



## UNWORTHY . . . BUT NOT UNGRATEFUL

By W. T. PURKISER

Anyone who thoughtfully and honestly considers the bountiful goodness of God must be impressed with a sense of his own unworthiness. However limited life may have seemed to be, when we really count our blessings we find them more in number than the sands of the sea.

Yet we have nothing in ourselves to merit such goodness and grace. All we have received has been given to us, for we came into this world bringing nothing with us. Even when we have toiled for food and clothing it has been with strength drawn from a great many sources, and with the help of a great many others.

There is a wise caution in an ancient Book we need to hear in this age of plenty: Beware . . . lest when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein; and when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied; then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God, . . . and thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth" (Deuteronomy 8:11-18).

Most keenly do we feel our unworthiness when we think of the goodness of God in the forgiveness of sins and the grace of entire sanctification. We may wish for a thousand tongues to sing, or a thousand lives to give, but even this would never repay the debt we owe for the love that sent the only begotten Son to die in our stead.

But while always unworthy, I need not on that account be ungrateful. Thanksgiving should be a season when we renew the spirit of gratitude to our bountiful Heavenly Father. If it is, it will be a real means of grace to our hearts.

There may be greater sins than ingratitude, but there is none more mean and little. It is a small soul indeed who can take and take without so much as ever a perfunctory "Thank you." And small and selfish souls are always restless and unhappy souls.

The sincere expression of appreciation is a privilege as well as a duty. It helps us break through the walls of self-centeredness which build a prison for the soul. It enlarges the capacity for love. It brings a glow of joy to the heart and inspiration to the mind. It does much, much more for the one who expresses the appreciation than it does for the one to whom the appreciation is given.

Really, there isn't much we can actually give to God except our gratitude and praise. Shall we give Him money? Certainly, yet this is but returning that which He has given us power to get. Shall we give him time and strength? These, too, have first come from His bounty. Shall we yield to Him ourselves, as those alive from the dead? Nothing less, surely, yet even here it is His power that has brought our dead souls to new life in Christ.

Love never seeks payment in kind for what it gives. The gifts of God are not bribes to buy obedience. They are mighty incentives to worship, adoration, praise, and thanksgiving. It is when we bring grateful hearts to the throne of grace that we "give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name" (Psalms 29:2). "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever" (Psalms 136:1).

—Herald of Holiness

## PAUL AND MARY SANDERS WRITE

Dear Highway Readers:

We do not feel it would be out of place to thank you each again for the part you had in bringing us home again. We enjoyed the fast and comfortable travel immensely. The stop-overs, especially in the Holy Land—ISRAEL, were an experience never to be forgotten.

The thrill of going over the length and breadth of The Land, of walking where the feet of our Saviour had walked, of washing our hands in Jordan, the river in which HE was baptized, made the cost seem small.

We took the flight (as we had been advised) from TEL AVIV over the NEGEV DESERT, down to ELIAT, their port on the Red Sea. Coming back by Tourist Bus we appreciated the air conditioning by a "Desert Cooler", for the NEGEV is no make-believe desert! All that was lacking was the Camel caravans of the Ishmaelites.

That great fresh water lake, The Sea of Galilee, where Christ spent a lot of time, was a beautiful sight. We drove all around one side, to the north where the Jewish people are building a great pumping station. This is to send water to the top of the mountain, from where it will gravitate down into the desert. Their greatest need is water. Without it they are helpless.

We were astonished, yes, and heartened, going over this land, so much of which is barren lifeless DESERT, to find a great faith among these people. They are absolutely sure that the desert will blossom as the rose.

As we think of the great needs of the REEF WORK, of the multitudes to be reached, of the few workers, and so often "no money", we pray GOD to give us an implicit faith, that we may just go ahead, as these Jews are, though they do have deadly enemies on three sides of their land. Do pray for us that the Lord may give us an unwavering FAITH. That though there are many "adversaries" and we do not see just how more Workers are to be sent to the REEF—that we may truly expect the Lord to send them along.

We do thank God that Bill and Elsie Morgan have the call to come and work on the REEF. Please pray that the Lord may open the way, that the lack of funds and other "adversaries" may be overcome.

We are daily thanking the Lord for this wonderful privilege of going about among our people, my first furlough for over fifty years of Missionary work (twenty-four in the service of our Reformed Baptists.)

Do pray that the blessing of the Lord may go with us, that we may be an encouragement to our people, and that our faith may be built up, and that by contact with our fine people we may go back having a greater zeal and ability to push the battle in the great Townships while the doors are open to Missionary Work — "for the night cometh when no man can work."

With our Christian love,

Paul and Mary Sanders.

## HIDDEN SECRETS

God has still His hidden secrets  
That not one of us may share,  
Why the dark and sudden tempest?  
Why the trial we must bear?

Yet we know He softly whispers,  
"Follow Me; you need not fear.  
Step into the cloud, nor falter;  
Tune your ear so you can hear  
Lovely music, oh celestial,  
That so few of you can share  
Till you're shut in by the darkness  
And your soul's attuned in prayer."

Blanche Bowman Eling

The King's Highway