of life has to yield to us. Somehow we have a tendency to throw a halo around the distant things and give them a glory they may or may not deserve but fail to draw from the present the richness that is within it. One of the greatest blessings that this season could yield to any of us would be to give us a consciousness of our well-being. Then to give us, with that, the sense to enjoy it for what it is, a gift from the hand of God.

There is much in life that is constantly being thrown out of focus by the anxiety that is pressing in upon the people of this generation. With all of our inventions and modern gadgets, we seem to lack that sense of well-being and contentment that our parents and grandparents possessed. Perhaps one of the reasons is that we have lost some of the simple faith that they possessed in the goodness of God and the fact that He knew where they were. We say a lot about it these days and then go on to live and worry over ourselves as though, if God did know our predicament, He either wouldn't or couldn't do much about it. This season, when we pause to count our blessings and give thanks for them, would be a good time to remember that He who has brought us thus far will take us on through. This will let a lot of the tension drip out of life and give room for a lot more time and inclination for us to enjoy our blessings.

Let us praise God, most of all, for the great gift of His Son who came to bring us salvation through His blood, victory in this life and the promise of eternal life in eternity to come.