

Lutheran Tidings

Volume IV

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Number 9

TO SEE THE LORD

And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But arise and stand upon thy feet, for to this end have I appeared unto thee to appoint thee a minister and a witness both of the things wherein thou hast seen me and of the things wherein I will appear unto thee, delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom I send thee to open their eyes, that they may turn from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive the remission of sins and an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in me. Acts 26:15-18.

We speak that which we know and bear witness of that which we have seen, says Jesus to Nicodemus. (John 3). But it is not only Jesus himself who could say this. His Apostles also knew what they were talking about when they told the people: This is what Jesus said and did. For they had been there; they had heard and seen. When they spoke about the resurrection, they could say: We know that Jesus died, for we saw Him dead, and we know that He has risen for we have seen Him alive, after He was dead. They could be, and they were, as definite as a person in the witness chair in court is required to be when he is asked, Were you there? Did you yourself see? Did you hear with your own ears, or are you testifying to hearsay?

Someone might say, Yes, for the Apostles had seen him in the flesh. But here is Paul, perhaps he has seen Jesus, in the flesh, perhaps not. If he had, he would have seen Jesus with the eyes of a Pharisee and therefore would have had nothing of which to bear witness; for the Pharisees were blind to the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. (2 Cor. 4:3-6). Paul had probably not seen Jesus in the flesh, as had the twelve, and if he had, it is not of that vision Paul bears witness; it is of the Jesus that showed himself to Paul on the way to Damascus and later in the Temple when Paul prayed there.

Paul seems to be in an intermediate position between the Apostles and us, for he had not seen Jesus in the flesh to testify of Him, but he says in so many words that he has seen Him: "It came to pass that when . . . I prayed in the Temple, I fell into a trance, and I saw Him saying unto me. . . ." (Acts 22:17). Paul had seen him, and Paul bears witness to the resurrection as one who had seen the risen Lord. In the text here before us, Paul even goes a step further. He not only says that Jesus appeared to him in the road and told Paul that he was to bear witness of this; he adds that Jesus there promised to appear unto him in things of which he was to bear witness in the future. That is: Paul in testifying about Jesus, needed never to have recourse to that device which we ministers now so often use: Think out something by ourselves, draw conclusions from what we have heard from others, and then present these conclusions in a discourse. Paul always had first hand information; he, as well as the twelve, could always speak that which he knew and bear witness of that which he had seen.

You and I now are agreed that this ideal is the way

it should be. Our preaching would have greater effect if that were the manner of our preaching. We must, therefore, ask: Is it possible for us now to preach as Paul preached? Even though we have not the first fruits of the Spirit, as Paul had together with the twelve—even though we may not be able to receive that measure of the Spirit, which Paul had and could bear, and, therefore, our testimony can neither be as comprehensive, nor as powerful as that of Paul, is it not possible that as far as our testimony goes, we also may speak that which we know and bear witness of that which we have seen?

First of all let us admit the necessity of small beginnings. We cannot bear to see the Lord. Even Paul himself could not at first bear to see Jesus. In the road to Damascus he saw only the light of Jesus' person, and that light was so great that it blinded him. Only three years later, when he had prayed in the Temple, was he able to see and look upon the Lord. You and I will have to begin where we are, or, more rightly: The Spirit will have to begin with you and me *as we are*.

The Spirit begins with the drawing of the Father. No man can come to Jesus, except the Father draw him. (John 6:44). The Father draws unto Jesus Christ; that is He draws us into the truth, as Jesus is the truth. That is, our conscience awakens, and we begin to feel uneasy about untruthfulness in our everyday lives. Or we become uneasy about our way of doing business. That way may pass before the law of other men, but it no longer passes before the law in our own inward parts. Then we begin the work of living more rightly. Perhaps we succeed. Perhaps we go out of business, because under present conditions that business could not be conducted honestly. Have we then attained? The man who in all honesty tries this course will find that his uneasiness does not diminish; it increases. Instead of finding rest, he becomes more restless. He probably will have something of the same experience that Luther had, when he set to work making himself righteous. Luther's distress seems to have become greater after he entered the monastery. Then he got up and prayed in the night. He knelt on the floor of his cell and wept and cried to the Almighty God. The result seems to have been increased fear. He cried out to his own soul: Brother Martin! when will you become really pious so that you may have a merciful God?

What was Luther trying to do? He was trying to do the work for himself that Jesus had already done for him, and that only Jesus could do for him: make him pious. When Luther began to see this, then his sky began to clear. When the older brother monk came to him and said, Do you not know that you have been baptized to believe in the forgiveness of sins, then Luther began to see Jesus in the Covenant Word of God. He did not see Him in the body, but he saw Him as the one who has power on earth to forgive sins, and that was what Luther needed, that was enough for him, that was probably all that he

could bear to see at that time. He saw that he himself by birth of water and the Spirit had been grafted into this righteous one, so that Jesus' life was now his life. That was what he needed, and his soul was at rest.

No wonder that in his catechism he speaks of the Covenant Word as *The Faith*. He wants it said and repeated daily. He himself repeats it sometimes many times a day. Why? Probably because in it he had seen as much of Jesus as he needed to see to find rest for his soul. And doubtless this is the secret of the power in Luther's words: He spoke that which he knew and bore witness of that which he had seen when he spoke of the glorious freedom of the children of God.

I am not saying to you: Start saying the Apostles' Creed in your prayer, and in that way you shall gain that personal experience which will enable you, when you speak of Jesus to speak that which you know and bear witness of that which you have seen. Maybe you are not able to begin there. It was not at the beginning of the forty days, it was at the end of the two times forty days with the Lord, that Moses could find it in his heart to pray: Lord, show me thy glory! (Ex. 33). Rather will I say, Start with those things which even the honorable Gentile in heathen lands knows that he should do: Be honorable in your dealings with men, as your conscience tells you. Follow the instructions that John the Baptist gave when the people asked him, What must we do? and he said: Live honorably and give to them that are in need. Then I believe you will, by and by, have your eyes opened so that you can see that the righteousness of man is not enough when you want to appear before God.

If that happens with you, then you are at the place where the Spirit of God can take you in hand and guide you into the truth, that is to Jesus, so that you may see as much of him as you need to see and are able to bear. Personally I believe that the Covenant Word between God and man is the best meeting place of the Savior and those that are to be saved—is that cleft in the rock (Ex. 33:22) where man may stand as Moses stood and see as much of the Lord as he is able to bear.

Valdemar S. Jensen.

The Santal Mission

Time marches on. It is 70 years since Borresen and Skrefsrud began the blessed work as missionaries to the Santals. Or—we may say—God called and ordained them to that work. They never claimed the work to be their own; no, it was always God's work they were doing. For every blessing and every advancement in the work, they gave God the glory.

The founders did their work and have gone to their reward. Their names are written with big letters, not only in the mission history of India, but also in the hearts of thousands of the Santals. They worked as true workers in God's vineyard, and they were privileged to see a great fruit of their work. Others took up the labor. There has been steady progress in the work for the Santal mission not only in India, but also in the homelands, the countries where many know and work for the Santal mission with their prayers and their gifts.

The work has grown to include mission work not only among the Santals, but also among the Bengals and the Boros. The work includes not only church work and preaching, but also different kinds of school work, and works of mercy, as in the hospital at Benagaria and the leper colony at Saldoha. It is not only the white mission-

aries, who are active workers, but there are more than thirty native pastors and many elders and Bible women.

We sing in a hymn: "There shall be showers of blessings, showers of blessing we need." God has provided showers of blessings over all this work. It is encouraging to see and contemplate this work in a world where evil and destruction are rampant.

It would have been impossible for the missionaries to carry on their work without the help from Denmark and Norway, and from the Danes and Norwegians in this country. But as the support was needed in the field, the work in the homelands has progressed. New workers prepared themselves and went out as workers in the mission field, and the friends who stayed at home gave of their means to support the work.

Mrs. Karoline B. Kjølhede has for many years done a great work for the Santal mission in the Danish church of America. She has been the treasurer of the Santal Committee of our synod for many years, and she has been a very diligent correspondent for the Santal mission. She has written many articles in our Danish papers and has done much to keep up interest in the work. Her husband died last summer, and she has now gone back to Denmark, whether to stay or on a visit, I do not know.

I will try to take up her work as a correspondent for the Santal mission that our interest may be kept intact.

We hear so much about balancing the budget in our days. This is an increasingly difficult task in our land.

Friends of the Santal mission in the homelands have also adopted a budget. There is a committee for this work in Denmark, one in Norway, and one in America. They work in unison and in cooperation with the directors of the work on the mission field. The name of the American committee is "The Santal Mission of the Northern Churches, A Lutheran Mission to the Santals in India."

For years there has been given about \$100,000 to the Santal mission from friends in the homelands. The share of the budget for the American committee has been \$20,000,000 for several years. Of this amount the committee of the Danish Church has been asked to furnish \$6,000.00. We may say, that is our budget. Sometimes we have reached the goal sometimes we have fallen far behind, and the work in the field has suffered accordingly. We reached the goal very nearly last year in our synod. Because there was some extra money given to send Dr. Erling Ostergaard back to India, and that was given too, we reached a little more than the \$6,000.00. We are very thankful to God and to the friends for this result. We should reach the same amount this year. But, it seems to me, we have celebrated the 70 year jubilee, and thought so much about the work that has been done that we have forgotten to give our share this year.

Miss Sigrud Ostergaard, 1110 5th St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn., is our treasurer. According to her last report, there has only been given \$2,255.87 from our synod so far this year. This is therefore a call for help, that the friends of the mission will give a good gift now.

There were many mission boxes sent out last spring. They were for the people to put a gift in now and then. I know there are many who have done that. If the money in these boxes is still there, it should be collected and sent to the treasurer before Christmas. I have been collecting this money in my congregations, and I shall ask other ministers to do the same. Let us help each other in this work. May the love for the Santal mission grow stronger from year to year among us. It is God's work and it is sure to bring a blessing.

Henrik Plambeck.

THE NEVER CHANGING REALITY

Text: 1 Cor. 3,11.

Sermon delivered at a Service of Rededication and Thanksgiving in Our Saviour's Lutheran Congregation,
Manistee, Mich., November 21, 1937.

By *Leo B. C. Broe.*

Times have changed since May, 1868, when a small group of professing Christians first gathered to take up the task of building a Lutheran Church in this city. Times have changed since that 10th Sunday after Trinity, August 1, 1869, on which day was formerly organized the Scandinavian Evangelical Lutheran Congregation, the forerunner of today's congregation. We need not dwell upon those changes; they are too apparent. We could, however, easily do so, comfortably losing ourselves in reflecting upon what our forefathers had done, easily praising them and in the meantime taking our minds off ourselves and that task which today is specifically ours. That tribute which is theirs expresses itself in the existence of Our Saviour's Lutheran Congregation and in it speaks for itself. Let each of us honor them in silence, who "have fought the good fight, have finished the course, have kept the faith." (2 Tim. 4:7.)

On that day, Aug. 1, 1869, all of the participants were born in one of the Scandinavian nations. Times have changed that condition, too. Some of us, yes many of us, assembled here today are born, as we say, "in the old country." A large proportion, however, are born in America, offspring of an immigrant people, and we, in turn, have our families, some of whom are also with us. And on the morrow, we shall witness, I believe, a further influx of native born Americans, people of the second and third generation of immigrant peoples and not of necessity, of Scandinavian extraction. Personally, I believe it is well and healthy, even something to be thankful for, that we can share with peoples of a different culture and background the essence of Christian fellowship through the Word, written as well as spoken, and the Sacraments.

At all events, we who are here congregate to give thanks to God and to rededicate ourselves to His work in the Christian church. If we are not, then we ought to be thankful for each other as a Christian Congregation, for the Spirit which has moved us in accomplishing what we have. I am certain that we are thankful to those friends of this church who have contributed so much and have assisted us most liberally in the reconditioning of our property. I am certain that I can truthfully say that never in the history of the congregation has its property, as a unit, been in the condition it now is. And from casual remarks made from time to time there are hints that we are not through yet, that in the spring we shall attempt to recondition the basement of our school house. Yes, in a physical and material sense, we are most prosperous. And the town watchman, if we had such an official, could and would walk by our little corner on 3rd and Walnut Sts., even on the darkest and stormiest of nights and say, "All is well." So pure, in the gleaming white of four buildings, do we appear! So fine, in the beautiful workmanship of the reconstructed and re-decorated interior of our church, do we seem! I know that we are all happy today, radiantly happy. I think I can say, and use the term in truth, that today we are thrilled. But let us catch ourselves at once and heed well the words of the Psalmist:

"Except the Lord build the house,
they labor in vain that build it;

except the Lord keep the city, the
watchman waketh but in vain."
Psalm 127, 1.

Today, as stated earlier, we congregate to give thanks and to rededicate ourselves in the work of this congregation. To do that we must search for and find the finest, the richest, the most living and vital religious experience that comes to man. We must clarify for ourselves as individuals and as a congregation." This day will be one of rededication only if we have come somewhat nearer to the realization of Him as the Truth. Then shall we approximate inwardly what we as a congregation connote outwardly.

How, we may ask, shall this be accomplished? Let us turn for a moment to Isaiah's young contemporary, the prophet Micah. In one of the most expressive and beautiful of Old Testament passages he says: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6:6-8.)

Need anything be added to that statement? If so, listen to St. Augustine, as noted by a commentator. "Thou askest, what thou shouldest offer for thee? Offer thyself. For what else doth the Lord seek of thee, but thee? Because, of all earthly creatures, He hath made nothing better than thee, He seeketh thyself from thyself, because thou hadst lost thyself."

Offer thyself! That stirring appeal confronts us all. It is a challenge which we may ignore; but only to our shame. The need of any age is that of consecrated men who will dedicate their lives to the work of the Church, as particularly taught, not symbolized, by the Cross. For the Cross is not an emblem which we can pin upon the lapel of our clothing and then promptly forget it. The Cross is Christianity: faith in God the Father; hope in Christ, the Son; love of the message of the Holy Spirit which shall guide us in the true course of our relationships with our fellow men.

Too often we, laymen and clergymen alike, attempt to accomplish, not the work of the church, but the work in the church, through our own humanism. We give that which is ourself, the "I" in me and the "you" in you, rather than offer ourself to the Master, and let Him work His will in us. We expect to carry the weight of a top-heavy superstructure without having under it the proper foundation; for we attempt to make ourselves the foundation as well—and—find it woefully weak.

My friends, let us become further convinced of the fact that Jesus Christ is the never changing reality. We have in this church a beautiful altar, in my judgment. May we, for a moment, not merely look at it, but may we think of it. It was placed in the church in 1898, during the ministry of Rev. K. C. Bodholdt. Its purchase was made possible through the direct efforts of the Ladies'

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EDITORIAL

We have just passed Thanksgiving Day. When we think of the sentiment of gratitude for which this day should be an expression, it occurs to me that the spirit of generosity should be a part of all real gratitude. I do not believe we can be really grateful for the things we have received without wanting to give to others, especially to those whom we hold dear and to those in need.

There is often a wonderful spirit of generosity in this country of ours. In the midst of all our abundance it is wrong to impute to the American people mercenary motives in any special degree, as we are so used to hear from Europeans. Nevertheless, when we think of our Danish Church, penuriousness is sometimes a trait of which we can not entirely absolve ourselves. We are very wary when it comes to giving to our own church. Now I think that is a trait inherited from our mother country. There the people are not accustomed to supporting their church. It all comes to them free at the hands of the state. We have treasured many good customs from the old country, and inadvertently this trait has sneaked in with other and better traits.

At Christmas time most people are very generous with gifts to family and friends. That is very fine and commendable. What if this same spirit could be extended also to include some of the activities of our church! After all the church more than any other thing in the world does stand for all that lies at the basis of the Christmas festival. The spirit of the Christ child is the spirit of the church. Christ is the foundation of the church. Why not let the Santal Mission, the Danish Women's Mission Fund, the Seaman's Mission, the Old Pastors' Pension Fund, the Old People's Home, the Children's Homes, Grand View College, or the synod itself feel the wonderful spirit of giving which we all know is abroad at this season. I am sure the giver himself would be blessings richer for doing so.

We give to these things all the year round, you say. Has it never occurred to you that the contributions we make to the work of the church in the course of the year can hardly be called giving. Wouldn't it be more proper to say that we pay for what we get, though our payment is very small for what we get from the church, even in a material sense. When we pay for any other thing we get, we do not think of saying that we give. But if we could give, think what that would mean!

C. A. Stub.

Grand View College

WINTER SESSION

The Winter Session at Grand View College begins December 6, 1937, and closes March 6, 1938.

I have always felt and I continue to feel strongly that Grand View College has and must continue to have a service to render and a message to bring to all of our young people, irrespective of whether or not they desire to pursue accredited collegiate work. The large majority of our young people will not go to college; many will never attend or complete High School. Our obligation to these young people, as well as to the collegiate students, must be to arrange our work and fashion our methods in such a manner that they will conform and contribute most effectively to the needs of a "living" education.

I do not believe that our needs and our plans and purposes are vastly different from those which prevail in other groups who live under a correspondingly similar American environment. It has been my experience that as these groups seek ways and means of meeting and serving their needs, they are faced with many of the same problems which confront us, and they are following many of the paths which lead to the philosophy and form of school-living which has been our heritage. We hope to be able to serve our own needs also in the coming Winter Session, and in so doing recognize that we are in our small way facing and meeting the needs of today.

The educational needs today are many. I want to mention only four as I bring once more an invitation to our young people to be with us during the Winter Session of 1937-1938.

The challenge in American education comes today from the millions of young people who never finish the eighth grade, who do not attend High School, and who do not go to college, and lies in our obligation toward these millions to find some form of school living which will have functional significance. Our United States Commissioner of Education has called our attention to an estimate made in November, 1934, which indicates that of some 75,300,000 people in the United States, twenty-one years of age or over, about 32,000,000 never even completed the eighth grade, another 32,000,000 finished the eighth grade but failed to graduate from high school, 9,200,000 graduated from high school, while only about 2,100,000 graduated from college. These figures, that 42.36% never completed the eighth grade, only 12.21% finished high school, and only 2.78% graduated from college, form the astounding basis for this significant challenge. We need a school for the people, a new enthusiasm, a profound enlightenment, an inspiration of and from life itself.

There is a great need for a reintegration of the work and of the plans of the institutions of higher learning. They must develop in some significant manner a oneness, a unity, which can give purpose, relationship, completeness, to their endeavors. They must possess an underlying philosophy which can give unity in purpose and method, integrate and coordinate their practices and purposes. An outstanding president from one of our greatest universities spoke with great candor on this score at the annual trustees dinner for the faculty of his university in saying: "Because the educational system has disintegrated, our population, in spite of the most elaborate educational facilities in the world, is getting more and more ignorant every day. I sometimes think that it is only their ignorance that saves us from their wrath. They don't know enough to know how ignorant we have made them. But

they are not yet so ignorant as not to guess that something is wrong somewhere. Nobody can go through the educational system without feeling sharply or vaguely that it is defective in some way. Public efforts at criticism have so far taken the farcical form of senatorial investigations and teachers' oath laws. But we cannot rely indefinitely on the stupidity of our people. It might be better to get ourselves squared around to meet any attack with a clear conscience.—I do not suggest that if a university is to be anything more than a random collection of specialists and education is to be much more than the communication of miscellaneous information, we must have a common acquaintance with the ideas that can seriously pretend to be basic. . . . We need a greater recognition of goals and a deeper understanding of the basic laws of human living as of the fundamental sources of life.

And in recognition of these facts, we need, thirdly, the Christian college on the battle front. The president of one of the larger Lutheran colleges voiced this need in a national broadcast some time ago, and while his view may raise points of difference, it is well worth a moment of serious reflection. As movements of air flow down from the mountains to affect the climate of the valleys where people do their daily work and live their daily lives, so the currents of thought prevailing in higher education gradually penetrate the thinking and the believing of all the levels of any generation. What is thought and taught in the colleges and universities today becomes the notions and ideas of tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. The climate of our own day was determined by movements of thought in higher schools a decade or more ago.

It is in her colleges that the church meets these new ideas and philosophies of life. If the church cannot stem the materialism of today's thinking and the paganization of today's morals in her colleges, the effects will soon be evident in the parish work of the Christian pastor. When the front line trenches have been lost, the battle comes closer home. The Christian college is in the front line, defending a coming generation from unbelief and all the strange foes of the modern world. To lose on this front means a defeat of untold dimension to the church of Christ.—We need the Christian college on the battle front.

Educational institutions need, furthermore, to listen to and eventually to follow the purpose and the plans of some of our leading American educators who conceive of education in terms of human living, and who are endeavoring to find means and methods which conform more effectively to the needs of a living education. They demand that general education should prepare one for current and continuous high and noble living. "In large part at least the race has discovered those ways of human living that are most wholesome, most fruitful, and in the long run most satisfying . . . To be cultivated or cultured is to live in these ways." A person "may have so completely forgotten his textbook information that he could not pass even the easiest college entrance examination. He may have sloughed off the academic techniques of the schools, and yet even in this intellectual condition, if his current living is a mosaic of diversified activities on a properly elevated level, he is well-educated." Living is the fundamental curriculum. The school must "assist its students to a continuity of current, diversified, and elevated human living, with the expectation that the continuity once set in operation will continue into and through the later adult years."—We need a way of

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Mission Boxes

The first part of the year mission boxes were sent to all our churches, Sunday schools, young people's societies and ladies aids.

By this time we hope they are well filled and that you are anxious to get them sent on their way to do some good. The contents of some boxes have already been sent in. We would appreciate very much if those who can would send it in before Christmas. Where it is possible, it might be best to have a certain day that all boxes are brought in and in some way a special occasion made of it.

So far, we have received a little better than one third of what we should get in for the year. That, we know, makes it difficult for our friends and the cause in Santalistan. Let us work—and work hard—that they may get the support they need from us here at home.

Recent letters from India have told us that Dagmar Miller has been very ill, first with typhoid fever and then with malaria. And Erling Ostergaard has had dysentery. It will take quite some time before they really gain their strength, for there is too much work waiting.—If we only then could handle our financial support, so *that* should cause no extra worry!

Alma Ostergaard tells us in one letter about the 70th anniversary celebration, and I shall copy some of it:

"Sunday was a big day here in the land of the Santals.—Each mission station celebrated the 70th anniversary themselves, although Benagaria would have been a good place for a joint gathering, since so many of the traditions center about this place.

"However, we were a big enough gathering anyway, as about 1300 or 1400 people assembled here for the forenoon service and the 'Bhrj' of rice and curry.

"This gathering included the people of Ebenezer congregation and the various small congregations in the little villages round about in our district.

"The compound was in festive dress with flags and archways along the path to the church. The graves of the old pioneers were freshly white-washed and decorated, and the inside of the church strung with garlands of leaves and colored paper.

"The day began with a parade. And for the service the church was packed. It was surely impressive as that audience joined in the opening hymn: 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.'

"The feeding of that multitude was no small undertaking. They began serving right after forenoon service and kept on until 5 p. m. Serving is simple in this country, however, as the people are seated in rows upon the grass, (it reminds one of Christ feeding the 5,000) with a plate of leaves before them, and the servers pass between the rows with huge baskets and kettles, dumping out a portion for each. Five oxen and some goats had been butchered.

"Towards dusk people again assembled. This time for an informal meeting where a few remaining native contemporaries of the founders told tales about those first days. . . ."

I thought that perhaps friends of the mission would like to read about this day of celebration.

Sincerely,

Sigrid Ostergaard,

1110, 5th St., S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Forgiveness is not easy for us; we wonder whether it is easy for God.

Mr. and Mrs. Niels Christensen, Brush, Colo.

On October 25th, Mr. and Mrs. Niels Christensen celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. At the celebration in their honor one of their granddaughters wrote the following story of their lives, which was read at the festival.—Editor.

FOREWORD

Last summer our family took grandfather and grandmother on a trip to the mountains. As we sat in comfort in the evening before the fireplace, I got most of the material for this story. They did not know that the sketch made there before the cozy fire was notes from their life's history. The story was written to be read at their golden wedding anniversary. Several people have asked me to send it in to this paper.

A Granddaughter.

En seks Aars Dreng kom begejstret hjem fra Skole.

"Far," sagde han, "Degnen har faaet to Par Tvillinger." Drengen var Bedstefar, og det andet "Par" Tvillinger var Bedstemor.

That was in 1867. The two healthy children grew rapidly. When the boy was about 15, his father decided it was time for him to make something of himself. The dairy business seemed to have a good future, so the lad was apprenticed to a manor, "Herregaard," to learn buttermaking. Thus sent away from home, he was deprived of further formal education.

He was not satisfied in his first place because he had to milk, which he had already learned at home. He wanted to know the ins and outs of making butter; so he moved to Sjælland. Here he skimmed milk. Moving from one place to another, each a little better than the previous, he climbed slowly and steadily until he became overseer of the milking at another manor. Walking about with a cane, he watched the maids to see that they milked the cows dry, and he kept the books and weighed out the feed. Grandfather was a very proud young fellow, who now had time to hunt to his heart's content; and not only that, he was the chief escort of the three young daughters of the manor. That at least wasn't hard to do.

About that time the cream separator was invented. This was a long stride in advance for buttermaking. Grandfather had to keep up with the times, so he went to Mors to learn to operate this new machine.

In the meantime the deacon's daughter lived the good, sheltered life that a deacon's daughter should. Of course, there were times when this was not so pleasant. The deacon wanted things per schedule and became very irritated if his dinner was not served on the stroke of twelve. There was always much company, which had to be served fine food; this made a great deal of work for the young girl to do.

When Mr. Christensen had learned how to run a cream separator, he came home to start in business with his father. Then it was noticed how lovely the deacon's daughter was. She was sixteen when they were engaged.

After Mr. Christensen had been in the army, he went to Saxild to become the manager of a cooperative creamery. Such creameries were springing up all over Denmark, and there was a great shortage of trained buttermakers. Good salaries were available. Soon a good position with a higher salary was open, and Mr. Christensen moved to Aarhus. Now he could support a family.

Great things were happening at Vang Skole in October, 1887. When Mr. Christensen came home for his wedding, he was extremely surprised to find his brother John from America there.

"What, are you here?"

Sure, why not! You sent me an invitation."

They soon discovered the real reason for his unexpected return to Denmark—Julia. They were married three weeks later.

On the 25th of October people were up early, busy with last minute preparations. At a given time people began to pour into the school. Wine was served at the door as a token of hospitality. After breakfast, all went to the church together, where the brother of the bride read the marriage service. Here two people made the vow that through sickness and health, hard times and good, they would not part. Did they dream then of the trials and tribulations, the joys and the sorrows they would encounter.

Then came the aftermath with much feasting. Only grandmother can give an account of that. There was the wedding cake with two doves nodding to each other across the top, as they do today across the golden wedding cake. All that day it lasted, all through the night, and into the afternoon of the next day. If a great wedding could do it, no wonder the bond has held for 50 years.

After grandfather and grandmother had lived in Aarhus for several years, they bought the home creamery. Now came happy days. But after a couple of years when business was not good, they sold the creamery.

Now came the great chance. Denmark was to have a model creamery at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. It was to be run like a creamery in Copenhagen which sold sandwiches to those who visited it. Grandfather was asked to supervise this exhibit. The fair was still a year off, but he decided to come to Chicago at once so that he could learn the language and the customs before the fair opened.

The farewells to Denmark were heart-breaking; but there was hope in their hearts, and "where there is hope, not all is lost."

The real hardships now began. To sail on the third class was not all pleasure in those days. All nationalities and all classes of people and vermin traveled together. After the usual inhospitable welcome to a strange land by the customs inspectors, they continued their journey to Chicago, where they arrived at Aunt Katrina's place with three children, a seventeen year old brother, and seventy-five cents in cash.

Then fell the blow. Denmark had decided it would not be profitable to show other countries how to make good butter. Its trade with England might suffer.

But to live one must work. Creameries were terrible in the United States. Instead of having many workers and everything spotlessly clean, the same person was fireman, janitor, cream taster, and buttermaker. A Danish friend said:

"If you want to be a buttermaker in America, you must change your fantastic ideas. Americans don't want to learn."

So grandfather dug cellars, built sewers, unloaded iron pigs, which were to be melted. Finally he got work at a tannery, which belonged to one Erikson, as elevator boy. He did not run the elevator, he was the elevator. For three months he carried cowhides to the top floor. He now had an income, so he and grandmother moved

away from their friends into an apartment.

One morning all the men came to work, but no one could do anything because the engineer had been on a spree the night before. There was no fire, no steam, and therefore no power. Then grandfather told them that he had an engineer's license from Denmark. Before long everything was going smoothly. The firm soon had a new elevator. Grandfather became assistant engineer. Soon he was engineer in a glove factory, and they could move to another apartment.

Life was not all a dance, however. The oldest child, Bertha, became violently ill with whooping cough and typhoid, and soon all three children had it. Those were anxious days. The candle of life burned low. A slight breeze from the casement might have blown it out. But there was still hope. For four years grandpa worked in the glove factory, but sickness had warned them of the danger of living in the city. Two dollars were put in the clock every week. A farm was a better place for the family. A better position and higher wages were offered to grandfather if he would stay in Chicago; but, no—health is better than money. To the country as soon as they had five hundred dollars, but where? Galveston? Wisconsin? Or Brush? Uncle John and Aunt Julia lived there.

In 1896 Uncle John came in a wagon to Fort Morgan, Colo., to get a man, wife, and three children. Through a landscape dotted with dugouts and "soddies" they made their way to the home of Uncle John, where they stayed that summer. Then they bought their own place, which is now the Parkhill Place. It was no easy task for a "greenhorn" to farm in this new country.

Time passed. New events each year, blizzards, drought, hard times, and good. The family grew. Now there were five boys and four girls. The baby girl, Alma, was the sunbeam; but when she was nine years old, she was wanted in another place.

Children grow, you know. They go to school. They become men and women. They marry. There are grandchildren. The clock of time never stands still. Grandmother's children were scarcely grown before her grandchildren began to fill the empty cribs. There was fun and frolic again.

Then another shadow passed by. Jens, their oldest son, died, leaving three small children.

There are so many things to tell. We can't tell them all. We can only get a glimpse of it now.

Fifty years ago they gave the promise to each other "that in sickness and health, through joy and sorrow..." They have kept their promise; and for their reward time has brought them—not on a golden platter, but on the plate of hard work—a home, nine children, seventeen grandchildren, one great grandchild, and a host of friends.

"De knælede med Ja mod Ja;
For dig, o store Jehova,
De bedende sig bøjede";
De to er nu for dig som ét,
Og skille ad skal ingen det,
Som du har sammenføjet;
Medgang, Modgang,
Vinter, Sommer, hvad der kommer,
Let de bære
Sig til Gavn og dig til Ære."

"If kindness indeed costs nothing, as we are so often told, it would not be very valuable. It is because it has its price of effort, time, and unselfishness that it is worth while."

Correspondence

In Manistee the many activities which all churches participate in were carried on throughout the summer and autumn. Our group enjoyed a lawn social, Ladies Aid, Choir, Mission Meetings, Dansk Sangaften, Birthday Party, and Young People's Society.

The Sunday School displayed its talent at an operetta on Oct. 22. We all felt especially proud of it as one of our Sunday School teachers wrote and produced "Miss October's Party." After the performance, the Young People's Society helped serve coffee, which was enjoyed by all.

On Sunday, Nov. 21, 1937, we had a special day of rejoicing. It marked the completion of a building program that commenced a year and a half ago. At that time a sacristy was added to the church. Last summer the four buildings comprising the church property were thoroughly repaired and painted. The splendid response of friends and parishioners made the project possible.

Through the generosity of a friend, the interior of the church has undergone extensive reconstruction and a thorough cleaning and decorating. The new ceiling has the appearance of being supported by pillars, which are spaced at regular intervals. The interior has been oil painted and the walls stippled. Pieces of furniture have been reupholstered and new padding and upholstery provided about the altar railing. The woodwork, pews, and floor have been varnished. We are very proud and happy to have our church property in such excellent condition.

Sunday was set aside as a day of special observance by the congregation, and services of Rededication and Thanksgiving were held. The children were the first to assemble, gathering for Sunday school at 9:15. Rev. Broe conducted services in English at 10:30 a. m., the theme being: "The Never Changing Reality." A Danish service was held at 3 p. m. Rev. E. M. Back of Ludington centered his remarks on the words of Jesus, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." (Matthew 11:28). Rev. C. E. Holmer, pastor of the Ansgarius Lutheran Church, gave a message in English on the topic: "The Abiding Need of the Church." An evening service was held at which Rev. Ernest D. Nielsen of Muskegon spoke on "The Kingdom of God." Beautiful flowers added greatly to the festivity and the spirit of worship was enriched by the selection sung by the choir. They sang six selections, two at each service.

A delicious supper was enjoyed in the schoolhouse following the solemn singing of "I Jesu Navn gaar vi til Bords." The tables were appropriately decorated with Thanksgiving favors and "Horns of Plenty" filled with fruit. After the evening service a social hour and a cup of coffee were enjoyed. The wives of the board of trustees had charge of this.

It is interesting to note that we are the oldest congregation in the synod. We are also the oldest Lutheran church in this community. Our history can be traced back as far as May, 1868.

Imogene Jorgensen.

Joint Thanksgiving Service was held on Thanksgiving Day at Brooklyn, N. Y., with Salem Church of the United Danish Church and Our Savior's Church of our synod participating. Rev. Neesgaard of Salem Church preached.

OUR CHURCH

The Seaman's Mission. Rev. A. Th. Dorf, Brooklyn, N. Y., is in charge of the Seaman's Mission of our synod. He has been doing a good work for stranded sailors in New York. Every year for Christmas many people have supported this work. This year again Rev. Dorf appeals for contributions to this cause. It takes money to make a happy Christmas festival for these people so far away from their homeland. Will people who have a heart for this cause please send their gifts to Rev. Dorf, 193, 9th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Joint Young People's Meeting. On Nov. 21 the young people's societies of Tyler, Diamond Lake, and Ruthon, Minn., held a meeting together at Tyler.

The Tyler Choir has resumed its work under the leadership of Dr. Thomsen. The immediate objective of its work is Christmas singing. But the choir plans to continue after the holidays to prepare music for the synodical convention which is to be held at Tyler next June.

The Grand View College faculty and students were invited to visit Hampton, Iowa, Sunday, Nov. 21. The invitation was extended by the Young People's Society and the Grand View Alumni at Hampton. Members of the faculty were to speak and the students were to entertain with music, singing, and folk dancing.

The G. V. C. Folk Dancers appeared before a very appreciative audience of Iowa teachers at the recent State Teachers' Convention at Des Moines, Iowa.

Harald Duane Hojbjerg, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Hojbjerg, was baptized at our Omaha, Neb., church on Nov. 7. While we congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Hans Hojbjerg on this happy occasion, we regret that in a recent issue of this paper, the mistake was made of reporting the birth of this young man to Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hojbjerg. Pardon the mistake, please.

Rev. Frede Støttrup, Askov, Minn., who has been bedridden for years with rheumatism, is still suffering grievously. At present his throat and eyes are severely affected.

Danish Radio Service. Rev. Anders Hansen of Elk Horn, Iowa, will preach at a Danish radio service from station KFNF, Shenandoah, Iowa, Sunday, Dec. 19, at 4:00 to 4:45 p. m.

"**Lutheran Tidings**". Rev. Svend Jorgensen writes in his local Detroit, Mich., bulletin that his church has decided to spend some money for sending "Lutheran Tidings" to members of the congregation who are not subscribers in the hope that they will become so. Later they will follow up by making an effort to get new subscribers. We appreciate this attempt very much.—What about other congregations!

Rev. V. S. Jensen, Hartford, Conn., will act as president of District I of our synod for the remainder of the year, since the president, Rev. P. H. Pedersen, Perth Amboy, N. J., has resigned.

A Suitable Christmas Gift. A year's subscription to "Lutheran Tidings" is a

very suitable Christmas present that will last throughout the coming year. While you are making some one happy, you can at the same time be doing your church a service.

THE NEVER CHANGING REALITY

(Continued from Col. 134.)

Aid and the Young People. It replaced the original altar of the church. It retained, however, the scriptural passage which appeared on the original altar and which we find recorded in St. Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, 3, 11: "For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." In those words, we face each other today as men and women professing the Christian faith. Dare we face each other in the belief that those words are the truth? If not, we "labour in vain."

It behooves us to bear constantly in mind that it is on Jesus Christ only that we can build to the glory of God and the good of man. The founders of this congregation, our fathers, let us call them, were aware of this, hence their selection for their altar. That faith which was theirs must not die with them. It must be perpetuated, yes! But, more than that must be done. The faith must grow and in it we must mature. "...false Christs and false prophets shall show great signs and wonders..." to us, as they have to the peoples in the past. Let us, however, not be misled by them. But let us hold to the foundation, build on it, live in it. As we wend our way to our homes at the close of this day's festivities, may we offer a prayer to God, not that He may give us something, but rather that we may accept that grace which He revealed to us in the Master. May we make that prayer, not a "pious form" but a "vital transaction," so vital that we shall be as "they (who) were all together in one place. And suddenly there came from heaven a sound as of the rushing of a mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting... And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak as the Spirit gave them utterance." (Acts 2:1-2; 4).

That Spirit, when heeded, shall enable us to rededicate ourselves and give thanks to God daily, thereby furthering His work among men. And in that Spirit, we rededicate the work of this congregation; knowing, when we are true to the Father, true to ourselves, that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard our hearts and thoughts in Christ Jesus." (Phillip 4, 7).

GRAND VIEW COLLEGE.

(Continued from Col. 137.)

school-living so productive and so fruitful that "the continuity once set into operation will continue into and through the later adult years."

As we extend our invitation to our young people I am mindful of these four needs, because I am living humbly in the hope that we may in some manner also during the coming Winter Session be equipped to meet these needs. We are endeavoring to render a service and to bring a message also to those young people who have not finished high school and who do not desire to pursue regular, accredited college work; our faith rests in Him who alone can unify, give purpose and inner relationship and completeness to our endeavors, provide "den dybe Sammenhæng"; on the battle front as on the frontier of ideas and learning, we believe

that the Christian college provides a source of light power as well as a bulwark of defense; and it is our hope that our way of living may be so productive and so fruitful that the continuity of life once set into operation will continue into and through the later adult years.

We have issued our special Winter Session Bulletin describing the many courses and activities of the Winter Session. It will be mailed to anyone upon request. I shall be happy to provide further information in regard to costs, student aid available to those who need financial assistance, or any other phase of our work, to those desirous thereof. We need constantly to experience anew the happiness and the mutual benefits which flow from our common endeavors in seeking a wholesome and rich life for and with our young people.

C. Arild Olsen.

Contributions to the Santal Mission

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Rev. and Mrs. K. Knudsen, Granly, Miss.	1.00
Maren and Marie Williamsen, Marquette, Neb.	2.00
Raffling of quilt at Cozad Neb., by Rev. and Mrs. Stockholm	130.00
Collection from District Meeting in Newell, Iowa	35.70
Collection from Congregation, Newell, Iowa	12.45
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Mrs. Marie Støttrup, Askov, Minn.	3.00
Anna Rasmussen, Pasadena, Calif.	10.00
"The Sentinel," Omaha, Neb.	5.00
Ladies Aid, Rosenborg, Neb.	5.00
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With sincere thanks to all of you.

Sigrid Østergaard,
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BOOKS

Today I received "Julegranen, 1937." This is the 41st year this annual Christmas book makes its appearance. It is an attractive book in a beautiful colored covering and with many beautiful pictures on its pages, both in black and white and in color.

I have read the whole book and find its contents very interesting. There are four poems, two of which are written by the poet Mr. Aug. L. Bang. They are poems giving expression to the deeper feelings of the poet. One of them especially is pervaded by a deep feeling of longing, almost of frustration, while the other is lighthearted and

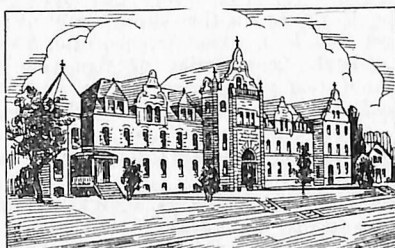
full of jubilation. Then there is a very good Christmas meditation by Rev. Alfred Jensen, the president of our synod. And Rev. Carl P. Højbjerg writes a stirring article, the first half of which is a warm testimony to what we have received in the Christmas message, while the second half is a passionate renunciation and castigation of the greatest evils of the world. There is an article about the appearance of angels in our Danish hymns, which, however, turns out to be good thoughts about prayer. Rev. Enok Mortensen writes a very beautiful and realistic characterization of the late Rev. Peder Kjølhedde. This alone is worth the price of the book. Then, of course, there are several stories and sketches.

Taken all together, the book is rather of a higher quality than some of the earlier editions have been. It is an excellent book to buy for the Christmas holidays, and it makes a beautiful gift to give to anyone who can read the Danish language.

C. A. Stub.

Grand View College

Des Moines, Iowa



Dec. 6, 1937 — March 6, 1938

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