

Chalybe to
Hampden
Belmont

Sunday, January 25

1934-5

Chalybe &
Rings

Nov. 29, 1931 AM.

Man
moreville
H.F. O-Camp

Thanksgiving
P.S. 10312

"Bless the Lord O, my soul and forget not all His
Benefits"

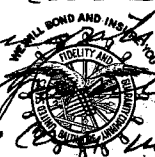
This wonderful saint has been looking over the garden of his heart. Many flowers were blooming there. But one winsome blossom was not growing in such profusion as he would like - that was "gratitude." Therefore he sets himself to the cultivation of it.

① He refuses to let his soul become dull and listless in the midst of so many mercies.

② He refuses to blunder through life as a blind man might through an art gallery never seeing anything to thrill him or bring him to his knees in thanksgiving. He speaks vigorously to his soul "Bless the Lord O my soul and forget not all His benefits!"

He is lenient with his soul. He does not say "Bless the Lord O my soul and remember all His benefits" for no soul could remember them all but says "Forget not all of His benefits" we will forget lots of them but forget not all { Did I ever try to count them? }
our country - our church -
opportunity to work -

1. The writer here seems to know that it is just a matter of choice whether we are thankful or thankless. He knows that just as we can cultivate weeds of hatred, malice, and envy, so we can also cultivate the opposite. There is no weed so poisonous that we cannot grow it in the soil of our souls.



all depends on how you act -

Monday, January 26

It is also true that there is no flower of the Spirit that we cannot grow in the same soil. Warmth has lots to do with growing.

How are we to go about the cultivating of this rare flower gratitude? not be just saying "thank you" but forget not in the heart "think and you will thank." People are thankful because they are thoughtless. Bunyan picked for the city of Destruction and Mt. Zion.

But how must we think?

- Not of enemies and all the bad treatment we have received at their hands. Rather a rose now and then to wear over the heart and not all thorns to wear in our hearts.
- Not of the blessings that have come only to others in contrast to what have come to us. The dog walking past long seeing his shadow - meat - man jumped for it lost all!
- Not to catalogue what we have not but what we have. All. "The house with the golden windows."

For what does he thank God?

- Not splendor of sunrise
- Not the ordered coming of the seasons
- Not the blooming of flowers or song of birds
- Not hand clasps of friends - tender love of home circle.

But

- For revelation of God through man - God is like a father
- For the beauty of God that this revelation discloses, Father forgive
- For unyielding youth found in God - A man so every time he came to a service it was like turning on the light. "He is the light of the world" may be his name
- He had found one who satisfied. "West coast of England" with slab. Here lies - a man who was satisfied with Jesus.

It was fine to be thankful thought the Mercantile Fidelity Bonds

1. All flowers need to be uncaged for their fragrance - no flower needs it more than gratitude.



Tuesday, January 27

2. Thus expressing our gratitude we hearten those to whom we express it. "Good Skinning" not a-
wrought - Appreciation of humblest efforts better.
3. We thus gladden the heart of Dad. All three
minister - another knock at the door - little
girl bounded across floor - "Daddy I don't
not come to ask you for a thing - I just came
to get in your lap. hug your neck. Kiss your
lips, and tell you what a good, kind, sweet
daddy you are.

Wednesday, January 28

Greatness lies not in being strong, but
in the using of strength. Becher

True greatness does not consist so much
in doing extraordinary things, as in con-
ducting ordinary affairs with a noble
demeanor and from a right motive.

All growth that is not towards God
is growing to decay.

He that is slow to anger is better
than the mighty; and he that ruleth
his spirit than he that taketh a city.

A man's life is an appendix to his heart.
— South

Holiness is the architectural plan upon
which God buildeth up His living temple.

The sweetest type of heaven is home.



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