

**THE KING'S CUP-BEARER: A  
SERMON IN MEMORY OF THE  
REV. E. WINCHESTER DONALD  
D. D., NOVEMBER 20, 1904**

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**WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON**

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**THE KING'S CUP-BEARER.**



**E. W. D.**

**THE KING'S CUP-BEARER**  
A SERMON IN MEMORY OF THE  
**REV. E. WINCHESTER DONALD D.D.**  
PREACHED IN TRINITY CHURCH  
ON THE SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE ADVENT  
NOVEMBER 20, 1904  
BY THE  
**REV. WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON D.D.**  
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## THE KING'S CUP-BEARER

*I was the king's cup-bearer.* NEHEMIAH I: 11.

**T**HE man who said this of himself had been, at an earlier stage of his life, in the service of the king of Persia. I justify my taking his words as a text for this morning's discourse by reminding you of what another King, one Jesus, said of this same function of cup-bearing: "Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

The sign of the cup may be traced through both Testaments, and carries many significations. There is the cup of sorrow, with its plenteousness of tears; there is the cup of doom, freighted with death; and then again there is the cup of thanksgiving, the cup which brims with eucharist and overflows with joy; tears lose their saltness at its approach,



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and poison its skill to harm. This last is preëminently the King's cup; to be the bearer of it is a most honourable office; reverently to present it to the King is a lofty act of homage; acceptably to minister it to the King's guests is a blessed employ.

Dr. Donald your late rector, Winchester Donald your friend and my friend, was thus privileged. He was King's cup-bearer. It is in that character that I shall try to picture him; for service rendered under that head that I shall chiefly praise him. It is a great thing to be a preacher of righteousness. He was that. It is an even greater thing to be a son of consolation. He was that also. How often men mistake their own powers and misinterpret their own gifts! Had you asked your late minister to define himself, he most likely would have said, "I am a swordsman. I fight

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the King's battles." But no, his supreme gift was not militancy,—however it may have seemed to some, as well as to himself,—his supreme gift was not militancy, it was sympathy; he gave drink to the thirsty; he satisfied the longing soul; his true emblem was not the claymore, as he fancied, it was the chalice.

But let us busy ourselves with heredity for a few moments, for that battleword which I just now used carries us back to Scotland, the home of all the Donalds that ever were, and it would be vain to attempt an estimate either of the man or of the minister without having first taken a straight look at Donald the Scot. To a great, yes, to a most creditable extent, your rector had himself made himself what he was; but none the less the blood that had run in the veins of his forbears, from generation to generation, had helped to make him.

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The quality most central to Scottish character is intensity. The people of that stock know how to love, and they know how to hate,—for hatred, the obverse of love, is sometimes a virtue:—“Ye that love the Lord, see that ye hate the thing which is evil.” The Scotch can be good haters as well as ardent lovers. “Perfervid” was the epithet a controversial divine of the Seventeenth Century fastened upon the race, and it has stuck. When they care for anything or any person, they care a very great deal,—“*Praefervidum ingenium Scotorum.*”

Akin to this attractive trait, though in partial contrast with it as well, is what they call in Scotland dourness. The word is a hard one to define, but it carries with it a distinct suggestion of severity dashed with melancholy. The dour man is ever observant of the rugged