

Lutheran Tidings

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Volume IV

JUNE 20, 1938

Number 22

MAKING CONTACT WITH GOD

Standing at the back of an historic church in the semi-darkness, a woman entered the auditorium. She was somewhat shabbily dressed, and came rather timidly as though treading on holy ground. On her face was a look of perplexity and anguish that told of problems too heavy to bear alone. She entered a certain pew, knelt there for a few moments, and then once more made her way to the street where the gray day and the jangle of a passing truck again met her. Just an incident, you say? Yes, but it is symbolic of a heart-need that man recognizes as one of his deepest needs—contact with God. I know not the problem that weighed upon that woman's soul but I am confident that she came to link her frail life with that of God and I am equally sure that she left that building strengthened by that moment of spiritual refreshing. If her face did not actually shine as did the face of Moses when he came down from the mountain, her soul undoubtedly was fortified to face her problem again.

Contact with God—how shall I make that contact! If we, as individuals, were given cold, concise directions for making that contact, would we avail ourselves of the opportunity? In actuality, there are no exact rules for making contact with God. When one buys a car he receives a small book explaining the mechanism together with minute directions as to shifting gears, keeping an adequate supply of oil in the motor, etc. But man's spiritual life is not so mechanical and cold. That precious something in man called the soul is not to be limited to rigid calculation and minute direction. If we were only machines, a book of infallible and unwavering rules would govern us nicely but inasmuch as we are not machines, Watson and his school to the contrary, a mathematical system of making contact with God is not to be had.

There are, however, some fundamental considerations that ought to be kept in mind as we think of making contact with God. We will assume that we know that there is a God with Whom man may make personal contact. It is of vital importance that this be made clear. Speaking as a representative Christian I come, for instance, to my hour of private devotion or to my church service, and if I am at all thoughtful or meditative, it may well be that a haunting question presents itself. I may ask, "Who am I, to make contact with God? I may look up to the starry heavens and see the galaxy of stars "chaste candles of the night" that twinkle in the courses and run those courses unerringly—and I wonder at my smallness. I pick up the world's histories and find in them the record of millions and millions of human beings who have had their day and ceased to be—and who am I to be of any importance? I have little thoughts of my own which at times seem ponderous and deep to me, their possessor. Yet I open books that have stood the test of time and find there insight and keenness of intellect that leaves me speechless—who, after all, am I? Yea, I am a man of small prejudices and selfishness and find myself lacking many of the Christian graces while He with Whom I would make contact is holy in a holiness that I cannot be-

gin to comprehend. He is the infinite God while I am so very, very finite. He is omniscient while my knowledge is but a pitiful fraction of mere human knowledge. He is Love, while I too often think more of self than of my neighbor. Can I make contact with Him? Does He care to notice me, a mere pebble on life's seashore among millions? Does He deign to stoop to me who may shut his eyes to the light he has and choose the lower rather than the higher way? He is the Creator and Upholder of the universe while my threescore years and ten but emphasize the frailty of life. Yes, who am I? But these questions, though insistent and perhaps very disturbing, pave the way for real life-giving contact with God; for unless we come humbly, acknowledging ourselves as unworthy, we have already forfeited the opportunity to establish contact with Him. The proud heart and the haughty spirit are no meet sacrifices to place upon the altar. It is rather the broken heart and the contrite spirit that is acceptable to the Father, because the order of his universe has no place in it for any man unrepentant of wrong, or hardened into cold self-aggrandizement. So when man comes to worship God, he comes as one who holds out life's cup to be filled from God's fullness, as one in need of strength and power from above. If he comes in that spirit, let him never doubt that this same God is the One revealed supremely in Christ; the God Whom Jesus said, notes the sparrow's fall. Therefore the immensity of the universe, or fact that millions of others have walked in the land of the living, or the humbling thought of sun need never cast a shadow of doubt on God's concern for him as an individual. Has not God come to meet man in the Incarnation? Is it not evident that it is true to say that He is searching for us? Francis Thompson's great poem "The Hound of Heaven" is vibrant with the thought of this searching divine love, and no matter how he tried to escape it "fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue." We often sing "O Love that will not let me go," and, though the music is beautiful in itself, it is the thought of those lines that touches the deep recesses of the heart. To know that God waits to speak to the soul, and that our desire to make contact with Him is but a pale shadow of His desire to impart to us the riches of divine fellowship is, indeed, a fundamental consideration in the development of spiritual life. Let us first of all expect to make that contact because it is possible. We would draw near in fullness of faith.

Contact with God may perchance seem difficult because He is not seen with the naked eye, and we cannot deny the fact that we are creatures of time and space and deal mostly with that which can be seen and touched. This however, is no indication that there is nothing more to life than merely tangible things. One cannot literally handle the beauty of a sunset, yet it kindles within us almost a sense of worship. The love we have for dear ones is invisible to the most powerful microscope, yet it does things that material force utterly fails to do. Life is composed of so many more things than those which can be seen and

touched. After all, everyone of us is spirit—we have bodies and features through which the spirit speaks. So no one has ever seen the infinite God, but that does not mean that He is unreal or ghostly or a misty phantom. Nor does it mean that God is merely an abstraction. Jesus said, "God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." God is the Great Personality Who made man in His image, that is, with personality, making it possible to hold communion with Him. So when God created a being after His likeness, He thereby simultaneously created religion. Among the many characters in that delightful book, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," there stands one named Burnbrae. He lived in a typical Scottish cottage which had two rooms, the first was called the "But" where meals were cooked and people generally visited; the other room was called the "Ben," where household treasures were kept, and where only favoured visitors might enter. So the people imagined that in every life were two compartments, the outer court of religious life where most of the people might make their home, but the inner court was the secret place where one communed with God. Of this Burnbrae it was said, "he's far ben," that is, he has entered deeply into that inner court to meet God and talk with Him. His neighbors had worked and traded with him for many years and had not missed the glory of his soul. If you and I would make contact with God we too shall need that inner court of the soul, where there is fellowship with the Most High. Did not Jesus speak of the secret place of prayer? And whether we make that secret place a literal closet of prayer or treat it figuratively, we are led to the thought that there is where one may make contact with God. It is absolutely necessary that this contact be made. As Balmforth in his book "Is Christian Experience an Illusion?" says, "without the knowledge of God as distinct from knowledge about God (theology), Christianity would sink into deism or legalism."

In Memory of Rev. Østergaard.

I have been asked to write a few words about the unveiling of the memorial erected for Rev. Kr. Østergaard. I feel this was an event which can not be told but must have been experienced in unison with the thousand people who stood close together listening and absorbing the words spoken by those in charge and singing together the songs of our departed friend.

Early last spring I received a letter from Rev. Strandkov asking me to be one of a committee of eight to collect funds for a memorial to Rev. Østergaard, who passed away in 1931. I considered this a privilege, as Rev. Østergaard was our pastor in Ringsted for nine years and has ever since been a sincere and true friend.

Sunday afternoon, after listening to a splendid lecture by Rev. V. S. Jensen and drinking coffee in "Stenhuset," the large throng of people began the march to the beautiful cemetery on the outskirts of Tyler. Those who came early paused a few moments at another memorial, erected by friends for Rev. H. J. Pedersen, founder of Danebod Folk School; at the grave of the author, Carl Hansen, who has given us some of our best Danish American short stories—especially pioneer stories; and at the graves of other friends and acquaintances.

It was almost 4:30 o'clock as we gathered around Rev. Østergaard's grave. The memorial was covered by two flags, one Danish and one American. It was an ideal day for the ceremony. The skies were clear, and there was only the slightest breeze.

The family was gathered beside the grave. All the chil-

dren except Gudrun, who is the wife of Rev. Kr. Andersen of Denmark, and Erling, doctor and missionary in India, were present. There were also more than 20 grandchildren.

We all joined in singing "Bag bølgen Have," and Rev. Strandkov told in a few words why we desired to place this monument at the grave of our friend, our poet, our teacher, and our minister.

Rev. Alfred Jensen and Prof. Alfred Nielsen of Grand View College expressed their personal gratitude for what Rev. Østergaard had been to them through his inspiration, good advice, and as a friend. They spoke of the seeds he had sown on his way through life, seeds that now blossom in his footprints, and expressed the hope that his songs might be sung for many years to come in both the Danish and American languages.

We sang "Den Sag er aldrig i Verden tabt" (also translated into English), and Mr. August Bang, our much loved Danish poet, read a beautiful poem which he had written in memory of Østergaard.

Resting in a grave beside his father is Frede Østergaard, who died while serving in the army during the World War. One evening when he was a baby, his mother was rocking him to sleep in her arms. Østergaard saw in this a glimpse of the beauty of motherhood, and wrote the lovely little lullaby, "Sov, min lille Dreng." It was an inspiration to listen to Mrs. Holger Strandkov sing this song with all the feeling and love a mother can have for her child.

Rev. Holger Strandkov, after expressing personal thanks to Østergaard for help and encouragement during the year they had lived together in Tyler, presented to the family the memorial erected by friends in the Danish Church; two of Østergaard's grandchildren, Solveig Buhl and Mary Nielsen, drew back the flags and we saw the stone with its inscription:

KRISTIAN ØSTERGAARD

Digter — Lærer — Præst

Født i Hjerm, Danmark, 5. Feb., 1865

Død i Tyler, Minn., 9. Okt., 1931

"Strør vi Frøknorn, hvor fremad vi gaar,
Vil det blomstre en Dag i vort Spor."

Dette Minde rejstes af Venner i den Danske Kirke.

I am sure that as we read the thought taken from Østergaard's poem, "Vi er Fæstere her for en Tid," we were filled with gratitude for our old friend for the seeds he has scattered in our hearts and with the prayer that we as a people may never lose sight of the ideal he held up before us.

We sang "Min Arbejdsdag er ofte lang."

On behalf of the family Prof. Hjalmar Østergaard thanked friends of our church for the memorial, and we sang the most beautiful of all Østergaard's songs, "Herre, jeg vil gerne tjene." Then in her own quiet and heartfelt way Mrs. Østergaard expressed her thanks.

It was an occasion we shall never forget.

Marie B. Thomsen.

A Teacher's Prayer.

God let me care for those whom I must teach;
Like the great Teacher let me ever love
With tender, brooding, understanding heart
Eyes wise, far-seeing as the stars above.

God give me faith to see beyond today,
To sow the seed and cultivate the soil;
Then serenely wait, trusting in thy power
To bless and multiply my humble toil.

Thanksgiving.

"If God forgot the world;
 Forgot for just one day—
 Forgot to send the sunshine,
 And change the night to day;
 Forgot to make the flowers grow;
 Forgot the birds and bees;
 Forgot to send the sweetness
 Of the south wind in the trees;
 Forgot to give us friendships;
 Forgot to send us rain;
 Forgot to give the children play;
 Forgot to soften pain;
 What would happen to the world and us?
 Would we still be gay?
 If God should forget—
 Forget for just one day?"

—Selected.

A Martyr to Militarism.

Carl von Ossietzky's long trail of suffering under German militarism has come to an end. Fifty-one years of age, he had for more than twenty years lived to champion civil freedom as opposed to military bondage. German nazism could break his body but not his spirit. The German people will want to forget Hitler a generation from now, but Ossietzky will remain a national ideal.

He died May 4 in Berlin after having suffered six years of imprisonment and unbelievable suffering in concentration camps. He died in forced confinement, suffering with tuberculosis. To the non-German world, von Ossietzky emerged above the thousands of other defenders of liberty who were being tortured in German concentration camps in 1936, when the Nobel prize committee announced its award of the peace prize to the pacifist editor of *Die Weltbühne* (The World Stage). Without trial he had been incarcerated in various concentration camps continuously since his arrest following the Reichstag fire of February 28, 1933. Before the nazis came into power a month earlier, von Ossietzky had also served a year in prison for exposing the rearmament in which the German army, in defiance of the Versailles treaty, was secretly engaged.

A number of the world famous English writers issued a pamphlet in 1936 supporting Jane Addams and Romain Rolland in urging that the peace prize be given to Ossietzky. They wrote:

"If they decide to give him the peace prize, the committee will be crowning a true martyr. But we also suggest that they will be doing more than that. All of us have in some way or another tried to do something for the cause of peace. But we say that he has done more than any of us, and we believe that he has done most of all living men to deserve this acknowledgement from his fellow men.

"We believe that the strange and terrible fate which ruled his life made it possible for him to show the quality which, of all others, it is most difficult for a pacifist to demonstrate—fearlessness. We may possibly, each of us, possess his physical and moral courage, but (as yet) we dare lay no claim to be his equal here. We have not yet been tested as he has. Carl von Ossietzky has shown once for all, to the eager youth of the world, to all the natural hero worshippers, that heroism is not the prerogative of the soldier. He has marched up to the embattled enemy and taken from them the one emblem that really flamed there, the one token that truly adorned their ranks. He has taken for himself—for us—the red badge of courage."

He fought four years in the trenches and emerged a pacifist. He wrote: "There is nothing more devastating than the omnipotence of generals. All through the war I served in the army. I know war as it is, not through reading about it. What I saw thoroughly confirmed my opinion both of war and of the profession of arms. We, who are supporters of peace have a duty and a task. It is to point out, over and over again, that there is nothing heroic in war, but that it brings terror and misery to mankind."

German militarism crowned him with the halo of martyrdom. May Ossietzky's voice speak louder after his death, defeating navalism and militarism.

"Cov. Wkly."

First Things First.

By H. M. Hammond, Yankton, S. D.

It is a sad and wretched picture!

We discovered her coming up Fourth street, traveling in a westerly direction—that is, she was making moderate headway as she unsteadily and dizzily maneuvered her way along, reaching out her arms in a beseeching sort of way in search of some sort of support. At times, she was undecided whether to attempt to make it across to the post-office, but suddenly she came to a decision, and, as is the way with drunken people, she imagined she was some great and independent being, so she kept her eyes on the crooked way and—made it. At first she determined to keep along the south side of Fourth street, but a little later muddled her way across to the north side, miraculously escaping the traffic and flounderingly traveled westward, finally disappearing into an old barn. Evidently she was on her way home! Home?

And so it has come to this—in Yankton.

Somebody's mother, sister, or daughter.

And this is repeal.

Of course, this picture, sordid and very unlovely, is taking place all over America every day and every night. It is disgusting enough to see the drunken men as they lurch along the streets in a maudlin, confused way, but to behold a drunken woman—for somehow we grew up with the idea that womanhood was of a little higher estate, and it makes us feel sad.

This sort of thing cannot continue—we are sure of it; and the most deadly factor in the case is old John Barley-corn himself! He is doing more to defeat repeal than all others combined.

Kagawa's Meditations.

In this world there is nothing so absurd as ownership. To the child a bead is more to be desired than a diamond. To the miser a gold coin seems of more value than inventive genius. In a word, proprietorship reflects the purpose which moves men in any age.

Thus for those who make production their purpose in life, ownership is beside the mark. To the inventor neither the bead nor the gold coin necessarily has any value.

Ownership is like a shell. The only one who profits by it is he who shuts himself up within it. To him who desires to reach upward and grow, it is only a hindrance. As the shell exists only for the spineless animals, so those who cling to the right of ownership may be called mollusca.

In an age of invention and discovery it is but natural that there should be a great upheaval in the thinking regarding this question of ownership so strenuously advocated by the spineless species. The mollusca have my sympathy.

Lutheran Tidings

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

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

Rev. Ernest D. Nielsen, Business Manager,

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Second class permit pending.

Volume IV

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Number 22

EDITORIAL.

The lateness of this issue of "Lutheran Tidings" and the incompleteness of its contents are due to an eye ailment suffered by the editor, incapacitating him for his work. Please excuse these shortcomings.

C. A. Stub.

Rush Religious Reports.

"According to Dr. Murphy of the United States Census Bureau there are 2,469 Lutheran congregations who have not yet replied to the U. S. Census of Religious Bodies. Of these 19 belong to the Danish Church. No doubt the failure to report has been an oversight in most cases. We want to urge all pastors who have not yet made a return to the Census of Religious Bodies being conducted by the Federal Census Bureau to do so at once. The importance of a complete census cannot be overestimated at this time."

Above communication has been received from the National Lutheran Council. Is there any good reason why our churches and pastors should not comply with this request of our government? I can see none; and I would urge every church and every pastor who has not reported to the religious census that they do so at once. It is a small request that the government is making in this case. To comply with it could not reasonably raise any objections. On the other hand such a census may become a rich source of information, not only for our church but for all churches. It is with this purpose the government has pursued this census. Let us all get behind the government in this.

C. A. Stub.

"The most trying man to deal with is the one who doesn't know what he wants and is impatient because he doesn't get it."

Annual Report from "Lutheran Tidings."

During the last year we have directed our work along the lines which were very specifically indicated and recommended by last year's convention. We were definitely requested to undertake a promotional work for the paper during the coming year. Following these specific recommendations we planned to solicit the cooperation of the pastors, the congregations, and the ladies' aid societies within our synod. Letters were mailed to each group, and a number of favorable replies were received. Not nearly as many as we had hoped, but enough to show a marked improvement over last year's report. We express our sincere thanks to the following congregations and organizations for their contributions to "Lutheran Tidings": Trinity Church, Chicago, Ill., Hartford Ladies' Aid, Bethania Ladies' Aid, Racine, Wis., Willing Workers' Society, Dwight, Ill., Ladies' Aid, Solvang, Calif., Ladies' Aid, Dwight, Ill., D. K. M., Central Lutheran Church, Muskegon, Mich., Rosenborg Ladies' Aid, and Danish Ladies' Aid, Omaha, Neb.

A number of our congregations have conducted more or less successful subscription campaigns during the last year. Several of these have made use of the three-month trial subscription plan, such as Trinity, Chicago, Detroit, Mich., Withee, Wis., Los Angeles, Calif., and the following congregations in Iowa: Cedar Falls, Hampton, Des Moines, Waterloo, Ringsted, and Newell. A recent addition to this list is the congregation at Alden, Minn. Our experience this last year indicates that this is the most efficient method by which to make the people acquainted with the paper and to increase circulation. We have been compelled to cancel a large number of subscriptions because of failure to renew. In spite of this we have added 95 new and regular subscribers bringing the total number of subscribers today to 924. To this number must be added approximately 100 copies which have been sent in packages to various congregations that have requested sample copies. At the present time it appears that the trial subscription plan is the best method of securing new subscribers. Since it virtually places most of the work upon the management of the paper, we may also assert that it appears that the best way to gain new subscribers is to sell the paper to our people by mail.

Since the beginning of the paper we have mailed "Lutheran Tidings" free to all pastors within our synod. This year, however, we made an appeal to all pastors for contributions in form of a subscription. A number of our pastors contributed to the paper, and we credited their contribution in terms of the regular subscription rate. We recommend that we cease to mail "Lutheran Tidings" free to the pastors of the synod, and that this change take place on August 1st of this year.

It is also of importance that we have reached an agreement with "Dannevirke" and "Ungdom" whereby all of these papers may be had at a substantial saving through club subscriptions. This was also asked by last year's convention, and we take this opportunity to thank the management of these papers for their willingness to cooperate.

As the financial statement shows, we are carrying the burden of a large deficit from previous years. This amount, carried forward from last year's report, totals \$526.95. However, we have definitely reached the turning point as the very marked increase in the paper's income proves. Without any contribution from the synod, except for salaries, we have been able to pay all of this year's printing expense (including issue of May 5th) save \$131.51. This leads us

to believe that we shall be able to make the paper nearly self-supporting within a year or two. We may safely predict a brighter future for "Lutheran Tidings."

We express our sincere thanks to Holst Printing Company, the Executive Board of the Synod, and Rev. C. A. Stub for their generous cooperation and confidence. Nor must we forget that a large piece of work has been done by many individuals, congregations, and organizations. To all of these we express our deepest thanks, and we look forward to their valuable help next year.

Ernest D. Nielsen.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF LUTHERAN TIDINGS MAY 20, 1937 TO JUNE 2, 1938.

May 20, 1938 to June 2, 1938.

INCOME.

Cash on hand May 20, 1937	\$000.00	
Subscriptions	\$509.28	
Subscriptions paid to Holst	40.35	549.63
Advertisements	53.64	
Gifts—Societies, churches, etc.	119.11	
Club Subscriptions (Dannevirke and Ungdom) ..	10.45	183.20
From Synodical Treasurer		
Editor's Salary	100.00	
Business Manager's Salary	100.00	
		\$932.83

EXPENSE

Holst Printing Company	\$683.00	
Club Subscriptions	10.45	
Bank Fees	1.90	
Postal Notices	1.08	
Postage (Expiration notices, etc.)	23.11	
Stationary and supplies	11.59	
Salaries		
Editor	\$100.00	
Business Manager	100.00	200.00
		\$931.13
Cash on hand42	
Bank balance	1.28	1.70
		\$932.83

Bills payable to Holst Prtg. Co.
Deficit May 20, 1937 \$526.95 | || Deficit June 2, 1938 | 131.51 | \$658.46 |

Above statement of receipts and disbursements from May 20, 1937 to June 2, 1938 has been audited and found correct by the undersigned.

George W. Hansen

NATIONAL LUMBERMAN'S BANK

William Poulson

CONTINENTAL MOTORS CORP.

Muskegon, Mich.
June 2, 1938

Bar Maids.

The employment of women, in many cases young girls, and the presence of young women in taverns, threatens the very foundation of our future homes. The tavern is a greater evil than the saloon ever was.

While one girl is being given the advantage of education and culture, three are being trained to serve liquor and, in many cases, to act as lure to men drinkers.

There were 439,640 girls enrolled in all institutions of higher learning in 1934, the last year for which figures are available at the Bureau of Education, Department of Interior.

One million, three hundred and fifty thousand girls were enrolled in 1936 in the liquor-serving establishments, the taverns (saloons), roadhouses, and nightclubs, etc., according to a survey reported by the Philadelphia Inquirer of September 27, 1936.

The total expenditure for public and elementary high schools in 1934 was \$1,941,556,979.

The drink bill in 1936 was \$5,000,000,000.

OUR BOOK OF BOOKS.

By Jens Chr. Kjer.

The Bible is a library, and for the student without a good memory or a modern concordance (Bibelordbog) it takes considerable time to find even the best known passages.

After having made himself familiar with the order of the books in the Bible the student must learn to turn quickly to the following outstanding portions:

The Ten Commandments	Exodus 20
The Shepherd Psalm	Psalms 23
The Birth of Jesus	Luke 2
The Crucifixion	John 19
The Resurrection of Jesus	Matthew 28
Resurrection through Jesus	I Corinthians 15
The Lord's Prayer	Matthew 6
The Sermon on the Mount	Matthew 5, 6, 7
The Beatitudes	Matthew 5:1-12
The Great Commandments....	Matthew 22:34-40
The Last Judgment	Matthew 25:31-46
Parable of the Good Samaritan	Luke 10
Parable of the Prodigal Son	Luke 15
The Great Commission	Mark 16:15;
	Matthew 28:19-20
The Golden Rule	Matthew 7:12
The Rest Verse	Matthew 11:28
The Abiding Chapter	John 15
The Love Chapter	I Corinthians 13
The Gospel in one verse	John 3:16

Life has its "ups and downs;" and often we look for help and advice from our friends. Some of my best friends are in my study where they always are ready to serve my needs. A good, old friend who has never failed me is Our Book of Books. In it I have found the solution of many a problem; the faithful reader of the Bible will experience the same satisfaction.

Not long ago in one of my periodicals I found some Helps For Bible Reading; I take this opportunity to pass them on to the readers of Lutheran Tidings:

- When in trouble or sorrow, read John 14; Psalm 46.
- When you worry, read Matt. 6:19-34.
- When you have the blues, read Psalm 91.
- When God seems far away, read Psalm 139.
- When you want rest and peace, read Matt. 11:25-30.
- When in sickness, read James 5; Psalm 41.
- When in danger, read Luke 8:22-25; Psalm 91.
- When men fail you, read I Peter 5:7; Psalm 23.
- When lonely or fearful, read Matt. 6:25-34; 11:28-30.
- When discouraged or tempted, read I Cor. 10:13; Isa. 40.
- When you have sinned, read I John 1:8-9; Heb. 7:25.
- When you forget your blessings, read Psalm 103.
- When your faith seems failing, read Heb. 11.
- When you want courage, read II Cor. 12:9.

"All things are possible to him that believeth." Mark 9:23.

The great need of humanity today is the ministry of Jesus; many of humanity have not yet learned of Him or His ministry.

Mother's Haven.

By Alma Hantel Arnold.

"So my home, the old farm, is to be sold! It does not seem possible," so mused a dear old mother as she sat in her rocker in the long living room of her country home. It was early spring and the air was still chilly, so a fire had been built on the hearth, the hearth dear father had built so long ago.

She sat idly rocking to and fro, her gnarled hands clasped in her lap. It was as though she were stunned by the blow, as though it were only a dream and she would soon awaken to find it was not true. She stopped rocking and stared out of the window at the rose bushes that were green with new leaves. Other springs she had noted the growth of the bushes and plants and rejoiced in them, but this year it was with saddened eyes that she looked at everything as though she were seeing things for the last time.

Just a few nights back some of the children had met here in the old farmhouse and decided things could not go on as they were. Mother was too old to stay alone on the farm, and the children were married and each had his own home so none could move in and keep up the old house. So the decision was made to sell. And mother? All the children loved their mother, had been good to her, and each was willing she should make her home with them; but in their hearts they knew she would never be satisfied. So what should be done?

Today as she sat and rocked her mind was busy, not with the perplexing problems of the future, but with the sweet and tender memories of the past. Here her husband had brought her as a bride and here their nine children had been born. Here she had spent many happy years and had also suffered much hardship and sorrow. A few miles away, up on the fir-clad hill behind the white country church in the quiet and peaceful God's Acre her eldest daughter lay sleeping for many years, and only a few short years ago her faithful life partner had gone to rest.

"Dear Pa," she murmured brokenly, "I'd hoped I too could finish my life here, but it is not to be. The acres that you worked so proudly and faithfully are soon to be turned over to strangers. Soon others will be eating the fruit from the trees that your dear hands planted, oh so long ago," and she covered her eyes with her hands as though to shut out the very thought of it.

But dreaded events have to be faced and, whether we like it or not, they come, linger a while and are gone. So it was in this case. A buyer was found, an auction held, and everything sold except a few of the things most needed. Mother did not wish to be there that day, so she visited a sister in another part of the state and left all in her children's hands.

After a few weeks she returned and went direct to the home of her eldest daughter, who had six children, mostly grown. There was always noise, confusion or excitement there. They welcomed their grandmother heartily for they loved her. But after a few days she felt she could not stand this constant hurry and noise. She missed the peace and quiet of her farm home. There seemed nothing to do. If she wanted to wash the dishes one of the twins would gently but firmly push her into the living room saying, "now grandmother dear, you have washed enough dishes in your life, I shouldn't think you'd want ever to wash another dish. You just take it easy."

Yes, take it easy. What should she do? She had never had time to read or do fancy

work, and now that she did have the time she did not care for it.

She started to sweep the diningroom rug when Jane, her daughter, said, "Never mind, mother, the girls will use the vacuum later on. Why don't you sit down and rest? You've surely never had much of it." So down she sat and before long was nodding, and all her worries were forgotten in blessed sleep.

Several hours later Bill came bounding in exclaiming, "Where is grandmother? Oh, there you are. Come over to the park with me and we will look at the animals," and together they went off. But when mother returned her poor feet hurt her so badly she hardly knew what to do.

"You see, dear," she said gently to Bill, "my old feet have walked miles and miles, but on the soft earth and in small short trips. I'm not used to these hard cement walks, so Bill, you'll have to find another partner," and she heaved a sigh.

So the days passed, and soon she felt she could not stand it any longer. She decided to visit with another daughter who lived on a farm and thought it would be more like home. But after being there a few days she found out that Betty, the little daughter, always gathered the eggs. Her own daughter would not allow her to stand out in the sun and hoe the garden and David, her son-in-law, always chopped and brought in the wood. So again there was nothing, nothing to do. Oh what use was it to live? No one needed her it seemed; there was no place she could fit in, and again a sadness came into her days.

After a few weeks she went to stay with one of her sons. She and Mabel, his wife, never had been drawn very close to one another, and although Mabel was very kind and solicitous of her welfare something that she could not describe was lacking.

Staying awhile with another son who lived in a very large city, she soon grew weary of the constant hustle and disturbance and she missed the kind hospitality of the country folk. And so the weeks and the months slipped by. She went from one place to another, always welcomed and loved yet never feeling at home.

In the meantime the children noticed her unrest and felt so sorry for her that although she never spoke a word of complaint they knew there would have to be a change. So they put their heads together and talked and looked at mother's life from all angles and finally came to a conclusion, hoping it was for the best.

* * *

A year had rolled around, and again it was spring. Spring with all its new hopes! The fruit trees were abloom in their delicate colors and Easter, with its wonderful promise of new life, was past.

It was a warm bright Sunday morning just as it should be on Mother's Day. Mother and some of her children and their families had attended services and were enjoying their dinner in Mildred's home.

"By the way," said Lonny, the youngest son, "how about all driving out to my place this afternoon? The country is so lovely."

"Agreed," the rest cried in unison, and mother's eyes looked happy. As soon as the dishes were washed and put away several auto loads left for Lonny's place, only a few miles away. His place adjoined the old farm. When almost there mother spoke in a surprised tone, "Why, Lonny, what have you built? I never saw that small building before."

He seemed not to hear her for he did not answer, and the rest were all silent. They were soon there, and after all had gotten out, instead of going into Lonny's house, two of the boys stepped up to mother and, taking their places on either side of her, escorted her proudly down the hill a short distance until they stood in front of a little three-room cottage. Jack, the eldest son there, acted as spokesman for the whole family.

When they reached the door all stopped and Jack, taking his mother's hand tenderly in his, said, "Mother dear, for a long time we all have felt you were not happy living as you have been doing, so we decided to build this little home for you here on Lonny's farm. We are sure it will be dear to you because all this land was once father's as you know. Here you can be your own mistress and do just as you please. Behold," and laughingly he turned and pointed to a strip of land, "here is ground plowed and ready for your seed and hoe. See yonder that small, new chicken house? Twelve of your faithful old biddies are already at home there. There is old Tabby sunning himself and even old Shep is here in his new kennel to complete the picture." Bowing to her and pointing toward the door Jack solemnly continued, "Enter your home, Mother dear, and bid us all welcome."

Too overcome to utter a word she opened the door and stepped into a cozy livingroom. "Oh," she exclaimed weakly pressing her hands over her heart. "Oh, how lovely, my dear old pieces of furniture, nothing new, nothing strange! Oh, it is just like coming home again. The old pictures, the old cupboards with the old dishes, my old bed, and father's dear picture looking down upon me. He is here with me in spirit; I can feel it. My blessed children, I cannot thank you enough," and as she sank into her old rocker tears of happiness ran down her cheeks.

Softly, quietly, one by one, the children departed, leaving her there with her thoughts and her happy memories. Looking out through the open doorway down into the valley, and overlooking the old farm home she could dream to her heart's content and yet her dear old hands would have work to do.

Closing her tear-dimmed eyes and resting her head against the back of the old rocker which she had always loved we will leave her as she happily dreamed of the yesterdays forever fresh in her memory.

The Lutheran.

After the Wolf.

"I see we are honored this morning with the presence of a minister of religion. Surely the reverend gentleman should have been ministering to his flock instead of wasting his time here!" Such was the comment of a liquor-trade lawyer when the late Rev. Samuel Chadwick appeared in a court to oppose a new drink license. "Oh, the flock is all right," Mr. Chadwick replied. "I am after the wolf."

In God We Trust! I happened to be present in a group of ministers when the President gave his annual message to congress. Someone remarked: "That sounds like the social gospel!" It does, and thank God for that! I dare not trust big business to save the nation even though they make fine promises; but I dare trust "Government for the people," for it would have to be Christian to be that.

Convention Notes.

61st Annual Convention at Tyler, Minn., opened Tuesday evening, June 7, with services at the church led by Rev. Holger Strandskov. Rev. Alfred Jensen, president of the synod, preached the sermon. Rev. Strandskov bid all the guests welcome.

Ideal Place for Meeting. The grounds around Danebod were very beautiful and with the College, the gymnasium, the Danish Grade School, "Stenhuset", besides the church and the parsonage made a lovely setting and most ideal place for a convention.

Danebod Church was beautifully decorated with large bouquets of fresh flowers all during the convention.

Rev. Holger Strandskov, who has been sick for a long time this spring, was well enough to conduct most of the meetings in the church.

"Æresport". A large beautiful arch made of evergreen branches was erected across the entrance to the college grounds bearing the inscription "Velkommen til Danebod".

Organization. Rev. Johs. Knudsen, Askov, Minn., was elected chairman of the convention, Rev. Alfred E. Sorensen, Seattle, Wash., assistant chairman, Rev. Henrik Plambeck, Atlantic, Iowa, secretary, Rev. Ejnar Farstrup, Menominee, Mich., assistant secretary, and Rev. Ernest D. Nielsen, Muskegon, Mich., assistant secretary to report the meeting in English.

Greetings from Denmark. The Committee on Danish-American Missions in Copenhagen sent greetings to the convention and expressed their wishes for a blessed and fruitful meeting.

Reports to the Convention. Many of the reports to the convention by the president, the chairman of different boards and committees, etc., were printed and distributed to the ministers and delegates to be studied by them individually. And it was decided to have all reports for next year's convention printed in English or in both Danish and English.

School Board. Instead of having the synodical board also act as school board of Grand View College, it was decided to elect a special board of five members, including the president of the synod. Other members elected to this board were: Rev. Johs. Knudsen, Askov, Minn., for 4 years; Mr. J. G. Thuesen, Fredsville, Iowa, for 3 years; Rev. Ottar Jorgensen, Cedar Falls, Iowa, for 2 years; and Mr. S. N. Nielsen, Chicago, Ill., for one year.

Rev. Alfred Jensen, Kimballton, Iowa, was re-elected president of the synod.

Mr. P. L. Lund, Hampton, Iowa, resigned after having served on the synodical board for 13 years. Mr. Aksel Holst, Cedar Falls, Iowa, was elected to take his place on the board.

Mr. Chr. Korsgaard, Chicago, Ill., member of the synodical board, was re-elected.

Pension Board. Mr. J. K. Jensen, Chicago, Ill., was elected to serve on the board for the Ministers' Pension Fund instead of Mr. Chr. Diken, Askov, Minn., who resigned.

Prof. Alfred C. Nielsen who has been nominated by the synodical board, was elected by the convention to be president of Grand View College, Des Moines, Iowa.

Rev. Ernest D. Nielsen. The appointment of Rev. Ernest D. Nielsen, Muskegon, Mich., to be professor of theology at Grand View College was approved by the convention.

Rev. Marius Krog, Marquette, Nebr., was elected to be editor of "Child's Friend" instead of Rev. J. J. Lerager, Cordova, Nebr., who resigned.

Mrs. P. H. Pedersen, Perth Amboy, N. J. was reelected editor of "Børnevennen".

Rev. J. L. J. Diken, Lindsey, Nebr., was reelected editor of "Kirkelig Samler".

Church Extension Fund. It was decided to start a fund for furthering the work of our synod in new fields and in small congregations already in existence. About \$300.00 was subscribed for this fund at the convention. A committee to be in charge of this fund was appointed consisting of Rev. V. S. Jensen, Hartford, Conn., Rev. L. C. Bundgaard, Brush, Colo., and Rev. C. A. Stub, Ringsted, Iowa.

Tracts. Rev. V. S. Jensen, Hartford, Conn., and Rev. J. C. Kjær, Racine, Wis., offered to publish the first of a series of tracts to be given out by our synod for use in extension work. The offer was accepted with thanks.

Grand View College. It was decided by the convention to get Grand View College accredited. With this in view it was voted to improve the laboratories at the college to meet the requirements of the State of Iowa.

Sunday School Exhibit. The committee appointed by last year's convention to gather Sunday School materials had a fine exhibit of books, pamphlets, etc., in the Danish school building, which was in charge of Rev. L. C. Bundgaard.

Religious Education. A permanent committee to work for religious education of our children was elected, consisting of Rev. J. C. Kjær, Racine, Wis., for three years; Rev. L. C. Bundgaard, Brush, Colo., for two years; and Mr. J. G. Thuesen, Fredsville, Iowa, for one year.

A Santal Mission Meeting was held on Thursday evening with Rev. J. J. Aaberg, Minneapolis, Minn., in charge. Two of our missionaries, Dr. Dagmar Pedersen and Rev. J. M. Girtz, spoke at the meeting. Very inspiring! The offering taken at this meeting for the Santal Mission work amounted to \$127.00.

Young People's Work. At this year's convention one evening was given over to a young people's program. It was in charge of the president of the Danish American Young People's League, Prof. Alfred C. Nielsen of Grand View College. Rev. Holger Nielsen, Junction City, Ore., Prof. Harald Knudsen, Grand View College, Des Moines, Iowa, and Rev. E. Farstrup, Menominee, Mich., spoke.

Thirtieth Anniversary. The Danish Women's Mission Fund celebrated its 30th birthday in connection with its yearly meeting held on Saturday evening. Mrs. Seeley Knudstrup, Manistee, Mich., who has been a member of the board for 29

years, led the meeting and read a letter of greeting from Mrs. Karoline B. Kjølhede. Mrs. C. A. Stub, Ringsted, Iowa, gave a short history of this mission society during the thirty years. The offering taken at this meeting amounted to \$138.00, which was given to the Church Extension Fund.

Ostergaard Memorial Unveiled. A memorial for Rev. Kr. Ostergaard, erected by friends at his grave in the Tyler Cemetery, was unveiled on Sunday afternoon. It was a very impressive ceremony, which was in charge of Rev. Holger Strandskov.

Rev. and Mrs. P. Rasmussen, Dalum, Alberta, Canada, were guests at the convention. Rev. Rasmussen spoke at the closing meeting Sunday evening. He emphasized keeping our children in our own church.

This Year's Convention was more characterized by youth than previous conventions.

Attendance. The convention was attended by about 670 out of town guests.

Sunday Morning Worship. About 1,200 people attended services on Sunday morning held in three different places.

Home Mission Offering taken Sunday morning amounted to \$270.00.

Next Year's Convention will be at Withee, Wis.

The Power of the Printed Word.

By Mabel H. Erdman, Beirut, Syria.

A little old man with greying beard and kindly, smiling hazel eyes sits in a wheel chair on the veranda of a Home for the Aged in a near East city. His face is lined, but the lines are those of a thinker. He is talking to his Moslem neighbor—a thin, time-scarred old gentleman whose bed has been pulled out on the balcony. The first old man is telling something of his early life. A missionary friend listens while the tale is told.

"Years ago I lived in the Holy City where I was a keeper in a large mosque. I was a devout Moslem, wearing the green turban to which I was entitled as a direct descendent of the Prophet. Five times a day when the muezzin called, I prayed with the faithful. One of my duties was to clean and fill the many ornate lamps which hung in that mosque. I was also expected to collect the rents due from houses owned by the mosque. In these houses lived all manner of people, the better apartments being let to foreigners from whom we could demand a high rental. One of these tenants was a lady who lived alone. I wondered why she had left her far-away home to live among strangers, who, to judge by myself, loved her little.

"One day, quite accidentally, I learned why she had come. When she gave me her rent money she handed me a small book. I suspected at once that it must be an accursed book of the Christians, and had it not been for the precious money and the courtesy due a tenant of the holy mosque, I should have dropped the hated thing which seemed to burn into my hand. As soon as possible I bowed politely and left the foreign lady.

"There were other collections to be made

that day and lacking opportunity to do otherwise, I slipped the small book into my pocket. I forgot about it until later in the day when I sat alone in a shadowed corner of the great mosque. Curiosity overcame my fear and I opened the book surreptitiously.

"Many years have gone by now, but never shall I forget my first impression of the beauty of that story. It was the Gospel according to Saint Mark, and as by some outer force I was impelled to read through the verses which described John the Baptist, Christ's Baptism, his temptation and calling of some of the disciples. Perhaps more than all else I was impressed by the beauty and the purity of Christ's teaching and character.

"Suddenly I was covered with confusion. This thing which I considered beautiful, this story which was written in my own sacred tongue, was a despised Christian thing, a false book which they dared to set up in comparison with the holy Koran! Hastily I hid it lest I be detected.

"Days slipped by, during which I condemned myself on the one hand and indulged my curiosity on the other. Finally I decided there was no harm in carrying the book with me. After all, my devotion to Islam could not be questioned. I managed to read all of the Gospel of Mark, and then, still firm in my own faith, I made bold to visit the foreign lady again and ask for other books of the same sort. I do not know what impression I made upon her, but she received me kindly and without question gave me other Gospels.

"In a short time I had read all four gospels and then I secured the Book of Acts. It was not long before I had to acknowledge that Jesus Christ had won me as he had Paul of Tarsus, though my own conversion was much less dramatic. I was filled with a great longing to serve my Savior and Friend, who had revealed God to me in a new light—as a loving Father to whom I was precious.

"So strong was my new faith, so compelling his plea to leave all and follow him, that I knew I must make an open de-

claration. The great mosque became an intolerable place; the copies of the sacred Koran, the shining lamps, the very rugs leered at me.

"I knew that I must turn my back on all this. My parents would disown me and disinherit me; my friends would seek to destroy me; my wife would have to do as her parents and mine decreed, and I should have to leave her and the children.

"Weeks and months slipped by as I hesitated. My life was comfortable, even luxurious. I was loved, respected, trusted. In giving up Islam I should be giving up all security and respectability as I knew them. But while I debated about this other Prophet and compared his life with that of Mohammed, I knew what I must do; and at last I did it.

"The result was all that I had anticipated, but though my suffering was great, I felt no sorrow or regret. There were many new friends now to replace the old, whom I loved with a greater love than ever and forgave wholeheartedly when they persecuted me. Penniless, I left my home city with all of its dear associations and traveled northward. Everywhere Christians who had heard of me welcomed me, but whenever I encountered those of my old faith, they reviled me mercilessly. I was refused shelter in every Moslem home; I was shamefully cursed and ejected from restaurants and all public places where I was known.

"For a time doubt assailed me. I wondered whether God had forgotten me. Things were strange as I traveled away from home; I did not slip easily into the new customs and religious practices. I missed my loved ones, particularly my sons, who would grow up considering their father a renegade, an infidel, a betrayer of the faith. Perhaps these were the hardest hours of my life.

"But when my sorrow was deepest, when the outlook seemed blackest, God made himself known to me, and I was able to rise up and follow him with renewed strength and vision.

"Now after all these years I can testify

that he has never forsaken me at any time and that he is worthy of every sacrifice made for his sake. I would not go back to the old life, with all of its security and material comfort, for all that the world has to offer. I have tried to witness to him, to tell others of his love and beauty, and as life's shadows lengthen around me, I realize that I must work harder that no time be lost."

Thus the fascinating tale came to a close. Whenever he can do so, this truly converted believer reads from his "Beautiful Book" to his companions, and if we were there to see, we should note that many a face is softened, that new light comes into hard, cold eyes which have seen much bitterness and disappointment, for the Prince of Peace hovers near.

"Cov. Wkly."

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