

# Lutheran Tidings

Volume III

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Number 19

## PRESERVING WHAT IS HOLY

One summer evening I was walking from Ettal toward Oberammergau. The cows were just coming home to their respective barns, these fine, light-colored cows which one could meet everywhere in the mountains where they grazed fearlessly and freely for the fresh green grass. Now they were going home to be milked. Slowly they sauntered along, resting in themselves, as only a cow with its quiet, phlegmatic temper can do. Close to town the road divided, and here the cows also divided into groups. They looked at each other with their soft eyes; soon one or two together would stop before the gate to the farmstead where they belonged and sound a short moo. The gate would be opened and with their bells swinging they would enter. I saw how gates and doors opened to them all the way through the friendly town; never did the cows make a mistake. Some places the doors were already open and they walked right in.

My mind was oppressed; but I still feel, these many years after, the quiet and happy gentleness which came over me at this scene. These vigorous, quiet and homely animals made me glad, and I went to the inn to write an article for my paper about the cow. And now I seemed to understand just why the cow of India is a holy animal.

And yet I did not understand it, for I did not understand the nature of holiness.

One evening a long time after I related this incident. One of the listeners then said:

"Yes, I remember you wrote that. And our mutual artist friend took occasion from it to write me a letter in which he gives expression to a very different conception of the holiness of the cow."

This artist loved to paint cows, and he knows them well. I was allowed to read the letter, and it impressed me so that I remember its contents to this day.

"They tie the cows together and lead them off. They turn around and beat them over the ear with a heavy stick, and they kick their legs. But the cow looks at its tormentors with its soft and quiet eyes as if to say: It doesn't matter, all that you do to me, for I am a holy animal."

There is a great difference between these two conceptions of what is holy, and this difference becomes fatal if through religion we do not get hold of the right conception. Of course, the artist was right.

We are inclined to think that holiness is something fine, gentle and mild which therefore must be protected, honored and worshipped. But holiness is something which, in spite of its fineness and gentleness, endures and submits to everything, and in spite of the meanest treatment remains equally gentle and mild and holy.

We think we honor holy things by exalting and worshipping them, but true holiness we cannot exalt, for it is exalted in itself. It does not want to be worshipped, it wants to serve. If we worship holy things, we make them

remote, we change them into our master and make a tyrant of them, we alter their nature. It is the nature of holiness to serve, we honor and glorify it when we utilize it.

The story of the Son of man who became man and came into the world is the story of holiness revealing itself in lowliness and in the spirit of service. We may despise and ridicule it, we may spit upon it and flog it to death and hang it upon the cruel cross—in short, we may visit upon it uncontrollably our most malicious fury and this will confirm rather than take away the holiness. Holiness can not be desecrated. On the contrary, the more evil we heap upon it, the greater will be its glory. God's will will be done, and what is holy will arise from the grave.

How much we have sacrificed in times past to protect the holy! Churches, ministers, and worldly laws have been assigned to this task. And yet it is always the same old story over again as of the apostles who wanted to go down to Jerusalem and die with Jesus, those faithful men who in their devotion hid the sword under their cloak in order to defend the Son of God. So when He would have no defense at all and His enemies were permitted to have their way with Him, even the leader of the apostles lost courage.

It was in this way, however, that holiness itself was revealed to men as something holy. It became evident that it could survive all this evil without being affected by it. When such a thing happens we see the glory of God. The more men are permitted to assault it, the more evident becomes its holiness. Sometimes worldly-wise men especially avoid violating it in order to prevent it from revealing its holiness too clearly.

It is, of course, different with the things which we consecrate and consider to be holy. There are some fellow-men, some memories and things which we have embraced with a special love. We say that they are sacred to us. Such holiness, or sacredness, must of necessity be protected and set apart, for those things are sacred only by virtue of our own estimation.

But God is holy by virtue of His own nature; and when we are to keep His name, His work and His word holy, this is for our own sake, not for the sake of God.

Nevertheless Christians often fall for the pious temptation of protecting the holy God, defending His word, His gospel, etc. By doing so we only succeed in getting ourselves and God into a hostile relationship to the world. We raise God up on our self-made pedestal so that He becomes remote. We hedge about the honor and dignity of the church, the purity of the word of God, the genuineness of doctrine, even God Himself, with the result that these and other things become something distinguished in the general estimation of men. This leads to a situation in which a multitude of people treat all these holy

(Continued on col. 304.)

## The Basic Issue Confronting the Lutheran Church in America

By O. H. Pannkoke

The world is passing through a crisis. A world crisis inescapably becomes a crisis of faith. For some time this has been apparent in our Church. A sense of unrest and uncertainty is abroad. Can we gain new assurance and power except through a deeper, clearer, more unselfish apprehension of the meaning of our faith in relation to life today? Does not this require a searching examination of that faith?

The following theses are an attempt to state the central issues at stake.

1. I believe that Luther was right when he said, "The Church and the saints are hidden," that the Church's glory and power are the invisible power and glory of God, made manifest through Christ—an offense to the world—and that the recurrent crisis of the Church is to recover this, its true nature from every form of externalism and formalism.

2. I believe that Luther was right when he said, "Therefore, in Christ Crucified is true theology and knowledge of God," and "true theology is practical." Here is the evangelical center of our faith, its profound insight into reality, its spiritual penetration, its promise to a waiting humanity. The recurrent crisis of our faith is to rediscover the Cross as the ultimate fact in which life either finds meaning or dies, to apprehend behind the external organization of the Church, behind the rational formulations of our faith the living Christ as Paul and Luther apprehended Him, and to make God's purpose for humanity in the Cross the controlling test and motive of our faith and our Church.

3. I believe that Luther was right when he said, "The god of this world can and will not hear the Word of God. The true God can and will not be silent. What else can happen with those two gods warring against each other except tumults in the whole world?" Here is the deepest and truest explanation of the apparent futility and tragedy of history and of life. For the Christian or the Christian Church to be indifferent or neutral in this struggle is "a theology enamored of peace," and not "a theology of the Cross."

I do not believe in a visible Kingdom of God. But I believe profoundly in the need of the Church to understand human misery and woe, to have compassion on it and to convict the world of sin by its testimony for righteousness.

The crisis of our Church is to regain compassion for humanity and militantly to stand on God's side in His warfare against the "god of this world."

4. I believe that the Church is not "of the world." But it cannot at its peril neglect the fact that it is "in the world." In the profound and incredibly rapid changes in American life and in the passing of our foreign language isolation, it is the crisis of our Church to rediscover its environment.

5. I believe in Lutheran Unity. In fact I hold that it is the issue which proves or disproves the sincerity of our faith in the Gospel of the Cross. I believe in fellowship and practical cooperation as the first and immediate concerns.

I believe in Lutheran Unity not for the sake of earthly power, but to eliminate evils which are becoming intolerable, and to carry on effectively the task of winning souls.

I believe in Lutheran Unity on the foundation of

truth and doctrine. The Bible, the apprehension by faith of the Christ in the Bible, and the formulation of that faith in our Confessions is the sufficient norm to test our common faith.

The crisis of our Church is the danger of overemphasizing the rational formulation of our faith which minimizes its personal nature and its militant function in life, and to seek and find God's truth and God's will in this matter.

6. I believe that a Church lost in traditions and forms faces greater danger of extinction than it faced in four centuries. I believe that a Church which has the living Gospel of the Cross and through it a divine compassion for humanity faces greater opportunity than since the revival of religion after the French Revolution.

7. I believe that we are standing in a new "fullness of time" and that the deflation of man in recent years is the work of the Almighty and that Luther's word applies to us in this good year of the Lord for the Lutheran Church in America: "He is at the door, well for him who opens. He greets us, blessed he who answers Him. If we let Him go by, who will call Him back?" It is the gravest crisis of our Church to hear God's present call to arms and to heed it.

"Away with the prophets who say, 'Peace, Peace,' when there is no peace."

### Board Meeting in Des Moines

A two-day session was held by the Board of Directors of our synod during the week following the annual "Studentfest" at Grand View College with all the members present.

An invitation has been extended to Bishop Axel Rosendal in Denmark to visit our synod at the first opportune time. And we hope this will be soon.

Rev. A. Th. Dorf informed the board that the Danish Church has again been accepted as a member of the National Lutheran Council. As it will be recalled that we were members of the Council for a number of years, then withdrew, but at the convention at Kimballton, Ia., it was decided to apply for membership again.

The committee working in conjunction with a committee from the United Danish Church on the new edition of the Hymnal is hard at work and the book will presumably be ready early next year. It was decided to simplify the financing of the new edition by letting the Danish Luth. Publ. House at Blair, Nebr., take care of this and then in return let the publishing house receive a certain percentage of the income derived from the sale of it.

The Canada-Mission was discussed at length. Several places show good possibilities for our work in Canada. But we lack ministers as it is. If we send one to Canada it means one less for our work here in the States. Enrico Bjerre, who graduated from Grand View College a few years ago and at present is in Denmark, has offered his services on this field. The coming convention at Askov will be asked to act in this matter.

Our constitution was also discussed as according to its provisions the board is responsible for all our properties, institutions, and the funds belonging to these, but it has no control of most of it or very little at the most, in our present set-up. This condition is not very satisfactory. Some other synods have a central board with full



control in all these matters so that they are taken out of the hands of the board of directors entirely. An attempt will be made to gather complete information about all our institutions and funds for the use of the convention in forming the budget for next year.

Payment is due on a number of our outstanding bonds August 1st. It was decided to refinance this debt by offering the bondholders new notes instead of the bonds but at a lower rate of interest.

For some time the advantage of having Grand View College accredited has been discussed and plans have now been formulated so we hope to have it fully accredited as a Junior College at the beginning of the school term in the fall of 1938. Only a few changes have to be made as the enlarging and improving of our laboratory and library. This will enable students to have their credits recognized at other colleges when they desire to attend such. The majority of the teachers as well as the board members were in favor of this plan. And our school will not be changed but keep its individuality as always.

President C. A. Olsen also in speaking of the budget for next year brought out the fact that \$3,000.00 to \$4,000.00 more will be needed from the synod next year as prices on most commodities have been going up considerably during the winter. He hoped, however, to finish this year without a deficit. It was decided to set the salary of Alfred Nielsen at the same level as the other married teachers, \$1,600.00 pr. year and free house.

It has been a pleasure to see how some of our congregations have proved their love for our church through their contributions to our work, in spite of the fact that they have been very hard hit by the drought or the depression. Others are much behind in this respect. Let us all remember that the treasurer closes his books in the middle of May, and let us before that time show that we are willing and glad to do our part so our work may grow and prosper.

Viggo M. Hansen.

## *We Shall Rest*

By Rudyard Kipling

*When earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are  
twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic  
has died,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for  
an eon or two,  
Till the Master of all good workmen shall set us to work  
anew!*

*And those that were good shall be happy, they shall sit  
in a golden chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of  
comets hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene,  
Peter and Paul;  
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired  
at all!  
And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master  
shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work  
for fame;  
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his  
separate star  
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things  
as they are!*

## *Inasmuch!*

*I saw Lord Christ tonight,  
Walking the streets of my town,  
With hair blown wild with the winter wind,  
With the wild rain beating down.*

*"I am hungry and bitter cold,  
Hungry and cold," he said.  
"What?" I cried, "have your folk denied  
Shelter to you, and bread?"*

*"What is hunger to Me,  
And what is the lashing rain,  
Who died on a Tree on Calvary,  
Sharing the ultimate pain?"*

*"But the folk in the fetid slum,  
Neglected in alleys old,  
These go unfed with the living Bread,  
Blue with a starved soul's cold.*

*"So I walk the streets in pain,  
More pain than I knew on the Tree;  
Inasmuch as ye did it not to them  
Ye did it not to Me."*

William E. Brooks in "Chr. Cent."

## *The Women's Mission Societies*

It was very encouraging to read in the April 5th issue of LUTHERAN TIDINGS about the Mission Study Group which has been started at Brush, Colo.; and the way they are going at it seems very interesting to me. Furthermore I believe it is the only right way if we are to succeed in our mission efforts. Study groups, where we devote our attention to learning about mission work as it is actually being carried on, will undoubtedly appeal most especially to the younger women of our church. The more we learn about missions, the more will we understand the great need for them and the more willing and anxious we shall be to help.

If other new groups or societies have been started recently, please write and tell us about it, either in this paper or in "Dannevirke". The D. K. M. board would be glad to know; and as there are several Ladies' Aids seriously thinking about starting, it would be helpful and encouraging for them to hear about others.

As it is just 70 years this fall since the Santal Mission was started in India, I think it would be a very fitting way to celebrate that occasion by starting mission societies in as many places as possible. In this way we could show our Mission Board and our missionaries that we mean to carry on this good work.

It is not only the foreign mission, however, that needs our support. Our Church Board and District Boards can tell us about many places here at home where help is sorely needed, for instance small congregations which, especially during unfortunate times, cannot support themselves; and sometimes it becomes necessary to build. This year the congregations in both Los Angeles, Calif., and Vancouver, B. C., are building churches and need support. And there is always our church papers and Sunday School papers and many other things to support.

So if we, the women of our synod, could just get together "with a will," there would always "be a way" for a good many things. And our own lives as Christians would be all the richer and more blessed for having done some of the work God gave us to do.

Anna J. Stub.

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## EDITORIAL

May I remind our readers once more about the convention, which is not so far off. It is very urgent that we have a good and representative attendance, and it is also urgent that all congregations be represented as well as possible. The number and importance of the issues which will occupy the attention of this meeting is far beyond what any recent convention has faced.

The fundamental law of our church is being revised, that is, made over. This simply means that the future of the church is at stake. I do not mean that anyone is trying to put anything over which would imperil the life of our church, but simply this that we are not all of the same opinion about many of the details of the structure and administration of our church. Such disagreements can cause friction if they are not ironed out. For this reason it is important that many of our people come and take part in these far-reaching decisions.

Also all the other laws, rules and regulations of the synod are to be codified, and perhaps some changes made. And the financial structure of the synod is to be changed. The intention is to make our regulations more stable and uniform and to clarify and simplify the administration of our affairs so that these matters may be more easily understood by all. But the fact that a group of committees agree about what they think is best, of course, is no assurance that the rest of our people will think so. The point is: come and take part in this work of reconstruction.

And the theological training of future pastors of our synod will also come up for change and improvement if possible. What is the matter with our preachers? If they are not what they should be, could that be remedied by the education they receive at Grand View College? If so, what is the remedy? What shall the education of future pastors be like? We can all see the importance of such questions for the future of our church; therefore we need all people with ideas on these matters to come and contribute to the solution of our problems. And remember that if you do not voice your opinion when these questions are being debated and decided, your criticism afterwards is uncalled for and out of order.

So let us all go to convention at Askov. And let not the younger element of our synod continue to keep quiet, their participation is earnestly desired.

C. A. Stub.

## To the Churches of Our Synod

With these few lines I would like to remind those of our churches which have not yet sent in their contributions to the work of our synod for this fiscal year to do so within the next two weeks. As you all know our fiscal year closes May 15.

I would also like at this time to ask all members of local church boards who have not already done so to study Mr. Axel Thomsen's list of what is required of every district and of every contributing member of our church to enable the synod to receive all the contributions which it needs. This list is found in "Dannevirke" of March 3 and in LUTHERAN TIDINGS of March 5. From this it will appear how many churches have sent in their contributions and how large these are. I have no list of what has been received since that time, but I know that we have not yet reached half of the quota. Is it not clear to all that it is a rather critical situation for the synod, when it must function under such conditions?

There may conceivably be many reasons for this. The drought and crop failure which hit some of the farm districts last year might be considered a good excuse. But please note that the two districts, District VI and District VII, which were hit the hardest, not only last year but also the year before, have given by far the greatest contributions. I might also point out several of the churches which were hit the hardest and show that they were the first to make their contributions and nearly reached their quota.

Of course this situation may be changed when the final list of contributions is made public. Nevertheless such is the true situation now.

When I visited a number of the churches of our synod last summer and fall, I asked them to remember that the synod needs especially all that the districts which have not been hit by the drought and crop failure can contribute. I hope this will be remembered and acted upon. Our constitution says something about that if a congregation two years in succession fails to contribute to the work of the synod or contributes only a disproportionately small amount, it is the duty of the president to require of it an explanation for this, and that if this explanation is not satisfactory he must bring the matter before the convention for action. This provision we shall soon be compelled to comply with if the work of our church is not to be supported only by a minority, while a large number of churches are only demanding privileges. No congregation has any reason to feel itself imposed upon by the synod's request for the contributions asked of it, or at least a reasonable contribution. Just try to make inquiries about what most other synods demand of their churches.

I realize very well that all the contributions our people make to the work and activities of our church do not appear in the treasurer's list of contributions. A good deal of money is sent in by ladies' aids, Sunday schools, etc., which never finds its way into the books of the treasurer. The small amounts are also appreciated; and I would not like to seem ungrateful as one who depends upon the law. However, I would call attention to the fact that we have certain duties toward our common task, and that our faith and love are only empty words unless they compel us to pursue our work faithfully. Perhaps I should enumerate and explain these activities of the synod so that people's hearts might be softened and stirred by it. But I do not at all believe that our people need information about our common tasks. The main trouble as far as most people are concerned is the simple



fact that they do not seriously make it a point to give what they really know very well they ought to give.

If those persons whom the churches have chosen to lead them would really take a hold where they have not already done so, there would still be time to collect something and send it in. I earnestly ask you to do that. It is not abundance of wordly goods or wealth that we need to be able to give what is necessary. It is love, earnestness, willingness to work for the cause.

It may be that some think there is something wrong with the cause. That is altogether possible. But soon we shall meet at Askov, Minn., for the express purpose of discussing such things. Be present there and take part in the discussion. It is also possible to do this in our papers. The only trouble is that most of us get so far away from home when we write in our papers. We do not want to seem to be earthly-minded and proaic persons, therefore, we do not write about practical things, as, for instance, how we can get people to support the activities we have: our school, old people's home pension fund, and mission work at home, in Canada and in India. To be sure, we may consider this the duty of those who are in charge of these activities. And they feel the pinch of the shoe, for they have it on.

But the point is: get your contributions ready and send them to Mr. Axel Thomsen, 230 Sheridan Road, Menominee, Mich., before the fifteenth of May. Let not one of us who have put our hand to the plow turn back.

I would add a few words about the convention. If possible we should have every single congregation represented, if in no other way through a representative from the district. A very important piece of work awaits us, which the last convention gave over to a number of committees to prepare for action. Our constitution and order of worship are to be revised and translated to English. Our financial system is to be overhauled and the education of pastors at our seminary to be improved. These committees are now at work, and their proposals will be given to the congregations for consideration as soon as possible. It was a great loss to us that one of the members which the convention appointed to one of these committees, Mr. Carl Christopher, should lose his life in so tragic a manner. I know that his many friends in the Danish Church feel the loss and share the grief of his family. The other members of the committees, however, are busily engaged in preparing the proposals to lay before the convention. May I urge that many of the people from all our congregations attend this meeting.

The work of the convention is always of the greatest importance to the congregations, especially because there we have the opportunity to be strengthened and renewed in our inward life through speaking, singing, and fellowship, because the convention is a community of Danish Christian men and women. May we meet in the right spirit.

Alfred Jensen.

Kimballton, Iowa, April 26, 1937.

## Correction

An unfortunate error occurred in the footnote to the article "Silence It Never!" LUTHERAN TIDINGS, April 20, 1937. The figure should have been 30 million crowns, not 300.

## Pax Et Unitas

*Put forth, O God, Thy Spirit's might  
And bid Thy church increase  
In breadth and length, in depth and height,  
Her unity and peace.*

*Let works of darkness disappear  
Before Thy conquering light;  
Let hatred and tormenting fear  
Pass with the passing night.*

*Let what Apostles learned of Thee  
Be ours from age to age,  
Their steadfast faith our unity,  
Their peace our heritage.*

*O Judge divine of human strife!  
O Vanquisher of pain!  
To know Thee is eternal life;  
To serve Thee is to reign.*

Howard Chandler Robbins.

## Quality of Earnestness

If a million American church members should be questioned as to what it is above all else they want in a minister, I am quite sure that nine hundred and ninety thousand of them would reply, "Earnestness." Some would employ the synonym "punch." This earnestness will not always be manifested by loud speaking and platform gymnastics. "The still small voice of God is an awful thing to listen to," wrote Madame Guyon. We try to imagine how Jesus uttered some of the discourses that the New Testament has preserved for us: "with power," it says. "Never man spake like this man," must have had reference also to his manner of utterance. And the people "marveled."

## Toilers Together with God

God can grow trees, and lift mountains, and fill space with singing stars, and people the earth with bright-eyed babies, and stretch the seas from continent to continent, and weight the nations as dust in the balance, and fill the earth with His glory; but He has so arranged things that He needs our help in the salvation of a lost world, in comforting a broken heart, in making the desert place blossom as the rose for those out of whose lives the light has gone and into whose lives the night has come. Let us help God with His work.

## The Dead Do Not Beg!

Go to the cemetery sometime. There lie the dead in long rows, grave by grave. You can walk all day through that congregation of the dead and be ungreeted and there will be no one to hail you, beg anything from you, or ask your help. The dead do not ask for anything.

Look around you in your church, in your local congregation. There you hear pleas and prayers. There you will find and hear cries for help in missionary projects and your church schools; there are orphans, poor students and all sorts of suffering humanity, all of which need your help. These are all signs of the fact that there is life! Wherever there is no begging and pleading for help, and there is no giving, there the Church becomes a cemetery, the resting place of the dead.

## MY MOTHER

("Et Møde," translated by John Volk)

We owned a cot with the sea in view;  
For a living my father turned  
Shoes out of wood; and a trifle, too,  
By washing my mother earned.

I was but a small, a daring lad,  
On the beach all day I strayed,  
I swam and ducked and, rosy and glad,  
In the shining sunbeams played.

O, happy those hours of long ago!  
A pity so quickly they passed.  
Too early I found a world of woe;  
The days of sorrow came fast.

A war broke out, and my father left  
One day, our land to defend;  
In battle he fell, and of him bereft,  
On others we had to depend.

We lived on credit, our only relief;  
That, too, soon stopped, and beside  
My mother drooped with sickness and grief;  
Before long in the poorhouse she died.

And now with strangers my lot was cast;  
They themselves had little to spare;  
In rags and tatters, each day that passed  
Some one kicked me and pulled my hair.

I worked and plodded on in my clogs;  
In lying I soon found my joy;  
I teased the children, fought with the dogs,  
And became a very bad boy.

I was at war with the whole wide world;  
Made mischief wherever I could;  
All seemed to hate me, names at me hurled,  
All said that I was no good.

"Oh wait! Some time I'll return each  
blow,"  
In rage I oft used to whine;  
"You'll taste the fists that are sure to  
grow  
On these sinewy arms of mine."

I had reached the age of sixteen years,  
When a wonder happened one day,  
So that to me it clearly appears  
That God surely guides our way.

One Sunday morning I strolled about  
In the country far from town;  
From hunger and thirst and all worn out  
On the point I was to drop down.

The night before I had left my home;  
Though hungry, the richest meal  
Could not lure me back. I would rather  
roam  
Through the land and beg or—steal.

A villa I reached; sweet lilacs in bloom  
In front of it covered the ground;  
I sneaked my way to the drawing room,  
But nowhere I heard a sound.

Still was the house, but pale grew my  
cheek;  
Without was the rustling of leaves.  
Why was I here? And what did I seek?  
Opportunity surely makes thieves.

Softly on tiptoe I walked the floor,  
And looked and peered, like a spy,  
In every nook, till I stopped before  
A picture that caught my eye.

"Oh, this is a dream! I've lost my wits!  
Our own little house by the sea!

And there's my mother, she stands and  
knits,  
There's no mistake! It is she!

"Yes, that's my mother, her lovely face!  
Her mouth and her eyes mild and blue,  
The apron she wore on the holidays,  
And her red-striped jacket, too.

"She looks at me! Oh, don't be afraid!  
Dear mother, Oh, have no fear!  
I tell you truly I have not laid  
My hands on a thing that is here.

"But, oh my God! What is it that stirs  
Within my bosom, while kind  
And pleasant thoughts and sayings of hers  
Again are filling my mind?

"I feel as if I had moved away,  
Back to my childhood's joys;  
I see you, mother, watching me play  
And again I hear your voice.

"I well remember that time I wore  
A brown little homespun blouse;  
From stones and shells that lay on the shore  
I built both cottage and house.

"With Rover, the dog, and Curley, the pig,  
I had the merriest sport,  
While Rover frolicked, Curley would dig  
To music of grunt and snort.

"At evening as soon as your work was  
done,  
I knew you would have some fine  
Treat for me to be munching on,  
Or for whips a bit of twine.

"I hear you calling me 'Dear little chap',  
I see how with motherly care  
You used to hold me upon your lap,  
And kiss me and smooth my hair.

"And while my doing I loved to tell,  
And letting my tongue run loose,  
Sat father, smoking, while trying to spell  
Through the papers to get at the news.

"Then you undressed me, put me to bed,  
As were it last night it seems;  
How safely then I rested my head,  
While I went to the land of dreams.

"On Sunday mornings with pride I burned  
In a hat with ribbons blue  
And father's trousers that you had turned  
And fitted for me just like new.

"Oh, how I loved to sit by your side,  
And how I listened surprised,  
Whenever you told of Him who died  
For all, the merciful Christ.

"Your kindness how could I ever forget,  
My soul must have been asleep.  
Dear little mother, you must not fret  
Because I stand here and weep.

"I feel it eases my heart to let  
These tears burst forth, for they say  
I might become a good fellow yet  
If I saw you every day."

So, deeply moved, I spoke and cried,  
When a hand on my shoulder was laid.  
Pale as a ghost to escape I tried,  
A rush for the door I made.

But a friendly voice said: "Don't be  
afraid!  
Now I wish to have a word;

I saw you come in, and all you said  
At the window I overheard.

"The mother I heard you praising so,  
And the home you thought so good;  
I painted about ten years ago,  
While stopping in that neighborhood.

"And many pictures like that, my boy,  
Are found here and there with my name,  
But that one has given me greatest joy,  
By that one I first won my fame.

"And thousands here and from other lands  
Have called it splendid and fine;  
But so full of life as now it stands  
I never saw that picture of mine.

"You've put around it a frame of love  
From memory's treasury, and  
That gives it a value far above  
What others can understand.

"And ever hereafter twice as dear  
As before to me it will be;  
But tell me, my son, what brings you here?  
Is it me you have come to see?"

"I know not," I said. "I know not why  
I came, but while outside I stood,  
I yearned to go in, yes, in and try  
If I could, if I could—yes, could—

"But when I saw my mother was near,  
I knew it would cause her pain—  
I think 'twas God that brought me in here  
To meet with my mother again."

He answered: "Yes, that might well be  
said,  
And now you had better stay  
With her, and let us thank God who led  
You home, when you went astray."

Since then a good many years have gone;  
A painter myself I became,  
And, like my teacher, I, too, have won  
A host of good friends and fame.

But, next to God, to my mother I owe  
That ever I reached the mark;  
She took my soul that had sunk so low  
To the sunlight out of the dark.

All cold, hardened thoughts, like ice and  
snow

That melt in the sun and the rain,  
Melted away with tears in the glow  
Of love when I met her again.

Zakarias Nielsen.

## OUR CHURCH

Rev. Swen Baden, Bridgeport, Conn.,  
will conduct services at West Haven,  
the evening of Mother's Day, May 9.  
These services are being sponsored by the  
Danish Ladies' Aid Society there and will  
be held in the Whitneyville Congrega-  
tional Church in English.

Rev. Charles L. Parker, rector of St.  
Paul's Episcopal Church of Bridgeport,  
Conn., will preach on Ascension Day at  
our Bridgeport church, where Rev. Swen  
Baden is the pastor.

Worth thinking about. "If every one  
of our members would take one [a penny  
can] and place in it what he or she can  
spare, whether it be 10 pennies or 200  
pennies each month, it would not be neces-



sary to hold card parties, bingo parties, or raffles in order to meet our financial obligations. Isn't it worth thinking about?" writes Rev. Baden in his local bulletin.

**Birthday Party.** The Guiding Circle, the English Ladies' Aid of Ringsted, Iowa, celebrated its fifth birthday on May 4 with a party to which they had invited all the Ladies' Aids of all the churches in the neighboring towns of Ringsted, Seneca, Armstrong, and Halfa, Iowa. Over 200 guests were present at the festival.

**Rev. P. H. Pedersen,** Perth Amboy, N. J., reports in his local paper that the Perth Amboy congregation has appointed a new kind of committee. The task of this committee will be to visit the sick and the old. The committee was chosen by the Ladies' Aid at the request of the congregation. An action much to be recommended.

**The Youth Leaders' Conference,** sponsored by the Danish-American Young People's League, was held at Des Moines, Iowa, at Grand View College, April 27 to 30. A large number of guests were present, mostly pastors and leaders of the young people of our synod. Many thoughtful and interesting talks were given, and a good deal of pertinent discussion enlivened the sessions. Prof. Alfred C. Nielsen of Grand View College conducted the meetings. More from this meeting will appear in LUTHERAN TIDINGS of May 20.

**Danebod Folk High School,** Tyler, Minn., will open again this summer for girls. The session will open on June 14 and close on August 6. Rev. Holger Strandskov will be in charge; he will be assisted by Mrs. Strandskov, Mr. and Mrs. Viggo Tarnow of Hutchinson, Minn., Miss Maria Schmidt of Newell, Iowa, and Rev. Harald Ibsen of Diamond Lake, Minn. Besides a large number of visiting pastors will give talks from time to time. Anyone who might desire to come to Tyler for the summer session should write to Rev. Holger Strandskov, Tyler, Minn., for further information.

**Omaha, Nebr.** The Ladies' Aid Society of Omaha, Nebr., has recently started a fund for the decoration and upkeep of their church. For the benefit of this fund they are having a package sale on May 14, at which they will be assisted by the Omaha Municipal University dramatic players.

**Rev. C. C. Rasmussen,** Los Angeles, Calif., has been afflicted with an eye infection which has hindered him for some time in the normal use of his eyes. We are glad to learn that he is somewhat improved and hope it will not be long before he has entirely recovered from his trouble.

**Mr. M. P. Møller,** the famous Danish organ builder of Hagerstown, Md., passed away April 13 at the age of 83. Mr. Møller was well known to churches and schools throughout our land for his great generosity. He has given large donations to many churches and schools in the form of organs.

**Fredsville, Iowa.** Last year the Fredsville people extended their hospitality to the children of the Chicago orphanage. They are considering doing the same this

year, according to Rev. Holger Nielsen's local bulletin. This shows a very commendable spirit of service. For a number of years the Hampton, Iowa, congregation did the same service.

**Final services** will be held in the old church at Los Angeles, Calif., on June 13. This church has been sold and is entirely paid for; and the congregation is in the midst of building operations. By the above mentioned date the construction of the new church will have progressed so far that the building can be taken into use. The new church is built in the style of the Danish country church, but is at the same time reminiscent of the early southern California style of architecture, a bit of old Denmark in the midst of the great American metropolis.

**Red Cross Unit.** Rev. A. Th. Dorf, Brooklyn, N. Y., reports that his church has a local Red Cross unit of its own, through which they can support benevolent causes in our country.

**Rev. Edwin E. Hansen,** who has served the congregation at Hampton, Iowa, for a number of years, has accepted a call from the congregation at Juhl, Mich. He expects to take over the work of his new charge about August 1.

**Junction City, Ore.** Our congregation at Junction City, Ore., Rev. Johannes Pedersen, pastor, celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary on April 23. Rev. Isaksen, Tacoma, Wash., who is about to make his departure for Denmark, had been invited as the speaker.

**Mr. and Mrs. Sorensen,** Ringsted, Iowa, have set themselves a beautiful memorial by having planted two rows of fine spruce trees just north of the Ringsted church in the place where the old church barn that was sold last year was located. Besides making a good shelter for the church grounds these trees will come to be a landmark when the Sorensens' children children are old men and women.

**Bridgeport, Conn.** Rev. S. Baden reports in his local paper that seven new colored windows set in lead have been installed in their church. These windows have been imported from Europe. They were dedicated on Easter Sunday.

**New Communion Cups.** The congregation at Kimballton, Iowa, has recently imported from Denmark 80 individual communion cups. They are not the usual small glass cups, but silver cups. These small silver cups are very beautiful and much easier to use than the glass variety.

**Flower Sale.** The Ladies' Aid at Diamond Lake, Minn., hold an annual flower sale in the spring. Each lady brings from her garden those things of which she has more than she needs, bulbs, roots, flower slips, and potted plants. These are then sold to other members who need them, and the proceeds go to the society. This year the flower sale was held on May 6.

#### Everything But—

If you are planning on an auto tour this year, get a large road map. It will tell you everything you want to know, except how to fold it up again.

## The Doors Are Open

A story is told of a very rich man who was also a very discontented man. About him he observed many happy people, yet he was never truly happy himself. One night he dreamed he met Father Time and told him of his problem.

"The trouble with you, sir," said Father Time, "is that you confine yourself too much to one world. There are all kinds of worlds within the world that you live in. Come! I will show the doors to some of them, and you may make your choice."

Very soon they came to some of the doors. The rich man went to one over which was the legend "The Door of the World of Happiness." He took out his key ring and tried his golden keys, one by one, in the lock; but none of them would turn.

"Never mind," he said, "I'll try another door."

He tried "The Door to the World of Joy," but with the same result. None of his keys of gold would turn in the lock.

Next he tried "The Door to the World of Friendship." He had no better luck.

"You are playing a joke on me," he said. "My keys do not fit!"

"Try them on the next door or two," Father Time suggested.

On the lock of "The Door to the World of Possessions" the first key worked and opened the door. And another key opened "The Door to the World of Monetary Power."

"But these are not the worlds I would enter," the rich man said. "I am already too familiar with them. I would enter those other worlds."

"Then put your golden keys away and forget them," Father Time said, "and return to those doors. They will open to you. They are never locked. Happiness and Joy, and Friendship may be had by the poorest and by the richest alike, but the poorest cannot sell them and the richest cannot buy them. Such things can only be given. The more you give, the more there is about you, and it grows and comes back to you, and soon you find you are living in the midst of it, and—"

And just then the rich man awoke and though it had been only a dream, he knew it had contained a great truth, and he knew he could make that dream come true.—"The Challenge."

## Neighborliness

The story is told of a city man who bought a farm. When he went out to look at the line fence which had been the source of so much quarreling, the neighboring farmer said:

"That fence is a full foot over on my land."

"Very well," said the new owner, "we will set the fence over two feet on my side."

"Oh! But that is more than I claim," stammered the surprised farmer.

"Never mind; I would much rather have peace with my neighbor than two feet of earth."

"That's surely fine of you, sir," replied the farmer, "but I couldn't let you do a thing like that. Let's not move the fence at all."

The next time you have a dispute about rights, surprise the other fellow by giving him more than he claims, and see what will happen.—"Lubricator."

## The Biggest Sinner in Town

By Verne Leslie Smith

Quite innocently the pastor announced that he would preach next Sunday evening on "The Biggest Sinner in Town." He was a student in the School of Theology of Boston University, and preached in one of New England's smaller villages. He had reasoned that the degree of one's sin increased with his intelligence quotient, and so without any particular person in mind, had determined to preach on the text, *To him that knoweth to do right, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.* The topic to him sounded ordinary and he expected nothing else than the usual indifference.

But the word quickly spread that the Methodist minister was to lift the curtain on somebody's secret misbehavior, and rapidly rising interest in the sermon was paralleled with strange stirrings of conscience on the part of many people who vividly remembered things they were trying to forget, and who asked, "Is it possible that the minister is planning to talk about me?" Is there a chance that he has discovered things in my life and plans publicly to expose me?

Anxious people did much sweating under the fear of a public revelation of private misdemeanors. One man traveled more than a hundred miles to get the pastor out of his class in Boston and beg him not tell. "You saw my automobile that night, but you do not know that I did anything that was wrong." "You don't know what I know," truthfully said the uninformed pastor as he wondered what devilry this man was referring to.

Letters began to pour in, sixty-two of them—signed letters, acknowledging past sins but assuming present decency; appealing letters; threats; tear-stained letters, and an anonymous one predicting, "If you mention my name, I'll be damned and you'll be crucified."

Came Sunday, and the crowd. The elements, usually so effective to keep people from their duty, now also conspired, but without results. The church was packed. There was a strange mixture of eager and secret fears. The minister had the completest attention he had ever received. A dropped pin would have created a sensation.

Said the minister: "There are three groups of people here tonight, all sinners. The first is made up of sensation seekers, who have come to gloat as they see me lift the curtain in public on some sinning neighbor—a thing, under God, I shall never do. Close your eyes and ask God to forgive you for assuming the attitude of the sinful Pharisee who prayed, 'I thank thee, God, that I am not as other men are!'"

"The second group is made up of people who have sinned, who know they have sinned, and who know that I know they have sinned. These letters," and the minister lifted up the sixty-two for all to see, "which other eyes than mine shall never see, are the confessions of your sins, for the forgiveness of which you must thrust yourselves upon the mercies of God"

"The third group," said the preacher, "is made up of those who would have been here to worship God whatever the preacher's theme might be and to unite in praying, 'Father, forgive us our debts,' in acknowledgement of their sins."

To begin with he had not planned it that way. But so he was led. The congregation faded away into the night, humbled and chagrined at the picture they saw in

the mirror that the preacher had held before their souls.

Who are the sinners? The drunken moron who beats his wife? The victimized girl who sells her body for bread? The saloon-keeper who sells his poison for profit? The munitions manufacturer who instigates war for dividends? Yes, these are sinners.

But look in the mirror. The person of high possibilities but low performance, who knows to do right, and does it not—he sins! The Christian who delights his soul in fatness, but who withholds the application of the Kingdom idea to the world's ills—he sins! The disciple of Jesus who remains forever a disciple and never becomes an apostle—he sins! The congregation that continues to be a field for seed-sowing and never becomes a force for righteousness—that congregation sins!

As far from Christian individuals in our own personal life; as responsible units in a largely pagan society; as enlightened people who sit at ease in Zion while empires and institutions crash; as we eat, drink, and are merry while many hunger and others stagger, disillusioned as their castles in the air come crashing to the ground, bewildered in the maze of a weird and un-Christian economic and social order; as we grow blandly indifferent within the protecting walls of church buildings and parish boundaries while disaster engulfs large areas of unevangelized life and souls sink into hells of their own making—we are sinners all and should be driven to our knees by the realization of it. It is my heart that cries out with the publican of old, "God ... God ... God ... be merciful to me ... a sinner."

"Coe. Wkly."

## PRESERVING WHAT IS HOLY

(Continued from page 1.)

things with the same conventional reverence and deference as is shown to other pillars of society. On the other hand, they do not give much thought to what may be the underlying meaning of these man-made superficialities.

It should really be quite clear and plain to Christians that the holiness of God is not to be preserved in this manner, but on the contrary is hidden and made insipid by such well-meaning procedure. The revelation of God which is given us in Jesus Christ is from first to last a submission to the humble conditions of the world, an endeavor to bring the divine down as low as possible so that we who stand in the midst of this misery may come to see holiness in the unsubdued and unspotted purity, truth, unselfishness, and love which was in Jesus.

In other words we do not preserve what is holy by depositing it in precious shrines on the altars of proud cathedrals; we can only preserve it by continually handing it out to the world, by making it active in the world, and by letting it serve the world indiscriminately under those conditions which the world offers.

There was once a splendid temple at Jerusalem. It was held sacred by the whole people. A wall of laws and regulations protected it from being profaned, for God dwelt there. It has been deserted and destroyed, while holiness was again made manifest and visible on the cross. Such is the relation today between those who would preserve what is holy by defending and protecting it and those who would preserve it by turning it over to the world.

Halvdan Helweg

in "The Church on the March."

## It Doesn't Cost Money

It doesn't cost money, as many suppose,  
To have a good time on the earth;  
The best of its pleasures are free unto those

Who know how to value their worth.

The sweetest of music the birds to us sing,  
The loveliest flowers grow wild;  
The finest of drinks gushes out of the spring—

All free to man, woman, and child.

No money can purchase, no artist can paint,  
Such pictures as nature supplies  
Forever, all over, to sinner and saint,  
Who use to advantage their eyes.

Kind words and glad looks, and smiles  
cheery and brave.

Cost nothing—no, nothing at all;  
And yet all the wealth Monte Cristo could save

Can make no such pleasure befall.

To bask in the sunshine, to breathe the pure air,

Honest toil, the enjoyment of health,  
Sweet slumber refreshing—these pleasures we share

Without any portion of wealth.

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