

# Lutheran Tidings

Volume III

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Number 12

## If We Only Understood

Could we but draw back the curtains  
That surround each other's lives,  
See the naked heart and spirit,  
Know what spur the action gives;  
Often we should find it better,  
Purer than we judge we should;  
We should love each other better,  
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,  
See the good and bad within,  
Often we should love the sinner  
All the while we loathe the sin;  
Could we know the powers working  
To overthrow integrity,  
We should love each other's errors  
With more patient charity.

If we know the cares and trials,  
Knew the efforts all in vain,  
And the bitter disappointment,  
Understood the loss and gain—  
Would the grim eternal roughness  
Seem—I wonder—just the same?  
Should we help where now we hinder,  
Should we pity where now we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden force,  
Knowing not the fount of action  
Is less turbid at its source—  
Seeing not amid the evil  
All the hidden grain of good.  
We would love each other better  
If we only understood.

—Rudyard Kipling.

## One of Two Things

There are no doubt people who are so dull and indifferent that they live life without really discovering there is anything wrong with them. If they have any feelings of that kind, this is only a momentary affliction which they quickly shake off. There are people who seem to pass through life in undisturbed satisfaction with themselves and the world, a complacency nothing can overcome, people who in the end are able to lie down and die with a certain sort of carelessness, without a sense of the seriousness of death.

But all human beings who are somewhat awake and alert will discover in one way or another that which the others do not discover. A time comes when they feel that something is very seriously wrong with them, something which they can not overcome. They have lost their mastery of life. This may come about by a heavy blow, griefs

they are unable to bear, disasters they can not overcome. But it may also come about without any such cause, in the midst of what men call happiness where no cloud of adversity, in the sight of men at least, has darkened their lives. They enjoy good health, have their daily work, which prospers well, have the esteem of fellowmen, a good and peaceful home. Yet there is something wrong, they are not able to live life. Not only old or middle-aged people can be afflicted in this way. There are also young people, strong and healthy, who seem to have every reason to be satisfied with life, but who are not, even though they pretend to be. For deepest down in the heart of all men on this sinful earth there is a melancholy; and unless a man gives himself inhuman treatment, this melancholy will one day appear and make itself felt.

Even apart from all outward difficulties and sufferings, life is a difficult thing to pursue, full of mysteries we do not understand, full of difficulties not to be overcome, problems we cannot solve, darkness which is impenetrable. It is full of longings which can not be fulfilled, and ideals which can not be realized. And what is poor man going to do in the midst of all this?

He can do one of two things. He can say to himself: I will pass the difficulties by, I will shove aside these tasks, I will leave the mysteries unanswered, I will let the ideal stand. It is all too great, too burdensome, too terrible; it crushes me, robs me of peace and spoils my contentment. There is nothing for me to do but to pass the whole thing by. I know that by doing so I am giving up the glory of life, that great things are slipping out of my hands, that I am giving up what I have had the deepest longing for; but I think in that way I can get through life tolerably; as so many have done.

That is the one way men can choose, and many have tried it. But the other thing we can do is to go to Jesus Christ and say: Here I am, I am stuck, my ship is aground; but I can not resign myself to this. If you can help me, do so! Those who have done this seriously have not done so in vain. For this is just what Jesus would do, help men who are striving upward and onward, but who are stuck. The help consists in this: "He gives them power to be the children of God," He removes that which separates them from God so that they gain the assurance that they are the children of God and that their Father cares for them, and uses His whole power to make the way clear for them. No more is needed to bring the ship of life afloat again. To be able to say: I am a child of God. Every morning I start out the day with His love descending upon me, He forgives my sins, He fights for me against the evil in me, He makes use of my work, and He is about to develop me into being a man in the likeness of His only Son and will succeed in raising me up that height!

This is a glory so great that all the melancholy of the world must succumb to it. For what are difficulties and miseries to me, how can all the great problems and all the high ideals daunt me when I am on the side of God as His child and friend!

—Emil Koch in "Christian Living."

## The Problem of War

The first obligation of a follower of Christ in respect to war, is to work for peace. Jesus taught us the way of love instead of the way of the sword.

It is high time to realize that war as a method of settling international disputes is obsolete. Theoretically, the Kellogg Pact has outlawed war for us. War always unsettles more than it settles. It is based on the false philosophy that might makes right. Most wars are started for profit, and cause unnatural inflation and activity, which leads to a depression afterwards. Wars delay civilization and breed hatred. Their gruesomeness and cruelty are indescribable. They are too costly in men, morals, and money. In short, they are unchristian. In Col. 3:11 Paul teaches us that all men should be brothers in Christ. The Christian works against all other evils, why then, should he make an exception of war? Surely, a Christian cannot take part in an unjust war of aggression, like the Italian-Ethiopian conflict, whether it be to conquer new territory, gain new trade, or save some millionaire's invested money. On the other hand, I believe a Christian has a right to defend his country, home, and loved ones.

There is a danger of being impractical when we go to extremes, whether it be pacifism or militarism. Jesus did not give a direct answer to the question, and both sides have sought sanction in his teaching. He said to Peter, "Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." But he also commended the centurion's faith, implying that he could be a soldier and yet a Christian. To be sure, Jesus quotes with approval, "Thou shalt not kill," but Greek scholars tell us the word is really murder. While an unjust and aggressive war is nothing but wholesale murder, it is not quite fair to call anyone a murderer if he kills another in defense of his home or country. Jesus said, "Resist not him that is evil," but he also said many other things in his great sermon that cannot be taken absolutely literally. He used force when he drove the money changers and cattle mongers from the temple. A sane interpretation of his teaching does not absolutely condemn force, although it should be a last resort. The way of love comes first.

We must never forget that the Christian owes an obligation to the country in which he lives. Jesus said, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Paul tells us the government is ordained of God. We believe a sane interpretation of both Jesus and Paul does not call for a blind obedience to unjust wars or laws. Granted, we do open up the way for anarchy, but there is no alternative. There is a law higher than the state, the law of God as he speaks to an enlightened Christian conscience. A Christian patriot can have nothing to do with the foolish philosophy expressed in the maxim: "My country, right or wrong." A true Christian patriot criticizes his country when wrong. He will not be dazzled by the profits, glory and propaganda of war. Nor will he be led astray by such high-sounding phrases as, "War to end war," or "Making the world safe for democracy."

On the other hand, much harm has been done by setting up one standard of morality for the state and one for the individual. The morality of the state should be just as high as that of the individuals composing it. It naturally follows that the state has no right to engage in an unjust war, but it also follows that the state has a right to protect itself against foreign countries just as the individual has a right to protect himself. We use force to

imprison domestic criminals; why should we not use force when criminals come in the form of an invading army? However, according to the teaching of Jesus there must be no hatred or revenge or unnecessary cruelty. Just as it is possible for a parent to punish a child in love, so it is possible for a Christian to use force in love. It may even be his duty in the present state of society.

After all, so much is left to the individual conscience before God. That is why so-called conscientious objectors should be respected and not called slackers and cowards. To give a personal reference, my experience in the mud and blood of France led me to hate war, but I am not an extreme pacifist, and dare not say that I would never bear arms to *defend* my home and country. However, I willingly grant that God may have revealed a higher way to others, and it is earnestly hoped that other churches will take steps to secure the same recognition of our conscientious objectors as that given by our government to the Quakers.

—Bernard A. Hawkinson in "Cov. Weekly."

## A Subject Without a Name

What is the argument against money being discussed from the pulpit and by church assemblies in general, but a detestable aversion to the reality of the Christian religion? It is not pleasant for a minister to feel that as soon as the word money is mentioned then we drop our eyes in resentment, and we close our ears in stubborn refusal of reality. If money is an untouchable subject, then let us all seek the life of the hermit.

Personally, I do not like to talk about money any more than those who do not have it. In fact I detest it so much that I would gladly pay all the running expenses of my church, or give my services free, were it possible, in order that I might avoid the detestable subject. But in doing that I should have shunned that part of our gospel which deals with our stewardship. I should have been instrumental in chloroforming us into the notion that money has no part in the message of the Christ proclaimed every Sunday from our church pulpit. But—yes, there is usually a but. I can pass up, for a long time, every text in the gospels that deal with money or stewardship in any way; but in doing so, please do not say that I have been more true to the gospel. In fact, we can handle any text in the Bible in such a way that it does not in any manner touch upon the everyday dining room and street corner topics of this earthly life.

In the United Lutheran Church (U. L. C.) they have a "Laymen's Committee on Stewardship". I wish that we had responsible laymen who would take this matter firmly in their hands; it would relieve the ministers of a burden which they often feel is too heavy.

We will either have to stop being hypocritical about money in the Danish Church, or we shall have to cease being an organized church.

We are altogether too many who think of the Christian religion as a subjective stimulus. The subjective is the means to the greater end which is objective. To ask us for a Christianity which only removes us from reality is to shirk the greater objective, namely an adventurous faith. There is no use trying to get away from the money question, it will always be the test of our adventurous faith. Many of us would have more mental and spiritual backbone if we would say with raised eyes: my money shall be of service according to my prosperity.

—L. C. Bundgaard in "Kirketidende".



## In the Interest of Missions

I have just finished reading for the third time Mrs. Stub's article on "Our Danish Women's Mission." Her plea to the women of our synod is timely and well put and I sincerely hope it will strike responsive chords in the hearts of many of our women.

I have often thought I should write a little about how the Women's Missionary Society of Muskegon was organized, how it functions, and of what our educational program consists. I should like, too, to tell a little about how our money has come in and for what purpose it has been used.

The Women's Missionary Society of Central Lutheran Church, Muskegon, Mich., was organized in November, 1933. At that meeting officers were elected, a program chairman and two helpers were appointed, and the executive committee empowered to draw up a constitution to be submitted for approval. It was decided, too, that a free-will-offering be received, rather than a certain stipulated sum in dues. I may say here that the free-will-offerings have been very encouraging, often averaging 25 cents per person present. When special appeals have been made, even larger sums have been given. During the three years we have taken in \$132.55. Of this \$64.25 has gone directly to Missions (Santal, Canada, Seamen's Mission and D. K. M.). The balance has been used for Home Missions and charity.

Our society has about twenty-three active members. We meet in the various homes on the first Thursday of every month (except in July and August, when we have no meetings). The meetings open with a hymn followed by prayer. After this, we have our regular business meeting. At the close of the business session the meeting is turned over to the program chairman.

The hymns are selected by the person in charge of the devotions for that particular day. This person also reads the scripture lesson. Various members are asked by the program chairman to read certain articles relating to missions. In the three years we have been organized, our pastor has led in the study of the following books: "The Bible and Missions," "Prayer and Missions," "The Way of the Doctor" (a book on medical mission), and portions of "The Conversion of the Church," "He Maketh All Things New," and "The Unfinished Task of Foreign Missions." Our meetings are, of course, conducted in the English language and we have had very little (if indeed any) difficulty in securing suitable material for presentation and study. I should like to recommend suitable material for presentation and study. I should like to recommend the little paper "Santalmissionæren"—the December, 1936, number is literally filled with informative and inspirational articles in both the Danish and English languages.

I shall list a couple of our programs which will give somewhat of an idea as to the worthwhileness of our meetings.

### I

Devotions: The Easter Story  
A Thought for the Day  
"An Apostle to North India"  
Two Easter Poems  
"The Way of the Doctor"

### II

Devotions: Scripture Reading  
"What Modern Missions Emphasize"  
"Held Captive for Six Months"  
"The Bible and Foreign Missions"

I shall be glad to send to any missionary group, should they desire one, a copy of our constitution.

So much for our local society. I notice Mrs. Stub makes reference to the work done by women's missionary societies in other church bodies. In many cases the women's missionary societies, and their auxiliary groups, the young women's missionary societies, have assumed the entire support of their foreign missionaries. It is a challenge I wish we might accept. We probably could not assume all the expense until we become organized a little better, but I see no reason why we could not begin by supporting one of our missionaries. It is a great objective, and very worthy of our united efforts. And as Mrs. Stub says, let us look forward to the day when we can send delegates to our district and synodical conventions in the interest of missions. As little local groups we can do many worthwhile things, but as a part of a united national group (in our own Danish synod) there is no limit to what we can accomplish through prayer and unselfish giving to the greatest cause of the Christian church. Let us not forget the commission of Jesus Christ: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen!"

We cannot all go to foreign fields as missionaries, but we can all labor at home for the cause of evangelization. Thank you, Mrs. Stub, for your splendid article. I sincerely hope you have started something!

A. Frances Nielsen.

## The Fruit.

*The farmer will prepare his field  
Before he sows the precious grain,  
If not, he finds it will not yield  
The fruit, he looks for it in vain.*

*The road is like the desert sand,  
To yield it must be broken up,  
No corn can grow in stony land,  
And thorns and thistles spoil the crop.*

*But then there is the fruitful ground,  
Where seed is sown in finest mould;  
A harvest rich will there be found  
Of thirty, sixty, hundred fold.*

*The word of God is like the seed,  
So often hindered in its growth.  
Our many sins are like the weed,  
The stone land, or hardened road.*

*The field, that is the honest hearts,  
Who will rejoice when that is told,  
Will bear the fruit in all its parts  
Of thirty, sixty, hundred fold.*

*O, may our hearts be like the soil,  
Wherein is sown the word of God.  
It's growth our sins shall never spoil,  
For that the Grace of God has brought.*

Henrik Plambeck.

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## EDITORIAL

Our synod has never been given very much to statistics, our faith in numbers has always been small, and sometimes we have not been above the holier than thou attitude toward those who put more emphasis upon numbers and statistics in relation to the work of our church. It is so unspiritual. To be sure! We are all so unspiritual, even those who eschew numbers. Could it be that the tale of the fox and the grapes is being unfolded on a higher plane?

But if numbers are not especially spiritual, it would seem they are not particularly unspiritual either—quite neutral. They are simply a way of saying something, and they do say something. Not all men can read numbers, however, nor other kinds of writing. Many want them to say much they do not say. Some have such pride in bigness that big numbers satisfy them, no matter what they say. Some are so chagrined in the secret of their hearts that we are not big, a big church, and our numbers can not be big, that they would not have us use them at all.

Yet numbers are numbers. They say something, the truth. Can we read it? That is the question. When statistics show that we have a greater or a smaller number of members in our church this year than last, it means just that. It doesn't say anything about the character of the members, or the state of their spiritual life. It says they belong to the human institution of the church, not necessarily to the Christian fellowship, the Communion of Saints. That would be beyond the province of numbers to tell, because we can not tell. If the number of our company increases, we can not judge of the inner qualities of the individuals, neither could we judge of the quality of a decreasing number.

But in a body instituted and designed to be the human counterpart of the spiritual body of Christ there may be danger of getting in members that do not belong; but the danger of losing some that could have belonged is more real and serious. That is the question we would put: Are decreasing numbers not a more serious danger to the spiritual life of a church than increasing? Which is the more dangerous: decreasing membership, fewer baptisms, fewer communicants, dwindling attendance at church, or

increasing numbers in these phases of church life? The question is real and concerns our church. The numbers which spell decrease or increase do mean something, however inefficient we may be in reading their real meaning. It would be more becoming in us to be humble in face of our smallness, than in self-defense against our feeling of inferiority to assume the superiority in quality of our small numbers. Are you never at all worried about the extinction of our identity? I am.

C. A. Stub.

## From My Reading

By Bundy

In the November fourth issue of "The Christian Century" the Lutheran Church in America comes in for some searching criticism for its aloofness toward other church bodies which are maintaining that a Christian cannot, and should not, be satisfied with his individual life alone, but should also be concerned with the frame that surrounds his life, namely the social order and the issues that confront it.

The article alludes only to the question of war and economic issues, and the writer of it regrets that the largest Lutheran body, The United Lutheran Church, at its last convention, failed to issue a proclamation on its stand on those questions.

It will be remembered that our church took a stand against the war racket two years ago. Whether that stand is indicative of our progressiveness or not, we cannot entirely free ourselves from the accusations which this article sets forth in vigorous terms. On the other hand, I sometimes wonder if it is not too easy for the individual to hide his personal responsibility under resolutions. The gospel emphasis is not crowd action but rather, "Ye are the salt of the earth" and "Ye are not of the world but in the world." Yet we regret some of the aloofness expressed in the following words: "The attitude which has been characteristic of the Lutheran church toward other churches and toward their common social responsibilities is well known. In a word Lutheranism has been the most denominational of denominations. The inheritors of a rich historic tradition, Lutherans have for the most part looked upon it as a prize to be guarded rather than a good to be shared. No other Protestant church has been more concerned to keep intact and clearly marked every item which differentiates it from other groups, just as no other has gone farther in claiming sanction for its form of government, its doctrines and its liturgy. The Lutheran church has been perhaps the least co-operative of all the larger Protestant churches in the various interdenominational endeavors."

In days when there is much justified discussion of church unity, this is certainly tragic; but still more tragic is the "holier than thou" attitude of some Lutheran bodies toward others of the same faith.

"The Christian Century" is fair in granting Lutherans "a rich heritage," and the Danish church would certainly claim its part of that heritage, and we would perhaps remain aloof from those that could not and would not recognize that heritage. Still we need to recognize that larger vision expressed in these words: "America needs a Lutheran church which, without surrendering any of the values that belong to its tradition, will commit itself to building here and now the kind of social order in which alone those values will have some chance of survival. To be free the church must do more than insist



upon its own freedom—it must demand and help create the kind of society in which all men shall be free.”

\* \* \* \*

**Non-productive.** Are Lutherans non-productive in the field of religious literature? While book after book, each more challenging than the other, comes from the publishing houses of other denominations, the Lutheran publishing houses seem content to send out commentaries, catechisms and devotionals. All of these are good but not particularly stimulating. Can it be that Lutheran publishing houses are content to put new covers around the old leaves? However, this does not refer to church men from Denmark; they still have some of the freshness that we so sorely need among American Lutherans. We need literature, beyond conventionalism—that we can put into the hands of our lay people.

## BOOKS

**H. J. Stolee: Pentecostalism, the Problem of the Modern Tongues Movement.** 142 pages.

We all know that the Pentecostal Movement has caused much discussion and division—also some of our congregations have been affected by it. It is therefore with great joy that this reviewer has received a copy of Rev. Stolee's new book. The author, who is a teacher at the Lutheran Bible Institute, Minneapolis, Minn., gives a very sane and sound treatment of this peculiar movement. He bases all he writes on the teachings of the word of God and the experiences of the Christian church, and he deals with the Modern Tongue Movement in a very fair way, showing that formalism is as deadly as fanaticism and that we must put power before program. But he also gives shocking examples of what Pentecostalism may lead to.

His final plea is: “Let the church definitely encourage and train its entire membership continually to bear public witness for Christ in word and in deed, and there will not be much longer danger of spiritual anarchy, and sensationalism. Healthy spiritual life goes before active social life; a life that is not suppressed but expressed by laity as much as by clergy.”

And so his book does not primarily condemn or correct, but it challenges the readers: hearts on fire in a Christlike holiness.

The sects have often been successful in spreading their poisonous literature among our people. Rev. Stolee's book deserves a wide circulation; it will not only be able to help prevent unfortunate developments, but also to promote more spiritual life.

*Paul Nyholm.*

## Our Old Pastors' Pension

We are approaching the time (February) when the first 1937 semi-annual pension to our old pastors is due. They need this and are looking forward to us with expectancy, as we feel our duties toward them.

It has been very encouraging to see the many contributions and donations come to our treasurer during the last few months, and we are grateful to all who have contributed to this worthy cause. In consequence of this we are able to report, at this time, that all pensions have been paid up to date, and the treasury has a good balance to meet the forthcoming obligations. When I say that we have a good balance now, I mean that we have more than I had expected or even dared hope for, but it does not mean that what we have is sufficient. No, we lack about

one fourth of that which is needed next month. We should like to see contributions continue to come so that we may have all we need and be able to send out all pensions 100 per cent in reasonably prompt time.

There are quite a number of congregations from which we have not heard; if all of these would contribute, I am confident we should not lack a great deal. And furthermore, if we may have the regular contributions from most of our pastors and a few more donations from those individual members who have a heart for this cause, then we shall have all that is necessary, even though we are paying twice as much pension this year as we did last year. This is in accordance with resolution of our last convention, held at Kimballton, Iowa. Help us that we may close this year's account without a deficit.

As we think of our synod's Pension Fund, our thoughts naturally go elsewhere. The air around us is filled with talk of pension and old age help. I now have in mind the Social Security Act, which went into effect this month. About 3,000,000 or more employees and employers began to contribute to this cause on January 1, 1937, and all of these will in the course of time be eligible to benefit by this as prescribed by law. But it is far from all that are included under the “Security Act.” This act does not apply to churches, schools and charitable organizations, and this means that pastors are not benefitted by it. The church must itself provide for its servants. I believe it gladly will and is fully able to do this.

In closing, permit me to mention a small omission in the yearly report of our synod, the minutes of our last convention. On page 88 is listed the names of the members of our pension board, but it is not stated who is president or who is treasurer of this board. Probably all are supposed to know this, and perhaps most people do know. However, I wish to pass on the information that Mr. Thorvald G. Jensen is treasurer. During the last few weeks several contributions have been sent to me, and I understand a few have sent their contributions to the treasurer of our synod. We kindly request that all contributions and donations be sent to Mr. Thorvald G. Jensen, Kimballton, Iowa.

With kindest greetings,

*A. C. Kildegaard.*

## What Is Seen in Your House?

“What have they seen in my house?”—II Kings 20:15.

Hezekiah had been sick, so sick that he was given up to die. But God spared him and raised him up from his sick bed. The king of Babylon, having heard of his illness and of his miraculous recovery, sent messengers to congratulate him. And Hezekiah, so recently a recipient of God's mercy and favor took his guests through all his house and showed them every secret treasure chamber. When they had gone, God speaks: “What have they seen in thy house?” And Hezekiah answers: “All in mine house have they seen; there is nothing among my treasures that I have not shown them.” Yet his greatest treasure they had not seen. He showed them his gold, but he failed to show them his God.

A lady of wealth, high in the circles of church leadership, had entertained week-end guests. They had enjoyed her gracious hospitality. They had admired her draperies and rugs and the harmony of her color schemes. They had been shown every treasure of her lovely home and every pleasure her wealth could afford. After they were gone she dropped down on the lounge for a moment's rest, re-

(Continued on col. 191.)

## MIRIAM'S BLESSING

By Olfert Ricard

Have I told the story of Miriam and her blessing?

Miriam was fourteen years old. At the time when this story took place the Master was no longer in this world. The acacia trees has bloomed fifteen times since that happy and wonderful time. Those who had experienced those days, like Miriam's parents had, remembered that blessed time as a wonderful dream, and felt it was a thousand years ago. They were Christians living in a village of Persia, the country beyond the Jordan, through which the Jews were accustomed to travel when on their way from Gallilee to Judea, in order to avoid passing through the land of the Samaritans.

Oh, Miriam! They say that there are no longer any miracles. But in this vineyard during the last year a miracle has unfolded, which filled those that beheld it with wonder and anxiety. A little girl had become a beautiful maiden. And all the youths sang her praise and dreamed of her beauty; while the two parents searched for their little girl and missed her sorely. The beautiful maiden who walked in their garden and would stand for hours gazing at the large snow white blossoms of the agave, who would linger forever when she brought water from the well and must always be looking at something in the little metal mirror, this beautiful maiden they did not at all seem to recognize, and for her they were very, very worried.

There were others besides the little metal mirror who had told her how beautiful she was.

There was a farmstead midway between her father's vineyard and the well where the young women fetched the water, which was owned by rich people in Caesarea Philippi; they were Graeco-Syrians and claimed to belong to an ancient noble family. Their son, a handsome young prince, sometimes came down into this country to hunt tigers in the jungle along the Jordan. He, like so many others, had also sung Miriam's praise. One early evening when she had passed by with the water pitcher on her head, walking in that swaying, languorous gait which she had affected, he had jumped over the wall and walked slowly after her. Her walk was hesitant, as though she would say:

"Come on closer, if you want anything."

Some other women, who also came from the well, told her that he had followed her for a long time and that she might become his princess, if she only had a mind to. But one of them, a good, homely girl, awkward in her ways, said, when the others had gone:

"He doesn't at all mean what he says, Miriam. That heathen has many young wives in Caesarea."

"She begrudges me the prince, poor, plain Rispa," thought Miriam. But when Rispa was gone and Miriam had reached home, she forgot to shut tight the little door in the wall. She remained standing just inside, watching the large white blossom of the agave, half closing it with her hand.

The gentle music of strings was heard outside the door, and a beautiful voice sang the praise of Miriam:

"Before I saw thee, the sun hath never shone, nor have I had being before thy smile called me to life. For a second I saw the reflection of the well of thine eyes, and when I awoke I had been gone

for thousands of eternities. All the gold I possessed have I cast into the dust of the way; I saw it was but gray stone when my eye fell upon the golden flood that streams and sparkles in thy hair. Never more shall I set foot in the everlasting snows of the wild mountains, for it is black and grimy now that I have seen thy shingling white teeth. All the roses have faded since I beheld thy lips. My statues of marble will I crush with my sword, they are grotesque; I knew it not until today, when I saw thy breast and thy hands. My eye weeps when I look upon thee, and my heart is about to die from joy. If any man had told me there was living ivory, I should have laughed at him; but now that I have seen thy skin I know that it is true. Dost thou know that thy breath has the odor of corn newly harvested? Ten thousand little silver bells tinkle gently on the air when thou laughest. Oh, thou beautiful! All the birds that sing in all the woods give thanks to thee that thou art living!"

So praised he Miriam. And she knew not that his heart lied. Perhaps he hardly knew himself.

After that evening her strangeness became more obvious. She had bright golden hair, which was very rare in those regions, and generally she wore in it lavender flowers. She wore a little gold ankle-chain, to make short her steps, like the steps at that time affected by the gay ladies of Sichor. Her beautiful, scornful eyes would dwell long on people whom she passed, and there was an inscrutable smile on her lips. Her eyelashes were almost like feathers, coal black, a strange contrast to her bright golden hair. There was something mature and knowing about her and at the same time something inexpressibly child-like and innocent in her eyes. She was careless whether or not the veil covered her face. She was indolent and yet nimble of hand; she hated tasks imposed upon her but would work like an ant when she had an idea of her own. Something about her made every animal come to her and every kind of flower grow, yet she might be cruel to animals when she was in the humor and snip off the heads of plants to no purpose at all. Capricious and moody and obstinate beyond all reason, yet she could be as fond as a kitten. Silent she might be for days together, at other times full of questions and prattle as ceaseless as running water. Frolicsome as a kid with her friends at the well one day, aloof the next and unwilling to see anyone. No one resented her ways, however, for she was so beautiful and as much a child as a woman grown. She was neither good nor bad, more akin to plants than to men. As she sat at the brook for hours, letting the water flow through her fingers, she resembled a water sprite who had set down to rest on her flowery bank and soon would disappear in the deep where she had her home.

Her parents had tried everything. They had punished her when neighbors complained of her stealing their peaches or teasing their children. Then she would become defiant and utter no expression of pain, but she would not even look at them for many days. When they spoke gently and earnestly to her, she caressed and kissed them, but changed not a bit. They had warned and threatened her, but she laughed boisterously and shook her head. They had tried to be cold and indifferent

toward her, to act as though she were not there, then she would follow them about like a dog, insinuating herself with them, and making herself in every way conspicuous. She would finally go down to the big old agave at the little door in the wall and cry and cry inconsolably. Her parents never ventured to say to each other what both of them frequently thought: that a demon dwelt in their child. And they were quite certain that she no longer prayed to the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Things had become worse, however, since that night when the Syrian prince had praised her beauty at the little door.

She no longer attended to her tasks at all. Her thoughts were anywhere except where she herself was. She laughed at everything and cried over trifles. She couldn't even sit still during morning prayers. From the townspeople came more and more complaints about her carelessness and mischievousness.

One morning as she was standing before her dear old agave plant, she discovered a small writing tablet lying half concealed under the leaves at the root of the plant. She took it up and examined it, and read the wax inscription:

"Tonight right after sundown you will hear a stone thrown against the little door. Your Seleukos will then be outside with two camels, and I will take you to my home, you dearly beloved."

During that whole day there was a strange trembling in her voice and something restless in her movements. Her mother noticed it. All the time she kept near to her mother, following her as a faithful animal wherever she went but without helping her in her work, though she saw how busy her mother was. Every little while also another was present to her mind, sunburned and sinewy, imperious and smiling, his hair black as coal with a metallic lustre, as the feathers of birds.

Toward evening her mother said to her: "Come."

She walked down through the vineyard. Miriam followed her with a question on her face. Her mother continued walking until they came to where a little bench of stone and the big beautiful agave plant stood beside the little door in the wall. It was cool and quiet here; the mother sat down on the bench, making room also for Miriam at her side.

"Sit down, Miriam," she said, "there is something I have wanted to tell you for a long time. Now a voice within me tells me I must do so today. I have often thought of it, but it has ever seemed to me that it was not yet the time. I was afraid you would not care for what I tell you, at least not so much as I would like to have you care; then it would be much better for you not to know at all. But today the whole thing has come back to me so vividly, and I do not know how long I shall be here. I might go to my grave without having told it to you. Today, when you were so near me all the time, a voice seemed to say to me:

"Today you must do it, or it may never be."

Miriam bowed her head and waited.

"Father and mother, as you know, love our blessed Lord Jesus very much. We often talk to each other about our wish that you would do the same."

"But I do," interrupted Miriam, gazing before her, "but he does not love me."

"I know you have said that before," said her mother, "but I also know that



you are mistaken in thinking so. What I am about to tell you now also has to do with that. Miriam, leave that lizard alone. It does no harm and is enjoying the last warmth of the sun. Why shouldn't it do that just as well as you and I?"

Miriam sighed.

"I shall very soon have finished," continued her mother. "It is soon told. Miriam, it is fourteen year or so ago. The pomegranates here were very small at that time. You and they are of one age. You were born; I nearly lost my life."

Miriam slipped her hand into that of her mother.

"You were a funny, homely little thing,"—Miriam laughed—"who always wrinkled your nose and grunted like a little pig. But your father was very much in love with you; he hardly seems ever to have loved you as he did that first year. It is quite rare that men care much for their children as long as they are small. Then one day..."

"I'm not hurting it," said Miriam; it was a lady bug she permitted to crawl from one hand to the other and back again. Her mother followed it with her eyes and was silent a moment. "And I'm listening all the time to what you say."

"Then one day, a hot sunny day, the heavens were blue-white, and we had long awaited the late rains, the rumor suddenly flew from house to house:

"The prophet of Nazareth is in town and is sitting by the well under the great plantain tree."

"Father and I had heard him speak several times, once on a trip to the festival at Jerusalem and another time in a little wood on the other side of the Jordan. I shall never forget that day. He stood on the stump of a tree, and the first word I heard was this:

"The world is a bridge; pass over it, but build no house thereon. The world endures but for an hour, use it in worship."

"Many a time I have had to think of that. And now he was in our town. I became mad with joy, and suddenly I got an idea."

"Mother, can you be mad with joy?"

"I could then, Miriam. And now I got the idea that the Lord should give his blessing to my little girl. I rushed over to the neighbor woman to tell her. There were a couple of other mothers visiting, and we all agreed to go. The other women and I took our small children in our arms and ran as fast as we could up to the market place to put our babies into the Savior's arms so that he could pray over them. It was not so easy, however, as we thought at first; for his disciples, Peter and James and the others, stopped us and wanted to drive us away. 'Why waste the Master's time with such?' I suppose they thought. They didn't understand such little children. But I said to the others:

"Don't give up. We won't ask them, they don't have anything to say. At least we will ask the Master himself, he can do no worse than say No."

"Just at that moment I saw him. True enough, he was sitting at the well, his one arm resting on its edge. Small white spots of sunshine fell on his face and turban through the foliage of the plantain tree. I had never seen him look so mild and good, it seemed; but there was also a certain air of determination and earnestness about him which I had never noticed before. At once I thought about what I had heard from several that he was on his way up to Jerusalem and that this time his enemies would not allow him to come back alive. Fortunately he looked

up just at that moment and noticed us. Immediately he called his disciples, reproved them, and beckoned to us that we might come. It was plain to see that he had assented to our idea. At the moment I felt that it was really bold, but when I saw his joy and friendliness, I did not regret it. One by one we mothers put our little ones into his arms; finally my turn came.

"Then there was a moment—that was really what I wanted to tell you about—a moment here on this earth when you, Miriam, lay in the arms of our Savior and received his blessing."

(Continued February 5)

## OUR CHURCH

**New Organ.** St. Peder's Church, Detroit, Mich., Rev. Svend Jorgensen, pastor, is about to install a new organ in the church.

**Retrenchment.** The Young People's Society of the Detroit, Mich., congregation of our synod has recently decided to discontinue holding regular meetings. The society will continue to exist and meetings will be held for special purposes from time to time.

**Hampton, Iowa.** January 5, Rev. Alfred Jensen, Kimballton, Iowa, president of our synod, paid a visit to St. John's Church, Hampton, Iowa, where he spoke in the evening. Rev. Jensen has traveled a great deal in our synod the past half year, having visited both the east and the west coasts of our country as well as the Canada churches. He had a great deal to say about what he saw and learned on these trips.

**Increase of Salary.** At the yearly meeting of the congregation held on December 26, St. John's Church, Hampton, Iowa, voted to increase the salary of their pastor, Rev. Edwin E. Hansen.

**Fewer Communicants.** One of our pastors writes that in his church there were fifty communicants less in 1936 than in 1935. The numbers may not always give a true indication of spiritual life, but when there is a definite trend in a certain direction, such numbers do say that there is a change somewhere. Many pastors have it as one of their deep sorrows that their people neglect to seek Christian fellowship and spiritual nourishment from this great fountain of living water and by doing so are openly disobedient to the desires of the Master.

**St. Peder's Church, Minneapolis, Minn.,** is having a special Danish afternoon service January 31. After the service there will be a reception for new members. A luncheon will be served. In the evening there will be music and a lecture by the Danish vice-consul, Mr. Andrew Johnsen.

**New Members.** Rev. Swen Baden, Bridgeport, Conn., reports in his local bulletin that on January 3 twenty-four new members were to be admitted to the congregation. A complete directory of all old and new contributing members is to be printed.

**New Haven, Conn.** Rev. Swen Baden, Bridgeport, Conn., has been invited to conduct a Danish service at New Haven, which will be held in some church of that city on

January 12. This service is being arranged by the Danish Ladies Aid Society of New Haven.

**The Tyler Orphanage.** At our last synodical convention at Kimballton, Iowa, the local board of the Tyler, Minn., orphanage was given permission to use the home as an old people's home. There were so few children left, and there seemed to be a number of old people who would like to make their home here.

The permission was granted with the proviso that the home should at all times be ready to take up its original purpose if in the future there should be children who became homeless and desired to come there. This has now happened. Christmas night Mrs. Ervin Hansen passed away, leaving her husband and seven small children. The family belonged to the Tyler church, and Mr. Hansen has asked the orphanage to take the children, at least for the present. This has now been done.

But because Rev. Holger Strandkov, who is the superintendent of the home, announced shortly before Christmas that there were no children at the home, very few Christmas gifts came in this year. This leaves the orphanage without much means with which to defray the expenses of caring for the seven new children of the home. Rev. Strandkov is therefore appealing to the people of our synod for help in this cause. Please send gifts to the Tyler Orphanage, Tyler, Minn.

**New Church at Vancouver.** On December 13, 1936, members of the Danish congregation at Vancouver, B. C., assembled to break the ground for the foundation of a new church. Mr. C. B. Christensen, after a short address to the assembled church, dug the first spadeful and thereby turned over the ground to the building committee. Rev. Clemens Sorensen, pastor of the congregation, implored the blessing of God upon the work by praying the Lord's prayer.

## To the Santal Mission

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Sørensen, Santa Barbara, Calif. ....	\$ 5.00
Danish Ladies' Aid, Marquette, Neb. ....	5.00
St. Peter's Ladies Aid, Detroit, Mich. ....	10.00
From the Andrew Andersen Legacy .....	40.00
Ladies Aid, Solvang, Cal. ....	10.00
Ladies Aid of Trinity Church, Chicago, Ill. ....	5.00
Ladies Aid, Juhl, Mich. ....	5.00
Ladies Aid, Hutchinson, Minn. ....	10.00
Young Peoples Society, Cozad, Neb. ....	5.00
Ladies Aid, Alden, Minn. ....	10.00
Sunday School, Denmark, Kansas ..	3.10
Ladies Aid, Hetland, S. Dak. ....	5.00
Sunday School, Askov, Minn. ....	8.26
Bethlehem Ladies Aid, Cedar Falls ..	10.00
Sunday School, Kimballton, Ia. ....	6.00
Rev. and Mrs. Alfred Jensen, Kimballton, Ia. ....	2.00
Ladies Aid, Troy, N. Y. ....	25.00
Rigmor Christensen, Tyler, Minn. .	2.00
Ladies Aid, Ruthton, Minn. ....	10.00
Marie Schmidt, Minneapolis, Minn. ....	1.50
Additional gift from Thanksgiving Day in Church, Withee .....	1.50
From Children's Christmas Tree, Marquette, Neb. ....	6.00
Ladies Aid of Our Savior's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. ....	10.00
<b>To Dagmar Miller's Work</b>	
Danish Ladies Aid, Marquette, Neb. ....	5.00
Vivian and Mrs. P. E. Petersen, Alden, Minn. ....	2.00

Elna Pedersen, Askov, Minn. ....	1.00
<b>To Erling Ostergaard's Work</b>	
A Friend, Minneapolis, Minn. ....	1.00
Danish Sunday School, Enumelaw, Wash. ....	5.00
Johanne Sundsted, Clifton, N. J. ..	5.00
Danish Ladies Aid, Marquette, Neb. ....	5.00

**To Care of a Child**

Danish Women's Mission Circle, Manistee, Mich. ....	25.00
Bethany Ladies Aid, Ringsted, Ia. .	10.00
Sunday School Children, Hartford, Conn. ....	25.00
Little Denmark, Manistee, Mich. ..	25.00
Ladies from Our Savior's Church, Omaha, Nebr. ....	41.75

**To Care of Lepers**

Danish Ladies Aid, Marquette, Neb. ....	5.00
St. John's Ladies Aid, Trufant, Mich. ....	5.00
Little Denmark, Manistee, Mich. .	10.00

**Christmas Gifts**

St. Stephan's Sunday School, Perth Amboy, N. J. ....	5.00
Danish and English Sunday School, Solvang, Cal. ....	10.00
Sunday School, West Denmark, Wis. ....	3.00
Danish Sunday School, Askov ....	3.00
Sunday School Children, Hartford	2.60
Sunday School, Grayling, Mich. ....	1.03
Sunday School, Ringsted, Ia. ....	6.09
Eng. Sunday School, Askov, Minn. ....	5.00
Sunday School, Menominee, Mich. ....	2.39
Sunday School, Marinette, Wis. ..	1.25

Total .....	\$405.47
Previously acknowledged .....	\$5,141.74
Since Jan. 1, 1936 .....	5,546.21

Thanks to you one and all who have contributed to the Santal Mission and made it possible for our synod to get this close to our goal of \$6,000.00. May we all be able and willing to continue in 1937.

Sincerely,

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

**The Little Belt Bridge**

The Little Belt Bridge between Jutland and Funen has spurred Danish engineers to consider still greater bridge projects, namely linking Funen with Sjælland, and the latter with Sweden across the Sound. That the plans are not visionary may be gathered from the fact that three great international engineering firms are sponsoring the idea. Their plan is the most gigantic enterprise ever proposed in Denmark. According to the estimates of these experts it would take ten years to build the bridges at a cost of 565,000,000 kroner, and there would be employment for 12,000 men during the building of the spans, which would also necessitate long approaches to connect with motor roads on either side of the Great Belt and the Sound. It is calculated that the distance between Copenhagen and Aarhus could be covered in three and one-half hours by motor car over the proposed new roads and the bridges across the Great Belt and the Little Belt. This Great Belt bridge would also connect Sjælland and Lolland-Falster with Jutland and Funen. The Sound Bridge would connect the Scandinavian peninsula with Denmark, and through this with the European network of motor highways and railroads.

The construction of the new motor highways would cost 219,000,000 kroner, exclusive of the bridges. Engineer Knud Højgaard, head of one of the engineering firms interested, speaking before the Engineers' Society in his capacity as

president of the Society, furnished some data as to how the great projects could be financed. The Danish State railways would have to bear a considerable part of the cost, he said. As motor taxes bring in some 70,000,000 kroner annually, some of these millions would be expected to go to the construction work. The government would also be called upon to include other millions in its budgets in case the project materializes.

"The American Scandinavian Review"

**WHAT IS SEEN IN YOUR HOUSE?**  
(Continued from col. 186)

flecting on their visit and the delightful time they had spent together, when her eye fell on this verse in the open Bible before her, "What have they seen in thy house?"

It dawned on her with something of a shock that her company had come and gone, carrying away nothing in their recollection that she had said or done directly concerning the kingdom of God—and she a prominent leader in His church and kingdom work!

Here is a searching question that many of us might well make personal to ourselves. I am a minister. I am an officer in the church. I am a teacher in the Sunday School. My home is supposed to be a Christian home. I have had visitors coming and going. What have they seen in my house? What have they seen of my God, my Christ, my religion? Have I been content

merely to make a display of my house furnishings, merely to entertain my guests? Have I allowed them to come and go away ignorant of my faith in God and what God and my religion mean to me? You are a Christian—what is seen in your house?

John R. Gunn.

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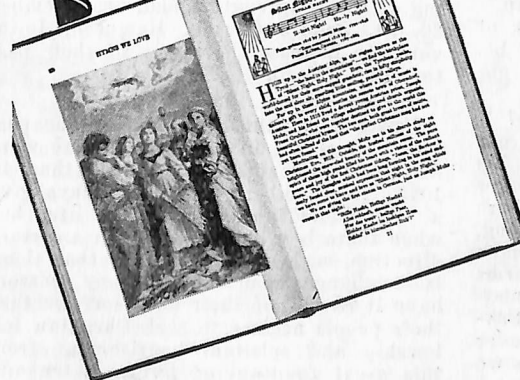
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