

Lutheran Tidings

Volume III

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Number 18

HUMANISM AND CHRISTIANITY

Recently there has been much discussion about a congress of the godless which some assert has been held at Moscow, while others indignantly deny this. Among the leaders of the Church of Denmark this congress has been taken with very great seriousness, as if the idea of God were a theory the truth of which would be imperiled when a sufficiently great number of people assembled some place in the world and denied it. Therefore this unfortunate result must be warded off by having just as many people, if possible many, many more, confess their faith in God on the very same Sunday. Outsiders might get the impression that the infidelity of man somehow was a threat to the life of God and that He was nourished by their faith. But this is to turn things upside down. God is God, even if the whole world should become fixed in denial. God is, highly exalted above all our faith and infidelity. And this sovereign God must make Himself memorable to the men of earth, which He has done unto this day and will continue to do to the end of time.

Somewhere it is said of God that He smiles at mockery. He smiles as the One who is must always smile at those who attempt to deny His existence. The fools! Simpletons! Again He smiles, for He knows that not only is He in heaven, but He has His temple in the hearts of men. Men may pile up the idols conceived in their own cleverness and in this way succeed in hiding the real God from their own eyes for long periods of time, but then suddenly the heavenly brightness will break forth. Again men will behold the radiance of the Deity in the least as in the greatest things. No doubt there are some crack-brained people in Moscow, as also in Copenhagen, who think that now they have put an end to God. If God meets these scoffers with a smile, His worshippers must be permitted to do the same, especially when such denial puffs itself up at a time when the world as a whole is in the midst of a religious renaissance. Faith is an affair so natural that if its course is barred it will find an outlet in superstition. Men want to believe. If they are hindered from believing in the real God, unhesitatingly they will bow down and worship at the urn of Lenin or any other lunacy. Carlyle is right: the Negro who worships his mumbo-jumbo is human, but what must we call the modern infidel?

We do not need to have any fear about the faith in God. So long as men are created in the likeness of God, He will be reflected in their hearts. No congress of the godless can remove this relationship. No, the struggle, the inevitable struggle, begins in earnest when we approach the precincts of Christianity.

Jesus once said: I have not come to bring peace. No, I will bring strife, and how I do wish it had already been kindled. It is exactly the same to this day. It is Christ who brings the strife and creates the contrasts, because His revelation of God is contrary to the evidence about God given by common sense and acts like a clenched fist

in the face of the ever arrogant human being. Common sense is not opposed to the idea of God, but if it is to be reasonable, all existing things must have their origin in this God. Human thinking is only able to manage a God who can be as a common denominator for all the various fractions of existence. And man is very anxious to have a God, that is, a God who has been evolved of his own imagination or pieced together from his own clever thoughts. For then the worship of God becomes a disguise for the worship of self. Against all such rationalism and idealism and humanism, however, Christ is waging relentless war. This is the decisive battle front, and there is that sad circumstance connected with it that a large contingent of the enemy forces will always consist of so-called Christians, who confess with their mouths but deny in their hearts.

In spite of plain common sense Christ proclaims a world which is so far from being coherent that on the contrary it is split in two by an impassible gulf. He did not say much about how the world came to be this way; but now it is so and no otherwise. The God who is God of life can not at the time be God of death. If God is the One good, He can not at the same time be the source of evil. But if man is created from the same material as the rest of the world, this contrast must also be present in him. If he nevertheless endeavors to create gods in his own image, the result will be fantasies contrary to reality, devoid of power and substance. The sole purpose of Jesus was to clarify for man how God must appear in such a world and in relation to such people. This was not a revelation of the all-embracing and all-blessing Being of whom man is ever imagining, but a God in battle, struggling with so powerful adversaries that they succeeded in nailing Him to a cross, yet victorious because love unarmed is stronger than all else. Yes, this cross of Christ, of which the church is always fond of speaking, will be a stumbling block to Jews and a folly to Greeks to the end of time; only to the initiated will it reveal itself as the wisdom of God and the power of God.

The mind of Jesus, His way of regarding God, the world, and man is a grave challenge both to common sense and to conceited men, not entirely without existence in human nature, however. St. Paul recommends his message to the conscience of man. Perhaps we shall come closer to the modern way of speaking by saying that the gospel recommends itself to all honest men by its profound adherence to reality. Both common sense and arrogant man may rudely falsify the true conception of the world in order to fit it into their preconceived theories. Christianity is erect and free, because it stands on the foundation of truth and concedes to existing reality all that must be conceded to it. Face to face with the facts honest minds could not possibly deny that in this world sin and death predominate; but from this it must follow that if God exists He must be a God who grieves,

struggles, and conquers. Such a conception of the world and of God challenges all reason and fills our minds with problems unsolved, and unsolvable in this world; this should not scare us, however. It is wholesome to live with unsolved problems, but it is fatal to adapt one's mind and one's life to anything in contrast to the obvious evidence of reality.

The story of Jesus' temptation in the wilderness takes us right into Jesus' way of thinking, as well as that of His apostles; but this story will always challenge the followers of "natural religion" as an intolerable bit of medievalism. Even in the ranks of the church there have been those who have ventured to rationalize and humanize the story. But precisely as told in the story Jesus experienced the basic conditions of existence; and throughout His life He had only that one desire to overcome the adversary whose true likeness He saw for the first time that day in the wilderness.

When we, enlightened by His spirit, consider our own lives as they deport themselves in the hour of trial, or perhaps failure, we shall no doubt be compelled to admit that the "medievalism" of Jesus holds the truth and reality, while all humanistic endeavors to recognize the temptations but deny the tempter are profoundly and basically irresponsible. Evil reveals itself to us particularly as a hostile force which we are not able to resist. So we must say with the apostle: we have strife, not with flesh and blood alone, but with the whole host of evil spirits. Of all our mental powers none is more foolish and unrealistic than so-called common sense.

When we bow down in humility and shame at Jesus' words concerning our true condition under the tyranny of sin and death, at that moment the way of salvation will lie open before us. Through His death and resurrection He overcame in our behalf sin and death and the devil, and this victory He bestows upon us in His living word. If arrogantly we want to be self-sufficient, we are lost; but if we take Him at His word, that word will create in us what it promises. This is the gospel that One takes up our cause, invested with the might of God. About this Mighty One of God we know that He shall hold the field. From day to day He urges us to believe that we shall share His destiny.

Oscar Geismar in "Hskbl."

Silence It Never!

The story of Niels Ebbesen is part and parcel of what may be called schoolboy knowledge among Danes. Everybody from the schoolboy up knows it, and this would seem to make a retelling of it unnecessary were it not for the fact that there is a new interest in this 600-year-old story.

A little historical introduction will show it up in its true setting. At an early date Arabic, Roman, and Netherlandish coins were brought to Denmark and without doubt used by the traders in Hedeby and Slesvig on the Slii Fjord. Coins became still more common in Denmark during the Viking expeditions, which in England* came to a climax in the conquest of the country under Swen Forkbeard. This ruler is also reputed to have been the first Danish king to coin money.

Coinage became a royal monopoly and a new source of subtle but tremendous power. The kings guarded the prerogative jealously, though sometimes they shared it

with the higher clergy and feudal lords, for the good of the realm.

The early Danish coins were mostly silver coins. They were current at home and abroad, providing the percentage of silver was high enough. Money was thus a national and international power by which even kingdoms might be made and unmade. Where money accumulated, there power also would be concentrated.

Medieval Denmark exported raw products such as grain, cattle, and fish; and imported manufactured goods such as salt, wine, and fine cloth. The unfavorable balance of trade thus created sent money abroad—to the busy cities of the Netherlands and northern Germany, where the handicrafts flourished and where profits and capital accumulated. This again meant a dislocation of power—a circumstance which might have the most serious consequences for the political leaders.

There was no strong royal power in Germany during the Middle Ages, while there was in Denmark. What then could be more natural for the Danish kings than to aspire to the conquest of the rich cities, thereby uniting the money power with the royal power. Valdemar the Victorious had shown the way and Erik Menved attempted to outdo him, but his costly military expeditions came to naught. Erik died leaving the country hopelessly indebted. His brother and successor, Christopher II, was soon driven out of the country, recalled, and driven out again. He left the country bankrupt with a debt estimated at about 50 million crowns in present day money.

It has been truly said that Denmark was as badly off after the death of Christopher II as Germany was after the World War.

When a medieval ruler borrowed money, he turned over to the creditor as usable pawn (*brugeligt Pant*) a sufficient number of manors (*Herreguarde*) and perhaps towns to secure the debt. As long as the property was thus pawned or mortgaged and unredeemed, the creditors collected rents or taxes on the property—in goods or money—as interest. Sometimes, however, these yearly payments would be applied on the principal. If a ruler mortgaged all his manors and towns, he would have little or no income since the nobles usually were exempt from paying the regular taxes. But they were under obligations to serve the king in war at their own expense and ransom him if he were taken captive by the enemy.

Though some of the creditors of Christopher II were Danish nobles, most of them were Holsteiners, among whom we note especially the counts Gert and John. Virtually these counts became receivers for the greater part of Denmark. Gert might not have made a bad king for the country, but most of the people would not think of being ruled by a foreigner who in some underhanded way had gained dominion over them.

The thought was especially abhorrent to some of the peasants, the lesser nobles, and a few of the clergy. One of the latter wrote a stirring poem in Latin voicing the sorrows of the people for the sad plight of the country. These patriots recalled the fact that Denmark had been a kingdom for centuries; that Danes had once conquered England, and parts of Italy, France, and Germany; and they were determined that the country should remain undivided and independent. Led by the squire Niels Ebbesen, they rose, killed Gert and attempted to drive out his followers and mercenaries. We know how it ended—it ended as such revolts usually have ended—the leader and many of his peasant warriors had to "bite the grass."

A modern Danish historian observes that it was foolish anyhow for Ebbesen and his men to attempt to do so big a job with so little real political power. Maybe it was,

* The English paid the Vikings in Danegeld upwards of 300 million crowns in present day money.

but they saw the goal clearly though they didn't have the means to reach it.

For several years after the death of Christopher II there was no king in Denmark, for the puppet set up by Gert soon withdrew. No one cared particularly to rule the country. The crown of Denmark actually went begging.

Fortunately, for once at least, the office sought and found a man. That man was a son of the late king, known to historians as Valdemar Atterdag. He had traveled and studied, but above all he had learned a lot in the school of hard knocks. None could have been better fitted for the job that he undertook.

Having obtained the good will of the Holstein counts and the duke of Slesvig, he married the latter's sister who brought him a dowry large enough to pay about one fourth of the debt. The sale of Estland (Esthonia), which had been a Danish colony since 1219, yielded a sum equal to about one fifth of the debt. As mediator between contending foreign princes he received considerable sums as compensation. Patriotic members of the clergy did their part, and likewise the peasants by paying taxes in kind, coin, and work. Much was done by diplomacy. Finally there were debts which were settled in the Ebbesen way, that is, by the sword. By 1365 most of Denmark had been restored to its former undivided and independent status.

From time to time Atterdag had met representatives of the people to take counsel upon matters of the realm. At his accession the nobles had not as formerly, since the days of Erik Klipping, stressed the king's acceptance of a charter (*Haandfastning*). They were too anxious about his acceptance of the great work to be done. But as this was nearing its completion, people and ruler agreed upon a charter through which runs the cardinal principles that the king must protect his people, but the people must also support the king faithfully in his efforts to promote the good of the realm.

Though Atterdag had won back the country, he had not won the love of his contemporaries. The peasants complained of high taxes. To some of the peasants he seemed little better than Gert. The nobles viewed with bitterness his efforts to restore to the royal domain every farm and manor to which he could rake up a claim in men's memories and the court records. Foreigners pronounced him one of the most unscrupulous rulers on record. After his destruction of the Hanseatic city Visby on the island Gotland he had to fight a costly war against the Hansas during which he temporarily left the country. In the Peace of Stralsund at the close of this war was a provision which required the approval of the Hansas in the election of the Danish kings, but in practice the merchants of these cities were wise enough to soft-pedal this limitation upon Danish sovereignty.

Let there be regrets wherever regrets are due in the history of Ebbesen and Atterdag. But to all who love Denmark it can only be a matter for rejoicing that the country did not lose its soul during the crucial fourteenth century—a century of great misery but also of high achievement; the century of the Black Death and of acute financial distress in Denmark, Sweden, France, and England; the century of Ebbesen and Atterdag, of Queen Margaret and Saint Birgitta, of Magnus Smek, who sent crusading expeditions farther afield than any other Scandinavian monarch ever did—to the east into Russia, to the north and west to Greenland, Vinland, and Minnesota, where the expedition cut the inscription on the Kensington Stone for later historians to sharpen their wits on.

It was also during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries that the first feeble but definite beginnings of

modern Scandinavian literatures in national Danish and Swedish—the two were practically the same—were made. The first Danish history in Danish was written in the fourteenth century. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was crude. It was pioneer work, but full of promise.

Finally, the fourteenth century saw the rise of the Scandinavian Union, which began as a union of Norway and Sweden and at last included Denmark. It was dynastic but became popular. And what a fountain of inspiration the memory of it was to become to the poets of the nineteenth century, for

Memory, though such an elusive thing
Of hidden power, an inexhaustible spring."

Thomas P. Christensen.

Isn't It Odd?

If a fellow church member offends us we stay away from church and get mad at religion, yet if a fellow workman displeases us we never think of throwing up our job and hating work for the rest of our lives. We go to church to worship God and stay away if we do not happen to like the clergyman. We are flattered when we are permitted to join the lodge, but we think we are doing a favor to someone when we join the church. We are proud of where we came from and think a lot about our family trees, yet we seldom give a thought as to where we are going. Some things have been said to "Make the angles weep." The Churchmouse wonders if people are funny—"The Churchmouse," New Orleans.

Are Innovations in Worship Justified?

Those who are asked to have charge of the worship service may feel that to be effective innovations in the program are necessary. So they cast about for new features and new procedures, and after it is all over the results are found to be disappointing. Honest efforts and sincere purpose have not accomplished what was hoped. What was wrong?

Worship is not always improved by innovations. Too much change and too many variations are often destructive of what worship seeks to achieve. Changing conditions may not necessitate changes in worship as they would changes in other phases of religious life and practice. However much life may change on the outside it does not vary much on the inside. The same elementary joys and sorrows, satisfactions and disappointments, affect folks today the same as they did their long deceased ancestors. To reach and influence the inner self the approach dare not be too radical or too novel. Certain beaten paths lead to the soul. New highways may not lead thither. Hence worship needs intensification more than it needs innovation. Changes should be made with care.

In planning a worship service we need to remain loyal to the permanent resources of the soul, those hidden springs of faith, love, and joy that never have failed, no matter how radical have been the changes in the external things of life. The Eternal has labored through millenniums while the aspirations of humanity and the elemental pathways into the heart of man are still the most constant things about him. People do not really desire or crave novelty in worship. They love and appreciate the familiar and the traditional, time-tested and effective.

(Continued on col. 288)

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Office of publication, 211 Wash. St., Cedar Falls, Iowa

Rev. C. A. Stub, Editor, Ringsted, Iowa
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EDITORIAL

In this article I would like to lay the cause of LUTHERAN TIDINGS close to the hearts of our people.

LUTHERAN TIDINGS is the child of our church. It is still only a child, twenty-seven months old with this issue. And like a child it is helpless except for the help it gets from its parents. You are its parents and it looks to you for whatever it needs. It looks to its parents for nourishment; if it is to live, it must be nourished. If it is not supported it can not grow. It may have vitality enough, but that will be useless unless it is fed. Like a child it needs love. If the child is to grow up and be a source of joy to his parents, he must have the care which is prompted by love. It may be he needs coddling, or perhaps a whipping. So it is with our paper; it may need encouragement or it may need criticism. But above all it needs the love of a true parent, which is both encouraging and correcting.

We are not grown up yet, therefore we are sometimes so uncouth. Sometimes we scream, sometimes we sulk; as a child perhaps we make too much noise, and older people are quite irritated by our carryings on. All that will have to be educated out of us as we grow up.

LUTHERAN TIDINGS needs the support of our people. We need that all you old subscribers renew your subscriptions; and we need to get many new subscribers. We want our family to grow. Now all you old members of the family who like the child at all, don't you think you could help us in this way? If you have not paid up your subscription, you could do that; and if you could persuade a neighbor or friend to come in with us as a subscriber, you would gladden the heart of Rev. Ernest Nielsen mightily.

LUTHERAN TIDINGS has not done very much yet. But like a child it has life before it, it has promise; like a child it has dreams of what it would do. It can not do these things unless it is trained by those who have set it into the world. Our paper can not attain the goal we have set for it unless our friends will give us aid in this respect by submitting their best thoughts and feelings to the editor so that he can bring them on to others.

Remember your English church paper, LUTHERAN TIDINGS.

C. A. Stub.

The Annual Convention

The Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church in America will convene for its sixtieth annual convention at Askov, Minn., during the days from the 23rd to the 27th of June.

All the ministers of the synod are urged to be present at the convention and all the congregations are asked to send delegates to represent them at the convention. Proposals and topics to come before the convention must be in my hands not later than 6 weeks before the opening date of the convention.

Opening service will be held at Bethlehem Church, Askov, Minn., Tuesday night, June 22nd.

Alfred Jensen.

Referring to the official announcement above, the Bethlehem Congregation at Askov, Minn., invites all members and friends of the Danish Lutheran Church to attend its convention at Askov, June 23-27. Kindly make your reservations early with Svend Petersen, Askov, Minn.

Adolf Jensen,

President of the Board,
Johs. Knudsen, Pastor.

Leadership Conference Grand View College, April 27, 28, 29, 30

Tentative Program

Tuesday, April 27

- 10 A. M.—Andagt Rev. S. D. Rodholm
- Velkommen Forstander C. A. Olsen
- Objectives of Conference A. C. Nielsen
- 11 A. M.—Where Are We Going? Rev. C. A. Stub
- 2 P. M.—Oplysningsarbejdet i Foreningen .. Rev. John Knudsen
- 3 P. M.—Working Materials Mr. Harry Terrill
- 8 P. M.—Vor Præsteskole og de Unge Rev. O. Jorgensen

Wednesday, April 28

- 9:30 A. M.—Andagt.
- 11 A. M.—The City Junior League Rev. Holger Jorgensen
- 10 A. M.—Ungdomsarbejdet i den Norske Kirke .. Rev. Edw. Hansen
- 2 P. M.—Forsamlingshuset og de Unge ... Rev. L. C. Bundgaard
- 3 P. M.—Recreation Program..... Prof. Harold Knudsen
- 8 P. M.—Ungdommen og det Religiøse Rev. Alfred Jensen

Thursday, April 29

- 9:30 A. M.—Andagt.
- 10 A. M.—“Ungdom”—What Changes? Rev. E. Farstrup
- 11 A. M.—The Rural Society Rev. H. O. Nielsen
- 2 P. M.—Resource Material for Youth Work .. Pres. C. A. Olsen
- 3 P. M.—Recreation Program Prof. H. Knudsen
- 8 P. M.—America and our Folk Schools .. Rev. Holger Strandkov

Friday, April 30

- 9:30 A. M.—Andagt.
- 10 A. M.—Planning our Programs and Summary . Rev. Erik Møller

Discussion

- 2 P. M.—A New Pentecost Rev. J. F. Hutchinson
- 3 P. M.—Recreation Prof. H. Knudsen
- 8 P. M.—Christ or the New Paganism ... Rev. J. F. Hutchinson

The general theme of the conference is, Aims and Methods of Young People's Work. In planning the program, we have kept in mind that there must be time for both discussion, conversation, and thought.

Mrs. Mildred I. Morgan, lecturer and discussion group leader in the fields of family relationship and personal adjustments, will attend the conference for part of the time. With her wide experience and knowledge, she should have valuable contributions to make.

Kindly keep in mind that this conference is especially for our pastors and other leaders of young people. However, anyone interested may attend. The cost for board and lodging is one dollar per day. You should enroll early. Bring your Danish song book.

Alfred C. Nielsen.

Our Older Pastors

In our day there is a decided tendency on the part of congregations and church people to favor the younger pastors. Most of us have heard of the instructions given to a call committee by a certain congregation, "Do not consider anyone over 40 years old." In the church work youth is at a premium and the older pastors are passed by.

Many hold that the young pastors can best serve the church in this modern era when everything centers around speed and bigness. Congregations want pastors whom they consider "up-to-date" and filled with energy and new ideas.

Youth has its advantages and young pastors their place, but we young pastors have learned to realize that the experience and wisdom which have come to those who have been long in the ministry is very important. The younger pastors can cover more territory, they have physical endurance to stand the rigors of the long hours and trying conditions so often faced in the ministry, perhaps they can organize the young people a little better and often they can instill enthusiasm in the congregation's work, but when the real shepherding of souls is to be done the older pastors are far more capable. When it is time to usher a soul from this life into eternity these other things diminish in importance and the experience of the older pastor makes him of great value. The younger pastor who has had the privilege of accompanying an older minister in making a sick call has stood in silent awe at the bedside as he has seen the older man comfort and console and bring peace to the soul of the one who is ill. Pastoral visitation is not learned from books to any great degree, but is learned from the everyday experiences of a conscientious ministry. How happy the young pastor is when he is able to call on the experience of his older brother in some trying and baffling pastoral problem.

Until he comes to the age when senility has begun to rob him of his keenness, the older pastor will be the better pastor. His experience and his better understanding of spiritual problems will be a great blessing to the congregation in those things which pertain to the one thing needful, the salvation of the soul.

Some time ago, it is reported, a certain congregation, called as pastor a man of 70. He is still alert and active and his ministry is bearing abundant fruit. Wise is such a congregation and many will be its blessings.

It is the spiritual values which are the most important in the work of the congregation, and it is the spiritual work within the congregation which will benefit the most through the ministry of the experienced servant of God. As spiritual values are understood and stressed, the older pastor will be more appreciated. That spiritual emphasis has given way to social emphasis is sometimes the reason behind the despising of the older pastor.

All honor to the older workers in our midst. They are doing a wonderful work for the Lord and we need them in the active service. God bless them and their ministry.

Walter A. Olson in "Lutheran Herald".

Keep faith and hope alive,

Co-operation is the secret of success in Christian work; unless Christians work together for a common end the Kingdom cannot advance.

Only a great man is willing to share honors with other men; the small man refuses to risk having another outdistance him in the race for honor.

At Forty-Five

His face is bowed within his hand,
And he is sore distressed;
His children do not understand
What takes from him life's zest,
And why his head should bend so low,
And why they cannot thrive—
It is his age that makes him so,
For he is forty-five.

His hand is firm, his eye is clear,
No sluggish blood has he,
His strength is good for work severe,
As anyone can see;
But at the plant where he has been
They're putting on a "drive,"
And they want only younger men,
And he is forty-five.

He loves his children and would give
His life for them, but how
Can he their many needs relieve
By toil's sweat on his brow?
For when he goes to seek a task,
As any man should strive,
Employers lift their eyes and ask,
"Are you not forty-five?"

We still should have a kindly heart
For others and their worth,
Nor let material greed impart
Cold cruelty to earth;
But how shall we who live today
Keep faith and hope alive,
If man casts fellow man away
Because he's forty-five?

The seas were hoary long ago,
The oak grows strong with years,
The mountains have white locks of snow
But do not live in fears;
The ancient sun fulfills a plan
No mortal could contrive—
Shall man then spurn another man
When he is forty-five?

Till now I never understood
Such kinds in modern life:
Its lack, at times, of brotherhood,
Its epithets, its strife,
And why some are discarding God,
And at his throne connive—
They think his laws are old and odd.
Like men at forty-five.

Schuyler E. Sears.

THE MEANING OF EASTER

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopelessly, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

HER BRIDAL PRAYER

By Karen Jeppe

Horome could not sleep, her heart was too full. It was now four years since she had slept in her parents' house, in the same room where her cradle had stood.

And how sad the way everything had changed! Her parents were no longer alive, and of their cozy home nothing was left but the roof and the walls; even these were very dilapidated. All the woodwork had been torn out and burned, the roof had not been kept in repair so that dampness had almost converted the house into ruins. By the light of the full moon she could see the yellow and black spots caused by the dampness, and a stone had fallen out. It lay precisely where the head of her parents' bed had been.

Her parents—how vividly she pictured them in her mind. Her mother's form came to her as distinctly as if she were sitting at the window sewing. Her eyes were no longer so keen, Horome had to thread the needle for her, but she had sewed the finest things. Horome had been a big girl who helped her mother and was soon to have been married. It was her trousseau that had taken most time.

Now, indeed, she was a bride without a trousseau. The poorest girl from "those times," the time when the world had still existed, had had more than she now had, she who was the daughter of "the rich Hagobian."

"The rich Hagobian" they had called her father. In the evening when he had come home from his place of business, he used to sit in the corner by the other window talking to his two boys, until men from the village would come in and crave his attention. They often came; his advice was sought in so many things.

She thought of him as he had been during their evil days. She saw him sell their things to the Turks for a song when they were to leave their home, to be deported, as they called it. When the house was nearly empty, the remaining indispensable things were loaded on two asses, and they were off into the unknown. Mother wept and wailed, Father was petrified; but when they passed the fine vineyard which he prized so much, where he had planted the many little trees, his face became distorted, it was too hard to pass that.

She remembered him most vividly the last time she saw him, the day the Turk carried her off. In her terror and despair, when she was torn away from her own people, she had seen her father's face. She had no need to ask the cause of his death. The disgrace that had befallen his daughter had killed him. Her aunt had told how a few days later he had suddenly fallen dead on the road, no doubt of a broken heart. Of course, no one knew for sure, the dead were not even buried. Her father had remained there unburied, she could not even go to his grave to mourn him.

She was overcome with grief again and wept for a long time.

Then the memories of her own ignominy returned, of the Turk's house at Urfa and of everything that had happened to her. It was best not to think of it; but yet it was strange how from being knocked about and treated like a dog she had become the mistress of the house little by little, because the man made so much of her. And still she did not like him, he was the enemy of her people, he

was a Mohammedan, she was not really married to him, at least not to her way of thinking. He had not taken her with the consent of her parents, and the church had not pronounced its blessing upon them. He had violated her, that feeling remained with her. She never got used to him. A feeling of hot shame came upon her again whenever she thought of all that time.

It was strange that Kevork wanted her; but he said she should never think of that, it was not her fault. She was his betrothed; he thought just as much of her as if he had taken her that time at the hands of her parents.

How strange a dispensation that out of the wreckage two were left of those whom she loved. It was they who had rescued her, otherwise she would undoubtedly still have been with the Turk.

For a long time she was all alone among utter strangers. Then one evening a beggar woman had come to their door. It happened that she herself had opened the door; and she was about to utter a cry when she recognized her aunt. But her aunt silenced her.

"Pretend you don't know me," she whispered; and when one of the servant girls appeared, why then she was only a beggar woman whom the lady of the house was giving food for the good God's sake.

But the beggar woman came back several times, and Horome learned the fate of her dear ones. It was quickly told. After her father's death her mother's strength was soon used up. She was buried at Rakka in a grave with many others. The Arabs had taken the boys. Her aunt had also lost her relatives. She had begged her way to Urfa where she sought after Horome.

Then the times changed, Horome felt a different atmosphere. The Turk became so small, the Armenians moved freely on the streets there was talk of the English. Horome didn't really know who they were; but she was to see them quite unexpectedly.

One day they broke into the house, her aunt was with them; they were after Horome. The protests of the Turk availed him nothing, they simply took her. She was free, she could hardly believe her own senses.

She was brought to a large house. They called it the American Orphanage. There she met many young women who like herself had been in the houses of the Turks. Some were happy to get out, others wanted to go back. They had little children to see, or they were dissatisfied with life as it was lived here, they were accustomed to better things.

Horome was happy just to be free. She was a hard-working girl contented with little, life at the orphanage pleased her. There she also learned to read, and she heard much about Jesus; it seemed that for the first time she really came to understand what it meant to be a Christian.

She saw her aunt often. With her she could talk about home and the people they had known in the happy days. She thought a great deal about Kevork, but she did not mention him, she didn't dare.

They had been neighbor children and their families had been close friends. So it seemed the most natural thing that Horome should be betrothed to Kevork

before she passed her fourteenth birthday. They were soon to have been married.

But now all these terrible things had happened, and Kevork would naturally not have anything more to do with her. Besides he was probably dead like all the others. At the outbreak of the war he had become a soldier, later the families had been deported and the connections between them broken off. His parents had died on the road, her aunt had said.

And besides her aunt never mentioned Kevork; but she also thought about him and tried to get a message through to Nisib, their home town.

One day, it was not even a week ago, and yet it seemed a long time, word was sent to Horome to come to the office. There stood Kevork. Her aunt had succeeded in finding out his whereabouts; and as soon as he heard that the two of them were alive, he came to Urfa to get them.

Then they went back to Nisib. Horome saw the old well-known places, and she wept over all the destruction and all the dear ones who were no longer there. She thought it all through once more, as she lay there in the moonlight and looked about.

But tomorrow was to be her wedding day, her heart beat violently at the thought of it. What a light in all her darkness and all her burdens! She was to be united with Kevork, the only man she had ever thought of as her husband and to whom she could give up herself without reservation. He it was who had always stood between her and the Turk, this suddenly dawned clearly on her mind. She shivered at the thought of what she had been forced to go through at that time.

That night was an agitated one for Horome. Only toward morning did sleep come to her, and the sun was high in the heavens when she awoke.

The church had been plundered and was unfit for use, but the old priest, whose life had been saved in a strange manner, came to their home and joined them in marriage.

While they stood there before him holding each other by the hand, Horome said her bridal prayer, the prayer which all Armenian women firmly believe will be fulfilled.

She prayed for progress and happiness in their home, and she prayed that they might never fail in their faith, no matter what happened to them. Well she knew that the Christian faith can be a heavy cross.

Their life together began under simple circumstances, they only had what they wore on their bodies. But Kevork succeeded in getting back some of their land. They were both capable and hard-working, so they were never in need of daily bread. Little by little they brought coziness into their little home. Two little children came to them also, who gave them much joy.

But they never felt secure. Nisib was in Turkey, and the Turks, who after their defeat had been more tractable, were becoming proud again and dangerous to live with.

Often they discussed whether they had better not move to Syria, where at least they would be beyond the tyranny of the Turks. But reports from there were constantly getting more and more unpromising. Thousands of Armenians were living in miserable huts in a large camp, and there was no work to be found. Here at Nisib they did have their land, and they did have a roof over their heads. To be

sure, they could sell neither land nor house. They had not become absolute owners, but they could live from the land and live in the house—at least for the present.

Kevork became more and more gloomy in spirit, something was oppressing his mind. One night he told Horome about it. There was no other way out for him but to become a Mohammedan if they were to have security for their lives and property.

Horome was dazed and did not know what to say or do; but it became more and more clear to her that exile in Syria was to be preferred to the terrible thing it was to desert their faith and forsake their people.

She tried to make Kevork see this as she did, but this was impossible. He could not think of himself as unemployed and his children crying for bread which he was unable to give them. Anything else before that.

One day he went into the mosque, renounced his faith and abandoned the Christian community. Now that it was done he felt greatly relieved by it; but he did not know how he should tell Horome, her view of this was very different. He tried to hide it from her, and she mentioned not a word about it. He began to think she had become reconciled to it.

One evening, however, when he came home, the house was deserted. Horome had taken the children and set out for Syria. It was not far, certainly she must already be over the border. She had left a few words, laboriously written, nor was it an easy task for Kevork to read them. Neither of them was much for book learning. He finally deciphered it, however.

"She wanted to live and die in the Christian faith; and cost what it might, the children should also be brought up in that faith."

She had chosen exile, but she had done so with a heavy heart. She had no idea of how she was to make both ends meet for herself and her children.

The beginning was difficult enough. She went on foot, and soon she had to carry both children.

At an unguarded point she crossed the Syrian border, no one had molested her; but where was she to go now?

At a distance she saw a village, it must be Djerabulus, where, she had heard, many Armenians lived. Slowly she made her way to the village. Soon a little group of people had gathered around the exhausted woman and her crying children. She got no great encouragement from them, however. They were living from hand to mouth, and the women without a man to support them were badly off. She glanced at her children, and she also began to weep.

A merchant approached the group and asked what was going on. He looked at the woman and children.

"Well," he said reflectively, "they may be able to get in at the house in Aleppo. Come with me, sister."

Horome was astonished. She was given food. An automobile was called, it drove off with her and set her down at a house in Aleppo, which to her looked very much like the American Orphanage in Urfa.

Without any trouble she was received. She was given work in the kitchen and a little room close by where she could sleep with her children. It seemed like coming to her father's house, she got everything she needed. Also she soon felt that the matron was satisfied with her work and

that she probably could stay as long as she wished.

On Sundays she went to church with the others. The Armenians at Nisib had not been able to repair their church, so she had not been in the house of God for a long time. It moved her deeply. She poured out her heart to God in gratitude for His wonderful guidance, and at the same time she earnestly prayed for Kevork that he also might find a way out of the darkness.

In the beginning this certainly seemed hopeless. She talked a great deal about it to the old Anna, who managed the kitchen and the storerooms; but she always said:

"Oh, let him stay where he is. It is not possible to get work here, people are about to die from starvation. What would have become of you if you had not landed here? You can be glad you are provided for."

To be sure, Horome was glad. She began to familiarize herself with conditions and to take an interest in everything that happened, which was not a little.

Almost every day new members were added to the household. They came mostly in dusty automobiles from the distant deserts, and they looked no better themselves. They had to bathe and change clothes at once.

The bath room was right beside the kitchen, and Horome often helped to wash the women's hair. She discovered that all of them had been in Mohammedan houses, as wives or slaves, mostly both; and she found out little by little that the purpose of the institution was to rescue Christians who had been held back by the Mohammedans since the war, and that men were sent out in all directions to track them out and help them get out of their imprisonment.

It was not only women that came in the automobiles, also many children and not a few young people. They had been taken by the Turks or Kurds or Arabs at the time of deportation and had now been their slaves for more than ten years. Horome thought of her brothers, they must also be half grown by this time; and she talked to the young people who came and questioned them whether they had not seen anything of her brothers.

In this way Horome came to know all that came, she shared in their fate and their thoughts about the future. These thoughts were above all directed toward finding their relatives, which for many succeeded in a remarkably short time. How often did Horome not see them brought in even the next day. She witnessed touching scenes when fathers and mothers clasped their lost children in their arms and could hardly get over looking at them and kissing them. She saw brothers and sisters meet again after the long separation; and her heart was often oppressed because she had lost her whole family.

Still God had given her a new family. She would look at her children and thank Him for them, and she thought of Kevork Oh, how she yearned for him! Sometimes she could hardly bear it. Then she would feel herself drawn to those others who did not find their relatives; it seemed to her that they must feel so destitute when they saw the others' joy.

One day the house was very excited. Word had come that thirty of the young people who had no relatives might come to the village. Everything was ready to receive them. Horome was asked to help in the sewing room. Their clothes were to be made ready in a hurry, there was wash-

ing to be done, and the bedclothes were to be examined. Everybody was busy, and everybody was glad; for the young people themselves were very happy.

They had indeed tried to learn a trade, but they were downhearted. There were so many tradesmen without work at Aleppo. To be peasants was much to be preferred, to have a house and land yourself. Most of them had worked on the land in the Arabian villages, so they were quite familiar with that kind of work. They talked volubly about it when they came into the sewing room to be measured or to try on their new clothes.

Horome questioned them eagerly about what village they were going to. It was one of the Armenian villages which had been established by the institution. Many Armenian peasants with their wives and children were living there and besides quite a few young people from the Home.

Horome sat thinking deeply, and in the evening she asked old Anna if she didn't think Kevork could get a house and a piece of land in one of the villages. She didn't know, but she would speak to Baron Misak about it, when he came to Aleppo. He was in charge of that, and Anna knew him well.

"Baron Misak is here and wants to see you," said Anna to Horome a couple of weeks later. She was quite out of breath, she had hurried so to bring the good news as fast as she could.

"He is in the office."

Horome told her whole story to Baron Misak, who listened with understanding.

Yes, if Kevork wanted to, there was no reason why he should not move out to the village. The house father was ready to write the letter for her and have it sent across the border from one of the stations of the institution.

Horome waited with great expectancy. A letter from Kevork, she thought, could be there in a week. But there was no answer. Maybe he didn't want to come. Maybe he had become offended at her and married another woman, even a Turkish woman! She grew cold with anxiety when she thought of it. Horome began to look wretched.

Then one afternoon Kevork himself stood before her. He had sold what he could and was now ready to start from the bottom again.

Next day he went to the village, and a few weeks later Horome and the children moved out there. They had only a little hut, but it was large enough for them and their few possessions. For the first time now, perhaps for the first time in their lives, they felt really secure. The Turk could not reach them here. Whatever they got together now would be their own, and there was no one who wanted to take their lives.

Horome sent up to God her prayer of deeply felt gratitude that He had helped them so far.

"Yes," said Kevork quietly, "it was your faith, Horome, that saved us. Perhaps I may share it also through life with you. That is my sincerest wish."

And Horome knew that her bridal prayer had been fulfilled.

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"Wanted, an airy bedroom for a gentleman twenty feet long and eleven feet wide."

OUR CHURCH

The Winter Session at Grand View College closed with the traditional Student-fest. It drew a large number of relatives, friends, and former students as guests. Rev. Erik K. Moller of Omaha was the speaker Sunday afternoon. Of unusual interest was the girls' exhibition of gymnastics, the large group of folk dancers, and the dramatic presentation developed by the drama study group. Many visitors proclaimed this year's Studentfest one of the best. A number of the students who came for the Winter Session had become so enthusiastic over their work that they continued for the Spring Quarter; many others desired to remain but were regretfully unable to do so.

Dana College Choir will give a sacred concert at Tyler, Minn., on June 1. The choir also visited the Tyler church last year.

"Ungdom's" Anniversary. On April fifteenth the young people's paper "Ungdom" observed its thirtieth anniversary. On that occasion "Ungdom" contained articles from many of the former workers on the paper.

Sommerlejr will be held at West Denmark, on July 4-11. Rev. E. Farstrup, Marinette, Wis., national representative of "Ungdom," will be in charge of the camp. The program has not yet been announced.

District III of the Danish American Young People's League will hold its annual convention at West Denmark, Wis., on July 10-11 in connection with the summer camp there.

D. A. Y. P. L. District II will hold its annual convention at Hartford, Conn., August 29-31.

The Forums which have been conducted at Grand View College throughout the year drew many visitors and speakers to the college. Among the speakers were Dr. Walter Kotschnig, Austria, Dr. Sigmund Neumann, Germany, Dr. Paul H. Douglas, Chicago, and Director P. Manniche, Denmark. The opportunity to hear and to discuss with these eminent speakers added a rich experience to the college year. That the experience was mutual was apparent from the understanding and sincere appreciation of the work done at the college voiced by the guest speakers.

Rev. R. R. Vestergaard, who was president of Grand View College, Des Moines, Iowa, from 1897 to 1903, passed away in Denmark on March 1. When Rev. Vestergaard left Grand View College, he moved to Denmark where he became pastor of the Hvirring and Hornbord churches. In 1913 he moved to Elling where he had served at the beginning of his ministry as a young man. He stayed here until he was retired at the age of 70 in 1932.

Rev. Vestergaard has meant a great deal to a number of the older pastors of our synod, who studied at Grand View College during his presidency; and his work at the college was also of great importance as a foundation for his successors to follow.

Vancouver, B. C. Rev. Clemens Sorensen reports in "Dvk." that on the 25th working day on the construction of their new church they celebrated a "house

LUTHERAN TIDINGS

raising party" (Rejsegilde) according to old Danish custom. This took place on Feb. 2. On the 49th working day the scaffold fell and revealed the white walls and red roof of a church in the Danish country style. This was the second of March. He also expresses his gratitude for gifts received from friends. No doubt more assistance is needed. The interior of the church is yet to be completed, no small task.

Rev. Johannes Knudsen, Askov, Minn., was to speak at the "Institute for Scandinavian Studies" held at the University of Minnesota, April 18-21. His subject was "Danish Contributions to the Religious Life of America."

Rev. Holger Nielsen, Fredslev, Iowa, will speak at Cedar Falls, Iowa, on April 20 at a joint meeting of the Bethlehem and Nazareth congregations, Cedar Falls, and of St. Ansgar congregation, Waterloo.

Tour to Yellowstone. Rev. Harald Ibsen, Diamond Lake, Minn., who has spent two years in the Yellowstone Park, has proposed a tour by the young people of Diamond Lake, Tyler, and Ruthton, Minn., to that park this summer. The idea has gained attention from people at other places also. Plans are now being made to make the tour a reality, and the possibilities and expenses connected with such an undertaking are being studied. Announcements will be made later.

Rev. Swen Baden, Bridgeport, Conn., is going to Denmark this summer, where on July 9 he will be married to Miss Karen Margrethe Teiler, daughter of the late Rev. Teiler of Ordrup. Bishop Fuglsang Damgaard will perform the ceremony. Miss Teiler works in the bishop's office. After the wedding ceremony the new couple will travel in Sweden and Norway.

Golden Wedding. April 7 Mr. and Mrs. Jens Christian Jensen, Nysted, Nebr., celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. The congregation and the Ladies' Aid had decorated the gymnasium beautifully, where a fine festival was held in honor of the old couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Jens C. Jensen, Ringsted, Iowa, celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary on April 2. The celebration began in the church where the whole family attended communion services. Thereafter they and their guests met in the gymnasium for a banquet, where many kind and appropriate words were spoken. In all it was the most beautiful silver wedding celebration we have ever seen. Mr. Jensen is president of the board of the Ringsted congregation.

"Valborgsminde," the Danish Old People's Home, Des Moines, Iowa, is sponsoring a Bazaar and Dinner at the Luther Memorial Church on April 22. They are serving a typical Danish dinner with "Grønkaalssuppe."

ARE INNOVATIONS IN WORSHIP JUSTIFIED?

(Continued from col. 278)

tive. The novel and the eccentric do not always reach the inner man. So radical changes in worship are liable to be self-defeating because they do not reach deep into the abiding experiences of human consciousness.

Worship must be planned then to touch life on the inside where the superficialities and externalities of life count less than we might at first think. It must be compatible with the underlying, eternal, uniting forces that never change. The depths of the human soul remain more or less untouched by the shifting vicissitudes of time and place. The test of worship is not whether it has something new and different in it, but whether it finds the soul of man and gives him a consciousness of the Eternal and his relationship to Him. True worship is not entertaining, but moving. Innovations often only entertain.

As a general principle for those called upon to plan a worship service it is best to insist that innovations must operate within the familiar and the customary, and not be at variance with well-established patterns and procedures. They must be in accord with long tested usage and practice. Changes must not be disloyal to proven constituent values in worship. This means that innovations ought to be few in number and introduced only after careful study and with the assurance that they will help to achieve what worship purposes to do. If new features and new procedures help folks to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, they may be safely employed. If not they had best be deleted from the worship service.

H. H. Helman
in "Augsburg Teacher."

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