

Lutheran Tidings

Volume III

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Number 10

A Christmas Prayer

By William Fraser McDowell

BLESSED God and Father of us all, We unite with Thy children everywhere to sing "joy to the world" as the angels again fill the skies with praise and proclaim once more the eternally good news. Blessed be Thy name that Thou hast cared for Thy people, wrought redemption for them and raised up for them a Savior to free them from sin, from fear and all unrighteousness. Thou hast shown us the tender mercy of our God and hast made the Dawn to visit us from on high, to shine on those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death and to guide the steps of mankind into the way of peace. We have heard the good news and felt the great joy. Our eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord and we laud and magnify Thy holy Name this day.

As we rejoice and give thanks we pray that we may not miss the meaning of the coming of Christ into our world so long ago. As he comes again in the fullness of our times may his own know him and receive him and in him also receive the power to be children of God. We pray that we may be made to think of Bethlehem's babe as the person he became, the Christ of the sermons, the parables, the teachings, the miracles of mercy and healing; the Christ of Bethany and Jerusalem, Gethsemane, Calvary and the open grave. We want to think of him, O Father, in all that he means to us and might mean to us but does not because of our unbelief. We long that he may descend to us, cast out our sin and enter in—be born in us today. As we look at him in all that he was and think of him in all that he is, we pray that we may become men and women in Christ, and test our lives by his.

And we pray for the races and nations of our world, that in them Christ may rule and lead, whose right it is to rule and lead. We seem so far from the fulfillment of his purposes that our hearts cry out for something to happen that has not happened in our world. We pray that nations and races shall be his disciples, as they are not; that they shall be sworn to him by a new and sacred pledge as in baptism; that they, in our time, shall observe and obey the things he taught, until everywhere in the world the ends of love are won, and peace and brotherhood in Christ have come. We long to sing "joy to the world" again, to have Christ rule the world with truth and grace, to have the nations prove the glories of his righteousness and wonders of his love. For all this we long and pray, O God, our Father. And all this we ask in the name of Christ. Amen.

"Ch. Cent. Pulpit."

ALL FROM ONE MAN'S IDEA

By *Enok Mortensen*

More than thirty-two years ago in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, a young postal clerk, Ejnar Holboell, suddenly conceived an idea.

It was nearly Christmas of 1903, and while snow flurries softly veiled the narrow thoroughfares and the boisterous crowds of shoppers, Holboell was reflecting on the more prosaic phases of the merry Yule season. He thought of the long, tedious hours of boresome routine work, of the mountains of letters and greeting-cards which nearly snowed him and his colleagues under. That Christmas, more than two-and-quarter million greetings were handled by the postal authorities in Copenhagen alone, and Holboell was not exactly in a festive mood. Deftly his hands sorted the mail, and still the stacks mounted higher and higher. It seemed an utter impossibility to get all the missives of cheer delivered in due time.

And what was the use anyway, he thought. Most of the greetings were only printed, formal cards, many of which were prompted by a sense of conventionality and duty. And for this he, and thousands of others, had to labor assiduously and would probably not even be through in time to enjoy the holiday with their respective families and friends.

"There ought to be a law against it!" he growled, as he swiftly cast the letters. "A sort of tax on every Christmas card; that would surely reduce the volume of mail!"

His tired hands rested limply on the table as he thought for a moment. "A tax, yes; but not to the government or the post office department; nor even to the overworked clerks who bore the burden of the rush. The tax should go to the poor!" Resuming work once more his glance fell on a colored card revealing a group of children dancing around the Christmas tree in the Danish fashion. And again his thoughts crystalized themselves into an idea; the tax should benefit poor and sick children.

The idea of the Christmas stamp was conceived!

The idea of the stamp completely filled the young clerk. With renewed energy he worked on, but the notion was definitely lodged in his mind. In the quiet of his home he analyzed and formulated the plan in all its details, endeavoring zealously to find all possible flaws; he could see none. He tried to forget it, but that was out of the question; it haunted him for days and disturbed his sleep at night. Finally, the seasonal rush once more over, he approached his superior and, trembling with enthusiasm, told of his scheme.

The General Postmaster thought well of the idea; Holboell secured the interest and co-operation of various other notables, including the king himself, Christian IX; and the following November the printing presses emitted three million stamps, all bearing the portrait of the late beloved Queen Louise, framed by roses on a background of mauve. The seals were sold at Denmark's 300 post offices and so enthusiastically was the idea received by the public, that new editions had to be printed. People placed the stamps not only on letters and cards but on packages and gifts; restaurants decorated their menu cards with them; and one well-meaning merchant went so far as to frame his bills with them!

The result of that first fumbling attempt was a total sale of six million stamps, netting 68,000 Kroner (about \$18,000). In later years the profit has been well above 200,000 Kroner annually.

Two small children drinking from a fountain of health decorated the stamp of the following year, and the result of the sale was so encouraging that the committee in charge boldly purchased a plot of land near the beautiful Kolding Fjord, where subsequently a sanatorium for tubercular children was built. The stately, modern institution, which cost 300,000 Kroner, had accommodations for a hundred children. When every room was occupied two more hospitals were erected.

Every successive Christmas brought a huge increase to the fund, but in the same proportion new fields of service were found. More clinics and convalescent homes were built; colonies and camps for poor children of the city slums were established throughout the country-side; starving youngsters of other countries engaged in war were fed and clothed; and in far-away Greenland a sanatorium brought health and happiness to unfortunate children. At first the funds were used for many different, worthy purposes. But more and more as years went by, the proceeds of the sale have been chiefly devoted to stamping out tuberculosis.

All this and more from a small stamp costing less than half a penny!

Now the little symbol of cheer and health is so firmly established in the minds and hearts of the Scandinavians that no one would have the impudence to mail a Christmas card without it. It has become a tradition; it belongs to Christmas as much as glittering snow, roast goose, and chiming church bells. For, besides performing a service for mankind, it is usually very decorative. Annually the best artists vie with one another in the attempt to win the honor of creating the most beautiful token of the holiday spirit. Being considerably larger than ours and utilizing a broader scope of colors, the stamps are often veritable works of art, having for their themes landscape scenes, legends and folk lore, historical events, or motifs pertaining to customs and traditions of the Yuletide. In 1927 the portrait of Ejnar Holboell was used, thus eulogizing the memory of the great humanitarian who died a few months previously.

The benefits of Holboell's unselfish brain child were not confined to the little country of the North. He had no patent on his plan; never for a moment did it occur to him that he might cash in on the scheme. His only material reward came when the Danish king graciously gave him a postmastership in the beautiful suburb, Charlottenslund, near Copenhagen; but a far greater remuneration was the knowledge that his idea almost immediately was copied by other nations.

Sweden came first, boldly printing and selling eight million stamps in the last two weeks of 1904. Other nations followed. No country, however, has had greater success in the use of the tuberculosis Christmas seal than the United States.

In 1906 Jacob Riis, whom Theodore Roosevelt called "the ideal citizen," became interested in the seal which he had seen on his mail from his native Denmark. Himself a pioneer in the field of social service, he immediately saw the possibilities of Holboell's fund-raising idea, and, having inquired about its origin and results in his home land, he reported his findings in an article in "The Outlook." This article was read by Miss Emily P. Bissell of Wilmington, Delaware, who instantly found the solution to her own problem, which was to raise money for a

(Continued on col. 159)

Brotherly Love

"Isn't it next week that the authorities release Fred Jordan from prison?"

Mrs. Miner looked across the table at her son as she waited his reply.

"Yes, mother," replied Tom Miner. "Next Friday is the date set."

"Poor man! I wonder what he will do. He won't be able to come back to this community. I don't know who would trust him after his crime and jail sentence. It seems rather hard to me, Tom, to think it will be necessary for him to go among strangers to make good."

"You are right, mother. It doesn't seem right, but I don't suppose there is any other way. Fred seemed such a splendid fellow when we were in school together. The honor I won as a pitcher on the school baseball team was largely due to the fact that Fred was the catcher. He worked with me in splendid co-operation, and I'm sure I couldn't have done so well with another catcher. I am indebted to Fred for that."

"He always thought so much of you, Tom," the mother added. "You were such strong friends until the time of his crime, when he forsook the straight path for the crooked one."

Tom nodded. "I can see Fred yet as he was the night they took him away. When I went into his cell to say farewell to him, he broke down completely and burst into tears. I honestly believe if Fred returns here I will be the first person he seeks."

"He won't come to you, son," the mother declared. "Fred broke down in his cell because he felt he had violated your friendship, and now, though it may be the strongest desire of his heart, he won't come near you. He will feel that the stigma of his shame will somehow become attached to you by his coming, and he will avoid that."

"That means that when prison doors close behind as he is ushered into the world, he will seek associates of a lower level. And his crooked path will be made more crooked."

"I had thought of that, son," the mother agreed. "Fred will be left to the mercy of the wolves."

Tom sat in silence for a moment, then said, "'A friend loveth at all times.' Just because Fred was weak and fell by the wayside is no reason why my friendship should cease. I remember that on the night when Peter denied his Lord, John was with Christ. I also know that Peter and John were together when Mary bore her message to them on the resurrection morn. It looks to me as though John sought Peter in brotherly love and tried to restore him. Christ also sent a special message to Peter. Friends like that are very few in this materialistic age. As a Christian man I feel it is my duty to aid Fred."

"Mother, I watched the construction gang as they straightened the road this afternoon. Years ago that road was a crooked path, crooked because others kept it that way. It would have been easy to have corrected that mistake then, but when that path became a road and served that purpose for years, the task was tremendous. The crooked paths of many lives can be made straight if we do not wait until they are hardened."

"You are right, Tom, and I know you have some plan in mind."

Friday came. Prison doors opened and Fred Jordan stepped forth a free man. His eyes fell upon a car alongside the curb and he saw a man step out and walk towards him. It was Tom Miner.

"Hello, Fred," Tom's cheery voice greeted him as he

A Christmas Song.

*It is Christmas time but once a year,
And now the time is drawing near
When we shall hear the Gospel, dear,
Of how at night in Bethlehem,
When Joseph and when Mary came,
A little child was born to them.*

*The shepherds watched their flocks at night,
When darkness changed to shining light,
From heaven came an angel bright.
He brought a message filled with joy:
"God's Son is now a little boy,
And He all sorrow shall destroy."*

*Then suddenly a heavenly throng
Of angels, who with God belong,
Had come to sing this wondrous song:
"The glory of our God we praise,
And among men there shall be peace
For all who live our God to please."*

—Henrik Plambeck.

extended his hand. "Get in the car and we'll talk as we ride."

There were tears in Fred's eyes as Tom's arm dropped across his shoulders and led him toward the car. His throat filled up and he was unable to speak until the car was in motion. For a few moments they conversed about various things until Fred noticed the direction of the car.

"Where are you taking me, Tom?"

"Back to the home town," Tom replied.

"No, no, I can't go there!" Fred exclaimed. "Any place but there!"

"No other place but there," Tom corrected him. "You are going home to accept a place in my shop. I have a vacancy there which you can fill. You see, Fred, it's like this: You are facing a terrific fight and I'm fighting it with you. The cold shoulder you will receive will have a tendency to drive you down and we are not going to let that happen."

"Do you mean it, Tom?" Fred could hardly believe such good news. "Then if you have faith in me, I'll do my best to make good."

"Fred, I'll do my best to help you, but your greatest need is greater than that. You need Jesus Christ in your life to give you power to live as God would have you live."

Excitement reigned supreme when the inhabitants of the village knew Tom Miner had brought Fred Jordan home with him and had given him employment. There was yet greater surprise when Fred made a public confession of Jesus Christ and united with the church.

Five years have passed since that memorable occasion and Fred is yet a trusted employee, and living an exemplary Christian life. Did Tom Miner make any mistake in his attitude of Christian friendship and brotherhood? He saved a life from the downward path, and won a soul for Jesus Christ.

By L. L. Wightman in "Christian Life".



Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

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EDITORIAL

Now that the anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child is here again it is a time of rejoicing. During the month of Advent we have been preparing to celebrate Christmas. We have been reminded of the events leading up to the birth of Jesus: the angel's coming to Zachariah in the temple, the angel's visit to Mary in her home, the visit of Mary to Elizabeth, and the exquisite song of Mary, the Magnificat, in praise of God for His mercy. All these things should prepare us to be happy at the coming of Christ.

And in this season we try to emulate the angels singing to the shepherds by giving expression to our joy in various ways.

Also "Lutheran Tidings" is anxious to express its joy over the love and mercy of God in sending His Son to earth to bring peace, good will, joy, and salvation. We greet all our people with happy Christmas wishes. May this Christmas bring happiness to you all, may your Christmas festival be a merry one; but most of all, may the blessed little King come quietly into the hearts of many.

* * *

In explanation of the different appearance and other changes in this issue of "Lutheran Tidings," I offer the information that because of eye trouble I have been unable to read or write for the past two weeks. I am sorry not to be able to collect and write the news items as usual. I hope, however, that before the next issue must go out I shall be able to do better.

C. A. Stub.



From My Reading

By Bundy

A God in Our Own Image. Personally I don't like to read in the Old Testament. Or rather I should say that there are many things I don't like to read. But in spite of this dislike I have found that it is true, what a well known man in our church said some years ago, that The Old Testament is a beautiful garden where one may pick many beautiful flowers, and that we are not to forget that in that garden grew "the fairest of roses."

Some time ago I was reading in the *Book of Numbers*, and the thought struck me suddenly that we often make a God in our own image. We are told that the Israelites caught a man who gathered wood on a Sabbath day, they took him before Aaron and Moses and the congregation. And Moses told them that God had said to him that the man should be stoned to death by the whole congregation. According to orders he was taken outside the camp and stoned to death "as God hath commanded Moses." Nu. 15: 36. We are inclined to think at first thought that they had the wrong conception of God, that they were making a God in their own image.

We think of a God who is love and we can safely stick to that concept. But what is love? Is love a tolerance of every whim of man? Does not the element of righteousness enter into love? It was a loving God who granted mankind a day of rest. Man will not of his own intuition grant that his body needs rest or that his soul needs a shower of heavenly rain at least once a week. He does not know that it is a declaration of divine love that man should acknowledge the unchangeable law of a seventh day bodily restoration. Man does not "naturally" acknowledge God as his maker nor God as his ruler. On the Sabbath day we either show our gratitude to God or we ignore him by our acts. The words: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," are perhaps too plain to be rightly understood!—But, remember once a week that your body is holy and that your maker is holy! Remember that the man who ignores the Sabbath day can not be your example!

* * *

Does a Loving God Tolerate Everything? Karl Barth has brought back to theologians the righteous God and the Almighty God. He has rightly observed that "the God of the modern man would not hurt a fly." He would permit man to be consumed in his own conceit and selfishness.

* * *

The People a Congregation. Does God still chastize?—I see men every Sunday who pay no attention to the Sabbath day, and I know that they are not all Orthodox Jews or "Seventh Day Adventists!" How do we explain that they go on with their labor and occupations and evidently fare as well as those who observe the Sabbath day religiously? Let us bear in mind that God began to carry out his purpose through a particular, a select, people. For a long time this people was called not a *nation*, not a conglomeration of people, but a *congregation*. As long as they were a congregation they were also representative of a divine, almighty, authoritative will. In as far as they were obedient to that will their history shows that they fared well.

Whether Moses was right in having a person stoned to death or not depends upon our view of the place of a congregation, and our concept of whether they, the Israelites, as God's representatives could serve a righteous will and a selfish will at the same time.

If God is righteous, does He not chastize? If He is loving, does He not ordain that which would be the best for all and not that which would be right to the few who care nothing about his laws? We think it right that our free will should rule. God undoubtedly thought—or was it Moses?—of the effect that this act would have in the congregation.

Too little we think of our acts as seen by others. As members of a congregation we are "the salt of the earth"; but too often we conform to community customs and forget that we should obey God rather than man.

Who is making God in their own image, the Israelites or we?

Christmas in Song

"The happy Christmas comes once more," and brings joy to the hearts of men everywhere. Surely it is a time when we should feel inspired to sing the praises of the "Babe born in Bethlehem." No other season of the year is so richly blessed with an abundance of fine hymns and carols. Christmas seems to hold a very high place in the lives of the Danish people, if we are to judge by the number and the excellence of their Christmas hymns. May the singing of many of them, either in the original or in their English garb, be a prominent part of our Christmas celebration this year and in the years to come!

One thinks immediately of Brorson, the great Danish preacher and hymn-writer who has been called "the poet of Christmas." What title could be more honorable! And what task more exalted than to sing the simple joys of that dearest of seasons, and the glories of the Savior born in a humble manger! What a debt of gratitude do we not owe to the writer of "Thy little ones, dear Lord, are we" and "Now found is the fairest of roses!" Both of these hymns were published in 1732 at Tønder in southern Denmark in a pamphlet entitled "A few Christian hymns to the glory of God and for the edification of Christian souls, especially my beloved congregation for the coming joyous Christmas festival, in haste and in all simplicity composed by H. A. B." At that time there was a real scarcity of hymns in the Danish language, and in Brorson's own congregation the curious condition obtained, that Brorson preached in Danish but the congregation sang their hymns in German. It was to remedy this condition that Brorson wrote his Christmas hymns in 1732, and we may be sure that the hearts of his people were filled with joy and gratitude as they sang these tender, appealing hymns in their own language. "Thy little ones" was given the title, "A little hymn for children," with the Scripture passage, "Have ye never read, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" A children's hymn it is, indeed, and yet it is just as dear to children of sixty as to children of six. The charming little melody is by one of Denmark's pioneer musicians, J. A. P. Schulz, who, although born in Germany, was able to catch the spirit of the Danish folk-song. "Now found is the fairest of roses" appeals rather to the mature mind, and has been called the most poetic work in the Danish language. Its melody is thought to be one of the earliest of the church melodies and may date back as far as to the Fourth Century.

But it is not only to Brorson that we are indebted for fine Danish Christmas hymns. Kingo, Grundtvig, and Ingemann have all made precious contributions. From Kingo we have "There came a message from the sky" which has found a place in our Hymnal. One of Grundtvig's best known Christmas hymns is "The happy Christmas comes once more," with the lovely melody by the Danish composer, Balle. It is interesting to note that this hymn is an extract from a hymn of nineteen stanzas which was based on Luther's "From heaven above to earth I come." Even better known is his wonderful children's hymn, "Dejlig er den Himmel blaa," translated in our Hymnal as "Splendid are the heavens high." Actually, it defies the best efforts of any translator. The same might well be said of "Velkommen igen, Guds Engle smaa" which appears in our Hymnal as "Be welcome again, God's angels bright." From the pen of Ingemann we have "Christmas is here with joy untold," and especially that hymn which could probably be placed as the greatest of all Danish Christmas hymns, namely, "Dejlig er Jorden"—and who can find an adequate translation for that! Actually it is itself a translation, or rather a very fine version of the

German Crusader's Hymn, "Schönster Herr Jesu," which we know as "Beautiful Savior."

Some Christmas hymns of foreign origin have been so well translated and so much sung in Denmark that they are often taken to be Danish. Among them must be mentioned Luther's "Jesus, Savior, of Virgin born," linked in our Hymnal with a Danish folk-tune which has a wonderfully triumphant ring. We might put Mohr's "Silent Night" in the same class, but then it seems to be equally well at home in almost any language. The most outstanding example, however, is "A Babe is born in Bethlehem," which, with its joyful Danish folk melody, certainly has a real Danish flavor. Upon investigation, however, we find that it is an ancient Latin hymn of unknown authorship, "Puer natus in Bethlehem, Unde gaudet Jerusalem," which we first find in a manuscript from the beginning of the Fourteenth Century. In the oldest German, Danish, and Swedish hymnals a translation in the vernacular was inserted immediately after each Latin stanza. Most likely the choir sang the Latin and the congregation sang the translation. Grundtvig revised the hymn, and his beautiful version is now used in Denmark.

—Gunnar J. Malm in "Ans. Luth."



Shutting Out Humility

What was it that the Bethlehem inn-keeper really shut out when he closed the door in the face of Mary, the mother of Jesus? What were the qualities of heart that Mary embodied and carried with her to the stable, as over against the qualities embodied by some blustering bejeweled merchant from Capernaum whom the inn-keeper admitted? One of these qualities was humility. Mary knew in her heart that her child was destined to unexampled greatness. But this did not seem to her to be a reason for her to demand a place in the inn. She preferred that her baby should be born in a manger surrounded by only those who loved him, rather than that he should be born in a room won by contention. She was great enough to be humble. And this quality shown on Christmas eve was one of the beautiful characteristics of her life. After her boy grew up to be a man and spake as never man spake, and wrought such deeds as drew great crowds about him, who followed him from place to place. Mary never intruded herself. She remained at home and prayed. Only at the end, when she learned that her son was facing crucifixion, and seemed to need her, did she make her way to Jerusalem and take her place at the foot of the cross. Surely Mary's true greatness of soul is seen in her very obscurity, in the gospel narrative.

Humility is not a conspicuous twentieth century characteristic. When we repeat the beatitudes we pass rather hurriedly over the one that declares, "blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. The twentieth century mind cannot quite accept that, in this respect at least Nietzsche has more disciples than Jesus. Nietzsches beatitude is, "blessed are the arrogant, who when they see what they want, take it."—One of the chief spiritual dangers that confront a generation of boys and girls growing up in a selfadvertising age is that they shall utterly miss the fineness of humility as a quality of heart. It is one of the things that our age shouts out. But if they miss humility the boys can never be God's gentlemen nor can the girls be God's gentlewomen in the best meaning of that term.

—Wendell P. Keeler.



"IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE"

By C. S. Hasle

I

Well authenticated news from Russia is being circulated that school children are being de-Christianized through communistic propaganda. Christianity, according to these reports, is being rapidly destroyed in one of the most populous countries on earth. News is also being circulated that the Godless Association of Russia has decided to establish a university under the name of The Academy of Atheism. No one will be admitted to that institution of learning until they have become members of the Red Organization and publicly denied all religion. All through the nation places of worship are being closed to be used for something else, while no new churches are being erected.

From the Nazi Party congress, recently held at Nuremberg, comes the news that Hitler and his party intend to spread anti-Semitism to other lands. Previous to the congress the Fuehrer had been speaking against Jewish bolshevism and accusing that race of having tyrannical inclinations, which in reality has been the cause of all the evil that has befallen Germany.

Propaganda Minister Herr Gobbels, states that Germany will not rest until the whole world has become fully aware of the danger of the Jews to the state, as the bolshevistic movement never could have been conceived except in a Jewish mind.

One Herr Streicher goes one step further and advocates a world wide extermination of all Jews.

Simultaneously reports are being received from Fascist Italy that Jews in that country are being made targets of newspaper attacks, because their influence, which is being directed from Russia, causes disorders in Mussolini's country.

From Spain news of civil war is arriving every day. In these reports are included many hair-raising tales of persecution of priests as well as of lay people, who refuse to join the throngs of hatred.

This is all bad news, and can only fill every sane thinking American with uneasy forebodings as to what the future may bring, as it is evident that the end is not yet. War clouds are hanging dark and heavy over Europe. It is not at all unreasonable to expect another European war almost any time. If this happens, one need not be a prophet to foresee that many democratic governments on that continent may be replaced by dictatorships. In view of such dark outlook it should also be remembered that in the past religion has experienced its most difficult conditions under dictatorships.

In view of the serious conditions on the continent of Europe some Americans have asked the question: "Will the same thing happen in America that the state, which is merely something relative, may set itself up as something absolute so that it will rule man's conscience and dictate to him under what form he may worship or probably prevent him from worshipping altogether?"

This question has been asked in all seriousness, and a manyfold choir has answered as with one voice, "It Can't Happen Here."

Against this reply of thousands, probably of millions, the answer that "It Might Happen Here" may sound weak, and it may not be heard at all by the majority of present day Americans.

It should not, however, be passed over too lightly that a small minority of Americans actually believe that the same thing may happen here which happened in Europe. Neither should it be overlooked that these men and women have familiarized themselves with conditions, as they are, in certain countries of continental Europe.

It is probably worthy of notice that two outstanding men from present day America believe this to be possible. Sinclair Lewis, who can not be counted among the orthodox, is convinced that it is not at all impossible that our present form of government may in the near future yield to dictatorship. Such form of government will, according to Lewis, appear impossible to people who have tasted some liberty. And he states further as his conviction that the United States is fast approaching a crisis, where it will be squarely up to the average citizen, who in the past never did his own thinking, to decide whether a dictatorial form of government shall come into existence.

William Dudley Pelley, leader of the Silver Shirts of America, is also convinced that it may happen here. He claims that the fascists are already organized and ready to take over the government of the United States.

Probably neither of the two gentlemen are much concerned about the future of the Christian church. But it is rather queer to find the two, one hating fascism, the other loving it, agree about the one vital point that it may happen here.

But what has taken place in certain countries of continental Europe?

From Germany we receive reports that Hitler wants to free that nation from Jewish influence. This sounds reasonable, but it has this in common with many other things, that it can not bear scrutinizing before it begins to appear ridiculous. When it is remembered that the Jews number only about one per cent of the total population, such a claim becomes laughable. Why should ninety and nine be afraid of one? And when it is furthermore remembered that this one per cent has already become disfranchised and reduced almost to pauperism, it becomes evident that Hitler is aiming at something else. He is too clever a ruler to bring out his heavy artillery for the sake merely of killing small game.

Evidently the Fuehrer has discovered that the philosophy of Judaism and that of Nazism are of two different kinds, and that the two can never live together in the same country. One must grow and develop, the other must decrease. Hence the Nazi leaders have determined on a policy of extermination against all Jews at a time when the race is fighting with its back against the wall and therefore unable to offer a great deal of resistance.

If this be true that Nazism fears the Jewish philosophy of life, this extermination program can not be said to be aimed at Judaism alone, but that all religion may be in danger. The conflict therefore probably is not between nazist Germany and the Jews but between the new paganism of the modern super state and religion.

At this time it may be proper to call attention to the fact that the spirit of nazism, fascism, and communism is practically the same. Although different in name as well as in national origin the

three movements represent the same philosophy. Back of it all is found a new paganism which refuses to recognize any religion based on belief in a universal and righteous God.

When communism, which is the oldest of the three movements, made its appearance in Russia about a score years ago, many thought that in this new social and economic system would be found room for religion. The same was thought of fascism and nazism; but as the smoke is slowly clearing away from the European scene, many are waking up to the fact that this mighty movement, which has engulfed more than half of continental Europe, is atheistic and anti-religious.

Christianity is as far removed from this new paganism as the North Pole is from the South Pole. The two can never become united. Where attempts have been made to bring about a union of nazism and the church, nothing but a caricature of true religion has been the outcome. And, in spite of the loud proclamations of liberty by certain chief priests of the new paganism, it may be taken for granted that the time will never come, when Christianity can become recognized in countries where this paganism has gained control.

The philosophy of Judaism and of Christianity rests on love. "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This appeals to justice for all, and it aims at replacing selfishness as the cardinal motive of man.

Take nazism, and one finds it narrow and nationalistic. Its philosophy is one of restriction. Justice is limited to a few supermen, who guide and rule the modern state. Love for one's neighbor is probably preached in general, but it is applicable only to the few who adhere to the principles of the movement.

Hence Hitler, together with Stalin and Mussolini, know of no other strategy but extermination of all the powers which can not submit to the control of the super-state.

If this is correct, it may be expected that all religion, and especially Christianity, will suffer in Germany, as well as in other totalitarian states, Russia and Italy. Some may advance the conjecture that, with the exception of Russia, the church is comparatively free in Germany and Italy.

In answering this, two things should not be overlooked. The rulers in both Germany and Italy may be clever tacticians, who do not care to undertake anything until they are reasonably sure of carrying it through to a successful finish. Secondly, it should also be remembered that conditions under which the church in Germany is living give very little cause for joy.

In Russia all religion has been suppressed to the extent that it has actually ceased to be a menace to the state. The fragments of the once powerful Russian church have been weakened so that they are actually unable to resist the suppression by the state. And although the franchise has recently been granted to the clergy, this means nothing, as nobody cares about the priests, whose numbers are gradually declining.

Mussolini has not succeeded in suppressing the church of Italy, but he has probably attained more in that direction than is generally admitted. Although the Roman Catholic Church is the organized ecclesiastical body in the world today, the dictator's will has prevailed in Italy to the extent that no strong voice of protest was heard from that church even when he

sent his well trained armies against a primitive people who preferred to live in peace.

Nor has Hitler succeeded in suppressing religion to the extent of Russia. Religion is still a menace to the nazist movement, and consequently certain indications are in evidence that the Fuehrer is determined to follow in the footsteps of Stalin.

Only those pastors who have fallen in line with Hitler's policies have been left alone. Men like Karl Barth, who raised their voices against the super-state overstepping its boundary, were taken care of that their protests should not become too loud or annoying.

The identical thing which took place in Russia is taking place in Germany. Something relative, the super-state, is making a serious effort to set itself up as something absolute; and when something relative becomes absolute we have idolatry in its most modern form.

What is the reason for the downfall of the church in certain countries of continental Europe?

It is, of course, evident that the Russian church long ago disassociated itself from the Russian people. When the government, under the leadership of the Czar, suppressed the masses, the church, instead of battling for justice for the oppressed, stood ready to absolve the oppressors of all guilt. With this in mind it is easy to explain how the church has become almost extinct.

But the case in Nazi Germany is different. For generations the rest of the world has looked to the German church as a bulwark of protestantism. No place in the world was the church considered stronger than in the land of Martin Luther. It is therefore a cause for both alarm and anxiousness on the part of some of our more serious minded people to notice that the German church has been forced to a point where it must take orders from the dictator of the super-state.

If Christianity is based on belief in an almighty God who guides man on his wanderings through a life filled with many complications, it must bring at least two things to its adherents.

First, it must release certain potentialities which are found in man, probably in dormant state, and develop them so that man becomes better equipped for going through life. This is an individualistic age when everybody asks, "What will it benefit me to become a Christian?"

Secondly, the church, Christianity, must always take a decisive stand against evil and injustice and defend the many who are suffering on account of the selfishness of a few who happen to have the power.

These two things are the least that modern man expects of religion. But in the past the church, which claimed to be the agency of Christianity, forgot this, and in place of protecting the weak it contented itself with petty matters which in the mind of the average man appeared unimportant. Instead of preaching a gospel of righteousness it concerned itself about the preaching of something which in general terms may be said to have contained: "If there is suffering in this life, be of good cheer, for recompense will come in some future existence."

Therefore, when the question is asked whether the church on the continent of Europe is too weak to withstand the onslaught of the super-state, which is saturated with the new paganism, the answer will depend on to what extent the church during the past has fulfilled its

mission in serving the people in an effort to bring them Christianity as a life-giving force. If it has failed in that mission, its days are numbered; for then it will appear, especially to the German youth, as just so much dead material which they can well do without.

But on the other hand, if the church has fulfilled its mission, if it has brought to the average man something which gave meaning to life, he will never give it up.

People who are well informed as to the true conditions in Germany are inclined to believe that Hitler will never win this generation for the philosophy of nazism, but there is a probability that the next generation may leave the church to let it either sink or float, as the case may be, on the turbulent waters of the modern super-state.

(To be continued.)



Be Not Afraid . . . Life Is Beautiful

Anne Sullivan Macy was an angel, the human replica of those messengers of love who cried out at Bethlehem to a dark world, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy..." Born in poverty, afflicted in childhood with trachoma, orphaned and sent to a poorhouse where she encountered "rats, maniacs, sexual perversion, delirium tremens, epilepsy and corpses," she fought her way clear of them all, and spent the best fifty years of her life bringing to Helen Keller the good tidings that even one blind and deaf could find life good and not a ghastly dream. She died, recently, as she had lived: still holding her beloved pupil's hand.

I saw this famous pair just once, but it remains a "just once" that I can never forget. They came to Denver, on a tour, and they stood together on the stage of a great theatre; the audience asked questions of Helen Keller, and Anne Sullivan "talked" the questions into the palm of Miss Keller's hand, in Morse code, with her fingertips. We learned that night that Helen Keller had a sense of humor, for she laughed often; that she had a keen and cultured mind, for she was a Radcliffe graduate (cum laude, '04); that she loved life, in spite of aching darkness and eternal silence. For we saw her put her fingertips on the violin of a great master, while he played "Sweet Mystery Of Life;" she began to sway gently and to keep time with her free hand, as she caught the rhythm and she turned to the audience, when the sweet mystery was done, to say, with tears in those blind eyes, "I have found life to be so beautiful!" So beautiful! Back in the shadows, out of the spotlight, getting none of the applause and wanting none of it, stood little Mrs. Macy, who had made life just that for Helen Keller.

Now it's Christmas, and Helen Keller sits alone. Alone? Not quite that. Anne Sullivan Macy shall be part of Helen Keller, forever. She shall be a part of all who met her. Dr. Fosdick, preaching at her funeral, quoted the Latin poet Horace: "Not all of me shall die." Generations of the as yet unborn blind shall find life brighter, clearer, more beautiful, because she lived and gave her life to Helen Keller. She is immortal, as all such teachers are. Millions of us, with eyes and without, will take courage in the dark hours when we think of her, and feel her hand upon our shoulders, and hear her say, "Be not afraid. Life is . . . beautiful!"

"Christian Herald".

Correspondence

Manistee, Michigan

The members of Our Saviour's Lutheran Church enjoyed a very busy day on Sunday, November 22.

An all day program commenced with Sunday school. At 10:30 a. m. we were assembled for the English service.

Our annual church meeting was to take place at 3:00 p. m. in the school house. As business was urgent, all members received a gentle reminder in the form of a card. It was a little exciting and mysterious as the subject of the important business was not mentioned. The meeting was well attended. During the course of the meeting new officers were elected. Jens Andersen was unanimously elected to take the office of secretary, and William Hansen accepted another term as a trustee. Sophus Jensen was thanked for the faithful service he has rendered as secretary.

The meeting was followed by a fine pot luck supper, during which fellowship with one another was enjoyed.

At 7:30, we met upstairs in the school house. Our evening meeting was opened with a song. Rev. Broe spoke on the topic "The Destructiveness of Pessimism".

A young people's society has been begun recently. It has met twice. There were twelve eager young people in attendance at the last meeting. Tuesday, December 8, we are meeting at the parsonage again.



Contributions to the Santal Mission

General Budget

St. Peders Ladies Guild, Minneapolis \$12.00
Mrs. Niels Steffensen, Exeter, Nebr. 2.00
Bethania Girls' Club, Racine, Wis. 30.27
Thanksgiving Day Offering, Withee 13.00
Christmas Present from Ladies' Aid,
Oak Hill, Ia. 10.00

To Care of a Child

Ladies' Aid, Withee, Wis. \$20.00

To Dagmar Miller's Work

Christmas Gift from Sunday School,
Cordova, Neb. \$2.00

To Erling Ostergaard's Work

English Ladies' Aid, Askov, Minn. \$5.00
Mrs. Else K. Nelson, Askov, Minn. . 1.00
Mrs. Anton Mikkelsen, Newell, Ia. . 2.00
Hans Lund, Newell, Ia. 1.00
Hans Sondergaard, Newell, Ia.50
Mrs. Svend Danielsen, Newell, Ia. . .25
J. P. Sorensen, Askov, Minn. 1.00
Soren Holm, Tyler, Minn. 5.00
Hans Hansen, Tyler, Minn. 2.00
Chr. Nielsen, Balle, Tyler, Minn. 1.00
Sigurd Kruse, Tyler, Minn. 1.00
Jeppe Marcussen, Tyler, Minn. 1.00
Carl Theo Hansen, Tyler, Minn. 1.00
J. D. Dix, Tyler, Minn. 1.00
Chr. Bøvbjerg, Tyler, Minn. 1.00
Danebod English Sunday School, Tyler 6.00
Martin Lauritzen, Centerville, S. D. .50
Mrs. Hans Hansen, Centerville, S. D. .50
Henry M. Andersen, Centerville, S. D. 1.00
Marius Larsen, Viborg, S. D. 1.00
Peder Andersen, Viborg, S. D. 1.00
Jens Hansen, Viborg, S. D.25
Bessie Nielsen, Oakland, Cal. 1.00
From Deceased Arnold K. Johansen,
Tyler, savings 10.00

Total \$134.27
Previously acknowledged \$5,007.47
Since January 1, 1936. \$5,141.74

Thanks to all who have contributed this month.

Sigrid Ostergaard,

1700 4th St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

ALL FROM ONE MAN'S IDEA

(Continued from col. 148)

tuberculosis pavilion for children in her native state.

The following Christmas, in 1907, a state-wide campaign netted \$3,000. The pavilion was built. Later Miss Bissel was successful in inducing the authorities of the Red Cross to undertake a nation-wide sale of tuberculosis stamps. Influenced by her stimulating leadership, women's clubs, religious groups, as well as Red Cross chapters gave to the campaign their loyal support. Various publications contributed comment and helped to popularize the seal.

By such united and enthusiastic effort more than \$135,000 was raised in this, the first national sale in the United States. Convinced of its value, the American Red Cross conducted the annual sale of the stamps until 1920. Since then the National Tuberculosis Association, which has been a co-operating agency for several years, has conducted the sale alone. The sole emblem on the seals became the double-barred cross which is the international insignia of the anti-tuberculosis campaign and the trade mark of the National Tuberculosis Association.

This organization invited Ejnar Holboell to be its guest of honor at the national convention held in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1924; and while this served the fine purpose of making the genial Danish postmaster happy as a child, it also gave fresh impetus to the movement, which grew by leaps and bounds.

Few people are aware how great a toll tuberculosis exacts in this country alone. More than three and a half million men, women and children have died of this disease in the last thirty years. (One significant fact is that an additional two-and-a-half millions would have died if the mortality rate of thirty years ago had continued.) Today, even with the advances medical science has made, tuberculosis is responsible for the death of one human being every eight minutes. And of these deaths, considerable more than half occur between the ages of fifteen and forty-five—the important productive years. The loss to the race is staggering.

But great advances have been made. Thirty years ago, the dread disease was responsible for twelve out of every hundred deaths, in the United States. Today, it is responsible for only five out of every hundred. The rate of deaths from tuberculosis has been reduced from 200 per hundred thousand of the population in 1900, to 54 per hundred thousand today. In 1934 alone, the campaign against the disease forced the death rate down from 59.5 per hundred thousand of population to a new low of 56.6—a gain in one year of nearly three per hundred thousand. *Tuberculosis can be stamped out.* Medical science has learned how; the rest is a matter of public enlightenment, and of money. The money raised by the sale of the Christmas seals has been of inestimable aid in raising these vitally necessary funds.

This is the thirtieth annual Christmas seal sale held in the United States. In 1907, when the first seals were sold in this country, 179 persons out of every hundred thousand of our people were dying of consumption. From 1910 to 1932 the death rate has been reduced two-thirds—mainly through the wise use of the money afforded for research and other intelli-

LUTHERAN TIDINGS

gent, scientific work. Utopia may be a long way off, but as Dr. Parran, Surgeon-General of the United States, said recently, "Tuberculosis can be wiped out in our nation." And, we may add, in the world, if we can only bring people to see and understand what is necessary. There is no nobler, more appealing, more humane work in all the world, than this fight which is so largely financed by the sale of the Christmas seals.

Last year, the authorities of the N. T. A., representing 2,000 national, state, and local tuberculosis associations, could report a total number of 659 sanatoria in United States, accommodating 87,000 patients, and representing a capital expenditure of \$250,000,000, the annual maintenance budget being nearly \$75,000,000. These momentous results are not only due, to an important extent, to the sale of the stamps; they are due still more to the fact that the attention of the whole American public has been centered upon the great problem, more than by any other agency, through the widespread sale of the Christmas seals.

Today this tiny, colored stamp is sold by the billion in more than forty countries; raises annually millions of dollars; and helps to pay for free clinics, nursing service, child welfare, preventoria, tuberculin testing, X-rays, rehabilitation and other important work, such as medical and social research. In United States alone, through a period of nearly thirty years, the proceeds derived from its sale have totaled above \$75,000,000, a sum which

is used for education, organization, and demonstration of tuberculosis work. And all these astonishing results have grown out of young Holboell's idea, back there in Copenhagen.

"Christian Herald"

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