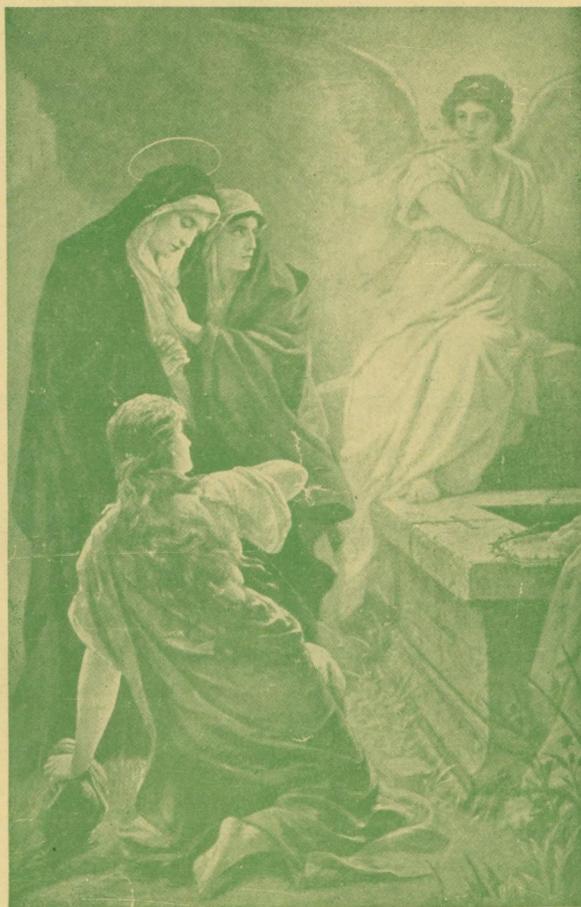


Gilford Booster

Vol. 1

No. 8



THE EMPTY TOMB

Published by Gilford Community Church

Gilford, New Hampshire

March, 1923

The Suits, Coats, and Dresses

Shown in our Cloak department, while refreshing in their newness, are faithful to the season's mode—representing, as they do, the best taste of the foremost creators of Fashion.

We strive to make this store a "particular" store—most exacting as to styles and qualities in making its garment assemblages. But—don't jump at the conclusion that such a policy means high prices or extravagances. It doesn't. The superior styles here shown, the excellent quality of fabrics found in our garments, the higher type of tailoring all make for real worth. No matter what the price you fix upon to pay, we solicit your patronage and extend a cordial invitation to you to visit our store when in town.

Knight & Huntress Co.

Laconia, N. H.

You are Cordially Invited to our Opening and Style Show

FRIDAY, MARCH 9TH

Style Show Will Be Held In The
Moulton Theatre

Afternoon 2:30

Evening 8 o'clock

LIVING MODELS

MUSIC

O'SHEA'S

Gilford Booster

VOLUME 1.

GILFORD, N. H., MARCH, 1923.

NUMBER 8.

GILFORD BOOSTER

Published by the Gilford Community church, Gilford, N. H., in the interest of the religious life of the community.

Rev. A. Brownlow Thompson, Editor.

Price of paper, 10c per copy.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Church School	10:30 a. m.
Morning Worship	11:30 a. m.
Evening Service	7:00 p. m.
Community Night, every Friday 8 to.....	10:30 p. m.

GILFORD COMMUNITY CHURCH.

On Sunday, Nov. 12, 1922, after preaching on the subject, "The Rights of a Community Vs. Idol Worship," the pastor submitted the following suggestions for making the church more efficient in its service to the community:

1. A unified financial program; using the duplex envelope system and approaching the community as one church instead of each church "hoeing its own row."

2. That the Baptist church building be used as a permanent house of worship (being the larger and better situated), and the Methodist church building be used for Sunday school work and community house.

A vote was taken to obtain the sentiment of the congregation, 84 voted to support the proposed program, 3 voted in the negative.

A Methodist Quarterly Conference was called by the district superintendent, T. E. Cramer, Monday evening, Nov. 20, 1922. The sentiment of the conference was to support the suggested community church program. Dr. Cramer heartily indorsed the proposed social program as outlined by the pastor.

On Sunday, Nov. 26, 1922, a business meeting was held at the close of the evening service to create financial machinery for the community church. The following officers were suggested: Treasurer of current expenses, treasurer of Methodist benevolences, treasurer of Baptist benevolences and a secretary-collector. The following nominating committee was appointed by the pastor: Mrs. Nettie Wadley, Mr. Charles Goodwin, Mrs. Julia Rand; and Mr. Matthias Kimball. Fifty-seven were present at this meeting.

Sunday, Dec. 10, 1922 (59 present), the report of the nominating committee was read and accepted unanimously. The report of the committee follows: Treasurer, Mrs. Ormon Sanborn; treasurer of Methodist benevolences, Mrs. C. B. Goodwin; treasurer of Baptist benevolences, Mrs. Julia Rand; secretary-collector, Mrs.

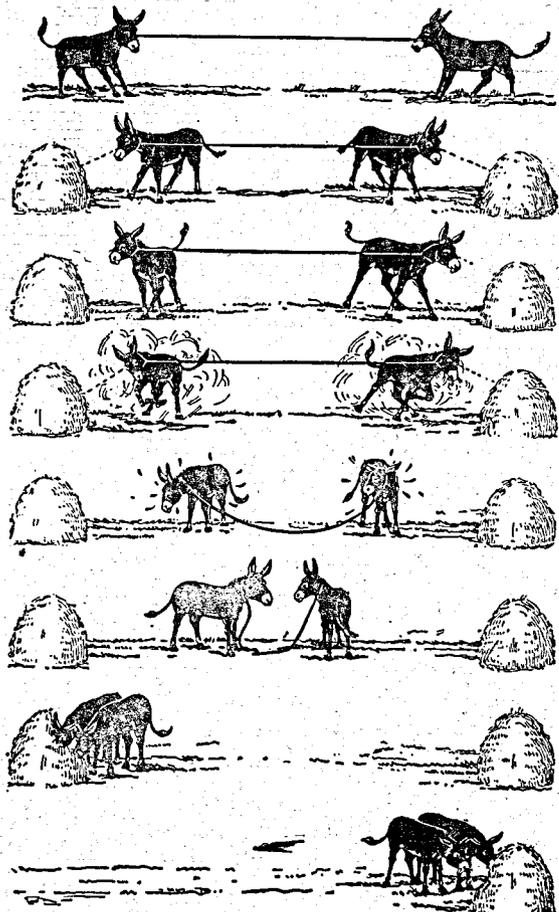
Myrtie Smith; auditing committee, Fred R. Weeks and Ormon Sanborn. The following recommendations were read and accepted unanimously:

1. That all money of Sunday school, Ladies' Aid and current expense collections be handled by the church treasurer.

2. That church books be audited at least once each year.

In planning the community church program the interests of each denomination have been safeguarded. No invested funds have been or will be in any way interfered with. The motive back of the community church idea in Gilford is the desire to unify the local forces of Christianity so that the church may be able to approach the community in the spirit of Him who said: "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister." No church has any right to take a contribution from the community until it has made some contribution to the community.

LET'S FORGET OUR DIFFERENCES AND GO AFTER THE HAY.



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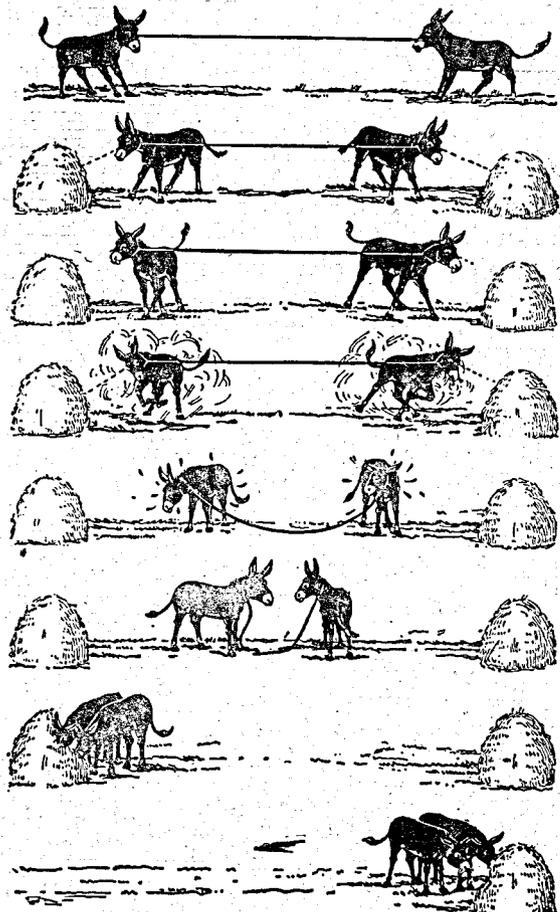
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LET'S FORGET OUR DIFFERENCES AND GO AFTER THE HAY.



PESSIMISM IN THE CHURCH

PESSIMISM! What a distasteful word! And what a disagreeable person is the pessimist, who always looks on the dark side of things; who suspects trouble and failure where there is no reason to suspect it, and whose countenance is always downcast, rather than lifted up with a smile of hope and happiness.

But, this old spirit of pessimism is found so often in the church. In the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians we read: "Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things." This shows that the very nature of the Christian religion is such as to make one happy and optimistic. However, in every congregation today we find those who are afflicted with a spirit of pessimism.

Some important matter is about to be undertaken in the congregation. Everything looks bright and encouraging. But about the time the matter is ready to go through, the pessimist gets up and sees nothing but the dark side of it, and says that this or that may happen, and predicts a terrible calamity. Very often that spirit of pessimism takes hold of others with the result that the matter fails to go through. And there we see the danger of the pessimist; he lacks trust in God to grant success and bless our undertakings in His name, and thus the pessimist weakens the knees of others.

Very often, too, we hear people speak despairingly of their church: "Things are not going right," "Everything is going down," "The pastor is a failure," "The members are becoming discouraged and are leaving." Such is the language of the pessimist regarding his church. Often, however, his church is enjoying great prosperity, pastor and people are working together harmoniously and the members are delighted. The trouble therefore is not with the church but with the pessimist. Things in his church taste sour to him and he imagines they do so to everyone else.

But is this spirit of pessimism limited to just a few in the church? Are not, at the present, many Christian people speaking discouragingly of the times and of conditions in the world? Indeed "the days are evil," but if others do not find in us that spirit of hope and confidence that looks to the overruling providence of God to make things better, what evidence are we giving of our faith, and where will others turn for comfort and encouragement in these trying times, if not to the people of the church? Pessimism will never make the world any better, but true Christian optimism will—rather, the Lord will, if we only put our unflinching trust in Him.

Let us beware therefore of this spirit of pessimism, for it is dangerous to the soul and to the welfare of God's Kingdom. Rather than wear a pessimistic frown let us wear the smile of optimism. Rather than look at the dark side of things, let us lay aside the microscope with its smoked lens, and look through the clear lens of Christian hope and confidence. Then will we give testimony to the reality of our faith and to the joy of being a follower of Christ in the church.

OPPORTUNITY'S DOOR IS OPEN

"BEHOLD, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it" (Rev. 3:8). God never opens the door of opportunity to any man or woman without revealing to him or her a field of responsibility and never does God reveal a responsibility without a door of opportunity. Many stand before the door of opportunity today, but fail to enter because of their responsibilities.

Opportunities are offers of God to man and large opportunities come only to those who are willing to improve the small ones. Many today are trudging along the road of life feeding only upon husks who might have fed upon the fat of the land if they had only assumed the responsibilities and opportunities which were opened to them. No person with a noble purpose in view will ever have the door of opportunity shut in his face. If God has opened the door to you and bidden you to enter, there may be no limit to your possibilities. Satan will try to discourage you in every way possible, but hold fast to God, remembering that with him all things are possible, and from Him comes your strength.

To those who have been neglectful of their responsibilities in the past Paul says to "forget the things which are behind and press on to the things which are before" (Phil. 3:13, 14). Let every Christian awaken to his responsibilities. There never was a day in the history of Christianity when the door of opportunity was as wide open as it is today, so let us all as the church of God be up and doing. God opens for each of us a door of opportunity, but he will never give us greater things to do until he has proved our faithfulness in the little things.

SINGLE SIGHT.

A single purpose to do right takes the place of many resolutions to quit this, that, or the other wrong.

A keen conscience that controls the will and life is a better guide than a whole book of rules and regulations.

A deep devotion to principle needs not many interpretations of law.

If we honestly want always to do what is best, there is not much danger of our not knowing what it is or of not being able to learn it.

Too many people want no more light because they are satisfied with what they know, whether right or wrong.

He who wants to grow is glad to learn all he can of the laws of life.

He who desires to go right welcomes every ray of light that makes clearer the way of life.

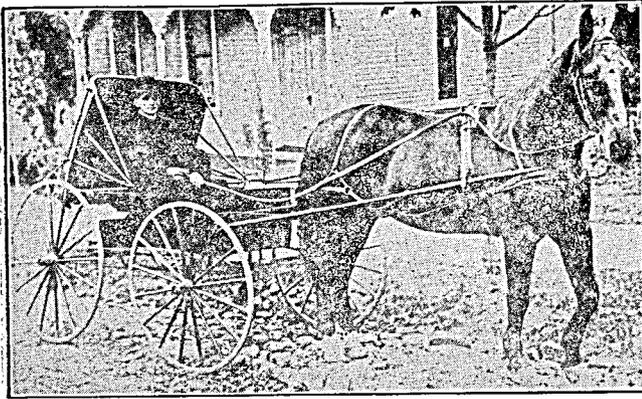
Facing forward, looking ahead, and moving on, mean progress.

All of which is to say that a true man is set on doing right in all things, and earnestly seeks to learn all he can of truth, and is quick to do what he knows to be right.

And all of this applies in matters of healthful living.

If we let him that is without faults and him that is without mistakes cast the first stone, there will not be many stones flying.

THE OLDEST HORSE IN THE WORLD



"CLOVER," BELIEVED TO BE FIFTY-ONE YEARS OLD

THE ordinary span of horse life is twenty years, but there is a horse in Catawissa, Pa., the property of the Rev. Dr. Uriah Myers, which is fifty-one years old and rated the oldest horse in the world. As a matter of fact, there is no record of any other horse having lived anywhere near as long as this. A short time ago it looked as if the horse, named Clover, might have to be killed, because his owner could not afford to keep him. But the story of his extreme age and admirable character having gone abroad, gifts of money and offers of maintenance came from many sources, so that now Clover will be retired from active service on a pension. Moreover, an eminent veterinarian even promises Clover many more years in which to enjoy his good fortune and his fame.

When Clover was a young horse he was famed as a racer in Kentucky, and has a record of having trotted a mile in 2:22, and paced a mile in 2:17, many years ago, of course. His owner believes he could do 15 miles a day at the present time without any physical strain. He comes of Hambletonian stock, his head, particularly, resembling that of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. At fifteen years of age he came into the possession of Dr. Myers, and for thirty-five years loyally served his ministerial master.

Clover stands a bit shaggy and crocky today. Oddly enough, Clover isn't lame, because the hoof of the shorter leg is longer and equalizes its length to that of the longer foreleg. He stands 16 hands and weighs about 1,200 pounds, and his condition shows the excellent care his master has given him. His ration, twice daily, consists of one scoop of bran, one of middlings, and two of a mixture of oats, clover and molasses, topped off with three ears of corn. It takes him a long time to eat this, as he masticates slowly.

According to the veterinarian who examined Clover recently, the horse is sound in wind, and has wonderfully clean legs, and there is a luster to his coat that is remarkable in an animal so old. His only blemish is a cataract on the right eye, but this is not necessarily traceable to old age. It is hard to tell the exact age of a horse by his teeth after his fifteenth year. However, the contour of the mouth changes with age. In a young horse the teeth meet at an obtuse angle,

but as the animal grows older the angle becomes more and more acute. Judging by this, Clover has the oldest mouth that veterinarians have ever seen. His incisors are as long as a man's forefinger and straight in the jawbone. The most surprising thing is that the teeth are in as good condition as those of a ten-year-old horse. His molars are perfect and in this fact undoubtedly lies the secret of his health. The horse is remarkably spry and playful and astonishes one, who knows his age, with the quickness of his movements. He lies down and gets up with ease, a sign that he is still many years from his end. One of the first symptoms of marked old age in a horse is the difficulty of lying down and getting up again.

FOR SILENT MEDITATION.

Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am, or am not, and keep ever burning before my wandering steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not in sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and time's old memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening twilight find me gentle still.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

In a Moral Rut

The longer you drive a load of grain in the ruts of a muddy road, the more difficult it is to get out on level ground. Same way with your life.

If you live by yourself and mingle socially with no one, you soon get into a social rut.

If you put "the best apples on top," shade every pound of butter a little or slip by the street car conductor when he is not looking, you will soon get into a dangerous moral rut.

The church will help you out of both social and moral ruts. It provides Christian fellowship and offers the only solution for sin—the gospel of Jesus Christ.

DO IT NOW

Religion is the only thing that any of us will take beyond the grave. Don't wait until the doctor gives up hope before deciding to be a Christian. Make your life and that of your neighbors brighter by living Christianity now.

BEAN BROTHERS

55 CANAL ST.,

LACONIA, N. H.

The New Piscopo Block.

When in town don't forget to visit our new store. We have a complete line of
GENT'S FURNISHINGS and BOYS' CLOTHING

BEAN BROTHERS

55 CANAL ST.,

LACONIA, N. H.

MEMBERSHIP.

How may I become a member of the community church? There will of necessity be three membership rolls kept. One for those who wish to unite with the church as Baptists; one for those desiring to unite as Methodists, and a roll for those who simply wish to become members of the community church. Members of the two denominations are considered members of the community church.

The pastor is planning to receive members on Easter Sunday morning. If you accept the teachings of Jesus Christ as the guide for your life, and will earnestly endeavor to follow Him you will be gladly received into the membership of Gilford Community church.

WELCOME TO OUR CITY.

Barbara Frances Watson came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Watson, Feb. 11, 1923.

Mrs. W.—There, there, Walter, don't cry. Kenneth will wait for you at Bacon's.

Walter—Well, if I can't cry what can I do; I can't swear and he's too far away for me to hit him; what can I do?

Never mind, Walter. We have all felt that way.

The days are fast drawing near when it will be hard to tell whether an egg is fresh from the nest or fresh from the incubator.

Which is the greater strain on a man's religion, going without coal or trying to burn green wood with ice on it? Ask the elder. He knows.

Mrs. XYZ—Why they tell me the minister has been cuttin' down the trees around the parsonage.

Mr. OINO—He's just a cleanin' out the dead wood, and to my way of thinking there are some other things besides trees that he ought to use the ax on, too.

Don't wait until you are dead to go to church. You'll enjoy the service more if you go in perpendicular rather than horizontal. The minister would rather say good things to you than about you. Going to church is not the whole thing, but it is a step in the right direction.

Have you received your package of envelopes from the community church? The results from the financial canvass have been most gratifying. The collections for the first six Sundays (the worst Sundays of the year) amounted to something over \$112. The average pledge is 28 cents per week. Among the pledges there are several for \$1 per week. The canvass is not completed, but the results to date prove beyond doubt the benefit of approaching the community as one church with a business-like system of finance.

Do not mistake activity for progress. If Paul Revere had ridden a rocking horse, he would not have arrived.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



GILFORD'S MOTION PICTURES.

"Every day in every way they are getting better and better." If you doubt it, just ask someone who goes to see them.

MINSTREL SHOW COMING.

Mah lan' yo' jes' ought 'er heah erman rattle dem bones, an' see John shake dem ol' No. 10's. Dat will suah be some show.

A list of those who have been sick this winter. Everybody in town.

Mrs. T. has finally stopped praying for snow.

Conundrum: What makes more noise than a man when he is sick?

Just three more weeks till spring, but keep the snow shovel handy.

There's one comfort for the man in Gilford who bought a pair of shoes at the Army store and found out later that they were both for the same foot. He doesn't have to waste time picking out the right shoe.

WHAT PRAYER WILL DO

MANY thousands of nominal Christians have learned to pray in a formal way. They regard it as a duty to be performed rather than a privilege to be enjoyed. Those who have learned the real worth of prayer can say with the poet:

"What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!"

Those who have the most power with God and man do not merely pray in public, but they have also formed the habit of secret prayer as well.

The habit of daily prayer was the secret of Daniel's wonderful deliverance from the den of lions. Peter and John were especially used of the Lord at the hour of prayer as they were going into the temple. A man who had been lame from his birth was miraculously healed when Peter said: "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." (Acts 3:6.)

We shall observe some other special benefits of prayer.

Prayer Encourages Our Hearts.—The Psalmist had proved this to be true in his personal experience: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help" (Psa. 121:1). No one has ever sincerely engaged in earnest prayer in times of trial or discouragement without receiving help or encouragement. He may not have always been conscious of such help at the time, but sooner or later the encouragement will come. Paul had the experience of praying three times before the definite answer came, but each season of prayer was doubtless an important preparation for the Lord's reply: "My grace is sufficient for thee" (2 Cor. 12:9).

Prayer Calms Our Spirits.—When Hezekiah received the threatening letter from the king of Assyria, he was much agitated and troubled until he took the letter to the house of the Lord and there unburdened his heart to God in prayer. The faithful prophet Isaiah came to him with the encouraging message: "By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord" (2 Kings 19:33).

"Be not dismayed whate'er betide,
God will take care of you;
Beneath His wings of love abide,
God will take care of you."

Prayer Clears Our Vision.—It helps us to see things as God sees them. When Elisha's servant was alarmed at the great host of Syrians that had surrounded them, "Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray Thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha" (2 Kings 6:17). The God of Elisha still cares for His children. We are often comforted by remembering that "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them" (Psa. 34:7).

Prayer Gives God a Chance to Talk to Us.—It was while Cornelius was in prayer that the angel appeared to him and told him to send for Peter, whose coming proved a great blessing to his entire household as well as to many others who were gathered together to hear the message. The habit of sincere daily prayer would be not only an excellent way to become more enlightened in the things of God, but would serve as a sure safeguard against wandering from the path of truth and right. "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying: This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left" (Isa. 30:21). The more we are in communion with God the better acquainted we become with Him and His ways. Thus a season of prayer may often change our attitude by revealing to us more clearly what the will of the Lord is in any matter.

Prayer May Sometimes Change God's Attitude.—It was through the prayers of Abraham that Lot and his family were led out of Sodom before God rained down destruction upon that wicked city. There are people living today who would be in their graves had it not been for the prayers of others. God's righteous indignation was once kindled against Israel to such a degree that He told Moses to let Him alone that He might consume them. In that case His plan would have been to make of Moses a great nation. But through the earnest and unselfish prayer of Moses the Lord spared Israel as a nation. God had told Hezekiah to set his house in order, for he should die. Hezekiah wept and prayed before the Lord and his life was lengthened by 15 years.

We Should Pray Without Ceasing.—A certain invalid woman was not able to attend religious services, but became burdened for the people of her community. She made a prayer list which kept growing until it included 50 souls. At last a revival meeting broke out and before it closed every one on her prayer list was saved. Jesus said "that men ought always to pray, and not to faint" (Luke 18:1).

THE accomplishments in life never were and never will be encompassed by putting off a thing "till tomorrow". Tomorrow will never come. Today is the big factor in our lives. It is always here for the "live" ones. What do you do with your todays? Stop issuing promissory notes on what you expect to do tomorrow and begin your real accomplishments each "today".



ONE WHO "MAKES GOOD"

MOST of us think we have enough difficulties to meet in life even if we happen to be fully equipped with a fairly normal physical body and all the faculties; yet sometimes we may be quite prone to sit down and complain because we must make, as we feel, such a great effort in order to succeed. No one wants to make a failure, of course, and the results of our work may often seem discouraging. Do we give up too readily?

There frequently comes to our notice individuals who have become seriously handicapped either by the loss of a limb, or eyes, or some other part of the body, and yet who, in spite of such handicap, "make good," as we sometimes say. We marvel then and wonder how they ever accomplish such great things.

I have just been reading an interesting little sketch of a boy who "made good" with one arm, and became what one would think it would be almost impossible to become under the circumstances, an expert ball player. However, that is only a small part of it, for he is proficient along a good many lines.

In the first place, before the boy lost his arm, he was a coal miner with only a common school education, but with an ambition to be a coal-mine electrician. The accident which deprived him of his arm happened when he was nineteen and put an end to his plans. He could not continue in the work he had been doing, and he wished to make choice of something at which he could make a good living. He finally decided the best thing he could do would be to get an education. A friend suggested a small college in Illinois where he could work his way, and there he went.

"At first," the story goes, "the one-armed freshman was given work about the college buildings. Then he was taken into the pick-and-shovel gang of a coal mine where he soon found that he could hold his place with the two-handed workers. Next he asked for work in the electric shop. There he felt more at home. 'If you will tell me how you can punch rivets with one hand,' said the superintendent, 'I'll give you a place to-morrow.' Whereupon the young man proceeded to prove that, with the help of a long, wooden handle for the punch, a one-handed man could punch rivets as fast and as well as any two-handed riveter in the shop."

Later the young man passed a successful examination for a state mine examiner and received an appointment, and when this was followed by the certificate of a full-fledged mine

manager, he began to realize what he had gained by securing a college education. He was earning nearly three times as much as he had earned when working with both hands. He is now taking a university course in law.

And about ball playing? Oh, yes, he liked to play as well as work, and he had been a baseball player before he lost his arm. "I believe I could play ball with one hand," he declared one day when he saw the college team on the diamond. He tried, and the second year was chosen captain of his team. You want to know how he does it? The writer of the sketch says:

"He plays the position of right field. After catching the ball in his one hand, his right, he tosses it into the air, throws off the glove, catches the ball again, and throws it down to base. All this is as quickly done as the average player can catch and throw a ball. 'I use a regular bat,' he says, in telling of his accomplishment, 'and hold it pretty well up toward the heavy end. Sometimes I am fortunate enough to make three-baggers and an occasional home run.'"

Any of us can but admire the pluck, the persistence, and the earnest endeavor of this young man to fit himself to be a useful and efficient worker in the world, and who is accomplishing his purpose in spite of serious handicap.

LIFE IN DOING.

Having to study to learn how to live should be no trial.

Having to struggle more or less for existence does not rob life of its joy.

There is more enjoyment in working for a living than in living without working.

Earning one's way makes the way all the better.

Life is more like life when we really live it.

Bread that is home-made is sweeter because it is home-made, if for no other reason.

Health that is obtained by getting, is like hard-earned money.

Many ills have their root in idleness, and many are the joys of doing that are never known to the idler.

All of which is to say that there is joy, satisfaction, and great profit in doing.

Doing is more than duty—it is life itself.

The man who experiences the power of the gospel in his own life has no shame in declaring Jesus Christ to others.

It is the greatest of all mistakes to do nothing, because you can do only a little.

THE BOOK OF HEAVEN

A MISSIONARY to the Indians in the far Northwest wilderness of British America, tells in one of his addresses this touching story:

"Often have I been ashamed of the littleness of my love by the devotion of these Indians, and their love for the Bible. Let me give you an incident. One of our Indians, with his son, came away down from the distant hunting grounds to fish on the shores of our Great Lakes. This man and his son came down to fish, and they made splendid fisheries, put up the white fish on a staging where the foxes and wolves could not reach them, and one night the father said: 'My son, we leave tomorrow morning early; put the Book of Heaven in your pack; we go back 140 miles to our hunting grounds to join the mother and the others in the wigwam home.' So the young man put the Bible in his pack, so that they might take it home. Later on, along came an uncle and said to the young man, 'Nephew, lend me the Book of Heaven that I may read a little; I have loaned mine.' So the pack was opened, and the Bible taken out; the man read for a time, and then threw the Bible back among the blankets and went out.

"The next morning the father and son started very early on their homeward journey. They strapped on their snowshoes and walked 70 miles, dug a hole in the snow at night, and had prayers and lay down and slept. The next morning, bright and early, after prayers, they pushed on and made 70 miles more, and reached home. That night the father said to the son, 'Give me the Book of Heaven, that the mother and the rest may read the Word and have prayers.' As the son opened the pack, he said, 'Uncle asked for the book two nights ago, and it was not put back.' The father was disappointed, but said little. The next morning he rose early, put a few cooked rabbits in his pack, and away he started. He walked that day 70 miles and reached the camp where he and his son stopped two nights before. The next day he made the other 70 miles, and reached the lake and found his Bible in his brother's wigwam. The next morning he started again, and walking in the two days 140 miles, was back at home once more. That Indian walked on snowshoes 280 miles through the wild forest of the Northwest to regain his copy of the Word of God. Would we do so much to regain our Bibles? Oh, the power of the Gospel! It can go down very low and reach men deeply sunk in sin, and can save them, and make them devout students and great lovers of the blessed Book!"

First and last of all and most of all, cultivate character. Without character you will be like a tub with a hole in the bottom; without it whatever success you may achieve will be like a rope of sand; without character you will be building on a rotten foundation, and sooner or later your career will meet with disaster.

Be sure you are wrong before you quit.



The tourist stood in front of a sign—"Subway Entrances." "H'm! It doesn't entrance me," he said coldly.

"Whew! Do you call that coffee? It looks like mud!"

"Why shouldn't it? Only this morning it was ground."

A Western exchange tells of a speed maniac who ran head-on into a seven-story office building and after regaining consciousness, weakly murmured, "I blew my horn."

"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new yeoman.

"Yes," returned the officer.

"Well, I was just thinkin' that it'd be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."

Maurice was obstinate, and Robert, two years his senior, was endeavoring to make him mind. Finally he marched over to him and, grasping him by the collar, shook him, and said, "Look here, young fellow, you haven't got your father to deal with this time."

"Caterpillars are the most voracious of all living creatures," said a naturalist. "In a month a caterpillar will eat about six hundred times its weight."

Whereupon an old lady, who was somewhat deaf, interposed, "Whose boy did you say he was?"

Earl Haig tells of a Scot who bored his English friends by boasting about Scotland. "Why did you leave Scotland," a Londoner asked, "since you liked the place so much?" The Scot chuckled. "It was like this," he said. "In Scotland everybody was as clever as myself, but here I'm gettin' along verra weel."

The lady of good family was showing her ancestral home to her small son. She pointed with special pride to a bust of her father. "And that, Bobbie," she said, "is your grandfather."

Bobbie looked somewhat perplexed. "Is that all there was of him?" he asked.—New York Times.

Young Brown, who had been married but a few days, sought out his friend, Jones, who was a family man of long experience, for a little advice.

"Jim," said Brown, "what did you call your mother-in-law after you got married?"

"Well, I'll tell you," replied Jones, "for the first year I addressed her as 'Say,' and after that we all called her 'Grandma.'"

ARE YOU TOUCHY?

WELL do I remember the sensitive plant we had in our home in my childhood days. A curious plant it is, and rightly named, for it derives its name from its extreme sensitiveness to the slightest touch. There it would stand so proudly, with its leaves unfolded and its branches outstretched. Though but small of stature—only one or two feet tall—it would stand erect pointing heavenward, as if it were lord of the vegetable kingdom; but the moment we would approach it and touch its leaves ever so lightly, it would curl up or droop as if injured by our touch and offended by our presence. It has been observed that even a railroad train passing by rapidly would cause the leaves of the sensitive plant to fold.

Then, too, I remember the sturdy oak we had at home. Truly it was the king of the forest. It was strong and sturdy, and could withstand the storm and the tempest without being offended. It could stand alone. Deep down into mother earth it had sent its roots. As a boy, I loved to be under its shadow or climb its trunk and stand upon its branches. It was not sensitive.

What a lesson in this for us! Are we like the "touchy" sensitive plant or like the sturdy oak? Some are so sensitive that their spirits curl up at the slightest touch of injury. They may be small, but they think themselves something great; and they gather their skirts about them, they button up their coats, as if to say: "I am holier than thou!" Some even curl up and droop at imagined injury. They take offense when none is intended, and are even on the outlook for slights, spoiling their own happiness and the happiness of those about them.

But others are like the mighty oak. They are rooted and grounded deeply in the love of God. All the storms of life cannot affect them. With Paul they can say: "None of these things move me." They have a purpose in life, and are not easily affected by what others say or do. Such will outweather the gale and will "land at last, safe on the evergreen shore." To which of these classes do you belong?

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

The duty of today and how we perform it belong to us. The results of tomorrow belong to God.

We make tomorrow ours by giving God today. And in that is the secret of all good rewards. Our faithfulness grows fruit beyond our own efforts. Man's efforts plus God's blessing bring results.

This applies in health getting. Living right today means better living tomorrow.

There are three kinds of people in the world: the wills, the won'ts and the can'ts. The first accomplishes everything; the second opposes everything and the third fails in everything.

Nobody is indispensable.

AM I GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY?

READ in the Bible, "Communicating to the necessities of the saints; given to hospitality." Am I obeying this command? Am I ready to give aid and relief to those in need, or do I hold the attitude that everybody has to look out for himself in these days? Surely the gospel is to be obeyed as much now as ever. And surely Jesus still considers that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Then if I fail to communicate to the necessities of the saints, if I do not share my abundance, or even my poverty where necessary, with others who are in need, do I not violate his command?

Am I given to hospitality? Or must every stranger, and even every brother who comes to my home without being particularly invited have to pay for his lodging? If that is my method, can it be said of me that I am given to hospitality? When a camp or other meeting is on in my town and a number of brethren from other places come in, do I open my home freely to them? True hospitality may be scarce, but is that any reason why I should not be hospitable?

May I not learn something of the ancient Greeks? Although they did not have the New Testament commands concerning hospitality, they often entertained complete strangers for days at a time without remuneration, and considered it ungracious to do otherwise. Should I, who profess a greater love, a higher virtue, fall below the heathen in the grace of hospitality?

Should I not fear lest I slight this command about being hospitable and that to "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," and hear the Lord saying at the last day, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: * * * I was a stranger and ye took me not in?"

CULTIVATE HEALTH.

Ruskin said, "Cultivate health instead of treating disease." He spoke well.

Who would not rather pick flowers and gather fruit than pull weeds?

Treating disease offers no advantages or benefits not found in first health.

Health cultivation is the short and sure way to the results sought in treating disease.

Getting health in the first place makes unnecessary the treating of disease, by preventing it, and it saves all the suffering, expense, and inconvenience of disease and its treatment.

Cultivated health is usually of better grade, anyway, than the kind that is lost for some time and then recovered through treatment.

With diseases nearly one hundred per cent preventable, the favor is wholly on the side of making health instead of undoing disease.

The best prescription book for any family is the Bible; there is not a great ill in the world for which it does not prescribe the correct remedy. If only we humans had the good sense to take the medicine.

You are what you are when the test comes.

GONE INTO THE SUNSET.

Mr. Edwin Batchelder.
Mrs. Harriet Blackey.
Mrs. Clara B. Watson.
Mrs. Robert Mitchell.

SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU

"What kind of a church would my church be if—all the members were just like me?"

This is a very remarkable question. If we answer it discriminately, it will be something of a revelation. For example, how would you answer the following questions? Write your answers on the dotted lines and send them to the pastor.

Just how many morning services would there have been in my church this past year if all had attended just the same as I did?.....

How many vesper services will there be this and next year if everybody attends as I will?.....

How many Sunday school sessions would there have been this summer and how many Sundays without any Sunday school—if everybody showed the interest that I did?.....

How many weeks would there have been no prayer meeting—if they were all so faithful as I?.....

How much money would there have been for the support of my church if all the members had given the same amount as I did?.....

How much would have been paid for missions if all contributed as I did?.....

How many calls would have been made upon the sick in hospitals or in homes—if other members were as thoughtful as I was?.....

Just how much work would have been done for my community, my church and the Kingdom of God if all the members had been just like me?.....

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is not a safe guide. A sundial is made to tell the light by the sun. In this light it never makes a mistake. But at night by means of a lamp or torch or even by the moon it tells all sorts of time. The guidance of the sundial is therefore not absolute, but relative to the light that shines upon it. The light of the Word of God and the Holy Spirit flashing upon our conscience makes it a safe guide in matters pertaining to daily life. Conscience has a real place in guiding us, but it depends upon the light shining upon it.

Jesus had no pulpit; he was on the same level with his people.

Good intentions are inherent in every man, but a good memory to carry them out is a rare attribute.

He is a poor and inefficient shoat who will not use his manhood through his vote. When he might be a lion he's a goat.

WHY JOIN THE CHURCH?

There are three institutions which we cannot get on without—the family, the state and the church. They exist everywhere, and they have existed from the beginning. Without them human life cannot realize its ends. We are by our creation members of a family, citizens of a state, communicants of a church. A man can through wilfulness cut the bands which bind him to his family, he may refuse to perform his duties as a citizen, he may ignore and despise the church, but in doing any one of these things he sins against his own nature and handicaps the development of his personality.

This is the first and deepest reason why every man should accept his place in the church. By doing this he falls in with the divine order. No man is in his place so long as he is out of the church. Outside the church a completely healthy life is impossible. To say that a man can be as good outside as inside the church is absurd. As well might one say that a man who continuously neglects his civic duties is as good a citizen as the man who performs them. Man is a home-making animal, and he mars his life if he is not loyal to the home. He is a political animal, and he curtails his life if he is not faithful to the state. He is a religious animal, and if he holds aloof from the church he starves and stunts the highest instincts of his nature.

DOES SIN INJURE OUR USEFULNESS?

At the United States Arsenal in New York a large gun lay, marked "condemned." I asked the attendant why that apparently perfect piece of work was condemned. He pointed out some little indentations about the size of a pinhead, which dotted the gun in a dozen places. These seemed insignificant. They seemed very minute in comparison with the size of the steel ingot. They did not appear to go deeper than a thirty-second of an inch; and yet the gun was condemned. No one could tell what the extent would be of the influence of those bubbles. For all that could be determined there might be a weakness extending through the entire piece of metal, so that in the crisis of war or battle the mighty engine capable of hurling half a ton of metal a dozen miles and hitting a target with fine accuracy, might, nevertheless, under the heat of battle and the strain of powder, burst into a thousand fragments. We cannot afford to ignore our slightest faults. Some basic flaw may destroy our characters and ruin others, be we ever so perfect in other points. "Cleanse thou me from hidden faults." Remember the pinhead spots that ruined the gun.

SWEET MOTHERHOOD.

The roses that bloom in the summer
Have only a while to stay.
The lillies that stand on the altar
In sweetness may fade away;
But the pure, deep love of a mother
Grows stronger from day to day.

Every non-church goer virtually votes for the elimination of the institution from society and for war and strife in its place.

AM I A STUMBLING-BLOCK?

ALL THIS mass of humanity about me is on the way to another country. Some of the people are going whithersoever the tide will carry them. Others, again, have a goal, the city of God, in view and are striving to reach it. They are beset by obstacles, because the great majority are going in the opposite direction. Many become discouraged and give up trying to walk the way to heaven, because some fellow pilgrims who are nearest them indulge in trifling and questionable things. Am I such a stumbling-block? I prefer to think that I am not, but in view of the great issues that are involved—the salvation or damnation of a soul—I do well to examine myself.

Am I attracting souls to Christ? Does my conduct make the Christian life appear beautiful and desirable, or am I so different to the Spirit of God that it is scarcely discernible whether I am on Christ's side or on the side of the world? Or do I perhaps indulge in things that are actually unchristian? If I am different, my influence can be none other than that which causes others to be indifferent, in which case I am surely a stumbling-block.

Am I worldly-minded? Do I follow the ways of the world and frequent places where Jesus could not go with me? If I must answer yes, I may be sure that I am a stumbling-block.

Do I indulge in things upon which I can not ask Christ's approval and which I would even hide from the eyes of my pastor? If I do, I am a stumbling-block.

Is my conversation "sound speech that can not be condemned" or does the Word of God and my conscience condemn me? If so, I am a stumbling-block.

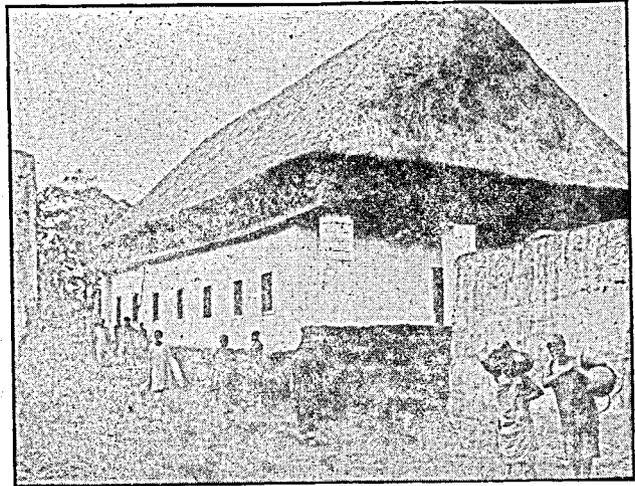
Do I put obstructions in another's way by circulating evil reports about him, by withholding my confidence? Then I am a stumbling-block. Perhaps I am withholding the encouragement I could give. In that event I am at least not helping him forward.

Does my manner, my attire, my words, my actions, and every phase of my life say: "Here is a follower of Christ; the road to heaven is a desirable one; courage brother; keep step, we shall reach the haven by and by"? If such is the case, I shall doubtless rejoice some day to know that a few souls are eternally happy because of my faithfulness. However, if I have been a stumbling-block, how great shall be my remorse when I know that others have missed the goal and eternal happiness because of my faithlessness.

—○—
First Lady (in village shop, speaking to another patron)—"Would you mind if I made my small purchase first? We have a horse outside and he won't keep quiet."

Lady—"Certainly; but you won't be very long, will you? I have a husband outside, and he's rather restive, too."

—○—
Do not lose faith in humanity; there are over one hundred and ten million people in America who never played you a single nasty trick.



SCHOOL FOR BANUM (AFRICA) NATIVES

The building is built somewhat along modern lines, except that the native roof has been retained. In this school Christian missionaries teach the gospel of Jesus Christ and also give instruction in general school work. Thousands of men and women are giving their lives to the church of Christ in an effort to bring the heathen nations to a knowledge of our Master. If these missionaries give their all, surely we ought to do what we can in the way of giving pecuniary assistance to the missionary work of the church.

DOING MY PART

WHAT may be the reason that I do not find myself more active in service for God? Do I ever say: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Or do I busy myself entirely with my own affairs, thinking that if God wants me to do anything for Him, He will give me a strong impression to do it? Maybe He would have spoken to me in this manner long ago if I had but stopped long enough to listen to Him. Maybe I am so busy with my plans and my work that He does not speak to me because He knows I can not hear. Perhaps He would have given me a message of consolation and encouragement, or one of warning for some one if I had given attention to Him.

Perhaps the Lord wishes even to call me to be a fisher of men, a minister of His gospel. How do I know, if I have not drawn near to Him so He can reveal His will to me? Very likely He will not call me as long as I follow Him afar off, but what could He not qualify me to do and call me to do if I lived near Him and earnestly desired to do all I could for Him?

Maybe He would have me work in some foreign field if I would be more devoted to Him and His cause. God is not calling sinners to carry His gospel, because they are not in a condition to do so. May it not be that I, too, am making myself unfit for this great work because of my indifference?

What may I be missing of blessings and service? It would surely be too bad if I should not fill the place that I could fill in the Kingdom of God were I to live closer to God and give attention to His call.

WHAT IS OUR OWN?

MAN, BEING an animal, can apprehend the kingdom through all five senses. He can hear, smell, taste, feel and see. The mineral and vegetable kingdoms, however, he cannot hear, but he can smell, taste, see and feel. Of the elements, pure water he can neither hear nor smell, but he can taste, feel and see it. Fire he can only see, feel and hear. Air he feels, though he may see its results. But life is beyond all of his senses; he can grow only through apprehension and faith.

God, therefore, in Christian stewardship, has led man up to a perception not only of the material world, but of his responsibility to Him, so that things might be transmuted into real personal possession. Stewardship is a test of character. Riches are often a burden in getting, anxiety in keeping, a temptation in using, and many times of guilt in abusing. Those who treat riches as a trust will find that the exercise of Christian stewardship affords a safeguard. It is enough to say: "I have surrendered all"; but life must show the practical proof.

A blacksmith in Cleveland for years contributed \$350 a year to maintain a missionary in Africa as his own personal stewardship. He earned \$25 a week and supplemented this by working overtime and thus was able to support his family comfortably while contributing generously to the church and other charitable work. What others would have wasted in tobacco or strong drink, he invested in bringing eternal life to many. But real stewardship cannot be measured in terms of money.

The rich young man had tithed, yet it was not enough. There may be the giving of oneself, as was the case with a missionary in the coal fields of Pennsylvania, who never received a salary of more than \$600, often less; yet during the 42 years of service he took into his own home 40 young men and fitted them for college. Today they are leaders as ministers at home and abroad; as physicians, as lawyers, and one is a college president.

Stewardship principles should be applied to every-day problems. Jesus led the way in attempting to conquer pride in His disciples' hearts by washing their feet. He gave the classic illustration in the Good Samaritan, who knew how to save as well as how to spend, so that he had supplies and knew how to give when there was need.

The great cause of wars is covetousness; the great cause of unrest is likewise covetousness. The recognition of our responsibility to God, of our brotherhood one with another, offers the solution for our problem.

A church-going son makes a proud father, but a stay-at-home father is not proud of the son who follows.

People look back at my six days a week to see what I mean on the seventh.



Why Go to Church?

Go to Meet God

After six days of hard work and the cares of everyday life it is necessary for the average person to attend church on Sunday and recuperate their spiritual life. At the church you are under the influence of the Spirit of God which will give you spiritual strength to withstand the trials and temptations of the following week.

Go to Grow Better

Regular attendance at church will have a marked influence in your life. From week to week the instruction received at church will give you a determination to live a more Godly life.

Go to Grow Stronger Against Temptation

As a general rule the man who attends church regularly has greater will power. He feels the presence of God's Holy Spirit daily, and is always ready to say "no" to every temptation.

Go to Meet the Best People on Earth

Not all the best people on earth are church members and church attenders, but the big majority of them are. If you want to have the friendship of the people whose friendship is really worth having, go to church.

Go to Be an Example to O

Your life is known more than you may think. Your business acquaintances, your neighbors, your children all know what you do. They are greatly influenced by your example.

Go to Be of Service

You may not think you can be of service to the church, but this is a mistaken idea. Just speak to the pastor. He can show you a great many ways in which you can help.

Better still, go to church for a few Sundays, and you will see for yourself many ways to assist the church in its great task of presenting the gospel of Jesus Christ to the children of men.

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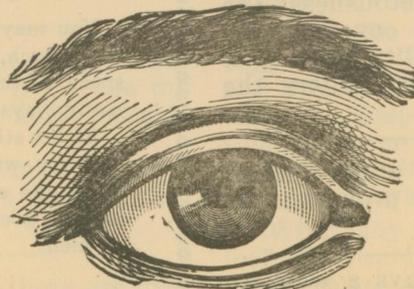
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Easter

The meaning of Easter and its message of joy, the revival of hope and the buoyant renewal of our aspirations come to an old and tired world this morning and pervade our lives even as the springtide floods and fills the meadows with her everlasting miracle.

By an irresistible human impulse, we seek out our finest and most fashionable raiment, and that impulse is parallel to the natural processes in the world about us. If the earth can put off her drab habiliments of winter and forget the somber, sunless hours, so can the children of earth. In every life today there may be a resurrection from the dead. In every life old things may be discarded. He has not caught the spirit of the festal celebration who is not stirred to a renewal and is not moved to forsake the darkness and give welcome to the light.

It is more than a church festival. Believer and unbeliever together share the influences of the day. In each of us, whatever creed we formally profess, there dwells the feeling that the day betokens. It is the assurance that life is worth the living and that love can never lose its own. We stand today not at the brink of a tomb but on the threshold of this eternal life and of this love immortal.



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LACONIA, N. H.

Gilford Booster

Vol. 1

No. 2



CHRIST AND CHILDREN

Published by Gilford Community Church

Gilford, N. H.

September 1, 1922

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Gilford Booster

VOLUME 1.

GILFORD, N. H., SEPTEMBER, 1922.

NUMBER 2.

GILFORD BOOSTER

Published by the Gilford Community church, Gilford, N. H., in the interest of the religious life of the community.

Rev. A. Brownlow Thompson, Editor.
Price of paper, 10c per copy.

CHURCH CALENDAR

Sunday morning worship at 11 a. m.
Church school at 12:15 p. m.
Evening service at 7:30 p. m.
Church night, Thursday.

GILFORD BOOSTER

A FEW OF OUR OUT-OF-TOWN SUBSCRIBERS

Mr. James Moore Letson, Banes, Cuba.
Mr. Sidney A. Odams, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Mr. C. F. Odams, Medford, Mass.
Mr. Robert Souter, Melrose, Mass.
Rev. A. H. Drury, Alexandria, N. H.
Mrs. James M. Thompson, Osceola, Iowa.
Rev. C. C. Amendt, Kongju, Korea.
Mr. H. Odams, Salem, Mass.
Mrs. H. G. Smith, Wichita, Kans.

"Somewhere, some way, some time, each day
I'll turn aside, and stop and pray
That God will make our church the way
Of righteousness to men."

WANTED—FIREMEN

There are brakemen enough in the church to last a hundred years, if we never receive another one. They are the men who are afraid the church will go too fast. What we want is more firemen.—L. S. Bates.

If you want to die quick, try to live on the failings of other folks.

Uncle Hank says: "Ain't it funny how quick folks fergit their own telephone number." Hang up, please; line's busy.

Doesn't our new Bulletin Board look fine?

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SELL OR SWAP? LET THE GILFORD BOOSTER HELP YOU.

We have enjoyed our summer folks and are sorry to have them leave us. Gilford has as fine a class of visitors as can be found in New England, and we are always glad to have them come among us.

THE CHALLENGE of to-day is for a church membership fully acquainted with its faith and its task. This implies such a knowledge of the church and the kingdom as gives personal assurance and ability to push forward the Christian advance with enthusiasm and and determination.

Well I guess the Y. M. C. C. club rooms and the Grange Hall look pretty good with electric lights! How about the rest of the public buildings?

Was the Community Church Fair a success? Judge for yourself by the profits from the different booths:

Fancy Table	\$31.95
Apron Table	45.45
Home Cooked Food	9.38
Parcel Post	17.30
Home Made Candy	26.00
Ice Cream	5.84
GILFORD BOOSTER	50.00
Admission	23.75

Weren't we proud of Martin as he led his chorus in the singing of "Johnny Schmoker."

COMMUNITY COUNCIL

In order to avoid overlapping and conflicting of the programs of the different groups in the community, and also to provide a balanced program, the pastor has formed a Community Council which is composed of people representing the interests of the different organizations and groups in the community.

The following persons have been selected for this council:

The Church—Mrs. Fred Weeks, Mrs. Annie James.

Grange—Mrs. Lizzie Sanborn, Mrs. Dora Bacon.

Town—Fred Weeks, Leland James, John Hammond.

Young People—Miss Ruth Hammond, Howard Waldron.

School Teachers—Miss Warburton.

Say, wouldn't it be great if we could have that field for a permanent playground. Give us the land and we'll fix it up.

Have you a little DELCO in your home? No? See Willis.

THE STANDARD OF CHRISTIANITY

TO BE a Christian one day in the week is to be a Christian the rest of the cycle. There are no halfway stops, no borders, no margins with him who has joined himself to the author of Christianity. We are either Christians or anti-Christians. We are either loyal soldiers or traitors. It is impossible to walk the straight-edge of God's rule with one hand in His and the other in the world. A Christian is one who is Christ-like, possessing his traits of character, and living his life again upon the earth. Anything short of this is not Christianity. A life thus lived will call forth from the world a demand to "see the original."

Christianity is not a garment for use only upon "the Lord's day" and then laid aside for future convenience; it is not a veneer to cover the rough elements of our nature and make it appear what it is not; Christianity is an everyday reality. It knows no midsummer vacations, nor does it seek recreation; it is not spasmodic; its doors are never closed, nor the blinds of its windows down; it stands alone without the support of civil or ecclesiastical power; it needs no winding, or pulling of weights and chains to keep it going, for being immortal it will continue when the perishable things of earth shall have passed away.

Christianity is of such magnitude that it cannot be forced into the limited capacity of twenty-four hours; the compression would be so great that, were it possible, it would soon crush out its life. On the other hand, it is so minute that an entrance into the human heart can easily be made. It means more, to its real possessor, than to contribute large sums of money each Sunday and during the week let the poor suffer about him; more than the singing of a carol in the house of God and during the week blaspheme his holy name; yea, far more, than the giving of a reception to the pastor of his church and barring the door of his own soul to the entrance of Christ.

The circumstances associated with the ministry of Christ did not alter his manner of life, nor cause him to deviate an iota from the principles of heaven. He manifested the same courtesy while among the poor and destitute of earth as when, on the Mount of Transfiguration, he talked with Moses and Elias; the admiration of the people, and their desire to make him king, was accepted with no greater enthusiasm as when he stood in Pilate's judgment hall without a friend; and he possessed that peace of mind amid the raging of the sea, or the tumult of the people, as when he communed with his God in the quietude of mountain and hill. "It is easy to be borne along by the current, and to cry, Hosannah! with the multitude; but in the calm of everyday life, when there is no special excitement or exaltation, then comes the real test of true Christianity."

The goal which the Christian is called to attain is indeed a lofty one, but it can be reached. The mystic ladder of Jacob is still in service and with the determination of a Paul it is our priv-

ilege to ascend to the zenith of our ambitions, and to find the portals of the "third heavens" opened unto us. To ascend, we must first descend. "Before honor is humility," says the preacher, and another joins him with these words, "It is the ripe wheat that bows its head, while the tare stands upright." We cannot reign with Christ until we have had a sitting with him in this world; the beauties of Paradise will never be known, or appreciated, until we have passed through Gethsemane; and the stars that deck the canopy of heaven will never be reproduced in our crowns until we, as the Magi, have followed the lonely star of Bethlehem.

Thus the Christian will possess like characteristics wherein there is no break, change or alteration. As the sun rises and sets; the tide comes and goes; and the world revolves upon its axis; so the child of God continues his unbroken career, and with his Lord and Master becomes "the same yesterday, today and forever."

MISSIONARY IDEALS

THE MOST fascinating chapters in the history of the church are those great ones which tell the story of her missionary triumphs. They mark the stages of her growth far more clearly than any chronological record of dogma does. For missions are faith in action, theology vitalized, the continuing witness to the church militant.

The history of the primitive church is written in the lives and labors of Saint Paul, Saint Barnabas, and those other sons of the faith, who jostled the world out of its bloody grooves, and taught the gospel of the kingdom of peace.

The conquest of Christendom was not the work of a year, nor even of a century; but in those early days, every convert seemed to feel the obligation to missionary effort; and some of them did notable work. In the fourth century we find that the conversion of the whole kingdom of Iberia (Now Asian Georgia) was ascribed to Nino, an American girl.—Mary Aro-netta Wilbur, in *A Child's Religion*.

A TEACHER'S PERSONALITY

In this time of multiplied means to make a Sunday school interesting and effective, we are in danger of forgetting that the personality of the teachers is the greatest asset. We may have the most approved kindergarten methods for the primary, and may use the most complete and artistic helps in the whole school, and have the best music obtainable; but, unless we have men and women who can teach Jesus Christ and the Christ-life out of the fullness of a firm belief and a precious experience, our teaching will be in vain.

Original ideas are like seeds—they are of little value unless they are planted and bear fruit. It is the fruit that is salable.

Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens.



WHAT BOY of yours is trying to walk in his father's footsteps. You want him honest, truthful and fair. Where can he learn these virtues better than in the home and in Sunday school?

"Why should I go to church or Sunday school while Dad plays golf or takes the auto out?" Many a youth has asked himself this.

Take Him to Church

Lessons learned in youth will never leave him. Give him the best possible moral foundation. He will go to church most willingly if you go also.

You Will Find a Hearty Welcome at Church Next Sunday

In an average man weighing 150 pounds there is enough iron to make four 10-penny nails. He contains the constituents of 1,200 eggs and enough gas to make 2,600 cubic feet. His fat would make 75 candles and a good sized cake of soap. His phosphate content would make over 3,000 boxes of matches. There is enough hydrogen in him to fill a balloon to carry him to the clouds. The other constituents equal six tablespoons of salt, a bowl of sugar, ten gallons of water and of brass—some more than others.

"Men are seldom more innocently employed than when they are honestly making money."—Johnson.

LET US USE OUR OPPORTUNITIES

WE ARE held accountable and responsible according to our light and understanding and opportunity. "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required" (Luke 12:48). Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world." I believe he means for us to use every opportunity at home as well as abroad. We are more responsible for our neighbors than for those across the ocean, because of our opportunity: "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men" (Gal. 6:10). We should be ready and awake to every opportunity. If we do not lift up Jesus before those around us every day, how can we expect to lift Him up effectually before those who know us not? Every man, woman and child has a precious immortal soul for whom Christ died; every soul is worth more than all this world.

Let us do all in our power to bring these souls to Jesus. No matter who they are or what, even if low or vile, they have precious immortal souls to be saved or lost—lost through all eternity. It is through the mercy of God that we who are enjoying salvation are saved today.

GROWING INTO THEM

"When I was a little boy," remarked an old gentleman, "somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small and the cucumber so large that it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden one day I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green fellow that was still on the vines; and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle.

"I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form; and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young, and cannot slip out of them now; they are like the cucumber. Look out for such bottles, boys."

HEART WORK

Some one has said, "An ounce of heart is worth much more than a ton of head" in saving souls. How true this is! Heart speaks to heart; when we see souls weeping, weep with them; when they are glad, rejoice ye—they will know you are interested in their eternal welfare.

Give forth words of encouragement to those who are oppressed; comfort the sad and lonely by friendly visits; pray earnestly for those who say all manner of evil against you. At all times let your service be straight from the heart. Pray from the heart, work from the heart, speak from the heart; and God will abundantly bless all you say and so for His glory.—Annie Reid.

No great man in history ever reached his final goal in one jump. He labored and climbed step by step to the top. He worked hard for every objective and with every objective reached, another beckoned from a little beyond.

Your minister is no better than you ought to be.

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Laconia, N. H.

HELP ONE ANOTHER

"Help one another," the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed.
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt.
But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a splendid drift there'll be."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to its fellow leaves one day.
"The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone.
But I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a splendid shade there'll be."

"Help one another," the dewdrop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side.
"The warm south wind would drive me away
And I should be gone ere noon today.
But I'll help you and you help me,
And we will make a brook to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain close at hand.
"The wind may carry me over the sea
And then, oh, what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand,
We'll build a mountain and then we'll stand."

So the snowflakes grew to drifts,
The grains of sand to a mountain,
The leaves became a summer shade,
The dewdrops fed a fountain.

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WHAT GOD SAYS

1—God claims a portion of our substance.
"And all the tithe of the land, whether of the
seed of the land or of the fruit of the tree, is
the Lord's; it is holy unto the Lord."—Lev.
27:30.

2—Withholding this claim is to rob God.
"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me.
But ye say, where in have we robbed Thee. In
tithes and offerings."—Mal. 3:8.

3—Worldly prosperity to those who honor
God with their substance. "Honor the Lord
with thy substance and the first fruits of all
thine increase so shall thy barns be filled with
plenty and thy presses shall burst out with new
wine."—Prov. 3:9, 10.

4—It is accepted according to what a man
hath. "For if there be first a willing mind, it is
accepted, according to that a man hath, and not
according to that he hath not."—2 Cor. 8:12.

5—It shall be given willingly. "Every man
according as he purposeth in his heart, so let
him give; not grudgingly, nor of necessity; for
God loveth a cheerful giver."—2 Cor. 9:7.

6—Does poverty or limited means excuse any
one from giving to the Lord? "They shall not
appear before the Lord empty; every man shall
give as he is able, according to the blessing of
the Lord thy God which he hath given thee."—
Deut. 16:17, 18.

Don't believe all the Devil tells you about the
other fellow, nor yourself for that matter. He's
known to have misquoted the facts in days gone
by.

EXAMPLES IN CHILD- TRAINING

TO TRAIN a child up in the way he should go is not always an easy task. The proper training of their sons and daughters is one of the big things in the life of every noble parent. In almost every family proper a clause is entered for grace, wisdom and guidance to train the children, where such exist. In their anxiety for the moral and spiritual welfare of their children, parents will often worry and fret and read and pray, with the child's well-being uppermost in mind, and the children are also well-nigh distracted with, "Don't, don't." Dear anxious father, remember that your boy's life is being molded by yours. What your boy will be depends more on what you are and do than of what you compel or forbid him to do.

There is a saying that a stream cannot rise higher than its source and it is partly true in regard to child-training. A person can hardly expect more of a child than he finds in his parent. The wise mother and father will be as anxious to live right themselves as they are for their children to. There are a great many pharisaic parents whose teaching is good, but their lives—that spoils the lesson. A child has at least a bit of the temper of a grown person. And is more easily led than driven.

With what suspicion and distrust we would regard the beautiful system of Christianity if its founder had lived a profligate life!

The most disgusting thing in the world is a hypocrite, in whatever walk of life. A child is quick to notice the injustice of being compelled to do a thing that its parent is not willing to do.

If fathers and mothers do not set good examples to illustrate and impress their teaching, the children will soon begin to chafe under their rule, and sooner or later will throw it off.

What do you think of the method of a healthy father for teaching his boys industry who is always "fussing" to keep them at work but not willing to lift his finger to work himself? The same will hold in religious training. There is no teaching so powerful and effective as that illustrated by example.

A stranger knocked at a man's door and told him of a fortune to be made, says the Atlanta Georgian. "Um," said the man. "It appears that considerable effort will be involved."

"Oh, yes," said the stranger, "you will pass through many sleepless nights and toilsome days."

"Uh," said the man, "and who are you?"

"I am Opportunity."

"Um," said the man, "you call yourself Opportunity, but you look like Hard Work to me." And he slammed the door.

Being ignorant is not so much a shame as being unwilling to learn.—Benjamin Franklin.

Every man thinks he is one in a thousand, but sometimes he is only one of the ciphers.

HAPPY OLD AGE

FORTUNATE indeed are those who, in old age, can look backward over a life that has been spent in service to God and to their fellow men. Life is but a short journey from the first crying in the cradle to that peculiar silence in the flower-covered casket. A few days and years, a few summers and winters, and swiftly we pass from the innocence of childhood to the impotency of old age. In my fancy I can see two rooms, and if I were an artist I should paint them—one back yonder where he was born, and another room where the curtain dropped, and his earthly pilgrimage ended. There would not be one attendant at his death who lived when he was born, for all of those for whom he lived, struggled, labored and loved are gone.

Happy indeed are those who when life's day is ending can look backward with gratitude to God and man for what they have enjoyed, and who can also look forward with resignation, hope and confidence to that which is to come. Miserable indeed are those who allow unhappy memories of the past to make them unhappy now, and who fail to remember in the coldness of old age, the warmth and smiles of youth. The happiness or bitterness in old age depends upon the use we make of life.

SHARING RELIGION WITH OTHERS

THERE are some things which can be shared with our neighbors, and some which can not, in the religious life. In securing the "means of grace" we can go halves with our next door neighbors; but not, so in the great fact of personal salvation. We can join with a neighbor in taking a pew in the church, or in getting a wagon to carry us to church, or in subscribing for a religious paper—and paying for it, too; but we can share no neighbor's seat in heaven; his team will never carry us there; the truths which benefit him from the paper do not, because of their gain to him, do us any good. And if our next door neighbor's family is a household of faith, that doesn't make ours so. The members of his family may be saved and ours lost. Neighborliness is commanded and commended of God; but God doesn't want you to leave your salvation in the hands of your next door neighbor. The blood above your neighbor's door-post will not save your household from death.

Advice is thrown away on a young man who considers it beneath him to work at anything which hardens his hands or soils his garments, but to the one who is not afraid of downright work I would suggest: Frugality, investing surplus earnings (if only a dime a day) in a savings bank, and reading useful books during leisure hours.

THE only way some people are generous
is with criticism.



YOUTH

.. IF I WERE TWENTY-ONE AGAIN ..

By Rev. James L. Gordon, D. D.

DISRAELI in one of his novels places these strange words on the lips of a certain character: "Youth is a blunder, manhood is a struggle, and old age is a regret." That is a falsehood. For those who live right and walk circumspectly youth is opportunity, manhood is achievement, and old age is an holy memory.

But life is such a swift, such a fast, such a rapid thing. Time moves more swiftly than the speediest lightning express train that ever rolled over tracks of steel. Before we have arrived we are gone. "Going! Going! Gone!" as the auctioneer remarks in clinching the last sale. There are only three milestones in life—Infancy, Youth, Old Age. Just about the time we have learned to live a certain conductor called Destiny announces the fact that we are approaching the grand central station of our earthly pilgrimage.

Like the speed of an arrow when shot from the bow;
Like the glance of a sunbeam on mountains of snow;
Like the lightning that flashes a moment and dies,
So swift move the wheels of time as it flies.

Life has two ends. A beginning and an ending. A certain old preacher once said: "At twenty we know everything—at seventy we know nothing." Matured wisdom, like old wine, has a peculiar quality. We know just a few things at seventy, but we know what we know. T. De Witt Talmage in his autobiography remarks: "It seems to me that the constructive period of a man's life begins when he has passed fifty. Ernest Renan affirmed that "No man can write well until he is forty."

Experience has a message for inexperience. Jay Gould when he was a youth of twenty wrote a book of 425 pages against "capital." At fifty years of age and the possessor of one hundred million dollars, he made a persistent effort to buy up every copy of his book which was known to exist. He was afraid that the crude ideas penned at twenty might be quoted against him at seventy. Few men are wealthy enough to buy up the past.

The bread of wisdom cannot be baked in a quick oven. The sweetest cream comes of quiet browsing. Every silver hair which crowns the brow of knowledge cost a thought. Henry Clay Trumbull received a package of cabinet photographs from a metropolitan artist. His face, which was lined with the furrows of care as thickly as was General Sherman's wrinkled physiognomy, was made to appear as smooth and even as the face of a society belle. Trumbull observed in dismay: "That photographer has taken out every wrinkle; send the pictures back; those wrinkles cost me too much." Experience is a great teacher, but she asks a high price for every bit of knowledge which she sees fit to impart.



"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Companionship

BY

ROBERT HARE

Lonely?—Yes, sometimes, when the night is dark
And silence wraps the spirit in its gloom;
But then, His angels watching ever nigh,
Supply the place of friendship's room.

Tired?—Yes, often, when the day is done
And sun rays sink into the west;
But, then my Saviour walks beside, and He
Can give the wearied heart its rest.

Afraid?—Oh, yes, when mountain paths are steep
Too steep for feet unused to rugged ways;
But then His promise cheers me, and the fear
Is turned to joyful hymns of praise.

So on I press, the loneliness and fear
But bind me closer to the love divine;
Within the deepest darkness faith can see;
And so I pray—"Thy will, not mine!"

Therefore the man of years has a wisdom which he may reveal without the impoverishment of himself and to the enrichment of all those who will listen.

SIMPLICITY OF PRAYER

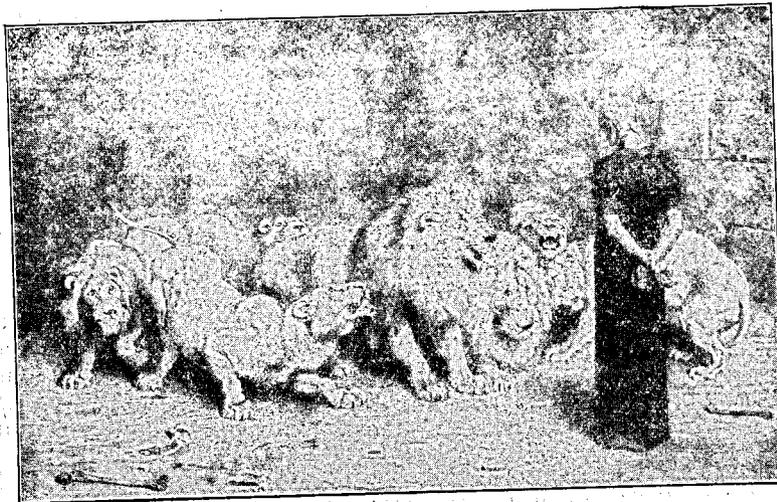
Montgomery sets forth the difficulties of true praying when he declares the sublimity and simplicity of prayer.

"Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try.
Prayer is the sublimist strains that reach
The majesty on high."

This is not only good poetry, but a profound truth as to the loftiness and simplicity of prayer. There are great difficulties in reaching the exalted, angelic strains of prayer. The difficulty of infant lips is not much less.

A fool is known by six things: Anger, without cause; speech, without profit; change, without progress; inquiry, without object; putting trust in a stranger, and mistaking foes for friends.—Arabian Proverbs.

The spirit of missions is the spirit of our Master; the very genius of our religion. A diffusive philanthropy is Christianity itself. It requires perpetual propagation to attest its genuineness.



The spirit of tolerance is, "Do unto others as ye would they should do to you." The spirit of intolerance is, "Make others do as you do." That spirit killed Abel. That spirit put Daniel in the den of lions. And President Harding says the same spirit is abroad to-day.



THE SPIRIT OF INTOLERANCE

By EUGENE A. ROWELL

INTOLERANCE is an unsightly word, with forbidding spikes, like the shell of some ugly creature of the deep. I take it up cautiously, that my hands be not cut by its sharp points, and hold it to my ear, listening for the sound of the sea.

And I hear it. Not the dreamy lap of waves on quiet shores, but the bellowing thunder of an ocean storm. The dark waters rise in impetuous rage and surge against the rock-based headland. They break in whitened fury against the unyielding stones and sink back foaming into the seething dark, only to rise again with still more violent wrath.

What is this troubled sea but the hate-filled heart of man? These tumultuous waves are marching armies hurling themselves upon that from which some hasty monarch has rebelled, or falling in slaughter upon that which he would exterminate. Intolerance! Echoing shell from the harsh-voiced sea, what tones in your hollow chambers still resound from lands submerged by the black flood which gave you birth,—tones expressive of the dungeon's dark, the prison cramp, the smoke of fagots, and the clank of chains.

But as I listen, I catch other tones; not the voice of troubled waters, but faint resoundings from the sunken Atlantis of magnanimous souls and generous minds. These words among others come dimly echoed from one of the princes of that fated land:

"I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion of be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that which perhaps within a few days I should dissent myself."

Louder and clearer come other tones from that high Power which gave the sea its voice:

"Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain;" "The meek shall inherit the earth;" Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

Again the clamorous echoes from the shell drown out these sweeter tones:

"It came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him;" "Away with this Man, and release unto us Barabbas;" "Crucify Him, crucify Him."

And now come other sounds—not echoes from the empty shell, but mutterings of the sea about to rise and overwhelm our land today, flooding its council chambers and burying its homes. The tide which carried the last martyr's ashes out to sea is flowing in again. The nation appointed guardian of our country, gazing on the rising flood, has sounded forth the warning:

"There has come to me no such unwelcome impression as the manifest religious intolerance which exists among many of our citizens. . . . I hold it to be a very menace to the liberties we boast and cherish."

Against this rising flood let us rear the bulwark of broad sympathy founded on our common humanity and our faith in God. If we would have men believe with us, let us not seek it by means of cause, forcing them to acquiesce, but rather by means of effect, showing them in daily life the fruits of our belief. Otherwise we shall find ourselves, if victorious, with our house left unto us desolate, void of free laughter and music and love.

"I would we were boys as of old
In the field, by the fold:
His outrage, God's patience, man's scorn
Were so easily borne."

TITHING OUR TIME

I WAS made to wonder if it would not be profitable to both the work of God and ourselves if we would get into the habit of tithing our time as well as our money. True, money is needed to carry on God's work. But is not the time to study God's Word and to read what other experienced Christians have learned and given to us in periodical or book form very necessary also? It is so easy for the busy housewife to think she has not time to study and yet she will perhaps pray and ask God to help her be a blessing to others and be able to show them the way of salvation. If she will be a blessing to others and show them the way to Jesus, she must take time to sit at Jesus' feet and learn of him first. We cannot hope to grow into the best that God expects of us without much prayer, study and preparation. Many people have spent time and talents writing valuable books that would help us so much, but we must take time to read them. Make room for reading in your daily plan of work; that is as necessary to your spiritual welfare as food is to your physical body. Take time when you can be quiet and free to think, undisturbed by the children and other home cares.

I find that the early morning hours are the best to give to God, while most children are yet in bed and you can be free to think and ponder over the blessings and mercies of God. Recently I learned a valuable lesson which may help some other sister to solve her problem. I had not been keeping up my prayer and Bible-study regularly. The children seemed unusually troublesome and it seemed as if I just could not force myself into doing anything regularly. I saw something had to be done at once. So my husband and I talked it over and we decided upon a plan which has worked wonders with me. In the early morning hours while the children are left in bed I place the alarm clock in plain view so that I do not forget how long I am reading; then I sit down and spend a certain time to reading, writing and a general Bible-study. I find that if I neglect to study God's Word and pray that I slip back and lose much I have gained. One cannot stop a wagon half way up hill and expect it to remain where it first stopped. When once it stops going forward and upward it naturally begins to gradually slip back. So with us in our daily lives, if we neglect to try to learn more of God's will, we shall naturally become careless and lose what ground we have gained. We must keep on fighting the battle, we must keep pushing ahead and striving to learn more and more of what God wants us to do. We must take time to keep saved.—Sel.

—o—
"The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all."

—o—
Go at your work each day as though it were your first day in a new job and you had to make good.

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

A FRIEND is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked with him. He seems to ask of you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse.

When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, so long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you.

With him you breathe free. You can take off your coat and loosen your collar. You can avow your little absurdities, and in opening them up to him they are lost, dissolved on the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands. You do not have to be careful.

You can abuse him, neglect him, tolerate him. Best of all, you can keep still with him. It makes no matter. He likes you. He is like fire that purges all you do. He is like water that cleanses all that you say. He understands, he understands.

You can weep with him, laugh with him, pray with him. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows, and loves you.

A friend, I repeat, is one with whom you dare to be yourself.

FROM SOME EXAMINATION PAPERS

Poise is the way a Dutchman says boys.

Equinox is a wild animal that lives in the Arctic.

King Arthur's Round Table was written by the author of Ten Knights in a Bar Room.

Copernicus invented the cornucopia.

Etiquette teaches us how to be polite without trying to remember to be.

In the stone age all the men were ossified.

The climax of a story is where it says it is to be continued.

A gulf is a dent in a continent.

Buttress is a butler's wife.

Conservation means doing without things we need.

If Ponce de Leon hadn't died before he found the fountain of youth, he wouldn't have died.

—o—
Make religion the business of your life; for, after all, that is the one thing which, strictly speaking, is necessary.

A MORNING RESOLVE

I will this day try to live a simple, sincere and serene life; repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement, impurity, and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence; exercising economy in expenditures, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust, and a childlike trust in God.

—John H. Vincent.

When winter comes what are we going to do? Hibernate? Well, I guess not!

What about snowshoes, skis an' skates,
Sleighrides, fishin' an' debates,
Dramatic clubs an' all sech things,
Socials an' good old fashioned sings.
Who's too old to enjoy good games,
Or watch the antics of H— J—?
Hibernate? Well, I guess not!
In all God's playground this is the spot.

WILL SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN—

Why it always rains on a Sunday school picnic?

Why the biggest fish always gets away?

Why a boy of four is always more anxious to work than a boy of fourteen?

Why so many women are thirty years of age?

Why the weather is a mere incident when we are going to a party, or a concert, or a social, but becomes an insurmountable difficulty on Sunday?

A word of encouragement from one of our subscribers:

"Thanks for the 'Gilford Booster.' It certainly is a booster. It is a live wire, a big asset for the town, a spiritual force for the church. God, bless the Booster and its promoters.
"A. H. D."

ATTENTION, BOYS AND GIRLS OF GILFORD!

The GILFORD BOOSTER will give a cash prize to the boy or girl who writes the best "Five Reasons Why I Want to Live in the Country." A similar prize will be given for the best "Five Reasons Why I Want to Go to the City."

Now get busy and hand your answers to the editor of the BOOSTER on or before September 15. These answers will be published in the October number of the BOOSTER.

Didn't we have a real time OLD HOME DAY? Why not plan for even a bigger and better time next year. Why not a pageant depicting some of the interesting events in the history of Gilford? A splendid way to close the day would be with an Old Folks' Concert staged out of doors.

Who said the "old married men" couldn't play ball? The score was 7 to 5 in favor of the M. M.

The following were awarded prizes in the different events:

Seniors—220 yard, Bert Messer first, Clyde White second; 100 yards, Bert Messer first, Bill Smith second; running broad jump, Bert Messer first, "The Elder" second; standing broad jump, "The Elder" first, Osgood second.

Boys—100 yards, Henry Drouin first, Forrest Smith second; three-legged race, Henry Drouin and Leighton Thompson first, Victor Dockham and Carl Smith second; ball throw, Henry Drouin first, Forrest Smith second; running broad jump, Forrest Smith first, Henry Drouin second; standing broad jump, Henry Drouin first, Forrest Smith second.

Girls—Flag race, Clara Johnson first, Lois James second; three-legged race, Pearl Smith and Dorothy Robinson first, Dorothy Smith and

Dorothy Hurd second; 20 yards, Clara Johnson first, Evelyn Thompson, second; ball throw, Clara Johnson first, Anna Hurd second.

Boost the GILFORD BOOSTER and the GILFORD BOOSTER will boost Gilford.

What's the difference between a hall in semi-darkness and one in which you can see what your neighbor looks like? Ask Willis, he knows.

THE PROPER ATTITUDE

If you can't give, please do not "knock;"
Let others give who will;
It's hard enough to win the game,
If you can't help, keep still.

If you can't give, please don't oppose;
Let others give who can.
The cause is just, the goal is right,
The enterprise must win.

We need your prayers and sympathy;
We want your good will, too;
We'll take your pledge, we want your cash,
We need your children, too.

Then let us all get down to pray,
And all get up to win;
The game is on, the goal is set;
For us to fail is sin.

Don't drive your boy to Sunday School and Church—Go with him.



THE MERCHANT who expects to secure the trade of the people of his community without advertising may be consistently compared to the man who places salt on a bird's tail in an effort to catch the bird. Advertising of the right sort is as necessary as correct salesmanship. Let our parish paper help you in your publicity efforts.

For the BUSY BUSINESS MAN



HE THAT oppresseth the poor to increase his riches, and he that giveth to the rich, shall surely come to want.—Proverbs xxii-16.

All through life be sure you put your feet in the right place, and then stand firm.—Lincoln.

Business is about as H. F. Heinz said: It all boils down to plain apple butter philosophy—"keep stirring."

Which is the worse—to have something bad and to advertise it as good, or to have something good and not to advertise it at all? Think it over.

When a man is guided by reason and the rights of others—not simply what he desires to do, but what he ought to do—then the man will make friends, and these friends are bound to help him.

Said a business man the other day: "If we men could get the proper perspective and realize that our business could not run if the churches don't, we would put more energy into permanent thing and less into business."

The chief reason that everybody is not successful is the fact that they have not enough persistency. Do one thing well, throwing all your energies into it. The successful man, unlike the poet, is made, not born.—John Wannamaker.

A business, in order to have the right to succeed, must be of real service to the community. Real service in business consists in making or selling merchandise of reliable quality for the lowest practically possible price, provided that merchandise is made and sold under just conditions.

THE PLEASURE OF WEALTH

A man should interest himself in public affairs. There is no happiness in mere dollars. After they are acquired one can use but a moderate amount. It is given man to eat so much, to wear so much, and to have so much shelter, and more he cannot use. When money has supplied these, its mission, so far as the individual is concerned, is fulfilled, and man must look further and higher. It is only in wide public affairs, where money is a moving force toward the general welfare, that the possessor of it can possibly find pleasure, and that only in constantly doing more. The greatest good a man can do is to cultivate himself, develop his powers, in order that he may be of greater service to humanity.

HORROR OF FILTH

The fur of the ermine is of perfect whiteness. The dainty little creature appears to make it the business of its life to keep clean. It has as utter a horror of filth as a sow has a love for it. So strong is this instinct that the ermine will suffer capture rather than defilement. Trappers know this fact, and use it to the destruction of the little creature. They will smear filth over the paths that the ermine would naturally choose to escape, and it falls into the trap because it keeps itself unspotted. So should we have a horror of the defilement of sin; so should we love purity that we try to keep our thoughts pure and clean at all costs.

OLD STYLE PEP

In Montana a railway bridge had been destroyed by fire, and it was necessary to replace it. The bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division. Alighting from his private car, he encountered the old master bridge builder.

"Bill," said the superintendent—and the words quivered with energy—"I want this job rushed. Every day's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," said the bridge builder, "whether the engineer has the picture drawn yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains passin' over it."



"I wish now," said the lecturer, "to tax your memory."

A wail in the audience. "Has it come to that?"

"Are you going any farther West?"

"I planned to," said the foreign visitor. "Is there any danger from Indians?"

"Not if you keep out of the way of their motor cars."

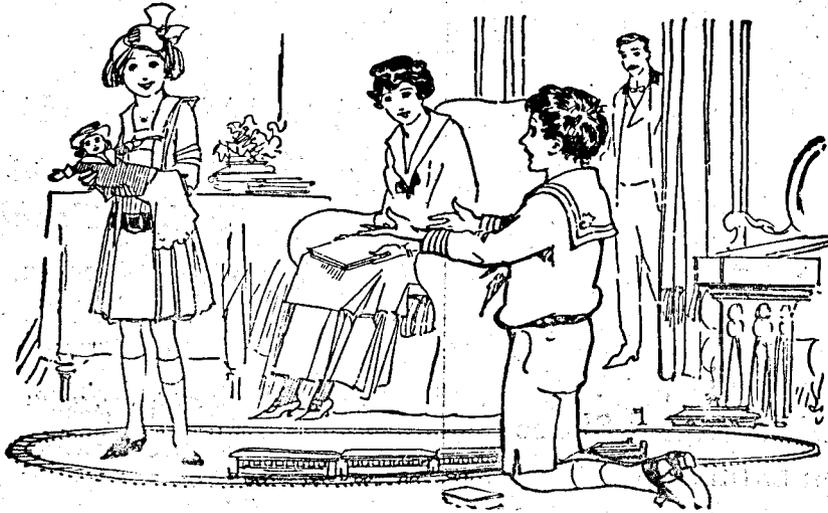
A man entered a jewelry store to buy a clock. The jeweler showed him the different styles—one in particular he said was an eight-day clock.

"What does that mean?"

After the jeweler had explained that it would run eight days without winding, the man exclaimed, "How long would she run if you wound her?"

A man who was wanted by the police had been photographed in six different positions, and the pictures were circulated among the police. The chief in a small town wrote headquarters a few days later, saying, "I duly received the pictures of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them; the sixth is under observation and will be taken soon."

... Those Children of Yours ...



Your Duty to Your Children

ARE YOU sitting down with them regularly and teaching them the principles of righteousness, honesty and fair play? They receive little or no religious instruction in the public schools. Unless you take your children to church and Sunday School they may not learn the truths your mother taught you.

Start the Children Right

GIVE your boy and girl the best start in life possible. Take them to church and Sunday School. Lessons learned in youth will never leave them. If you are not connected with another congregation we shall be glad to have you worship with us.

*The Church of Tomorrow Depends Upon the
Sunday School of Today.*

IDEAS

When ideas are reduced to action or practice, they become to be a power—for good or evil, for success or failure.

Every walk of life is full of struggling and fighting ideas and ideals. Thus we evidence the clash of economic ideas in the business world, social ideas in societies, national and international ideas in politics—there is no end to the clash and constancy of struggling ideas, because of their variety and scope.

No man is bigger than his ideas and ideals. Therefore, it is well to perfect our ideas and reach out for our ideals, for therein we mould our destinies, fortunes, health, prosperity and success.—A. W.

—o—
“Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.”—Franklin.

—o—
The need of the hour is more religion.

W. A. MOORE

DEALER IN FINE FOOTWEAR

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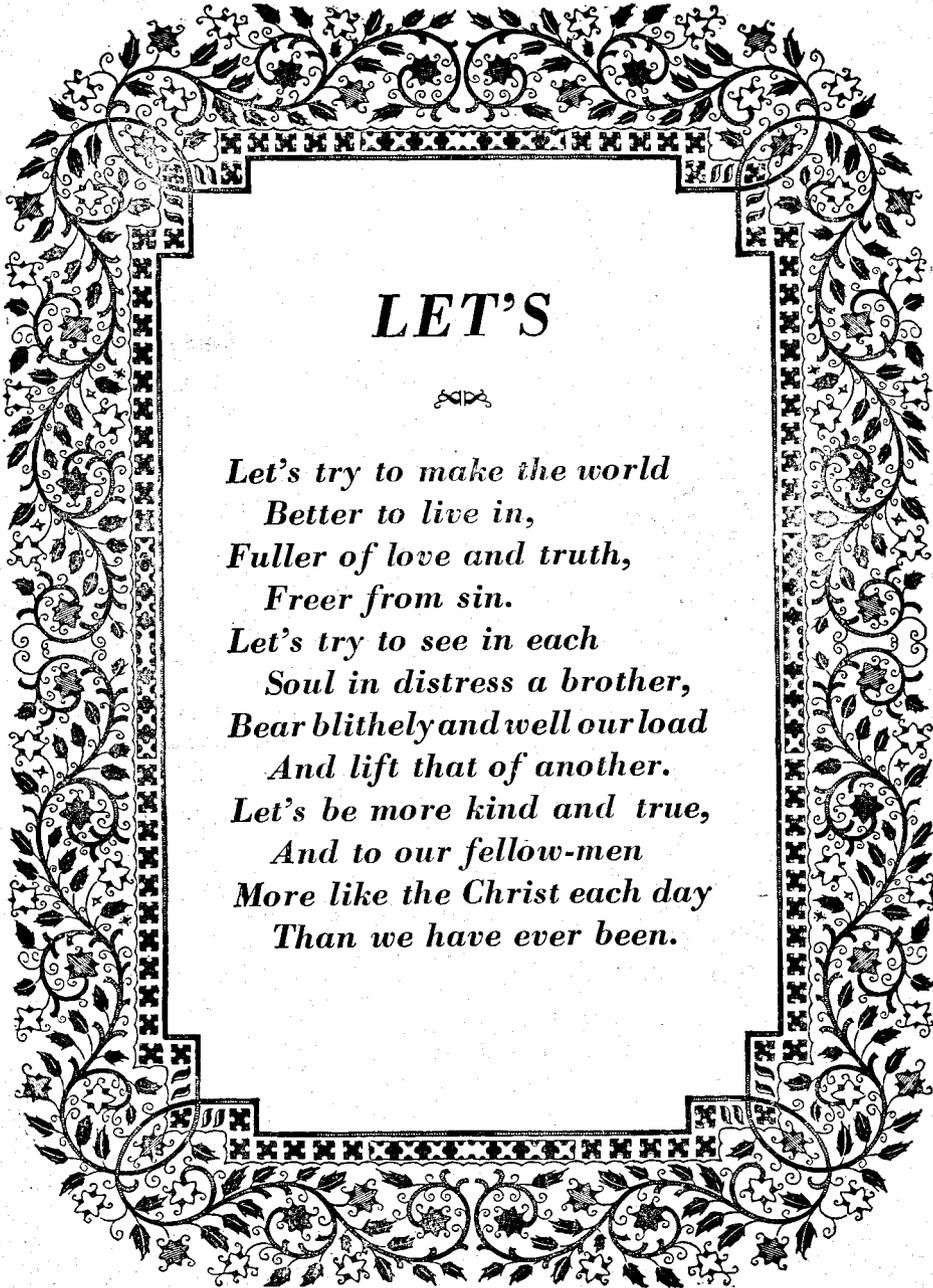
All Kinds of Insurance

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Laconia, N. H.



LET'S

~*~

*Let's try to make the world
Better to live in,
Fuller of love and truth,
Freer from sin.*

*Let's try to see in each
Soul in distress a brother,
Bear blithely and well our load
And lift that of another.*

*Let's be more kind and true,
And to our fellow-men
More like the Christ each day
Than we have ever been.*

Early Showing Of New Fall Goods

NEW DRESSES IN WOOL and SILK

<i>New Dresses in Silk, from</i>	\$15.00 to \$55.00
<i>New Dresses in Wool Tricotine</i>	\$16.50
<i>New Dresses in Wool Serge</i>	\$13.50
<i>New Dresses in Wool Whip Cord, in shades of Blue, Brown and Black</i>	\$12.50 to \$25.00

NEW FALL SKIRTS

<i>All Wool Skirts in Black and White Check</i>	\$ 3.98
<i>All Wool Skirts in Black and White Plaid</i>	\$ 5.75
<i>All Wool Eponge Skirts in Plaids and Stripes</i>	\$5.75 to \$10.75
<i>All Wool Skirts in Plain Colors</i>	\$5.00 to \$10.00

NEW FALL WAISTS

<i>New Voile Waists</i>	\$1.00 to \$9.75
<i>New Silk Waists</i>	\$3.98 to \$12.00
<i>Handmade Waists, All New</i>	\$2.98, \$3.98 and \$9.75
<i>25 New Silk Jersey Blouses, Fringe trimmed</i>	\$4.50

OSCAR A. LOUGEE

LACONIA,

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE
STYLISH WEARING APPAREL OF SUPERIOR QUALITY
AND MAKE FOR

Men, Young Men and Boys

Large Assortment

--

Low Prices

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The money saving store

Come in and look around

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Mrs. Ormon Sainborn

Gilford Booster

Vol. 1

No. 6-7



YOUTH

Published by Gilford Community Church

Gilford, N. H.

January-February, 1923

Gilford Booster

VOLUME 1.

GILFORD, N. H., JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1923.

NUMBERS 6 & 7.

GILFORD BOOSTER

Published by the Gilford Community church, Gilford, N. H., in the interest of the religious life of the community.

Rev. A. Brownlow Thompson, Editor.

Price of paper, 10c per copy.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Church School 10:30 a. m.
Morning Worship 11:30 a. m.
Evening Service 7:00 p. m.
Community Night, every Friday 8 to 10:30 p. m.

Please notice the change in the hour of church school and morning worship. Bring the children to Sunday school and have the whole family together for Sunday morning worship. Let us make this service a real Family Hour.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOLKS WHO CANNOT COME TO CHURCH?

The pastor has found a number of people who are unable to attend church services and yet who are interested in the Kingdom of our God. Their hearts are hungry for the "Songs of Zion," but they have to be satisfied with memories of the days when they were permitted to attend the House of God. With the help of some of our singers we plan to spend Sunday afternoons at the homes of the "Shut-ins" and sing for them the songs they love. If you know of anyone who would like such an afternoon at their house please tell your pastor.

MOTION PICTURES.

Saturday, December 16, Gilford Community Council gave the first motion pictures ever given in Gilford. But that was just a start. The Council arranged for the purchase of the machine and now we are to have good, clean pictures every two weeks. The Council asks the hearty co-operation of the community in helping to make this venture a success.

In this issue of The Gilford Booster we have combined the January and February numbers. You will not receive the paper again until the first of March.

As usual Gilford's community Christmas tree was a success. A splendid program was given by the school children. As we have said so many times, we say again, Gilford's chief asset is in her boys and girls.

The pastor and family wish to express their appreciation for the generous way in which they were remembered at Christmas time. You make us feel like we were among friends.

After the Candle Light service Sunday, December 24, a number of our singers visited the homes of the shut-ins and sang some of the favorite Christmas carols. It is a question who enjoyed the evening most, those who sang or those who listened. From all reports it was an evening well spent.

According to the Laconia Democrat, Gilford was one of the first four towns to go over the top in the sale of Christmas seals. This was on the basis of last year's quota. Gilford's new quota, which few, if any, of the towns have tried for, is almost a third more than last year's AND SHE IS GOING TO GET THAT! The success of the campaign is due to the untiring efforts of the chairman of the committee, Mrs. Annie James.

Believing that the work of the church is a man's job, the following men have undertaken the task of calling upon the people of the community to obtain their pledge toward the financial support of the Community Church:

Mat Kimball, Fred R. Weeks, Ormon Sanborn, Charles Goodwin and Leland James.

AN INTERESTING BUDGET.

The following budget furnished by a college president gives us something to think about:

We squander every year:

\$2,100,000,000 for smokes (cigars, cigarets, snuff, etc.).

\$1,000,000,000 for movies.

\$2,230,000,000 for candy.

\$1,950,000,000 for cosmetics, perfume, scented toilet soap.

\$500,000,000 for jewelry.

\$350,000,000 for furs.

\$300,000,000 for soft drinks.

\$50,000,000 for chewing gum.

\$3,000,000,000 for races, joy rides, and pleasure resorts.

For luxuries of all kinds, we spend yearly:

\$22,700,000,000.

Against this we spend yearly:

\$1,000,000,000 for all education.

\$650,000,000 for grade schools.

\$150,000,000 for colleges and professional schools.

\$100,000,000 for public high schools.

\$20,500,000 for normal schools.

\$25,000,000 for all church schools and colleges

The Spirit of 1923

The
New
Year



1
9
2
3

THE YEAR that has just closed means something different to most everybody.

To some it has brought a great joy; to others a great sorrow; to many, both grief and gladness in full measure. Many of us have gone along the regular, uneventful path, filled with the happiness of love and work and the joy of everyday things, which, after all, is the best happiness.

To youth the New Year means a long, pleasure-filled evening and the writing of a new date on their letters. They look neither forward nor back. They make resolutions because it seems the correct thing to them to do. They keep them sometimes and it helps make them better men and women, but it is not a serious matter with them—just as is natural for youth.

Older folks involuntarily look back a bit on the even of a new year—not systematically, but with a general sweeping glance that usually makes them a bit uncomfortable

at things left undone or failures to make good as they had intended. Maybe there has been just one thing accomplished that gives them a little warm feeling round their hearts—maybe not. The great sorrow or great joy stands out with more meaning to them than to youth. 'Tis another milestone passed.

The New Year may not present very bright prospects to some, but these same older folks know that there is something better in store than what the immediate future seems to offer—know that unhappy things can't last—that they are pretty sure to lead to something greater and better—know that even if they can't understand the reason for sorrow and trouble that there is a reason—know it deep down within themselves, though outwardly they resent and rebel against fate. It is not blind faith or optimism that teaches this, but reason and knowledge of life.

Older folks know that the year is bound to bring happiness and relief to those who are now bearing sorrow and trouble.

Show me the literature on your reading table
and I will correctly read your future, because
the influences which you are planting in your
mind now are sure to assert themselves later
on.

SAVED BY A SONG

RECENTLY there was related in my hearing the story of a young Christian soldier who at one time was left alone at his post of duty. While thus situated a strange feeling came over him, as if something were going to happen, and he felt indeed very lonely. So he started to sing that song, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." He kept on singing till he came to the last stanza, "Cover my defenseless head." After he was through singing a calm peace came over him and he felt relieved.

Some time later he attended a reunion for Confederate and Union soldiers. At this meeting he arose and told of this instance. When he was through speaking, a Confederate soldier got up and with great emotion told how that he had his gun ready to shoot him that night, but as he was ready to shoot this young man started to sing, so he thought he would let him finish the song first, but when he sang, "Cover my defenseless head," he decided not to shoot. Thus his life was spared.

As I listened to this my heart was touched. I thought "How wonderful are the ways God has of taking care of his people." I also thought, "If we could only sing in time of threatening danger or trial, how many anxious moments we should be spared!"

Dear one, are you standing alone for God in your home, or perhaps in your community? Does it seem at times that everybody is against you, and do you ever feel as if something terrible is going to happen? Possibly you have been in such a place and you did not know what to do, but you got through it some way. If ever you find yourself in such a place again, try to sing some comforting song or pray to God for strength to bear up under such occasions. God will never fail you and the result will be that that same sweet peace that came over this young soldier will come over you, and you will find yourself more than a conqueror through Jesus Christ.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THRIFT

"If a man had put a hundred dollars in a savings bank twenty years ago," said the statistician, "it would amount to over two hundred dollars now, and he could buy almost as much for it now as he could have got for the original hundred at the time he began to save."

Take care of your character and your reputation will take care of itself.

GRUMBLING

GRUMBLING kills friends. The individual who is always grumbling and growling about things makes a blue atmosphere about him. People somehow seem to prefer a rosy atmosphere to a blue one. There is no good in grumbling. It gains nothing for us. Grumbling is an evidence that we have not summed things up correctly, that we are laboring under a delusion, that we are looking at the world through blue glasses, and that we are not making proper estimates of other people.

Grumbling is an advertisement to the world that we are not well balanced. Grumbling will not help things the least bit. We may place ourselves squarely in front of the wheels of progress, but rather than stopping those wheels, they will run over us and leave us crushed on the road and still grumbling. The more we indulge in the habit the more firmly it becomes fixed upon us, and later we shall find it impossible to shake it off. The grumbler grows to be a pessimist, and he can hardly see any good in anything or any person. He says disagreeable things. He makes his friends feel ill at ease. The grumbler gradually loses his acquaintance and even his close friends. When you ask the grumbler, the pessimist, how business is, he responds, "Business is not half as good as it would be if it were twice as good as it is." The optimist says: "Business is twice as good as it would be if it were only half as good as it is."

If you are started on the grumbling path, pull yourself together, and cut the habit quick and short. Grumbling and indigestion go hand in hand. If you have indigestion, square yourself against it; make up your mind that you will not indulge yourself and vent your ill feeling in grumbling.

If you can start out each day with a resolve not to grumble, you will find the proposition not difficult. The first few hours of the day is the time when your resistance is called into play. You may cure yourself of grumbling if you will try hard enough. Why be a grumbler, a whiner, a complainer, a knocker, a critic, a censor, a pessimist? There is no room for grumbling or whining, in the church, the home, in business. Better cure yourself now of this habit, or your life is ruined, and your talents eclipsed. What we need is men and women and boys and girls, who can see the good in others, who can extract the good from life, and at the same time endure the crosses without a grumble. I often think of the little verse I learned when a very small boy, only about nine years of age:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to.
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For God hath made them so."

From this I took it that barking, biting, growling and fighting were left to the wild animals, and that we as human beings were not to engage in these things. You have heard of the fellow who growled "like a bear with a sore head?" Do not be that kind of a young man or woman.

WHAT A PRAYER!

How long would it take this sort of living and praying to save the world? Yet how many are dangerously near it:

"O Christ, I belong to Thy Church. I go once in a while, when I'm not too tired, the weather is not too alluring for automobiling, or company does not drop in, or other essential matters take up my attention. I give for the support of Thy Church, though I confess it is not what it might be, still it is something. I love to feel that my name is on the church book, though I have no great interest in the work of the church. I know my heart is not really there. But to me the church is a sort of refuge after all, and I pray Thee at the last day to let me in."

LIFE'S ANAESTHETIC.

Whenever I am spirit-worn, and feel
Double the weight of years that have been
mine,

I do not let my heart—the coward!—steal
Off to some mountain lake with marge of pine
And lichened cliffs. I find it sweeter far

To think of someone burdened worse than I
And write him things to keep hope's steady star
Before his care-fagged, trouble-jaundiced eye.

Ere I have written him a dozen lines
Of gentle frivol, masking sympathy,
Songs sweeter than the wind hymn in the pines
Have sung themselves into the soul of me.
For never better way has been invented
To keep lives to love's lambent lode-star true
Than helping other souls to feel contented
Till their reflected radiance shine on you.

—Strickland Gillilan.

PROPOSED RULES OF THE ROAD FOR 1923.

1. Upon discovering an approaching team, the automobilist must stop and cover his car with a blanket painted to correspond with the scenery.

2. On approaching a corner, where the automobilist cannot command a view of the road ahead, he must stop not less than 100 yards from the turn, toot his horn, ring a bell, fire a revolver, halloo and send up three bombs at intervals of five minutes.

3. Automobiles must be seasonably painted; that is, so they will merge with the pastoral ensemble and not be startling.

4. Automobiles running on the country roads at night must send up a rocket every mile and wait ten minutes for the road to clear. They may then proceed carefully, blowing their horns and shooting Roman candles.

5. In case an automobile approaches a house when the roads are dusty, it will slow down to one mile an hour and the chauffeur will sprinkle the dust in front of the house with a hand sprinkler.

6. In case a horse will not pass an automobile, the automobilist will take the machine apart as rapidly as possible and conceal the parts in the grass.

Production of citrus fruits in Florida for the season of 1922-23 is estimated at 15,000,000 boxes.

THE MEANING OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

Joining the church means binding oneself to a group of persons who have publicly dedicated themselves to the service of Christ. To serve Christ means to cultivate in oneself the spirit of helpfulness and good will, and to try to spread this spirit as widely as one can. In becoming a church member one says both to God and to men that he will aim at all times to follow Jesus Christ.

To follow Jesus Christ means to be reverent and humble, truthful and honest, generous and forgiving, always trying to help others to live the same sort of life. To be a worthy church member one must have the temper and disposition of Jesus, taking His attitude to God and to man, looking at life from His standpoint, hating the things which He hated, loving the things which He loved, and doing in co-operation with others the kind of things which He did.

The kingdoms of the world are to become the kingdom of God, and His Son, and every member of the church is committed to working with others for the winning of this great victory—Charles E. Jefferson.

OUR LESSONS TOO.

By Jean Dwight Franklin.

A little child, with lessons all unlearned
And problems still unsolved, before me stands;
With tired, puzzled face to me upturned,
She holds a slate within her outstretched
hands:

"My sums are hard—I cannot think tonight;
Dear father, won't you make the answers right?"

Thus do I come to Thee, great Master, dear;
My lessons, too, are hard; my brain is weak.
Life's problems still unsolved, the way not clear,
The answers wrong—Thy wisdom I would
seek.

A tired, puzzled child, I pray tonight:
"Here is my slate—O make the answers right!"

GOD'S GUIDANCE.

When the English soldiers were marching up the heights of Alma, meeting the Russians who were marching down towards the English lines, there came a command for the English company to divide, part turning to the left and marching along the side of the hill. It seemed a foolish order when first received by the soldiers. There were Russians marching right in their teeth, and yet half of them were to turn away when the foe was close upon them! But the order was not long considered foolish. Those that turned to the left soon found that a company of Russians had been secretly coming up the side of the hill to fall upon the English unawares. The commander-in-chief from the hill on which he stood could see all the movements of the foe, while those that were perplexed at his orders could see only a small portion of the field. So He who orders our life and lot sees all the movements of the powers of darkness, and to deliver us from their plots and designs, He often leads us by a way we know not.—H. Starmar.

Heaven never helps the man who will not act.
—Sophocles.

A DOG'S DEVOTION

FOR FIDELITY, sincerity, and whole-hearted devotion to his friends, the dog is superior to all other animals, man not excepted. "How could one get relief from the endless dissimulation, falsity, duplicity and malice of mankind," exclaimed Schopenhauer in one of his inspired moments, "if there were no dogs into whose honest face he could look without distrust?"

The dog who stood over the lifeless body of his prostrate master, grieving for recognition and starting at every flutter of his garment till he himself died of grief, exposure and starvation, had in his faithful canine breast a truer, nobler heart than beats within the bosom of the average man.

History records no example of loyalty greater than that related of "Bobby" of Greyfriars, who for fourteen long and weary years, in all sorts of weather, slept every night on his master's grave. That remarkable exhibition of canine affection and lasting devotion was well worthy of the marble shaft which today stands just outside the entrance to Greyfriars cemetery in Edinburgh to perpetuate the memory of a loving, loyal, unpretentious dog.

The other day I was hastily summoned by telephone to the rescue of a disabled horse which lay helpless upon the street, abandoned by the human wretch to whom he had given his last strength. I at once hurried to the scene of the trouble and found the poor old derelict lying prostrate by the road-side, groaning and struggling in great agony.

Near his head sat a sad-eyed, intelligent-looking shepherd dog who watched every movement of his suffering comrade.

When I started to examine the prostrate horse the dog looked inquiringly and barked anxiously into my face as if to ascertain what I intended to do for the relief of the sufferer.

A hasty examination revealed the fact that the poor old feeble wreck, galled, scarred and deformed by hard work and cruel treatment, was dying. I quickly decided to terminate the pain-racked creature's suffering by giving him a speedy and merciful death, and so I sent a bullet on its errand of mercy. Death ensued almost instantaneously, without a struggle or a groan. Scarcely had the report of my pistol died away and the blood began to trickle from the bullet wound in the forehead when the shepherd dog, suddenly realizing what had happened to his friend, set up a most pitiful, heart-rending howling.

I learned that the horse and dog had been constant companions for several years and had become much attached to each other. The dog invariably accompanied the horse, which was used daily about the city drawing a delivery wagon loaded with groceries.

Neighbors residing near told me that the horse had been lying where I found him during the preceding night, and that the faithful dog had remained constantly with him. The human

wretch who had worked the poor old horse's life away for his own selfish gain, had deserted his faithful servant in distress while the devoted dog remained with him to the last.—J. W. Hodge, M. D.

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS PASTOR

WHAT is the Christian to be to his pastor, and what is the pastor to be to the members of his flock? This is a question which, we believe, needs to be discussed. The word "pastor" means "shepherd." And that is what the pastor is to his flock—a spiritual shepherd, leading and guiding that flock on the path of life. "Take heed," said the apostle, "unto all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers." Yes, the pastor is intended by God to be a spiritual father to God's children. Thus the pastor is the one whom Christians should consult in all matters relating to their spiritual life and to their soul's welfare. They should be free to come to him with their sorrows and unburden their hearts to him. They should call for him (yes, call for him) in time of sickness, just as they do for their doctor to minister unto the needs of their body.

There are ways in which the pastor should minister in a pastoral way, to the individual members of his flock, and to others as well. But we sometimes fear this blessed work of the minister of the Gospel is falling into disuse, making him now little more than a pulpit orator for Sunday morning. Let every Christian among us take this matter to heart, and be more ready to come to his pastor in matters pertaining to his soul or spiritual life. Indeed, it grieves a pastor often to note how Christians will oftentimes do things involving the welfare of their soul with no thought of speaking to their pastor about it.

But while the Christian should come to his pastor in such matters there are, on the other hand, matters which the Christian should not bring to his pastor, but should keep from him. On the door of every pastor's home should be written a sign reading: "No gossipers admitted here." Indeed, we feel that there is entirely too much gossip brought to the pastor's ears. A member of the flock will come to him with this or that report of hearsay about another. If a member knows of some wrong or sin on the part of another, the Saviour tells us our first duty is to go to that person. Why tell the pastor of these things, which oftentimes are misunderstandings and mere reports? This is also one way in which the burden of the pastor could be lightened. It will be plenty of time for the pastor to know of it if the individuals cannot right the matter. It is an injustice to any pastor to load him down with gossip. It increases his burden, it saddens his heart, it cripples him for his blessed work. Let every Christian, then, be a true help to his pastor; and may the pastor be a help to his flock in guiding souls aright, and in building up God's great kingdom.

You can either make or mar your life by the use of your spare time.



GOD'S REPAIR SHOP

By REV. ALFRED BARRETT

SOMEONE has said that New Year's day is a good time to make good resolutions, and the other 364 days are good times to keep them. That is very true, but we shall need strength—and courage and grace—and faith in God if we are going to keep those good resolutions.

Have you resolved yet what you are going to do in the coming year? There are many things in the past year which you ought to have done, but you did not do them; and you did many things which now you wish you had never done. You made many serious blunders and spent many unhappy days; but now the year has gone, and all those mistakes are still in your memory.

Have you ever read that peculiar and yet very interesting story in the "Arabian Nights"? It is a story without an ending. The king demanded a story of this character from his courtiers. The one who succeeded in telling such a story was promised the king's daughter in marriage; but the unsuccessful ones were to have their heads cut off. Many of the courtiers brought their interesting stories to the king, but they were stories that could be told to a finish, so that when their tales were ended their heads were cut off. One day a handsome, bright young courtier, eager and anxious to marry the king's daughter, came into the king's palace and began to tell a story of a farmer who had a tremendous heap of grain which would take hundreds of years to remove. It was beautiful to look upon. One day a little black locust came there and carried one grain away, then there came another locust and carried another grain away, and another locust came and carried another grain away, then another locust came and carried another grain away—So he recited this for many days, until the king became weary and tired of listening to the story, and ended the recital by giving this handsome young courtier his daughter in marriage. It was certainly a delightful ending for this clever courtier, and doubtless his joys were unending.

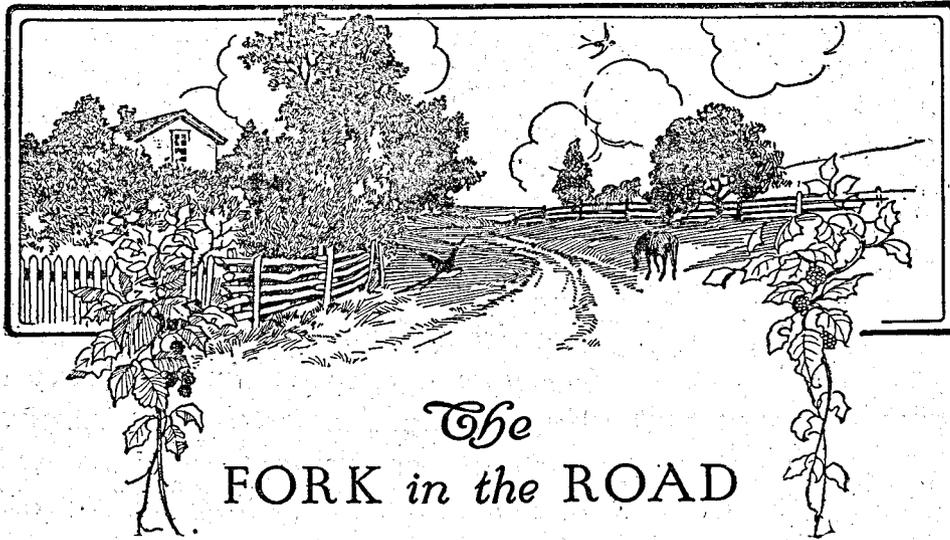
Another year has just gone. Old Father Time has been taking away grain after grain of the year—the months, the weeks, the days, the hours, the minutes, and even the second. He has been taking them all. I wonder if this story that your life has told during the past year has deserved the admiration and acceptance of King Jesus? I am rather afraid that there are many things that you have said and done that make you feel miserable when you think of them, and you would be happy if you could only forget

them—yea, and happier if they had never been done. If you could only tell your story there would be many mistakes and many misgivings. Many words have escaped your lips that never ought to have been said. Many a stain has come on your character, many a sin has blotted the pages, and many times has your disobedience spoiled your happiness and filled the days with sorrow. What a story it would be—and what a record! Well, what are you going to do with this disfigured and impaired record? Are you going to carry it over into the next year and live another impaired life and tell another wretched story? Let us hope not. Failure in the past does not mean failure in the future. Let us begin over again and make better use of the new opportunities that the New Year is bringing us.

I know of a place where our impaired lives can be repaired. It is God's repair shop, where all the broken things of life can be mended, a place where we can go and be made whole again, and then go out into the world ready to toil for the good of our companions. God is the great repairer. David knew this when he said, "He restoreth my soul." That word restoreth means "repaireth."

I once saw in a shoemaker's window these words, "Old shoes made as good as new." The shoemaker's shop is a place of repair. I know this is a commonplace illustration, but it serves my purpose. Now, the real repair shop that I want to tell about is in the presence of God, where Jesus himself is the great repairer. When Jesus came into this world of ours He came to show man that God could make us whole. He came to seek and to save the lost and broken lives of boys and girls and men and women. Some have broken wills, they are like broken propellers or should I say like broken automobiles? Others have broken hearts, broken bands of faith, broken resolutions, broken prayer power, broken cisterns and even broken chords. God is in His repair shop and is binding up and repairing all these wrecks of time and helping them to produce once more life's sweetest music. I want all the boys and girls to frequent this place of repair. It is the place of prayer where God is waiting our souls to repair. Just one word more. God loves the children, and He is waiting to help you be better and to do better. He wants you to be like Jesus. Trust in Him, love Him, Live for Him, and some day you will live with Him. Begin now, just now, and make this year the very best year of all your life.

The new year is a new way. Take Christ with you as guide.



"There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path—
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

"Oh where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed—
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?"

"How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?"

THERE is a moment in the life of each us—it will surely come—a tick of the clock, beyond which the impudence of man cannot pass, and the forbearance of God will not go. There is a fork in the road, where the eternal destiny of each individual is decided. As to where that fork in the road is, let me repeat the testimony of a railroad engineer from whose eyes the light had gone forever. He said, "God had to make me blind so that I could see." That man had come to the fork in the road, and though bereft of sight, saw before it was too late, the words on the sign-board.

I remember the story told me years ago by a friend of mine, the son of a farmer in one of the states of the Middle West. The glorious gospel message had gripped his heart, and he had taken his stand for Christ. This brought him into trouble with his father, who was an infidel. One early morning his father made ready to drive to town. The team was harnessed and hitched to the wagon. The father called to his son to ride to town with him. On the way, they came to a fork in the road. Approaching it, the father, calling his son by name, said that he must decide by the time they reached the fork either to give up the church and stay on the wagon with him and return home, or to get off the wagon, and his home be home to him no longer.

The young man bade good-bye to his father and got down from the wagon when they reached the fork. The call of God was stronger than the call of home ties, and for conscience' sake he became an exile. He had come to the fork in the road, and to the minute when he must decide his destiny.

The apostle Paul was answering for his faith before Felix. The Spirit of God was struggling with the Roman hireling. He trembled as the apostle reasoned. He had come to the fork in the road. He knew what he ought to do; but, reaching the

breaking point between himself and God, he cried out to Paul, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." His convenient season passed with that opportunity.

Let me cite another case. The apostle Paul had been passed on from Felix to Festus, and from Festus to Agrippa. Paul was before the king, again to answer for his faith. The truths to which he gave utterance were doing their work. The Spirit of God was pressing them home to the heart of the king. The supreme moment in Agrippa's life was reached. He stood at the fork in the road. He knew what he ought to do. God was calling for the surrender of his life. He saw in the apostle an ambassador from the throne of God, offering him grace and pardon for his sinful life; and the words involuntarily escaped his lips, "Almost thou persuadedst me to be a Christian." Not having the courage of his convictions, Agrippa failed when he reached the parting of the ways, and his "almost persuaded" became "almost, but lost."

Friend, have you reached the fork in the road? Have the truths of the Holy Bible been gripping your heart? Have you not heard the still small voice calling you into the pathway of obedience, "This is the way, walk ye in it"? Will you say as did Felix, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee"? The convenient season may pass with this reading. Will you say as did Agrippa, "Almost thou persuadedst me"? Almost means to put aside the proffered mercy. Almost may mean lost.

Today as the Saviour of the world is fulfilling in your experience His own words, "Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me," do not keep Him waiting, knocking.

"Yes, the wounded hand still knocketh
And beneath the thorn-wreathed hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there;
Wilt thou keep Him waiting there?"

A Creed for the New Year

TO do our work as it is given us by God; to live simply and to show hospitality of heart and home; to face each coming day with courage, indignant over wrongs, watchful in the interests of justice, and striving earnestly to achieve the ends of a higher patriotism; to heed the voice of conscience, render obedience to the law of right, practice a becoming self-denial and in every emergency do the plain duty that lies next our hand; to show sympathy without sacrificing honor; to extend mercy without violating justice; to forgive, where men repent of wrong, to pity the unfortunate, knowing how weak are our own purposes; to be brothers unto one another, thinking kind thoughts, speaking gentle words, and practicing the gracious ministries of helpfulness; to love all things that are beautiful, whether of the world without or of heaven within; to bow reverently before the sacred mystery of life; to worship God as the source of our being, and the fountain of all goodness; to confess our sins, implore divine forgiveness, and pray for strength against temptation; to be humbled without self-depreciation and holy without self-righteousness; to remember the past with gratitude, endure the present with cheerfulness, and await the future with patience—let this be our New Year Creed.



“Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits.”—Romans 12:16.

“Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart.”—Matthew 11:29.

“It’s all right to have an iron will, but be sure it isn’t pig iron.”

Some day Jesus Christ will be your judge. Why not make Him your advocate now?

THE HORSE'S PRAYER.

To thee, My Master, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and, when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me at the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you to be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes. Do not overload me; or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat, I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean, cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease—the glanders. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit in my mouth; first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day and night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements which I have often prayed might not be of wood but of such a nature to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And finally, O my Master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do, Thou, My Master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable. Amen.

—o—

IF

If we noticed little pleasures
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forgot our losses
And remembered all our gains.
If we looked for people's virtues
And their faults refused to see,
What a comfortable, happy,
Cheerful place this world would be.

—o—
If you live wrong you cannot die right.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REST.

By G. Q. Coplin.

The world today is in a state of unrest. Social problems and labor conditions are agitating the minds of the masses. Just what the future holds for us we may not know, and perhaps it is best that we do not know. The worldling is not only disturbed over social and financial conditions, but his mind is also troubled about the future welfare of his soul. There is something for which his soul yearns. Perhaps he has tried to live a moral life, but even this does not satisfy. Jesus says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11:28.) "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

Through faith in Jesus we enter into this rest. This is our spiritual inheritance. Here we cast all our cares upon Him and cease from our work as God did from His.

What a blessed privilege to rest in Jesus while the world without is agitated and unsettled! We fear not what the future may bring, for like Paul we are persuaded that nothing can separate us from the love of God, and he who has God's love has all. But I fear that many of God's dear children do not enjoy this soul-rest as they should. They sometimes allow themselves to worry over the future until their peace of mind is almost completely destroyed. Some suffer from doubts and accusations of the enemy. They entertain fears that perhaps they are not right with God and lose sight of the means by which this rest is obtained. Instead of believing in God with all their hearts they are doubting His promises. We read in a certain place: "For we which have believed do enter into rest." You can enter this land of rest by faith alone. Though you were to repent of your sins a hundred times, though you were to agonize before the Lord with weeping and with fasting, this without faith would not bring rest and assurance to your soul. Whenever we have met the conditions of God's Word we must believe His promises and trust all with Him. This brings us into our resting place. Thank God for true soul-rest!

Here we rest on His promise to keep us in the hour of temptation. We rest on His promise for divine guidance. We rest on His promise to supply all our needs. We rest on His promise to preserve us unto His heavenly kingdom.

This is the rest which Christ, the Shiloh, offers to a burdened, restless world. This is that of which Isaiah wrote when he said: "His rest shall be glorious." (Isa. 11:10.) Would you enjoy this rest? You may have it if you will believe the promises of God.

IF you strike a thorn or rose, keep a-goin'!
If it hails or if it snows, keep a-goin'!
'Taint no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line:
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—keep a-goin'!

THE NEW YEAR

*And here we stand to say "Good-by!"
Brief words—and yet we scarce know why,
They bring a moisture to the eye,
And to the heart some quakes and aches;
We speak them very tenderly,
With half a sob and half a sigh—
"Old Year, good-by! Old Year, good-by!"*

—W. K. Burleigh.

HERE we stand again on the borderland of Welcome and Good-by. There is so little between them and so much either side of them.

When the great bell of time strikes the midnight hour, and 1922 passes into the land of long ago, there is one simple resolution that we can all make with pretty good surety that we can keep it till the next midnight chimes—that we will be a better man or woman in the next year than in the last.

That won't be a hard resolution to fulfill in some degree, and if everyone is even a little better, there will be a heap more goodness, kindness, success and love in the world during 1923 than there is now.

The untried year brings with it another chance for all—a chance to make good where we have failed—a chance to benefit by what we have counted as failures in the year that is passing out.

The old year has been a difficult one for many. Some have lost heart. The new year, which gives promise of so much that is better, will bring new courage and hope to them.

If we can let the unhappy part of the past year go with it, and only remember the good, it will help toward all that is best in the new.

One of the best things that we can hope for the untried year is that it will be a busy one for everybody. Work is the best promoter of goodness and happiness, and the best cure for trouble and sorrow that there is.

When the solemn, happy bells "ring out across the snow," let them ring out with them the bad things and ring in all that is good and true and beautiful within the power of each one of us.

Prayer

The Key to Heaven's Storehouse, and the Secret of the Victorious Life.

THE DUTIES of the day had been laid aside; some finished, others to be resumed when the curtains of night should recede and make tomorrow another today. The noise on the street had subsided; and even the boisterous winds had yielded to the "Peace, be still." Everywhere the hush of eventide called to quiet meditation; and somewhere a voice seemed to say, "Be still; and know that I am God." Then followed a quiet, all-alone visit with the Master; and while I sat there thinking seriously, the story of Brooklyn Bridge crossed my mind. Strange thoughts for meditation! you say. Yes. But somehow the soft light of evening reveries revealed in that oft-told story a most helpful lesson to me.

Perhaps you remember the experience of the engineer whose mind conceived Brooklyn Bridge. He was injured not long after the building of the bridge was begun; and for long months, he was confined to his room. But his assistants carried on the work. On his sick bed, his skillful hand drafted the plans; and his faithful wife carried them to the workmen. At last, the bridge was finished. From his cot, he viewed the magnificent structure. His well-trained eye critically scrutinized the huge anchorage, the massive piers, the strong cables. He seemed to take in every detail. There stood his dream! His plan and specifications had been carried out perfectly. How it thrilled his heart! In ecstasy of joy, he cried out: "It's just like the plan! It's just like the plan!"

That is the story; and as I thought of it in the hush of the evening, my heart sighed, Oh that the Master, as He looks over my life for today, could say, "It's just like the plan!" But alas! He could not. I knew that. I had felt His presence. The little visit had been comforting in many ways. He seemed more real and more precious to me than ever before, as tenderly, kindly, sympathetically, sadly, He called my attention to the mistakes of the day. I knew

He did it for my good, and it grieved me deeply to think I had fallen short of His plan for me. Had I not promised Him to live the victorious life? And had He not promised to supply the strength to do it? Then why had I failed?

The experience of a certain young woman throws considerable light on the "why." We were childhood chums. When budding into womanhood, we entered the same training school. One evening, shortly after matriculating, she said to me: "I don't see why we should open our physiology class with prayer. We haven't any too much time for the recitation

anyway. Of course, I think it is all right to open our Bible class with prayer; but I certainly do not approve of our wasting the time of our physiology class in that way." More than two decades have passed since that evening visit, but somehow, these words have never faded from my mind; and as I think of that childhood friend, who in early womanhood strayed from the path that leads heavenward, and is today without hope and without God in the world, often do these words come back as a solemn warning to me. And I tremble to think where the sin of prayerlessness will lead me if I do not let the Lord deliver me from it.

No time to pray! If you and I have no time to pray, need we wonder why we mar Heaven's plan for our lives? The Master Workman has been called home; but He has made ample provision for the completion of His plan for your life and mine. It only remains for us to keep in touch with Him. That is all, but that one thing is absolutely necessary; and the avenue of communion is prayer. This is not theory, but solid truth, as many have proved.

Choosing a vocation is one of the three or four main decisions a person makes in life. Let us do it with prayer after knowledge of ourselves and of the various lines of effort for which our talents fit us.

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Gilford Booster

Vol. 1

No. 1



A. BROWNLOW THOMPSON
Pastor

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Gilford, N. H.

August 1, 1922

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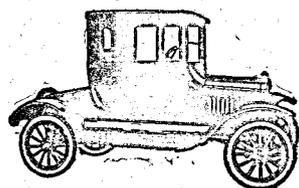
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Gilford Booster

VOLUME 1.

GILFORD, N. H., AUGUST, 1922.

NUMBER 1.

GILFORD BOOSTER

Published by the Gilford Community church, Gilford, N. H., in the interest of the religious life of the community.

Rev. A. Brownlow Thompson, Editor.

Price of paper, 10c per copy.

INTRODUCTION NUMBER

With this issue the Gilford Booster makes its first appearance. Let no man despise its youth. Its name suggests its mission. We believe that a true Christian spirit is the greatest asset of any community, and the business of this paper is to promote such a spirit. Our pastor will not be able to visit your homes as frequently, as he would like to, but the Gilford Booster will make regular calls and will keep you informed about the religious and social life of the community, if you will give your pastor your name as a regular subscriber. We will gladly mail the Gilford Booster to any non-resident who would like to keep in touch with our community activities.

CHURCH CALENDAR FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

Morning Worship at 11 a. m.
Church School at 12:15 p. m.
Evening Service—7:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting, Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

ANNUAL COMMUNITY CHURCH FAIR (In Town Hall)

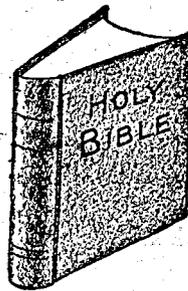
Aug. 8-9, 1922. Afternoon and Evening.
Apron Table—Mrs. Ida Glidden and Mrs. Carrie Gill.
Home-Cooked Food—Mrs. Emily Foss and Mrs. Sarah Smith.
Home-Made Candies—Mrs. R. Olsen and Mrs. Vera Rand.
Parcel Post—Mrs. Nettie Wadley.
Ice Cream—Mr. Sanborn.
Musical program each evening.
Admission—Afternoons free. Evening of Aug. 9, 25c.

JES' SPOSIN'

Suppose Gilford had a baseball field where the boys, young and old, could play ball without spoiling someone's hay—

Suppose Gilford had a tennis court where our young folks could enjoy wholesome recreation—

Suppose Gilford had a playground where we could all be young together— While we're



HOLD FAST TO THE BIBLE as the sheet anchor of your liberties; write its precepts on your hearts and practice them in your lives. To the influence of this book we are indebted for the progress made in civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future.—Ulysses S. Grant.

dreaming, suppose Gilford had a community house with gymnasium, basket ball, etc., in short, an indoor playground for the long winter months—

Would our young folks think any less of Gilford?

Still dreaming—

Suppose someone wishing to make a good investment in character should decide to play magician and make some of these dreams come true—

Nuf sed. If interested have a talk with the editor of the Gilford Booster.

We are glad to see so many of our summer visitors who apparently did not say, when they left home, "Good-bye, Lord, we're going on our vacation."

A QUOTATION

"The church is not a refrigerator for preserving perishable piety. It is a dynamo for charging human wills. The object of the church is not to tell how to dodge difficulties but to furnish strength and courage to meet them. The business of the church is not to furnish hammocks for the lazy. It is rather to offer well-fitting yokes for drawing life's load. The man who does not attend any church virtually votes to do away with all churches."

This church seeks to serve the community. We have no doctrinal hobbies to ride. We are not here to argue about our religion but to live it. We realize too well that our Christ has often been obscured by clouds of denominational dust. Our aim is to let Him have His way who said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

Now folks, this paper is an experiment. If you like it we will publish it every month. Boost the Gilford Booster and the Gilford Booster will boost Gilford.

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Laconia, New Hampshire

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Dentist

LACONIA,

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Chase's Shoe Store

LACONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Save time, expense and
your disposition



Don't swelter in a hot kitchen
this summer. Come in and see
our full line of

FLORENCE Oil Cook Stoves

"Look for the Lever"

The finest oil stoves made. Fully
guaranteed. Whether you have
decided to buy an oil stove or
not, let us show you this line.
Absolutely reliable—simplest to
operate.

KITCHEN CABINETS

Designed especially to save steps and
labor in the kitchen. A boon to all
housekeepers.

E. Z. ATLAS and genuine LIGHTNING JARS,
10 and 20 Quart STEAM PRESSURE COOKERS
and everything required for canning purposes.
BED HAMMOCKS and PORCH CHAIRS are now
in great demand.

Lougee-Robinson Company

Complete House Furnishers

Masonic Temple

Laconia, N. H.

AUSTIN & AMSDEN

67 Church St., Laconia, N. H.

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Automobiles

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VERY LOW PRICES

EASY TERMS

Call 714-2 for Demonstration

E. G. BAKER & CO.

STATIONERS

and

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Office and School Supplies

632 MAIN STREET

SALES

SERVICE LACONIA,

NEW HAMPSHIRE

With
Compliments of

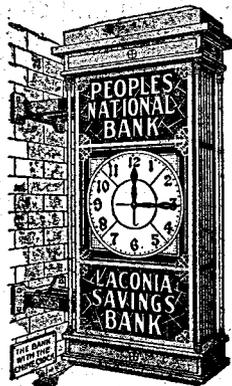
THE BANKS WITH THE CHIME CLOCK

**LACONIA SAVINGS
BANK**

The Old Reliable

**DEPOSITS OVER
\$3,000,000.00**

O. L. Young, Pres.
Edmund Little, Treas.



**PEOPLES NATIONAL
BANK**

The bank of Good Cheer solicits
your business checking accounts.
Foreign drafts, advice on business
matters and investments.

Edmund Little, Pres.
Geo. P. Munsey, Cashier

The Banks that make you want to come again.



COMPLIMENTS OF

**Lake City
Laundry**

**L. E. FOLSOM
Proprietor**

Compliments of

J. H. Booth

JEWELER

610 Main Street



Laconia,

New Hampshire

ACHIEVEMENT

ACHIEVEMENT is not always success, while reputed failure often is.

The most successful men are not necessarily the ones noisily attracting public attention.

The best and most useful women are not necessarily the bright butterflies of fashion or those whose pictures adorn the photogravure section of newspaper and magazine.

The unlauded men and women who are quietly attending to their duties, every day contributing something substantial to industry, prosperity and progress, raising children in the habits of work and right living, and supplying examples that elevate the moral and intellectual level of the communities in which they live—these are the men of real influence and power.

Success is theirs in the fullest measure. For success consists in doing one's best. And trying brings its recompense. Indeed the real success is more in the trying than in the achievement. We may achieve by accident, by the help of others, by chance conditions, by other forces outside of ourselves. But our efforts are our own and we should never be ashamed of them nor apologize for them. They are part of our very selves.

And failure is only for those who think failure.—The Roycrofter.

BE FAIR

NO LITTLE child should be without religious training, for it is as essential to the balance and beautiful growth of his character as the proper food is to his body. This training can be given in the home and in the Sunday School. Both are excellent means and should supplement each other, for it is when these two institutions work together that the child receives the highest benefit.

Because of the ease with which the child learns, and the capacity to retain even unto old age what was learned in childhood, religious training should begin early. Do not say, "Oh, when my boy is old enough to decide for himself I will let him choose his church." You do not leave his manners until then, so why his morals? High ideals and a good moral code are most easily formed in his plastic years.

The child is naturally an imitator and hero worshipper. The stirring stories of Bible heroes and the application of the truths of the great old Bible stories go far toward helping him formulate the rules which are to govern his own actions now and in later life.

The parents in the home are the ones whose high privilege it is to begin their children's religious training. It is a pity that so many, through thoughtlessness or neglect or a false sense of unfitness, neglect this sweet duty. The Sunday school next should take up and help to

QUIT YOUR MEANNESS

Put the hammer in the locker;

Hide the sounding-board likewise

Anyone can be a knocker,

Anyone can criticise.

Cultivate the manner winning,

Though it hurts your face to smile

And seems awkward in beginning;

Be a booster for awhile.

Let the blacksmith do the pounding;

That's the way he draws his pay.

You don't get a cent for hounding

Saint and sinner, night and day.

Just for solid satisfaction

Drop a kind word in the slot,

And I'll warrant you'll get action

On your efforts on the spot.

Kindness every time beats kicking;

Mirth is better than a frown;

Do not waste your time in picking

Flaws with brothers who are down.

And it isn't so distressing

If you give a little boost

To the man the fates are pressing

When the chicks come home to roost.

Yes, the old world would be brighter

If you'd kindle friendship's flame,

And thus make the trouble lighter

Of the man against the game.

Send your grouch on a vacation,

Give your grumbling tones the shake,

And with grim determination

Throw the hammer in the lake.

broaden and develop the child's religious experience.

There are several ways in which the Sunday School does its work a little better than the same work can be done at home. In the first place, children are drawn to other children. They naturally tend to work or play in groups; to be with other children imitating or joining in their activities gives incentive to Sunday School work.

The Sunday School carries on a regular and systematic course of Bible study, adapted to the ages of children, and presenting the most suitable Bible material in an attractive form.

There are ways in which we parents can and ought to co-operate with the Sunday School. Our children can learn to be punctual and regular. We should show our interest in their progress and experiences. How proud they would be if father or mother would also go to Sunday School, perhaps to the adult Bible class * * * * "A little child shall lead them." Then let us have faith in the old Bible promise: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The story is often told of two brothers who wanted to leave their impress upon the world. One had a high monument placed where his body was to lie and the other had a well dug in a desert place. Which made the greater impression?

MERRILL BROS.

OPTOMETRISTS

LACONIA, N. H.

CUT FLOWERS

Floral Designs

LACONIA FLOWER STORE

VICTROLAS

and

RECORDS

Compliments of

Dr. Lacarllade

DENTIST

Laconia, New Hampshire

**HEARD'S INSURANCE
AGENCY**

Piscopo Building, Main Street

Telephone 560

Laconia,

N. H.

A WORD IN BEHALF OF OUR ADVERTISERS

Owing to the generous response of the business men whose ads appear in this issue our space for reading material is very much reduced. We ask in behalf of these men that you read their ads as carefully as you read other parts of the paper. Give them your patronage as far as possible and let them know that you saw their ad in the Gilford Booster.

The Young Men's Community Club of Gilford is now organized and ready for business. The object of this club is "the development of well-rounded manhood." Watch us grow. Our officers are: president, Howard Waldron; vice president, Bert Messer; secretary-treasurer, Joe Allen.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Members of the Y. M. C. C. take this opportunity to say "thank you" to Mr. Willis A. Gove. When the Y. M. C. C. grew so large that it could not be accommodated with comfort at the parsonage, "Willis" offered us the two large rooms over his Exide Service Station for our club rooms. Not only that, he also "taps" his Delco-Light system and gives our club the distinction of being the first organization in Gilford to have its meeting place permanently electric lighted. Do we appreciate it? We do!

OLD HOME DAY IN GILFORD, AUGUST 16

Forenoon—Sports. Dinner at noon served by Belknap Grange.

Afternoon—Public addresses at town hall.

TEN RULES OF BUSINESS SUCCESS.

Dr. D. E. Phillips, head of the department of psychology and education of the University of Denver is authority for the following "Ten Rules of Business Success":

- 1.—Launch yourself right.
- 2.—Put your whole self into the whole business.
- 3.—Have high ideals of service to society and to your business.
- 4.—Study people and your relations to them.
- 5.—Constantly ground your business on scientifically-tested principles.
- 6.—Constantly educate so as to wisely anticipate the future.
- 7.—Determine what is most essential and the nonessential.
- 8.—By common sense, wisely use all available experiences.
- 9.—Have faith in your self, your purposes, your plans, and pursue them without hesitation.
- 10.—Admit mistakes and blunders, seek advice from anyone able to offer suggestions, and go ahead.

GREETINGS

If you are tired and want rest; if you are sad and want comfort; if you are discouraged and want a new heart; if you are friendless and want friendship; if you are a sinner and want a Saviour; if you are a Christian and want fellowship in worship and service;—our church opens wide its doors in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and bids you welcome.

CHOICE

MEATS, FISH, GROCERIES
and
VEGETABLES



LACONIA MARKET CO.

545 Main Street

Laconia,

N. H.

The Entering Wedge

To Backsliding is Neglect
of the Church, but
Faithful Attendance
Cleaves the Way

for RIGHT
Living.

WHICH WAY
DOES YOUR
WEDGE
AIM

?

LIFE

WHAT a wonderful thing, indeed, is life. There is nothing so universally manifested and in such variety as is life, yet there is nothing so incomprehensible. Everything that lives, lives not unto itself alone. It is interwoven with all other forms of life, and every form of life is dependent either directly or indirectly upon every other form. Every form of it and every individual manifestation of it appears to get its existence from a source outside of anything we know of in this world. All individual manifestations of it receive it through a similar form, but it is only through it. Its origin is somewhere else. The human being seems to be the highest form of life manifested in this world. In it is manifested the highest degree of intelligence. That intelligence can produce a piece of material in the form of a blade of grass, similar in appearance in every respect to the real. Perhaps it could be made from the same material. But there he must stop. He cannot produce life in it. He cannot give to it that power that is in the real blade of grass. He cannot make it grow. He can take any form of life in either the animal or vegetable kingdoms and surround it with conditions favorable towards lengthening its life and developing it to its highest condition of perfection. If weak and about to die he may even save its life by protecting it from its natural enemies and providing means for their destruction. But when life itself has left the plant or animal he immediately abandons his efforts in its behalf, with the thought, whether expressed or not: "It's no use; it's dead. He cannot give life.

The human being appreciates the value of life more than do his fellow creatures of the lower order. He is therefore ever elert to save his life from the millions of possibilities of losing it. His five senses are ever on guard to protect his life. His memory of past experiences, what he has learned of the experience of others, his very meager ability to look into the future, all are summoned to the great work of protecting his life. He so values life that the only conditions under which he will surrender it is when it becomes a choice between losing it now that he might enjoy it to its full in a life that he believes he is to have at some future time. "While there is life there is hope," is a quotation frequently used, meaning, of course, that as long as a human being or any other form of being, is alive there can be hope of continuing that life, but as soon as the life is gone, all hope is abandoned. The physician, the surgeon, the nurse, all work with the utmost care to save life and as long as there is life they work, but the moment life has fled they are hopeless, they cease their efforts. There is nothing further they can do. How helpless we are! Incomprehensible as it is to the wisest men, yet the fact remains that there is life. What is the source of life? There appears to be just two beings who have the power of life, and one of these got that from the other. So there is only one original source. That is God.

A WONDERFUL WORLD

A little more praise and a little less blame,
 A little more virtue, a little less shame,
 A little more thought for the other man's rights
 A little less self in our chase for delights,
 A little more loving, a little less hate,
 Are all that is needed to make the world great.
 A little more boosting, a little less jeering,
 A little more trusting, a little less fearing,
 A little more patience in trouble and pain,
 A little less willing at times to complain.
 A little more kindness worked into the strife,
 Are all that is needed to glorify life.
 A little more honor, a little less greed,
 A little more service, a little less creed,
 A little more courage when pathways are
 rough,
 A little more action a little less bluff,
 A little more kindness by you and by me,
 And, oh, what a wonderful world it would be.

WAS 52—AND WANTED \$20-A-WEEK JOB

HARRY H. BLUNT, a Boston business man, told a friend the other day that he had advertised for a janitor and was surprised at the number of men who wanted a job paying \$20 a week.

One of the applicants admitted he was 52 years old and needed work right away because he had no money saved up. The story he told showed that when he was younger he had received good wages, but, apparently not once had the thought of saving entered his mind. The result was that at 52 he was looking for a job paying \$20 a week to keep himself and his wife from starving.

The job naturally went to a younger and huskier man.

If you are young, here's a question to ask yourself: "Will I be standing in line to get a \$20 a week job when I am 52 years old?"

The time to answer that question in the right way is now. Saving money alone isn't all you need to do. You must train yourself to be useful, become a master of some trade. Train your mind when you are young so that you can depend upon it and not upon your body alone to provide for you the money you need when you have passed the half-century birthday.

LOVE'S NOBLE SERVICE

We can not all be preachers and sway with voice
 and pen,
 As strong winds sway the forest, the minds and
 hearts of men;
 But we can be evangels to souls within our
 reach;
 There's always love's own gospel for loving
 hearts to preach.

How comely a thing is affliction borne cheerfully, which is not beyond the reach of the humblest of us!

All Summer Merchandise

At greatly reduced prices during August Sale

**Advanced Showing of FALL MERCHANDISE Beginning
August 15**

O'SHEA'S

LACONIA,

NEW HAMPSHIRE

All Kinds of Insurance

Fred A. Young

INSURANCE SPECIALIST

Cook Block

Laconia, N. H.

One of the Everlasting Joys of Life

Is to go into a store and find what you are looking for, and another joy is to find you haven't got to pay more than the article is worth to own it.

This is one of the nice things you will experience if you come to this store to buy your

Ladies Suits, Coats, Dresses, Waists, Corsets, Underwear, and Hosiery

and in fact anything that you might expect to find in an UP-TO-DATE Dry Goods Store.

We are always glad to see you.

Knight & Huntress Co.

Telephone 317-2

LACONIA, N. H.

NOTICE!!

After August 1 we will be in our new quarters at 539 Main St.

OSCAR BEAN

DRY GOODS and GARMENTS

Laconia,

New Hampshire

WHEN ITS PRESCRIPTIONS OR DRUG STORE SUPPLIES

Telephone or leave your orders with

STORY DRUG STORE

The Thoroughbred Drug Store

Laconia,

New Hampshire

Young Women Should Get the Young Men to Go to Church

Young Women Should Go to Church

It is only fair to state that most young women do GO TO CHURCH. Clergymen are free to say that without the women the churches soon would die. But there are some young women who are disposed to treat lightly the "GO TO CHURCH" movement. If there is a social gathering the night before the Sabbath day, they are loath to get up in time for divine service the following morning. They insist on their beauty sleep. They think more of their physical beauty than they do of their spiritual beauty. And yet beauty of soul is conducive to beauty of face. Beauty of soul means happiness. Happiness means both health and beauty.

The young women of this land are a tremendous power. If they get behind the great "GO TO CHURCH" movement as they should, the person who does not go to church will be rare indeed. A young man expects—in fact, often insists—that the young woman whom he hopes to make his wife shall attend church. It is only fair that the young woman make the same exaction from the young man who is paying her attention. A splendid idea, if it could be worked out, is to get the young women of the land to snub the young men who do not go to church. The church soon would be filled with young zealots.

It is perfectly plain that the "GO TO CHURCH" movement can be made a great deal stronger by the united support of the young women of the land. There are thousands of noble young women who are veritable pillars of the churches in America. There are others who have grown careless. It is to these this appeal is made. Get back in the fold.

Go to Church Next Sunday, Young Woman!
Bring Your Young Man With You!

W. A. MOORE

DEALER IN FINE FOOTWEAR

505 Main Street

LACONIA, N. H.

Agent for

La France and Douglas Shoes
FOR LADIES

Co-operative and Bass Shoes
FOR MEN

**NEW YORK
CLOTHING COMPANY**

P. O'SHEA, Manager



**Ready-Made Clothing
and
Gent's Furnishings**

Folsom Block, 507 Main Street

Laconia, New Hampshire



M. J. Carroll

OUR BARBER

LACONIA, N. H.



Compliments of

T. J. GUAY OIL CO.



Compliments of

F. M. BECKFORD



Compliments of

Rand & Dearborn

Laconia,

New Hampshire

Atlas E. Z. Seal Fruit Jars

$\frac{1}{2}$ Pints, per dozen	\$1.00
Pints, per dozen	1.10
Quarts, per dozen	1.20
2 Quarts, per dozen	1.60
Good Luck Jar Rings, per dozen	10c

H. S. SANBORN, Grocer

LACONIA,

NEW HAMPSHIRE

SUMMER DRESSES

At Decidedly the Lowest Prices Known For Some Years

NEW GINGHAM DRESSES

A nice collection of pretty checks and plaid gingham dresses in the newest patterns.

\$1.98

FANCY PLAID GINGHAM DRESSES

Wide revers with white chiffon front, wide belt with bow of same in back, two pockets braid trim. Value \$6.95.

ONLY \$3.98

IMPORTED GINGHAM FANCY DRESSES

Wide revers, cuffs and belt, plaited vest, pearl button trim, large pocket. Value \$9.75

ONLY \$5.75

FANCY ZEPHYR GINGHAM DRESSES

In the newest shades of the popular checks. White chiffon front, pearl button trimmed wide belt with bow in back and long ends. Value \$12.75.

ONLY 8.75

FANCY VOILE DRESSES

A large collection of pretty voile dresses. New models, new pattern. Value \$8.75.

ONLY \$5.98

SPECIAL UNDERWEAR SALE

40 dozen Ladies' Knit Union Suits, full bleached, low neck, no sleeve, French band trim, lace knee and cuff, knee pants. Value 75c and 85c

THIS LOT 59c and 69c

Hundreds of up-to-date styles in the seasons latest modes. All are underpriced. Come and see them.

OSCAR A. LOUGEE

Laconia,

New Hampshire

Goodnow-Hunt-Pearson, Inc.

486 and 488 Main St.

Laconia,

New Hampshire

HEADQUARTERS FOR
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING AND
FURNISHINGS

IT PAYS TO PAY CASH

Armon Sanborn

Gilford Booster

Vol. 1

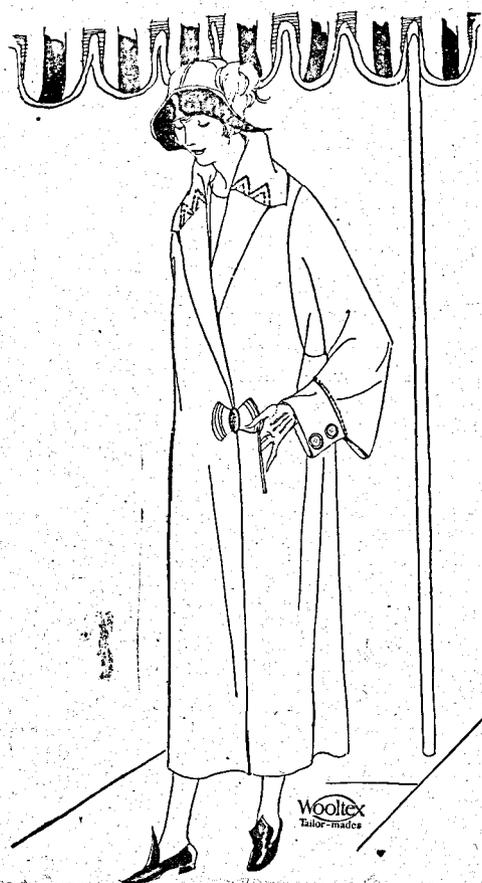
No. 9



Published by Gilford Community Church

Gilford, New Hampshire

April, 1923



The Tailored Woman Magazine

is the best assistant you could have in selecting your Spring Suit or Coat

One of these style books will be sent you FREE on request.

If you just can't make up your mind what new clothes to have for spring, this little book will suggest any number of clever costumes. It is chock full of interesting facts about fabrics and colors and style features.

And it displays many of the alluring new Wooltex fashions with which this store is filled. After you have chosen the frock or suit or coat you desire, drop in to see us. We will be glad to show it to you and many other smart styles for which no room could be found in the style book.

Wooltex garments are noted for their high quality of workmanship, for their distinctive styles and their moderate prices.

Knight & Huntress Co.
Laconia, N. H.

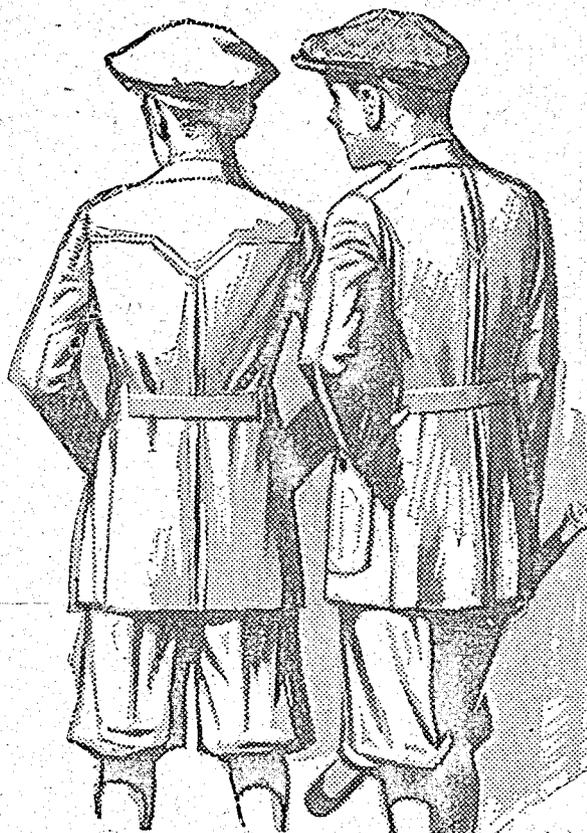
TAKE one of our two-trouser boys' suits at \$7.50, \$10.00 or \$12.50—or one of our

CORTLEY JR.

two-trouser suits at \$15.00—each in its class is a mighty good value we are now offering.



O'SHEA'S



© Cortley Jr. Clothes

Gilford Booster

VOLUME 1.

GILFORD, N. H., APRIL, 1923.

NUMBER 9.

GILFORD BOOSTER

Published by the Gilford Community church, Gilford, N. H., in the interest of the religious life of the community.

Rev. A. Brownlow Thompson, Editor.

Price of paper, 10c per copy.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Morning worship 11:00 a. m.
Church school 12:15 p. m.
Evening school 7: p. m.
Community night, (Friday) 8-10:30 p. m.

SPREADING GILFORD ALL OVER THE MAP.

Of course everyone in Gilford takes the GILFORD BOOSTER but there are a few subscribers who live out of our town. The BOOSTER has found friends in the following palces.

MASSACHUSETTS—Boston, Winthrop, Salem, Melrose, Malden, Medford, Dorchester, Gleasondale, Waltham, Auburndale, Somerville, Lynn, Foxboro and Cataumet.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—Laconia, Alexandria, Durham, Rochester, Manchester, Dorchester, Tilton, Exeter, Sanborton and Suncook.

NEW YORK—New York City, Cortland, Brooklyn.

MAINE—Berwick.

VERMONT—Concord.

CONNECTICUT—Whitneyville.

RHODE ISLAND—Providence.

ILLINOIS—Chicago.

IOWA—Osceola, Council Bluffs, Nevada.

NEBRASKA—Minden.

KANSAS—Wichita.

TENNESSEE—Memphis.

COLORADO—Denver.

CALIFORNIA—Santa Barbara, Pascedena, Los Angeles, Riverside, San Diego.

KOREA, KONJU—Bermuda Islands, Hamilton.

Did you notice your Booster was late last month? Several folks inquired about theirs. That's a good sign. We're glad to know that you missed it.

Men Attention!

It is high time for some of you fellows to make some improvements in your church attendance. Get the habit of being a regular attendant at Gilford Community Church.

Radioitis.

The radio epidemic has struck Gilford. Gene, Herman and Leslie are the worst cases. The

YOUR PART

READ not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

center of infection seems to be at Willis Gove's. Willis has a Clapp-Eastman Detector and two stage amplifiers with horn, which he is demonstrating most every evening. If you are not afraid of the radio "bug" just call on Willis some evening and "listen in."

* * *

It looks as though you folks would have to stand your present pastor for another year. There is a verse of scripture that runs like this, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." He must love you people a whole lot. But cheer up, there's another verse like this "This too shall pass away." This first year has been a time of getting acquainted. We should know each other well enough now to be able to work together as friends and not as strangers. Let's make this year the best ever. We can do it if we will let the spirit of Christ rule in our lives.

* * *

The next few weeks of slush and mud will be a good test for your religion. Let's live above the mud. Keep yours eyes open for blue birds and blue skies, these are the true blues. Avoid the kind of blues that come from dwelling too much on mud.

* * *

Who would care to live in the city when you can have all the comforts of home in the country. Just step into the parsonage some evening and see our new electric lights.

* * *

What About This Fuel Question?

If some one will donate the wood, and if some men will donate the time, and if some ladies will provide the dinner we will have an old fashioned chopping bee and have plenty of dry wood for the church next winter.

* * *

If you want to see some nice early Gilford hatched chickens just call at the parsonage.

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A CHINESE MARRIAGE

"WOULD you like to come to a wedding at the mission station at eleven this evening?" the visitor to an interior city of China was asked by his hostess.

It is not difficult to imagine the alacrity with which the invitation was accepted.

Eleven o'clock came, but the couple did not appear. Was it possible that the coy bride had failed her almond-eyed groom, as she had done more than once previously when the date had been set and all arrangements had been made?

The question was answered by the sound of jangling music from far down the narrow street that led to the mission compound. The sound was much like that made at the rough charivari sometimes given to newly married couples in America; cowbells jangled and harsh gongs sounded. Yet this was the native substitute for the "Here Comes the Bride" of the Occident.

The "music" became louder, and soon a gaudy chair, borne by two women, entered the gateway. When this had been set down at the steps of the house, the bride stepped out on her "golden-lily" feet—the bound feet so popular in China for centuries, though it is hoped that a more enlightened age is bringing release to the poor girls who suffer the awful torture of foot-binding.

The bride's face could not be seen, as it was covered with the pink cotton veil that matched the gown. Probably the entire costume had not cost more than \$5 or \$6, but it was ample for the bride, and the groom seemed perfectly satisfied.

Friends of the bride and groom followed them into the house. The groom was distinguished from other guests by a silk skull cap and a costume of sober black. He stood at a distance from the bride, and seemed properly indifferent to the whole ceremony. At one side of the bride were women of all ages, as well as children. Some of the youngest were held by their mothers, while at least one older girl was caring for her little brother.

The ceremony itself was much like that to which American Christians have been accustomed, except that the bride and groom did not join hands, and no ring was used. At the close of the service the groom did not think it necessary to greet the bride, even by a look. Deliberately he turned his back on her, while she was taken into the dining room to partake of cakes, of rice and honey and other delectable Chinese confections, as well as of the strong green tea that so easily gives indigestion.

A little while later her mother, who had remained with her, led her to the door, where the men who carried the chair put her within. Then they carried her off to the house of her husband, who, true to his people's ways, had seemed so indifferent to the shrinking, small-footed, pink-clad bride.—Queen's Gardens.

Stand with anybody that stands right;
stand with him while he is right, and part with
him when he goes wrong.



FRED STONE IS NOW A TITHER

This is a picture of Fred Stone, the noted theatrical star, who startled his associates with the announcement that he would give a tenth of his income, which is estimated at \$100,000.00 a year, to religious philanthropy. He was recently converted while attending a religious service at Butte, Montana, and at that time pledged himself to Christianity.

INFLUENCE.

Everyone is a teacher. The influence of your life is constantly affecting some one else. It is impossible that anyone stand in your presence for five minutes and go out exactly the same.

Everyone has two lives, so to speak, the inner or heart life and the outer life or our own lives as men see them. This is the distinction between character and reputation. Reputation is what men say you are; character is what God knows you are.

The inner life rules the outer and will in time reveal itself. "Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

It is said that for the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitants of the west the snow melted last summer on the cross which gives the Mount of the Holy Cross in Colorado its name. Another report is to the effect that Lake Tulare, in California, has been drying up so much that only a comparatively small part of it is left.

Your good habits are tireless servants; your bad habits are heartless masters.

BREAKING THE ICE

By Edgar L. Vincent.

IT IS not easy for a father who has never in the past had family prayers to bring himself to undertake the task. Often a lifetime of thought and training lie along very different lines from taking up a Bible in the presence of other members of the household, reading from its pages aloud and then kneeling in prayer.

It is my personal testimony that I never set myself about a more difficult task than that very thing. For many years I had been a professing Christian and a church member. I had studied my Bible quite thoroughly and thought I knew it very well. I had taught a class in Sunday school. I had led young people's meetings, and prayed in public; and yet, never had I conducted family worship in my own home.

My wife never failed after we had a home of our own and little ones in it to do just as she always had done in the previous years. When ready for bed, she went down on her knees in prayer, while I, unworthy man that I was, left her to pray alone in silence.

An end had to come to that way of living, however. But how was it to be done? Every time I thought about reading the Bible at my own home altar, my heart sank within me. I set many a time for a beginning; and something happened to make me slip over it. Sometimes a friend came in just at the right time—(or was it the wrong time?) to prevent me from doing as I had intended, and I am ashamed to say that his coming brought a sense of relief. I know that I was a veritable coward, condemned by my own heart.

This could not go on always. Quite providentially, as it seems to me now, I came across a book which was arranged for daily Bible reading. Under the passages that were printed were comments on the several verses, together with a short prayer. At that prayer my soul grasped eagerly. It seemed to me that I saw in it a way of approach to what had come to be the most desirable thing in all my life.

Eagerly I bought the book and took it home. That very night I summoned all my courage and turned the pages of the volume until I came to the reading for that day. I read the verses quoted. My heart was beating fast and my voice stuck in my throat. But I read to the close and did not pass over the little prayer at the end. It was a great victory for me. Tears were in the eyes of my wife and we never had a happier evening than that was.

And yet, I realized that I was leaning on a crutch. Not yet had I learned to walk alone. I thank God, however, that He provided such crutches for the new-born spirit when it really starts in earnest for the Kingdom!

Putting the book of selections aside one night I took up the Bible. How the feel of its pages strengthened and comforted me! I know now that God was whispering to me: "Lean on Me, now! Lean hard!" And I did lean hard; and from that day to this the days have been rare when we have not knelt together in prayer. The children are gone now—only Mother and I



THE OLDEST PREACHER IN THE WORLD

This is the likeness of Charles V. Willis, the oldest preacher in the world. He is 105 years old, and lives in Ada, Okla. Mr. Willis distinctly remembers helping Abraham Lincoln cut firewood for the soldiers.

to read the Book and talk with God; but our trusts with him grow sweeter and more satisfying as the years go by. For now we see the lights on the other shore and they are very bright.

SPIRITUAL VALUES

IT WAS Goethe who said in his old age and in the maturity of his powers:

"What I possess as from afar I see,
What I have lost becomes reality to me."

By this statement the poet meant that the valuable, the immediate, the tangible things of life, are, after all, unreal and transient and that the things of permanent value and of real worth are the attainments of the mind, the hopes of the spirit, the friendliness of the heart, the fragrant memory of a life consecrated to service, the mother's kiss and the father's benediction, the brother's kindness and the sister's love.

The aged poet was right. In these things, in the spiritual values of life, we find that which outlasts houses and farms, stocks and bonds, fun and fame, and even time itself. In life, we lose our money, and mountains shall pass away, but spiritual values never. They have a permanency that challenges time and eternity, for there is in them the glowing spark and the undying element of the Divine.

In a society where all enjoy the fruits of achievement by anyone there is no room for jealousy.

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SMILE ON.

I'm just a little ditty and not so very witty—
But listen, I've a secret up my sleeve;
If you're forever sighing, and all the world de-
crying,
Your friends will all excuse themselves and
leave—
So make it your attention with proper compre-
hension,
To see the world from ev'ry point of view—
Smile on, if you're down hearted, the clouds will
soon be parted;
Smile on and soon the world will smile on you.

There is an old, old story—as old as Mother
Morey,
That if you give, the world gives back to you—
With int'rest fully double, so why not take the
trouble
To give the world a cheery smile or two?
Be optimistic ever, and make it your endeavor
To see the world from ev'ry point of view—
Smile on, if you're down hearted, the clouds will
soon be parted,
Smile on and soon the world will smile on you.

To Our Readers

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Please Don't Forget

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED."

You who walk the vale of sorrow,
You who drink the cup of woe,
We must pass this way tomorrow,
'Tis the path we all must go.

Broken heart, you are not forgotten,
Think not you are left alone—
Other hearts are praying for you,
Other tears fall with your own.

There is hope, and peace, and comfort,
There is One who cannot fail,
He is ever watching o'er us
When the storms of life prevail.

He will keep your soul in safety—
Though the storms are raging sore,
He will shelter and protect you,
He has trod the path before.

Well He knows the bitter sorrow,
And He knows the heart-ache, too—
He will comfort, bless and keep you,
Lonely heart—He cares for you.

THE IDEA OF WORSHIP.

Worship is one of the things that must be taught in religious education. Both the how and the why must be emphasized. One reason why many people do not want to go to church is because they have not learned how to worship, nor have they been taught why they should do so. If a person does not like the preacher he excuses himself, stays away from church, and foregoes all personal worship of God, thus robbing God of what belongs to Him. If someone attends church whom he does not like, he refuses to go and thus deprives himself of the blessing that otherwise he might receive. The worship of God is too important to be treated in any such manner, neither can it be made contingent upon what another may be or do. It must be stressed more and more upon the minds of young people as individuals so that they will see the beauty of a worshipful spirit and the duty and value of actually worshipping God. Then it will not be easy for them to allow anything to divert them from the place and exercise of worship.—Otterbein Teacher.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

BEAUTIFUL SNOW

ONE dark Saturday morning, in the dead of winter, there died at the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, a young woman, over whose head only one and twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of an enviable share of beauty; had been as she herself said, "flattered and sought for the charms of her face," but alas! upon her fair brow had long been written that pitiable word—unfortunate. Once the pride of respectable parentage, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the "same old story over again," which has been the life-history of thousands. Highly educated and accomplished in manner, she might have shone in the best society. But the evil hour that proved her ruin was but the door from childhood; and, having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor, friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast.

Among her personal effects was found, in manuscript, the "Beautiful Snow," which was immediately carried to Enos B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary tastes, who was at that time editor of the National Union. In the columns of that paper, on the morning following the girl's death, the poem appeared for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not yet received burial. The attention of Thomas Buchanan Read, one of the first American poets, was soon directed to the newly published lines, who was so taken with their stirring pathos that he immediately followed the corpse to its final resting place.

Such are the plain facts concerning her whose "Beautiful Snow" will be long regarded as one of the brightest gems in American literature:

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of people you meet;
Dancing—Flirting—Skimming along!
Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicksome freak;
Beautiful snow from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh, the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go.
Whirling about in maddening fun;
Chasing—Laughing—Hurrying by,
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye;
And the dogs with a bark and a bound
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart is aglow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow!

How wild the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sleighs like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing—Swinging—Dashing they go,

NO MAN has a right to leave the world as he found it. He must add something to it; either he must make the people happier or he must make the face of the world more beautiful or fairer to look at.

Over the crest of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell,
Fell like the snow flakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street,
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading—Cursing—Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low!
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Fathers—Mothers—Sisters—all,
God and myself I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or above me I know,
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be, when the night comes
again;
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate
brain.

Fainting—Freezing—Dying—Alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning—Bleeding—Dying—for thee,
The Crucified on the cursed tree!
His accents of mercy fall on thine ear.
"Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my weak
prayer?"
O God! in the stream that for sinners did flow
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Personal progress is made by breaking up bad habits and forming better ones, and no individual makes radical change (in his change) in his habits without a period of confusion; so confusion may sometimes indicate progress.

A CRIPPLED BOY OF THE ALPS

A WIDOW lived in a little hut, near a mountain village of the Alps. Her only child was a poor cripple. He was a Christian boy and loved his mother, and would gladly have helped her to bear the burden of poverty, but he could not. At the age of fifteen he worried about the fact that he was useless to his mother and to the world.

About this time an enemy tried to conquer the country. A secret management existed among the people by which the coming of the enemy was to be made known by signal fires from village to village, from one mountain height to another, and materials were laid ready to be lighted and to give an instant alarm.

The village in which Hans, the crippled boy, and his mother lived was in direct line of the route the enemy's army would take, and the people were full of fear. All were preparing for the struggle. The widow and her son alone seemed to have no part but to sit still and wait. "Ah, Hans!" she said one evening, "it is well for us now that you can be of little use; they would else make a soldier of you."

The boy looked sad, and tears rolled from his cheek. "Mother, I am useless," cried he in bitter grief. "Look round our village—all are busy, all ready to strive for home and fatherland. I am useless."

"My dear son, you are not useless to me."

"Yes, to you; I cannot work for you, cannot support you in old age. Oh, why was I born?"

"Hush, Hans," said his mother; "you know such thoughts are wrong. It is a sin to murmur against God. And then, remember our old proverb:

'God hath His plan
For every man.'

Hans looked ashamed and begged pardon. Little did he think that he would soon have some great work to do.

The festive season of Switzerland came. The people lost their fears of the enemy in the sports of the holidays. All were busy in the merry making—all but Hans. He stood alone on the porch of his mountain hut, overlooking the village.

At the close of the festival day, after his usual evening prayer, he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in the night, as if from a dream

which made him restless. He arose, dressed himself, and strolled up the mountain path. The cool air did him good, and he went on till he came to the signal pile. Hans walked around the pile, but where were the watchers? They were nowhere to be seen, and perhaps they were busy in the festivities of the village. Near the pile was an old pine tree, and in its hollow stem the tinder was laid ready. Hans stopped by the old tree; and as he listened, a

singular sound caught his ear. He heard a low tread, then the click of muskets, and two soldiers crept along the cliff. Seeing no one, for Hans was hidden by the old tree, they gave the signal to some comrades in the distance.

Hans saw the plot and the danger. The secret of the signal pile had been made known to the enemy; a party had been sent to destroy it; the army was marching to attack the village. With no thought of his own danger, he took the tinder, struck the light, and flung the blazing brand into the pile.

The two soldiers, whose backs were then turned to the pile, awaiting the coming of their comrades, were seized with fear; but they soon saw that there were no foes at hand, only a single youth going down the mountain path. They fired, and a bullet struck the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal fire was blazing high, and the country was aroused from mountain top to mountain top. The plan of the enemy was defeated, and a hasty retreat followed.

Hans, faint and bleeding, made his way to the village. The people with their arms were coming in thick and fast. The question was everywhere heard: "Who lighted the pile?"

"It was I," said at last a faint voice.

Poor crippled Hans tottered among them, saying: "The enemy was there." He faltered and sank upon the ground. "Take me to my mother," said he, "thank God, I have not been useless."

They carried Hans to his mother, and laid him before her. As she bowed over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes and said, "Weep not for me, dear mother. I am happy. Yes, mother, it is true,

'God hath His plan
For every man.'

You see, He had it for me, though we did not know exactly what it was."

Hans lived long enough to know that he had been of use; he lived to see thankful mothers embrace his mother—to hear that she would be honored by those whom her son had saved at the cost of his own life.

Such work as Hans did is not given to every man to do. There is, however, a work for every one, if he will but look for it. None need stand useless and idle. And especially in the church there is work for all. There can be no idlers in the Master's vineyard.



—o—

We need home missionaries—both men and women—who can tell the gospel story to a congregation of two or three, at the fireside, in the field, in the workshop, or wherever men and women congregate and will give audience to their story.

—o—

A good deed is never lost. He who sows courtesy, reaps friendship and he who plants kindness, gathers love.

TRUST IN GOD

THE Psalmist invites us to "trust in God at all times." David had come through many trying experiences, having been hedged in on all sides, yet he always came out of every contest victoriously; he had learned to trust in God at all times.

Let it be confessed that there are times in the experience of all of us when it is hard to trust God. He seems to hide his face as though there were no God. We cannot see a step before us and all seems dark ahead. We begin to wonder whether we have taken the right way, faith grows dim, and doubts assail. It is hard to make ourselves believe that this is the way God has led us for our everlasting good. What calmness fills the heart of the Christian who has learned to trust God ever in the darkness.

Then there are times when it is so easy to trust in God. Our prayers seem just to ascend to God the moment they are uttered and we feel God is already sending down the answers to our petitions. Circumstances are favorable, friends rejoice our hearts, and we feel life is indeed worth living. How easy it is to trust in God when our sky is blue, and happiness is all around us.

Ah! my friend, a mixture of both experiences comes to every normal person. Nature cannot do without rain and sunshine, neither can the Christian live without the darkness and the light. God teaches us many precious lessons when he takes us into the valley and if we trust him here as well as when we are on the mountain top, we shall come forth as a sweet-smelling savor that shall be an evidence to all the world that we have been in communion with Jesus. If we learn to sing when the way is clear, we can also learn to trust when the way is drear.

Those problems that perplex you will be made plain, for God will not leave his child in doubt or uncertainty. But it is your duty to trust and he will do the rest.

"Oh, the peace my Saviour gives,
Peace I never knew before;
And my way has brighter grown
Since I've learned to trust him more."

"Trust in him at all times." (Psa. 62:8) for it pays.

When Jesus was a lad He asked, "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" And yet there are many in the church today, after years of membership in the church, who are still debating and still undecided whether they will be about the business of the church or still go on serving self. Are you one of the undecided ones?

A clear conscience makes a good bedfellow. Nothing clears the conscience like a sense of duty well done. Are you on your job as a church man?

Can You Keep Sweet at Home?

Our religion is measured by the way we act at home. Our families usually know us as we really are. Away from home some of us put on *company manners*.

Does your religion help you bear with a smile the monotony, the pain and the struggle of every day life?

We can be religious without church attendance, but without the church religion would not long persist, and the church will die unless believers attend its services. The church merits your earnest support. Can it count on you?

DO YOU RING TRUE?

Let us make up our minds finally that we are going to have convictions about religion. The rich young ruler came paying Jesus Christ compliments, instead of giving him worship. Some of us admire the character of Jesus Christ but do not put it into action. We are what I call religious window shoppers, like women who look in the windows and admire all the things and handle all the goods on the counter and never buy anything. Do not be satisfied with notions about religion but try to yield yourself to something that is genuine and sincere and authoritative. Do you ring true?

Character is worth more than capital, and friends more than money.



“A Little Child Shall Lead Them”

BY

Charles E. Weniger

OVER the entrance gate of a certain playground established for the benefit of London's poor, is the inscription: "No Adults Allowed to Enter Unless Accompanied by Children." You are used to seeing the warning: "No Children Admitted Unless Accompanied by Parents." But there how different! Not a grown person may pass within that entrance unless he is led there by a little child. What a tribute to the God-given influence of His little ones!

In Isaiah's beautiful prophecy of Christ's peaceful kingdom, it is written that "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." In the heavenly land, a child will lead the creatures of the field and the denizens of the forest, and direct them at his will.

But even here, in anticipation of that ideal state, God ordains that many a man shall be led by the hand of a little child—led to a greater appreciation of God's kingdom.

"Enoch lived sixty and five years, and begat Methuselah; and Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah three hundred years." The old patriarch first learned to walk with his heavenly Friend when a little child entered his home, and led the way to heaven. In his little son, fresh sent from God, Enoch first saw glimpses of the loving Friend who had given him such a token of His

love; and thus he learned to walk with Him.

It was a little child—a little maid who waited on Naaman's wife—that led Naaman to go to the prophet in Israel for cleansing. A little Jewish girl was the means of giving God's truth to the captain of Syria's army, and thus to those who dwelt on the banks of the rivers of Damascus.

Time fails to tell of the boy Joseph, enduring his brothers' taunts, and finally witnessing for his Master; of Samuel in the temple, in the face of Eli's wicked sons, revealing the messages from heaven to the aged priest; of David, Jesse's youngest son, watching the sheep on Bethlehem's hills, and, while yet a boy, chosen to be king of Israel; of Josiah, but eight years old when he began to reign in Judah, walking in God's ways while still a boy, and turning idol-cursed Israel back to the worship of the true God. Thus the Lord often led Israel by the hand of a little child.

And throughout those days of guidance, there was constantly held before Israel the prophecy of One who should come as a little Child, who should be born a babe in Bethlehem.

The prophecy was: "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given." This Holy Child was to lead Israel back to God.

Will you allow a little child—the little Child—to lead you?

If you would be led by a little child, you must become like a little child, for a man never voluntarily submits to another's guidance without becoming, in a measure, like him.

Jesus said one day as He blessed the little children crowding around Him, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Another time Jesus called "a little child to Him, . . . and set him in the midst of them: then tenderly folding the little one in His arms, he said, 'Except ye are converted and become as a little child, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.' The simplicity, the affection, and the confiding love of a little child are the attributes of heaven."

To be like a little child you must be simple, sincere, trustful, earnest. The gloss of life's artificialities must be brushed off. The coating of life's whims and foibles must be worn away. The doubts of the skeptical mind must dissipate in the light of faith. The lukewarmness of the indifferent heart must be filled with the zeal of the Lord of hosts. The simple nature of a little child must be yours.

"The child is father of the man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural
piety."

You must become like a little child before you can enter "the city . . . full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

EASTER MESSAGE.

Dear Friends:

After the winter comes springtime, after the darkness comes light, so after the gloom of Calvary's awful anguish comes the mighty victory of Easter's resurrection morn. Now in the gladness from the fact that Christ is risen and that in this we may have hope of life eternal; in the hour of sadness when "we long for the touch of a vanished hand and a voice that forever is still," or in the day of rejoicing when spring is come and the birds sing and gladness abounds on every hand, may the great joy and hope of Easter be yours to bring peace and blessing and strength to your soul, like unto that which came to His disciples and Mary on that first Easter day. May all the doubt and failures be blotted out and may the songs of victory abound through the power of the indwelling Christ of Easter.

THE JOY OF SERVICE.

One of the best tests of life is "What do you most enjoy?" The "joy ride," in a graphic way, answers what "joy" means to many people. Indulgence, excitement and things worse are the ingredients in their prescription. Others see joy in absolute idleness, and the joy of work or in their work calls for a sneer or satire. To others the great joy of living is getting and keeping. Their summary of life is self. But all these joys falter and fade, and fail. They lose their zeal and their zest. If people have lived for, say 40 years, having fed no life but their own, having no investments except dollars, they have buried their souls alive, struggling in the narrow casket of their own limitations. On the other hand if they have identified themselves with the Lord of Glory and His interests their lives will have a meaning and a hope to the end. Why is it that more do not appreciate the joy of Christian service which does not pass with the fading of flowers or with "the day after" or with the passing of youth but lasts?

The following reasons have been given why we should read and pray in the morning.

1. We owe first things to God.
2. We are most likely to be able to secure a quiet time in the morning.
3. There is much danger of Bible study and prayer being crowded out entirely if it is not enjoyed in the morning.
4. The mind is then free and fresh.
5. First impressions last.
6. Bible study and prayer make a good foundation for the day.
7. We should seek a high level start.
8. By this we are put on guard against sin. Psalm 119:9-11.
9. We shall most probably have occasion during the day to use what we get in the morning.
10. Many devoted Christians recommend this as one of the chief secrets of deep spiritual living.
11. There is Bible authority for the habit.

"I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly."—Jesus. What a warped conception of the Christian "abundant life" some people have!

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

By Rev. O. F. Surface.

Jesus went into the home of Martha and Mary, doubtless with a passionate heart of love to strengthen them in the spiritual life and to encourage them in the battles of the same. Jesus seemed to enjoy visiting their home, for it is stated that He often resorted thither with His disciples. These two sisters always appreciated His coming. He, no doubt, brought a blessing to their souls and the problems of life were easier to solve after conversing with Him.

Mary had such an admirable nature that she did not let anything come between her and the hearing of the message of Jesus. She sat at His feet and heard what the Master had to say while Martha was cumbered with much serving. She seemed to be somewhat irritated because Mary did not help her. But Jesus told her: "Martha, Martha, thou art anxious and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful: for Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her." The Master did not condemn Martha for being industrious, but He wanted her to place the emphasis where it belonged. His sojourn with them was only for a brief period of time and Martha needed spiritual help just the same as Mary. But she saw so much to do and so much that ought to be done, that time looked precious to her, but the one great thing needful is to know Jesus and to take time to consult Him along the pathway of life.

We must not be so burdened with the cares of this life that we cannot find time to be religious, and to know His will concerning us. Jesus always sought and met out the needs of the people. He has made provision for every need. Just before His betrayal He expressed through the passion of His soul the one great need of His people. He prayed: "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil one. . . . Sanctify them through the truth: Thy word is truth. . . . Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their Word."

This prayer reveals to us the one great need of the Christian church today. Shall we help answer this prayer by coming to Him and consecrating our lives, talents, ambitions, money, farms, stores, and all that we have or ever expect to be for time and eternity or shall we keep back a part of the price and claim that we do not understand? May God help us to surrender ourselves unreservedly to Him and walk before Him in the beauty of holiness.

DECIDE NOW FOR CHRIST.

There was once a horse that ran away in the morning and did not return till the evening. When the master scolded him the horse replied: "But here am I, returned safe and sound. You have your horse." "True," answered the master "but my field is unploughed."

If a man turns to God in old age, God has the man, but He has been defrauded of the man's work. And the man himself has been a loser, because by his manner of life he has been nothing, when he might have been a splendid something.

SANSSOUCI

FREDERICK the Great, weary of wars and satisfied with victory, built himself a palace at Potsdam, Germany, and gave to it the name of Sanssouci, meaning "free from care." His ambition to be the greatest ruler of his day, now realized, did not satisfy the craving of his soul. He longed for rest—for a calm and quiet old age. But he failed to find this peace of mind and soul in his royal palace in the park in Potsdam.

So, one day, looking through the window of his palace and seeing the little church in a distant corner of the park, he said to some friends standing by, "When I am dead, bury me beneath the floor of that little church. There I hope to find rest. That will be my Sanssouci."

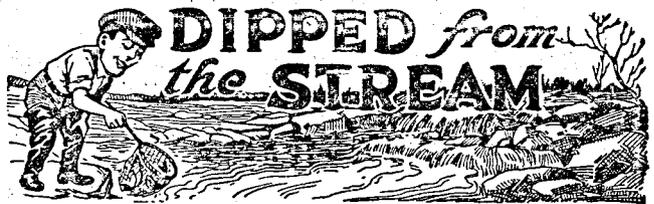
The king had finally come to see that earthly achievements and worldly honors do not satisfy the soul. They do not bring the joy that lasts. The soul craves spiritual food. Without God there is no real happiness. It is only when man communes with God that he finds the comfort that passeth all understanding. It is the pure in heart, the merciful, the peacemakers, the humble and those who stand for righteousness that are truly blessed.

People will believe your verbal testimony when you show by your conduct that you believe it yourself.

Reaching Out for Father

"That they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us."

NOT long ago I heard a story of a business man whose Christian wife had died praying for his conversion. One night, while lying awake in the darkness of his room, he heard a voice from the little bed at his side, "Take my hand, daddy; it's so dark!" He reached forth his strong hand and took the small trembling one and held it until the child fell asleep. Then that strong man looked up through the darkness, and said: "Father, take my hand as I have taken the hand of my child, and give me rest in my soul, for Jesus' sake." Then it was that he felt the comforting influence of the Divine Presence, and knew that God was near. "He is not far from each one of us,"—so close indeed is He that He hears every sigh we breathe, so close that He sees every tear we shed. He who made the light and who rules beyond the stars, is attracted by the cries of the sorrowing and helpless who feel their need of Him. This attraction was strong enough to draw Him once from heaven. It is strong enough to draw His spirit of comfort and healing into every broken heart. And He comes, not simply to sympathize, but to revive, to save!



"I always sleep with my gloves on. That is what makes my hands so soft."

"m, I suppose you sleep with your hat on, also?"

Employer: "Why did you take down that 'Do It Now' sign hanging over your desk?"

Clerk: "I couldn't stand the way the bill collectors looked at it when I told them to call again tomorrow."

Neighbor: "Why do you look so tired and sleepy, Millicent?"

Little Millicent: "Oh, that new baby at our house—he broadcasted the whole night long."

William: "Mr. Jones left his umbrella again. I do believe he would lose his head if it were loose."

Jack: "I dare say you're right. I heard him say only yesterday he was going to Colorado for his lungs."

For hours they had been together on her front porch. The moon cast its tender gleam down on the young and handsome couple who sat strangely far apart. He sighed. She sighed. Finally:

"I wish I had money, dear," he said. "I'd travel."

Impulsively, she slipped her hand into his; then, rising swiftly, she sped in the house.

Aghast, he looked at his hand. In his palm lay a nickel.

There was an earthquake recently which frightened the inhabitants of a certain town. One couple sent their little boy to stay with an uncle in another district, explaining the reason. A day or two later the parents received this telegram: "Am returning your boy. Send the earthquake."

It is a time for faith. Man is not equal to the crisis. There is truth in the statement made by President Richmond of Union College: "If we think for a moment that the confusion into which this old world has been thrown is to be straightened out by the devices of economists or by the manipulations of political experts we are making a hideous mistake. It will be done, if it is done at all, as it was done in the beginning when the Spirit of God brooded over the face of the deep and brought an ordered world out of chaos."

Does the parable of the talents apply to you? Have you improved your latent capacities or have they lain dormant?

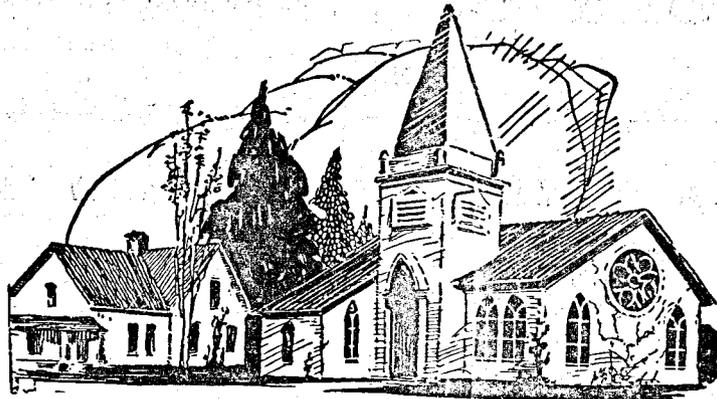
THE BIBLE IN JAPANESE PRISONS

THE story of how the gospel came first to be preached among Japanese criminals is told by the Record. More than 30 years ago a professional criminal by the name of Kochi was being held in the city prison of Tokio. One day a new companion was thrust among them in the large prison room in which Kochi and other criminals were confined. The new prisoner, a street evangelist who had been thrown into prison by mistake, began to pray and to plead that those of his fellow prisoners condemned to death might be saved. Before the evangelist was released, Kochi demanded to know more of the book from which he had repeated certain verses. Later, when Kochi's mother came to visit him he asked that she try to procure for him a copy of this Christian's Bible. In her efforts to do so she was directed to a mission church. On hearing her story the pastor of this church gave her his Bible, telling her that if her son would read it, it would set him free. Kochi did not know how to read, but he diligently and patiently worked that he might learn. His be-

lief that it would bring to him ultimate release persisted during the years that followed. Meanwhile his conduct was so exemplary and his influence among others so good that when the Empress dowager died, Kochi was released. Thus he felt that God's promise to him was fulfilled. On his release, Kochi was given a permit to preach the gospel in any prison of Japan, and there he still goes about preaching among the captives that "the Word of God is able to save all who read and believe it."

One of the most remarkable pieces of work ever accomplished by the human hand is an engraving of the Lord's prayer on the head of a pin measuring one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. The pin was engraved by Charles Howard Baker of Spokane, Wash., who was employed by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. After Mr. Baker had completed his task he went blind and is now in an insane asylum.

When a man feels that he does his work for God, and not for men only, then it becomes a divine vocation.



My Church and I

MY CHURCH is the place where the word of God is preached, the power of God is felt, the Spirit of God is manifested, the love of God is revealed, and the Unity of God is perceived.

IT IS the home of my soul, the altar of my devotion, the hearth of my faith, the center of my affections and the foretaste of heaven.

I HAVE united with it in solemn covenant, pledging myself to attend its services, to pray for its members, to give to its support and to obey its laws.

IT CLAIMS the first place in my heart, the highest place in my mind, the principal place in my activities, and its unity, peace and progress concern my life in this world and that which is to come.

I OWE it my zeal, my benevolence and my prayers. When I neglect its services, I injure its good name, I lessen its power, I discourage its members and I chill my own soul.

I HAVE solemnly promised, in the sight of God and men, to advance its interests by my faithful attendance, by reading the Holy Bible, by never neglecting its ordinances, by contributing to its support, by meeting with my fellow members, by watching over their welfare, and by joining with them in prayer and praise and service; and that promise I this day renew, before God my Father, Christ my Redeemer, and the Holy Spirit my Sanctifier.

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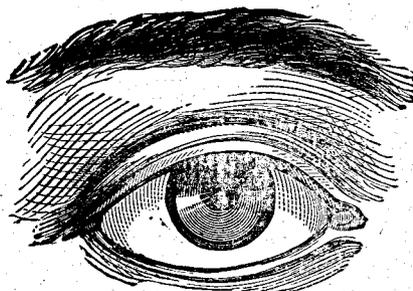
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