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Thanksgiving Hymn.

For the Review.

For all Thy gifts we bless Thee Lord,
Who guidest us from day to day,
Thy son, Thy Spirit, and Thy Word,
That shed their light upon our way.

A touch from Thee; our storm is peace,
A look from Thee; our dark is light,
A word from Thee; our murmurs cease
A ray; our blindness turns to sight.

For mercies past, for sins forgiven,
For shelter when the wind was bleak,
For faith that with our doubt has striven,
For common blessings of the week.

We bless Thee with fell-hearted praise,
We bend before Thy gracious throne
And while our psalms to Thee we raise
Our follies and our faults we own.

Let gratitude our actions guide,
And be of all our lives the leaven,
Until we cast this flesh aside,
And sing Thanksgiving hymns in heaven!

What Thanksgiving Means.

For the Review.

"I HAVE much to be thankful for; oh, yes, I have much to be thankful for!" These words, uttered with genuine sincerity and earnestness, came from the pale lips of a hopeless invalid, and not one surrounded by the luxuries and friends that often make the life of a chronic invalid comparatively bright. The speaker was not only feeble and bedridden, but positively alone in the world, aged and crippled, absolutely penniless and dependent on others for shelter, food and clothing, in a way that is peculiarly trying to an independent Scotch spirit such as this woman possessed. Nay more, she had toiled hard during her younger days and the little provision she had carefully laid aside for her old age had been filched away from her by one who was especially bound by his position and his sacred relation to her, to have faithfully protected her interests. If anywhere there could be an excuse for fretting against circumstances, one would think it might be *here*! But happily, instead of fretting, there was only *thankfulness*, thankfulness for the plain little room, the daily food, by no means luxurious, for warmth and shelter, for the sleep that came, mercifully, to make her forget her chronic pains, for the kindness and sympathy of the friends who provided for her needs, and who did not leave her altogether unvisited in her solitary and helpless old age; though, perhaps, these visits were not so frequent as she would have liked, and they who remembered her were fewer than they should have been.

And if this poor invalid honestly felt *she* had "much to be thankful for," how much more may most of *us* who are so much more happily circumstanced, with infinitely more reason, to feel the same thing! How little we recognize the ordinary daily blessings of our daily life, coming so silently and regularly, though they are the very blessings we should most sorely miss if they were withheld. There are the daily blessings of the family, out of which even the least happily situated can extract *some* happiness if they will, there are the comfortable surroundings of home, unknown to so many human lives, the pleasures we receive through our senses, the beauty so lavishly scattered by a bounteous nature, which is in reality but the outward manifestation of our Heavenly Father, the blessings of health,

or of carefully tended sickness: even the blessings we find, in the midst of bereavement and affliction, from blessed memories, and from the near presence of a Divine Comforter. Such blessings, Christians have to be abundantly thankful for, wherever their earthly lot is cast, and above and beyond this, the faith in the nobler life beyond the grave, which will round and complete the shortcomings of the transient life here. Have we not all then, even the most sorrowful "much to be thankful for" And if we are indeed genuinely thankful how is our thankfulness to be most truly manifested? We have not far to go to see how little pleasure our Father takes in mere empty protestations, that it is His will that our gratitude should flow forth appropriately in deeds of love to our neighbor, to the person whoever that be, who may at any time most need our help or sympathy. It is not merely to deal out our bread to the hungry, though less than this from those that have it to deal out would be not merely ingratitude but inhumanity as well! It is not merely to see that we are giving to *all* their due, to the laborer his or her just recompense, though less than this is too often done by those who do not consider themselves either thankless or dishonest. But it is when these things are done that we shall not consider them half enough for the manifestation of thankful hearts, but that, seeking to follow the precept to love our neighbor as ourselves, we should endeavor to show our gratitude for our own blessings, by making those who lack them, as far as possible, partakers with those who have them.

There is the *sharing of our feasts*, a duty we inculcate even on little children in their intercourse with each other, but which grown people occasionally forget to inculcate on themselves! There is the sharing of better things than feasts, sympathy, kindly intercourse, home pleasantness, social intercourse, intellectual advantages, moral upliftings, above all, the religious privileges with which some are so bountifully endowed, and which, as we well know, others have not at all? In all these ways we have it in our power to render unto Him who is to us so bounteous a giver, that savor of a sweet sacrifice which is so well pleasing in His sight so much more pleasing than the grandest choral performances, or pyramids of the rarest flowers, the incense of the loving and grateful heart, expressing itself in grateful and loving service for others. Do we not all *know* that with *such* sacrifices God is well pleased!

And now let us find the practical outcome of the truth we acknowledge! Let us all find it *at once*, each one for himself or herself. Think, reader, before your eye leaves the page, do *you* not know of some needy brother or sister whose needs *you* can to some extent supply this very thanksgiving day, be the need physical, mental, social, temporal or spiritual. Do you not know of *some* lonely life into which your own fuller one might pour a store of blessing? Do you not know of some dull room containing its solitary sufferer, into which your presence, too long delayed, might bring a flood of mental sunshine? Do you not know of some heart, young or old, starving for kindness or affection, to which your needed sympathy might bring that for which it hungers? If so, *this* is the neighbor to help Him whom you are commanded by the Master Himself, after the pattern of the Good Samaritan, "go thou and do likewise."—*Fidelis*.