

Bible is the Song of Thanksgiving. The harp of the king of Israel was strung in tune to thanksgiving, and its notes have been echoing in the heart of the Church for three thousand years. And what had David to thank God for? Let us listen for a moment to the royal singer: "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made"—creation, physical and mental power. How seldom, friends, do we realize, until we are deprived of some faculty, how much we are indebted to God's goodness for sight, and hearing, and speech, for the healthy action of our limbs and bodily powers! There are some men who are never contented, and are always grumbling at the sight of a pebble in their pathway or a little cloud in their sky; and I have sometimes thought that a good remedy for their complaint would be to shut them up for an hour every day in an asylum for the deaf and dumb, or blind, or in an insane asylum, and that after a few applications of this remedy they would say, "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

Then there is another song of David: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." Then David goes on to enumerate some of the mercies of the Lord: "He satisfieth my mouth with good things; He crowneth me with loving kindness." He praises Him for summer and winter, for food and raiment, for health and strength, for deliverance and protection, for sunlight and shower. And you remember that his gratitude increases to such a mighty torrent of praise that he wants the whole universe to join him in singing praise: "Praise ye Him, all His angels, all His hosts; praise Him, sun and moon; praise Him, all ye stars of light; praise Him, ye Heaven of Leavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens."

Now, some of God's children live on His mercies day by day, and forget that they are all God's creatures, from the air we breathe to every blade of grass, and every atom of food, and every dollar of wealth, and every link of hu-

man life; and it is only when some deliverance flashes like a meteor before their eyes that they recognize the name of God as the Giver, and begin to praise His love for giving.

We talk sometimes of our "common" mercies and our "ordinary" mercies. The words are a falsity always. All our mercies are so rich, and are so permeated with divine love, that if we would only appreciate them, our hearts, like David's, would be burdened with grateful praise. And may I impress this truth upon you, dear friends? There is no life which has not in its daily experience causes for thankfulness. There are some who never see these causes, because they keep their eyes fastened on the dark specks of disappointment and trial; seeing only these, they fancy these specks cover the whole sky. And now, my disappointed friend (and I suppose it would be strange if even in this congregation there were not some), suppose you pick out a few of the mercies and be not so eager to find the dark specks. Has God taken your property from you? You have health left, and that is richer than gold and silver. You have dear ones to love you, and all the wealth in the world would not buy one of those true hearts. Has death entered your home, and do you cry out in vain for the heart that is cold? Even then, the dear one has not been taken away forever, for heaven is the goal of the Christian spirit. And if you were to sit down to-night and tell of all the losses that you are suffering, if I knew anything about your history, I could tell you of the mercies you enjoy, and there would be a thousand mercies for every single loss.

Oh, for more praising children of the Heavenly Father, who have eyes for the silver lining of the clouds, who have constant gratitude to God for His mercies! It is true in every day in every life, that if we were to add up carefully the two columns, the column of blessings and the column of what we would call disasters, the former always outruns the latter.