

It's all in

The way it is done

By the late Dr. Oliver G. Wilson

It was an old song, one that I had heard from childhood, but as the young man sang I found myself swept away in an emotional surge that so filled my soul I could not speak. I had heard the song a hundred times sung by congregations and by individuals, but never before had the words and music moved me so profoundly.

What made the difference? Was it the correctness of tone qualities? No, for others had rendered the tones true and clear. Was it the beauty and grandeur of the place and occasion? No, the surroundings were common place and the occasion ordinary.

What then made the difference? It was the person.

Two musicians can play the same composition—one will bore you like the mechanical drumming of a player-piano, while the other will captivate you, causing shivers to run up and down your spine. What is the difference? It is the musician himself.

Two persons can witness for Christ, each telling of His saving and cleansing power, using almost identical words—one will put you to sleep while the other will push back your spiritual sky-line, giving visions of the possibilities of grace which await you. What is the difference? It is the man himself.

In all vocations and professions there are people who go through the motions, people who are concerned chiefly with self. But those who start the music, who build bridges, who light beacons, are those who ignore what life owes them and concern themselves with what they owe life.

In religion there are those who go about their devotional activities as though they were paid by the hour; then there are those who radiate cheer like a bride on the way to her wedding.

In the varied music of life what sort of contribution are you making? Is it a mournful dirge, or is it a paean of radiant living? Is it a "Paradise Lost" or is it a "Paradise Regained"? Is it an "Elegy In a Country Church Yard" or is it a "Battle Hymn of the Republic"?

Honor, contentment and beauty are provided for everyone naming the NAME. Let no soul be satisfied with littleness, limited vision, ugliness of soul, barrenness of spirit. Ample provision is made for all to live triumphantly. Listen to the testimony of the Apostle Paul: "Wherever I go, thank God, he makes my life a constant pageant of triumph in Christ, diffusing the perfume of his knowledge everywhere by me" (II Cor. 2:14, Moffatt).

YOUR BESETTING SIN

1. The sin you do not want to be reprov'd for.
2. The sin you are readiest to defend.
3. The sin your thoughts run most upon.
4. The sin that leads you captive the easiest.
5. The sin you find the most excuse for.
6. The sin that often beclouds your spiritual sky.
7. The sin that causes remorse of conscience the most frequently.
8. The sin that makes you doubt your presence acceptable with God.
9. The sin you are most unwilling to acknowledge you possess.
10. The sin you are most unwilling to give up.
11. The sin you are all the time trying to persuade yourself is an infirmity.—Exchange.

DID YOU RENEW YOUR HIGHWAY?

Morning

Lord, take my heart into Thy hands, I pray,
And with Thy gentle fingers
Pry apart the sides
That Light may pour within.

That I may know the fulness of Thy love
Singing there today.
Open wider still—
I long for more of Thee.

Thy presence, beautiful as dawn,
Constant as sun;
Sweet as breezes over
Swaying fields of bloom;

Like rays of sunshine shooting out between
Black clouds, defying dark;
Like joy that bursts unbidden
From the throat.

In laughter—or touch of one, best loved,
Long gone but home again.
Oh, Lord, these even cannot show
Thee in my heart.

Thy presence is beyond all words. Thy glory,
Only, can express
Thyself. Yet all of this
Is but a glimpse of Thee.

Lord, from Thy boundless tenderness and love,
In mercy
Fill my soul this day
With Light.

—Margaret Estaver

342 YEARS AGO

by Dr. Samuel Young

ONE AMERICAN WRITER insists that Thanksgiving is the one day that is pure American. Its origin goes back to an autumn day in 1621. The Pilgrim families of Plymouth, Massachusetts, had invited the Indian Chief Massasoit and some eighty of the Wampanoag tribe to dinner. Their feast included wild turkeys and Indian corn, which Governor Bradford later described as "faire and good of diverse collours." This original feast was inaugurated with a devout spirit of thanksgiving in the small colony when it became clear that they would have enough food for their second full winter. Bradford reflected, "May not and ought not the children of these . . . rightly say: Our fathers . . . came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voyce, and looked on their adversitie . . . and thus they found the Lord to be with them in all their ways . . . for which let his holy name have praise for ever, to all posteritie?"

The above feast was repeated in the Massachusetts area every autumn thereafter, and spread subsequently to other colonies until it became an American custom. Today it is "a beloved tradition."

But the spirit of Thanksgiving is more than an Americanism; it is thoroughly Christian. It has abundant foundation in the Word of God. The Bible itself relates the unthankful to the unholy. Let the Scriptures speak for them selves:

Psalms 34:3—O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

Psalms 100:4—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

II Corinthians 9:12—For the administration of this service . . . is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God.

—Herald of Holiness

The King's Highway