

Northern Light

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Thanksgiving

As a general thing when a preacher chooses a text for a Thanksgiving Sermon it is one laden with fulfilled promises of God. Let us turn to one seldom used, and yet most fitting. To my mind there is none better.

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord. I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hind's feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places."

Here is the picture of a fruitless harvest, barren vines and fields turned into a desert; Flocks lost in the mountains, and empty stalls.

but in spite of the adverse circumstances a shout of rejoicing upward leaps to the omnipotent. Why? because of the good things left.

Too often we go too blue to smile because our dollar plan has failed. And perhaps at that moment with healthy blood leaping thru our system—Nothing to be THANKFUL for?

Just because it is cloudy is no evidence that the sun has quit shining.

Plodding along a foot a lone workman is passed on a boulevard by a splendid team and carriage and coachman. Thru a momentary cloud he

looks and with envy ponders, as the carriage stops before a mansion. I wish I were in the owner's shoes. Later he learns that within the carriage sat the owner, an invalid, made so by his own debauchery. Now he suffers, suffers, suffers, suffers. But listen! Down the boulevard still plods the pedestrian. Do you hear that whistling? He has come to himself and is now out of the cloud having a praise service because he can run and leap. He isn't rich in this world's goods, but good blood pounds thru his veins. A picture of health is stamped on his face. He has considered and finds much over which to rejoice.

John Bunyan might have felt blue and despondent because of the ingratitude of the people of Bedford. But in that old jail he looked up not down.

It seemed terrible to the outsider. But in that damp prison away from the world God gave him an imagination so nearly divine that from his pen there came forth the greatest allegorical production of the world.

I imagine he has been praising God in eternity because of that imprisonment for indirectly it has gladdened many a weary pilgrim on his journey home. Let us rejoice too for the blessings so freely showered about us.

Are you cognizant that many of our dismal hours are brought about by the particular angle of vision?

Then let us shift our position and view the other side of the question.