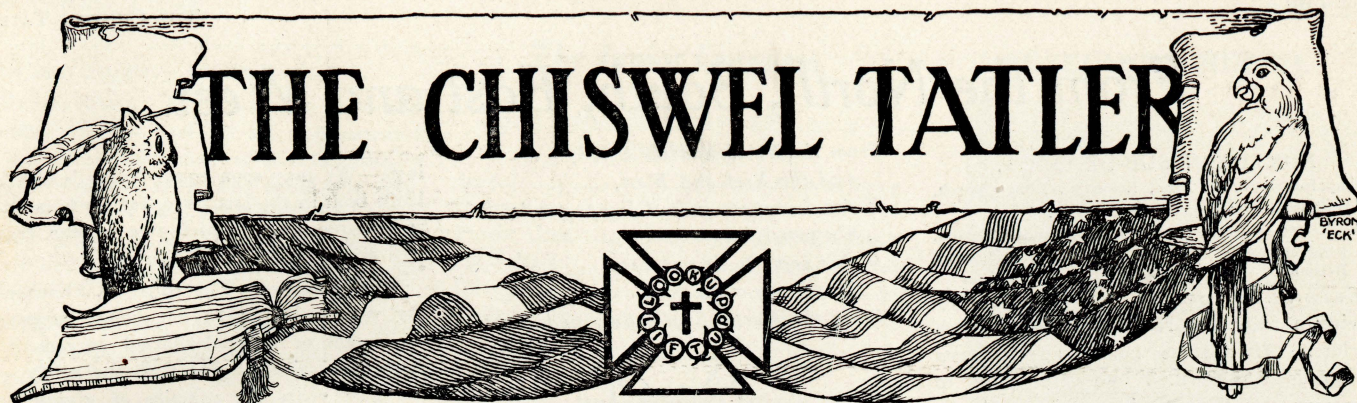




Austin

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THANKSGIVING DAY

When I think of Thanksgiving Day, I seem to see the picture of James Whitcomb Riley's—the peaceful corn-fields, stripped of the grain, hazy in the golden mist of Autumn; the long rows of corn-stalks, silent sentinels, brown and withered, rustling in the breeze; the pungent odor of burning leaves in the air; and, in the mornings, the delicate tracery of Jack Frost's handiwork. Golden, glorious harvest days!

Then I see another picture. I see that resolute band of Puritans, landing on the stern, inhospitable shore of New England. I can picture their hopes and fears, their joy and despair in this strange new land. Fears for their health in the doubtful climate, fears for their first harvest, fears of the silent, prowling red-men. Then the joy of the first harvest when, as we learn from the chronicles of Governor Bradford, "the harvest being gotten in, sent four men on fowling, so that we might, after a more special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labor." And thus

"While sickness lurked and death assailed,
And foes beset on every hand,"

the first governor of New England instituted the American Thanksgiving Day.

What a country and what a faith we are heirs to! It is not many pages back in our histories that we read of the persecutions of Christians. It is but yesterday that the pioneers of civilization suffered the perils, the hardships, the privations and torture attendant to making our country safe, and all for us! The farmer no longer plows with his rifle at his side. The Christian needs no longer fear oppression. This is today, the result of the untiring devotion, the persevering zeal, the incomparable heroism and unfaltering faith of that multitude of pioneers of all the yesterdays who lived

not to see the result of their work, yet did not hesitate in its performance for that reason.

Secure in the present day, the heirs of a civilization that is nearly perfect, let us thank God not only for the harvest or the plenty of worldly goods He has given us, but also for the faith that has come down to us undimmed through the centuries, that tangible faith in a living Christ that has made the world what it is today, the faith that hallowed the first Thanksgiving and the faith that should hallow this Thanksgiving.

C. Edgar Stoneberg.

WE PLOW THE FIELDS AND SCATTER

We plow the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But is fed and watered
By God's Almighty Hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft, refreshing rain.

He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us the children,
He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good;
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gift we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

—Matthias Claudius.

GOOD NEWS FROM KOREA

Greetings to all readers of the Chiswel Tatler!

We have such good news to tell you that we must get it to you as soon as possible.

What has probably been the most wonderful conference in the history of Christian missions in Korea has just been brought to a close under the prayerful and spiritual leadership of that beloved Bishop of India, Bishop Warne. The conference had not been in session two days before the native pastors felt the need of a "Morning Watch," and accordingly they met at five-thirty every morning. This started because one pastor publicly confessed that he had not been as diligent in his work during the past year as he should have been. God's spirit evidently moved others to make the same confession.

Never before have I seen or heard the simultaneous outbreak in prayer as was manifested here. The people flocked to the altar where they prayed, testified and confessed their sins. Your hearts would have been deeply touched if you could have seen the tears of joy light from their eyes.

When it was time for the conference to close, they requested the Bishop to tarry with them for a special two days' retreat in prayer, which he gladly did, as he had been detained two days longer in China because of the internal warfare there.

God alone knows what the result of this spiritual awakening among the native pastors may mean to Korea. We hope and pray that it is just the beginning of a great revival in Korea. Will you not pray with us that it may? The pastors are clothed with power from on high and they are going in the power of the Holy Spirit to witness for Christ as never before.

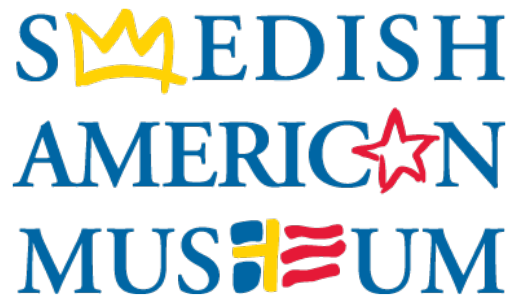
Bishop Warne said: "I have not seen anything like this scene outside of India."

The second wonderful news to tell you is that we have had the pleasure of welcoming your and our new doctor, S. Easton McManis, and his good wife, to the Swedish Memorial Hospital in Wonju.

We remember with joy how the missionary body met us at the station two years ago when we arrived and so in like manner Dr. and Mrs. McManis were greeted at the station.

The wells of joy overflowed in our hearts

[Continued on Page Six]



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