

Lutheran Tidings

Volume VII

December 20, 1940

Number 10

Christmas in the Air

There is something inspiring
And sweet in the air,
Like spring, though the forest
Is wintry and bare.
There is something that flows as
The fragrance of roses
And songs overhead,
Though roses have faded and songbirds
From winter have fled.

There is something that touches
My heart at the root.
As gladness that comes as
A breath from my youth.
There is something that finds me
And gently reminds me
Of yule-tide with snow,
With candles and songs and with mother
In days long ago.

V. Gregersen

There is something that beckons,
A light from afar,
From childhood and mother,
Like Bethelhem's star,
And leads me, half stranger,
To Christ in the manger
With child-like delight,
Though childhood has fled like the songbirds
Far off, out of sight.

Come, bless Thou our Christmas,
Thou theme of the song
That angels were singing!
Bless aged and young!
As candles are burning,
Bless all who are yearning
For gladness and peace!
With Thee shall forever and ever
Unhappiness cease!

Translated by S. D. Rodholm



The Whole Gospel for Christmas

This Christmas we will gather to hear the gospel message as written by Luke which perhaps most people think of as the real Christmas message. It is written in a simpler language or way than the gospel story written by John where he tells about "the Word that became flesh." But what would Christmas really mean to us if it were not for an Easter and a Pentecost, without the whole Christ.

John seems to continue the Christmas story where Luke ends. His gospel reminds me of the work of the sculptor, chiseled out in marble, stroke upon stroke. Luke brings before us scene upon scene as a master painter. While John begins from above telling of the Word of God become incarnate, Luke begins from below as seen by man, in a way that even the children may receive the story and rejoice. First the historical setting, then the scene in the stable, the shepherds watching their flocks by night, and ascending to the scene of the angels and their message, all in quick succession. It is as though heaven opened and was lowered to earth as if to say, "From there it all came, there it belongs, and out from there the saving grace comes which shall lift you up to the place from where you have fallen but again may reach." He came for our sake.

In this story's simplicity and homeliness lies its gripping strength. Even ages after it still thrills and

grips our heart, still breathes peace upon the soul although the Gospel of John undoubtedly brings us the fuller Christian Christmas message.

Somehow we continue to love to hear the story of the young mother and Joseph, and the Christ child in the manger, and all the rest. It never grows old. It tells about a very common occurrence in Palestine. Many another mother before and since in that land undoubtedly have found the manger the only place at her disposal for her newborn infant. But somehow none of the others mean anything to us.

Why is it that we never tire of re-reading this story? How can we account for the fact that this simple little story lives on and on in every nation, among all peoples, and in all languages, while masterpieces by men of letters have almost been forgotten or are known only to the few learned? It continues to transcend the highest learning and still it descends to the humblest home. I predict, that all attempts to wipe this story out of the hearts of youth will only cause this little jewel to shine brighter. Persecution, so the church history shows us, only polished the jewel brighter so that even the enemies of Christ were amazed.

First I believe the Christmas story continues to live on because it lives in the soul of man. If it only has been committed to memory as a matter of knowledge it means very little to anyone. But if the message has become a living part of one's self it continually comes to mean more, as the soul life of man

grows according to God's will. The story then "satisfies a longing as nothing else can do."

Then again, it is told in all simplicity without any attempt to enlarge upon it. Luke does not seek fame or he might have written several books of fiction about this subject. He endeavored to tell the truth to Theophilus as he undoubtedly had heard it related by Mary, whom we know had "kept all those sayings, pondering them in her heart."

Undoubtedly, the sign unto the shepherds, "you shall find a babe," seems disappointing to some. God should rather have revealed his glory with flash of rockets and booming of heaven's artillery. Then no one could mistake it and all would be compelled to fall in the dust before Him like slaves. They do not realize that God sought children, free men and not slaves.

Just pause for one moment and consider what a blessing it has been to untold numbers of humble souls that God thus revealed himself to the meek and lowly rather than to the learned. In the beginning as on the cross God reached out through his Son to the lowly that no one by the wayside can truthfully say, "He is not for me." He was laid in the manger though he might justly claim the place in the mansion where the Wisemen sought him.

But the final reason why this story still grips us, I believe, lies in the story's continuation. The story did not end with the babe in the manger although some make pageantry out of this, even this Christmas. It is not ended to this day. Every day under the grace of God a new page is added. The Christ child grew up to noble manhood and through word and deed revealed God on earth, while healing the sick, comforting the sorrowing ones, raising the dead. Through it all Jesus proved that Nicodemus judged right: "No man can do those deeds except God is with him."

To be sure it all began with the Christ child in the manger. "Once it was proclaimed:—Ye shall find a child in a manger. But he is no longer there. Heaven be praised that it did not end there, but that he grew up and fulfilled all things, that all, who would believe in him, might have everlasting life," as one writer states it. If the story had not continued we would not be gathering in our homes and churches during Christmas worshiping in faith and hope, and daring to believe that the gospel of salvation is also for us. It is our good fortune that we have heard the continuation of the story of what occurred in Bethlehem.

Therefore, the sign unto us this day is, you shall find a man and in him find God revealed. A man who lived a life of loving service and sacrifice. Who died on a cross. But he is not there now. He was buried and descended into the realm of the dead. Neither is he there now. He arose again. He is now at the right hand of God, the Father, as the living savior. All this is a part of our Christmas gospel.

It was because of his resurrection, and not because of the peaceful Christmas story, that his enemies in this world rose up in arms against those who dared to bear witness unto his name. The evil powers of this world today seem to be arming for the final battle.

Therefore, we will need more than beautiful sentiment; more than a peaceful story however blessed; more than Christmas pageantry and the like, if we shall succeed to reach the goal and win the race. The

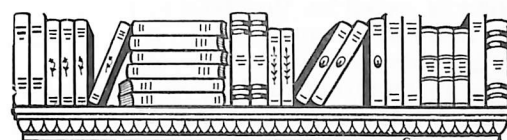
days of the babe in the manger will never return. It was only the beginning of God's great revelation to mankind.

So a Christmas today without an Easter and a Pentecost would be a festival without the fulfillment of God's grace and mercy toward mankind. With us in our Christmas joy we must have Christ, our Savior, as the fulfillment of all things. He must be with us as a reality in life, "dwell among us." We must also in some measure have "beheld his glory, a glory as of the Father, full of grace and truth," if our Christmas joy is to be complete.

"Christmas does not come to bring us beautiful dreams of the past but living truth and reality to a present world in need." In order to realize this we must have the whole gospel of Christ Jesus before us.

May God by His Holy Spirit so prepare our hearts that we may experience the complete Christmas joy.

A. E. Frost



BOOKS

JULEGRANEN, 1940. HOLST PRINTING CO., CEDAR FALLS, IOWA. 50 CENTS.

Once more the annual Christmas guest, "Julegranen", has made its appearance, for the 44th time. It is no doubt a particularly welcome guest this year because of the tragic situation of old Denmark at present. Not that "Julegranen" brings any concrete message from Denmark, but rather let us say because it is a rendezvous of memories, where the memories of childhood, recollections of past Christmases, memories of Denmark or of the experiences of the sons and daughters of Denmark on their emigrant adventure, meet and beckon to us, gently and unseen. For when we have passed the years of childhood and youth, the sentiments hovering around Christmas consist largely of memories, the people's memories as well as our own, which are associated with Christmas experiences in the years gone by.

"Julegranen" appears, as always, in beautiful dress. It contains many pictures, two of which I shall mention: the full page picture of Carl Bloch's painting, "The Daughter of Jairi"; and a smaller picture of Christian Warthoe's bust "The Icelandic Girl, Noel". Besides these and a few others, the pictures consist of illustrations to the stories, poems and articles.

In the first article of the booklet, Rev. P. H. Pedersen unwittingly has set a memorial to himself. In this short Christmas sermon the simplicity, sincerity, and honesty of his nature, expressed itself in a testimony of the importance of the message of Christmas in this gloomy world.

Next I would point out August L. Bang's poem, "Jul—al Krig til Trods" as the finest and weightiest contribution this year. It is easy, below the surface of the verses to feel the trembling of a human heart at the darkness which covers the world, and especially the mother country, and the clinging of this

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CHRISTMAS AMONG SANTALS



Dagmar Miller

Friends and readers of Lutheran Tidings, are you willing to adorn yourselves with wings of imagination?

Very well, we are ready to cross our own U. S. as well as the great seas to enter India by way of Calcutta to be among our Santal Christians as they prepare for the greatest of all Birthdays.

On our way to Assam, 250 miles inland by rail from Calcutta, we at once become aware of the great variety of trees so entirely foreign to us. There are numerous hardwood trees; the two most common on this

route being Sal and Teak and all about you are groves or clusters of innumerable Bamboo trees of various types. The saying goes: "Without bamboo and rope you are lost, but with a supply of bamboo and rope you will be able to manage any situation in India's jungles."

We are going to spend Christmas with our Santal friends in Assam, who have heard and believed the Glad Tidings: "Unto You is born a Savior." This joyous gospel was first brought to the Santals in Santal Parganas, formerly commonly spoken of as Santalistan—particularly by the pioneers, Borresen and Skrefsrud.

This Santal Parganas, a district within the Province of Behar, lies about 100 miles to the N. W. of Calcutta, and from there Santals migrated to Assam and to Malda. Hence our Santal Christians spend Christmas in the many homes and churches in the three districts. With all our baggage—the bulk being our bedding, required whenever one travels in India—we got in the train to spend the night in not too clean a place and, due to twice changing trains, none too restful a night. We are really ever so happy to see the extensive forests through which the train rumbles on. Finally we are at the station. Now we make a leap to get out. There is no ladder and from the train step to the ground is all of one and one-half to two yards, depending on where the train stops; hence this getting out is none too easy. However, through the window and the door comes our baggage as fast and faster than we can manage sometimes, because Sedem, our buffalo driver nervously thrusts out our things remembering the train stop here at Tipkai is usually limited to a few minutes—3 to 5—and he does desire to be out by the time the signal sounds.

Sedem is, as I said, the man who manages the buffalo cart.

You suspect a trip in a buffalo cart? No, it takes our baggage—suitcases, boxes, bedding, and

all; but look, see on yonder road, there in that cloud of dust, the Mission car? It will presently take us through these dust clouds the 17 miles to Haraputa. Coming out of the forest you are of a necessity thrilled to exclaim: Behold the beauty of these fields of flowing rice! These stretches of unharvested rice round about are gloriously beautiful—the needed food for the many, many Santals. Usually, although ripe and ready, only rice enough to take the family through the Christmas holiday is cut, threshed and husked in December. **Do not rush India!**

Do Santals prepare for Christmas?

Oh, yes! Outward preparations really begin in October when the rains have ceased. Their initial decorations are the traditional mud plastering.

Every home, its stove for cooking, and its courtyard looks its very best, good as new! It is nice and clean and smooth as can be. Further decorations as the holidays draw near lie in the garlands of green twigs, flowers, and paper—yards and yards around their homes give these a truly festive appearance.

Much popped rice needs to be laid by. The heavy rice cakes cooked in deep mustard, oil and some dry pancakes are prepared, and as much sugar, white or brown or both, as can be afforded is stored up as no Christmas guest is allowed to leave without being shown this sign of hospitality: tea with sugar and salt served with popped rice.

As Santal homes are garlanded so do we find our Christmas decorations for our church. For hours people have been making paper decorations and roping green garlands for the church—inside and out. Portals of flowing banana trees carry the Santal greeting **Johar** to those who draw near.

I hear you ask—what about Christmas in the home? Allow me to tell you of Christmas Eve at our home among Santals.

About 3 o'clock we gathered on our veranda where mats are spread. A hymn or a short prayer or both gathers us somehow **together**.

Some tea is served; gallons of it!—with sugar aplenty. It is served with the popped rice, candy or cakes. Everyone seems to be thoroughly enjoying it all. This over with the 65-70 people gather in our living room where a real Christmas tree is lit. We are a large family who through the days of this year have lived together through the varied problems pertaining to the work of our Haraputa Mission station. Once again all are quietly seated to sing and to hear of Him who came to make Salvation possible. Think of parcels! Everyone receives a gift. Often if at all possible, some wearing apparel which may be ridiculously twisted when put on and—how our Santals enjoy the humorous side of life!

Before our party breaks up the entire family quietly files out through the door, each one saying thank you in the beautiful dignified Santal **Johar**.

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Volume VII December 20, 1940 Number 10

EDITORIAL

"Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing."

Thus the Christmas messages comes to us again.—The children of God are convinced that Christ is the King of heaven and earth—in spite of a war-torn world.

Looking back to the day of the first Christmas on earth we find that Christ was born into a world filled with hatred, fear and persecution under Caesar. His message was not for a world found to be in harmony with it. But it was for a sin-burdened world whose need of such a redeeming message was very great.

Through more than 1900 years this message of peace, of joy and gladness has been proclaimed to the world. And wherever it was heard it was the unique experience of man that the greater the need the gladder the tidings.

In the days when Jesus walked on earth many turned away from His invitation claiming that they did not need His message. This has been the supreme tragedy ever since the days of the first Christmas. This is the tragedy of our present war-scarred world.

"There was no room for them in the Inn." This indictment still rests on the shoulder of mankind. We have not as a nation, as a generation made room in our hearts and lives for the Prince of Peace.—Humanity has not given this a sincere trial.

The Christmas gospel brings this offer once more. It is a gospel mighty enough to change and transform the whole of human life, if we are willing to accept it.—It has proven itself capable of establishing in individuals the spirit of brotherhood and good will toward all men of our world, whatever the race, nation or color may be.

"Blossom as a rose shall here
All the desert places,
Blossom when the golden year
Shines on saddened faces.
Glory crowns proud Lebanon,
Carmel's height has splendor won,
Flowers bloom in Sharon."

Wishing all the readers of Lutheran Tidings a most joy-filled Christmas.

Holger Strandskov

Greetings from India



Bengaria P. O. S. P.
Nov. 3, 1940.

Dear Friends:

As the Christmas season draws nearer we want to send our greetings to the readers of Lutheran Tidings with our best wishes for a very happy Christmas. May we be able, in spite of the chaos that reigns in the world, to gather in the quiet of our homes and our churches, and there let the Peace of God fill our hearts and again feel the truth of the song that the angels sang: "Unto you this day a Saviour is born." It is the Spirit of Christmas that one day will conquer where the armies of mighty nations have failed.

Our work goes on here on the same lines as usual, although somewhat curtailed in scope again—help from the Scandinavian countries was cut off. To those who wonder how we are getting along on our cut salaries, let me hasten to say that we get along fine. We have all that we need and suffer no want. And we are thankful that the prospects now are that we can continue our work in 1941 on the same scale that we are working on now, i. e. with a budget decreased by thirty-three and one-third per cent and fifty per cent. This will be possible by gifts from various sources, chiefly from the Lutheran Churches in America and from subscriptions from friends. Please accept our sincere thanks for your contribution to this cause. I know that many have made special efforts to send extra large contributions to help us over this crisis. It will not be forgotten.

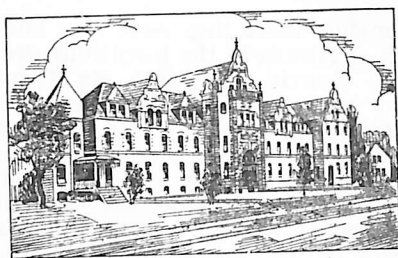
We have been well this year, for which we are thankful. David and Sylvia are thriving in spite of the heat and rains, and now the comfortable cool season is coming, yes, the nights are already quite cool, and the days warm only at midday.

At the hospital we are busy. And now that the Hindu festivals are over for the year and the Mohammedans have finished their month of fast, (they eat nothing all day, may not even take a drink of water, but then are permitted food during the night), now that these are over more patients will come for a time. The Mohammedans could not take medicines during the daytime either, and it was not always so easy to follow orders during the night. So now we expect to be busy.

So we send our thanks to you all for help during the past year, and our best wishes for a blessed Christmas and a happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,
Alma and Erling Ostergaard

Grand View College



Mother Nature is playing tricks on us today in Des Moines! When I was out for a walk a few minutes ago, the weather was like the fifteenth of May with boys in shirt-sleeves and girls in light dresses, and yet someone just told me that we go home for the Christmas holidays in only eleven days! I believe the world is being upset in more than one way.

Just thinking of the wonderful Thanksgiving dinner we had on the 28th makes me hungry again. We who stayed here over the holidays didn't miss anything as far as the eats were concerned. Thanksgiving Day morning there were church services at ten-thirty attended by most of the students. At noon we ate just enough lunch to keep our stomachs at rest until five o'clock in the evening when all the students and the faculty families filled the beautifully decorated dining room to enjoy turkey, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, cranberries, olives, celery, pumpkin pie, coffee, and candy. Later in the evening the group gathered in the living room to enjoy singing and round games. We were very thankful, too, that we had been able to collect enough money to give a Thanksgiving basket to a needy neighboring family. The remainder of the weekend found most of the students enjoying a vacation with plenty of time for resting. The latter statement applies to all except the American history students who spent most of the mornings, afternoons and nights completing their papers which were due Monday morning. It is remarkable how easy it is to leave those long assignments, given six weeks in advance, until the last few days!

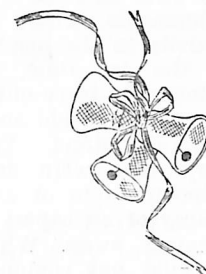
This week our classes are being changed slightly in order that everyone may hear the lectures to be given by Rev. Holger Jorgensen of Muskegon, Michigan, at eleven o'clock on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday mornings. This morning at "andagt" President Nielsen also announced that next week we students would gather again, as is the old custom at Grand View, each evening between five and six o'clock to sing Christmas songs and listen to a Christmas reading. Too bad more schools and colleges can't take time to meditate on the significance of the approaching season. The harmonies of the various musical groups of G. V. C., practicing diligently for the Christmas concert on the 15th, remind us



No little act of kindness done,
Will ever fail of its reward,
A gentle word, a tender smile,
All count when done unto the Lord,
For love of Him, for love of Him.

The Greatest Gift

On Christmas eve when doors swing wide,
And hearts are full of glad-goodwill,
We'll freely share with those who lack,
And empty cups rejoicing fill,
For love of Him, for love of Him.



Though precious gems we do not own,
Nor gold nor silver be our store,
The smallest offering we bring,
His blessing seems to make it more,
For love of Him, for love of Him.

— Lizzie DeArmond.

A Christmas Story

He had left the ship in haste; an argument with the First Mate had made it imperative. How could a first mate know the whims of a ship's carpenter and why should a mate permit abuses? Details were lacking in this affair, which ended with Erik walking down the gang plank in a rather haughty and independent manner. He sought the usual haunts, made inquiries about sailings, but little hope was given for a speedy departure from the port. The word "depression" had reached the waterfront.

"Erik" will not make this port again. The Consul informed me some time ago that he had been killed in "Frisco." To many this would not mean very much. Yet memory is reluctant to leave him unheralded, so this little sketch will briefly relate a few moments of Erik's past.

Today, I was reminded of him. After the meeting was over and the song books were placed in their racks, I recalled that Erik had made them, and many other conveniences while on "forced shore leave."

Among the many who had sought Christmas cheer in the little hall, where the children were having their annual Christmas celebration, was Erik, at that time unknown to me. He had managed to locate a place where Christmas cheer was on tap; perhaps he could find refreshment and the needy cash which would provide

that soon "Christmas is here with joy untold."

In a lighter vein I might mention that the basketball team has successfully started the season with victories over their first three junior college opponents, Ellsworth, Boone, and Estherville. The team this year seems to have plenty of fight, reserve strength and team cooperation. The student body is out yelling for them to keep up the good start!

Richard H. Sorensen.

for shelter another night or two.

At first he was unobserved in the midst of this Christmas gathering. There was hardly time to take notice of any one in particular. It was all a case of following the leader in the march around the tree singing the familiar carols of Danish origin. Christmas had embraced everyone but Erik, he was the lone exception, all were in the marching but he. Possibly that was the reason that he attracted my attention, as he stood near the west exit light. Why did he not join in with the merry festive gathering. Even the familiar "Julen har bragt velsignet bud" did not budge him.

I made my way through the jostling crowd, extended a hand of greeting and looked into a face filled with sadness. He could see the happy assembly but was deprived of the singing because of his deafness; no melody had reached his lonely soul.

He was suffering, yes, he was suffering, not from injury, nor from want, but because of his exclusion, from the happy throng. His deafness prevented his participation in song and conversation, thereby depriving him of half of his Christmas. Few realize what this may mean to be without the full inspiration of the beautiful messages of Christmas hymns. This was not all, the letter from his mother had not arrived. He was alone, no one had so far approached him. We talked together—after coffee and "kleiners" and after two silver dollars had found resting place in his stomach and pocket, he disappeared.

A few days had passed; the new year had been greeted in the accustomed fashion and most of us had settled down to live 1930.

While building a fire in the basement furnace, I was startled by the crash of glass directly above where I was engaged in my morning chore. From my position I could observe what was taking place without being seen by anyone through the window. After

my first surprise I waited to see developments. There had been burglar activity in the neighborhood, but none in the day time, surely none would attempt to force entrance at this hour, when they could so easily be detected from the street. Yet, here before my very eyes, were deft fingers quickly removing bits of glass, and with the ability of an expert the last putty was scraped away. What could this be, I could not comprehend. As I continued to observe I expected momentarily to see some one come through the open space; yet none came. Instead my amazement increased as the two hands (this was all I could see from my position behind the furnace), fitted a new glass into place and puttied the edges very neatly. After witnessing the complete job, I decided to see whom this workman could be. I had no recollection of ordering a new glass. Emerging from the basement door, I beheld my sailor friend of a few evenings ago. He greeted me with these words: "Dette er et Dansk Hus, i et dansk Hus kal der altid være orden. Jeg kan ikke udrette ret meget; men jeg kan dog sætte i nye ruder hver de tiltraanges og det vil jeg gerne gøre hver gang jeg er i havn."

In the many years he called we knew his first act was to make the rounds of the buildings.

He was best satisfied when serving—alone.

We have missed him a great deal, sailors are so helpful.

Christmas brought him to us—Christmas is a wonderful season.

Alfred E. Sorensen.

::

A Christmas Wish

May the light which shone on the hills of Bethlehem that first Christmas night, shine in our hearts.

May the sweet song which thrilled the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, sing in our souls.

May the Son of God and the Son of Man, the Beautiful Savior, become our Lord and King.

Then with high courage we shall enter upon the New Year in the Name that is above every name in tenderness, strength and beauty.

::

God's Christmas Gift

Oh, let thy heart make melody,
And thankful songs uplift,
For Christ Himself has come to be
Thy glorious Christmas gift.
A happy, happy Christmas,
And a happy, happy year;
Oh, we have not deserved it,
And yet we need not fear.
For Jesus has deserved it,
And so, for Jesus' sake,
This cup of joy and blessing
With grateful hand we take.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

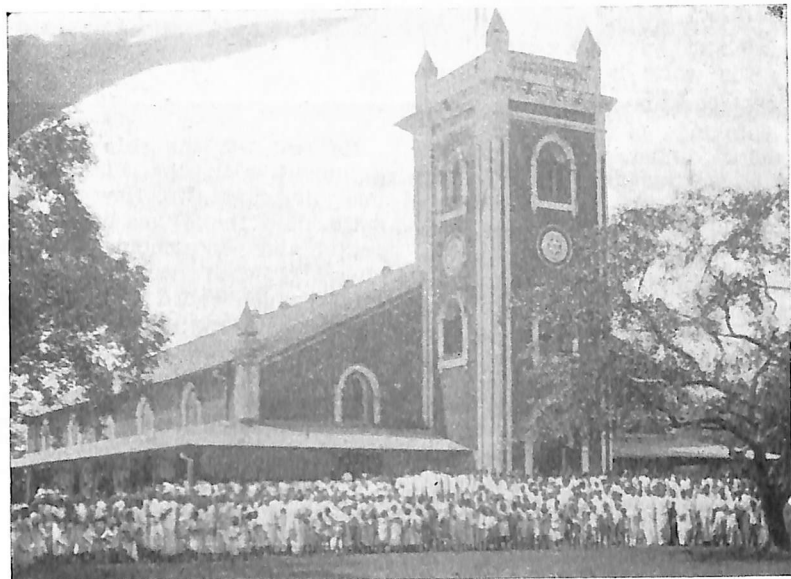
CHRISTMAS AMONG SANTALS

(Continued from Page 75)

Everyone is now getting ready for the evening meal. Usually everybody tries to have some meat for a good curry on this great occasion. With us we do not have curry, but often a duck and other good things. We've finished our meal. The church bell sent out from U. S. A. peals out its invitation. Everyone knows in another half hour services begin.

On "full moon Christmas" you not only hear the Santals coming from their respective villages playing their hand organs, but you can see them group upon group wending their way

to worship where they meet with hundreds of friends in the beautifully decorated church where our old friend Ratia Pastor moves about until the 4-500 Santals quietly seated on mats on the floor begin to sing—hymns and more hymns are sung. Prayers are offered. We all listen to the old and ever-living message: "Unto You Is Born a Savior." A prayer of thanksgiving and praise to Him who came to save every sinner who will but receive salvation through faith in our Lord Jesus, is the closing part of the Christmas Eve worship. Johars are ex-



Ebenezer Church and Congregation

changed. Organs are again put to use and the Santals and we go to our respective homes.

They do enjoy music, particularly singing. Oft'times they continue throughout the entire night, which very act does prove to be "too much of a good thing."

It is never an easy matter for us sinful beings to live the life, becoming to one professing Jesus as Savior and leader. It is not easy for Santals.

We are in our home busy, happily busy with greetings, letters and parcels and quietly enjoy relating pleasant events from "home Christmases."

Tomorrow is Christmas day. At that

service oft'times 8 and 900 Santals gather at our Christmas worship. Many of them have never before heard the blessed news of salvation through Jesus, our Lord. Many heathens attend this service in Haraputa.

May the gospel of Love be so preached and lived that great gatherings for worship like these, be instrumental in harvesting sheaves ripe for the Kingdom of true Joy.

Christmas among our Santals is a time of rejoicing. May it all redound to His Glory, who was born to be a Savior.

May this one be a Joyous Christmas.

Dagmar Miller.

BOOKS . . .

(Continued from Page 74)

heart to the hope which was born on Christmas night.

Stories and articles have been contributed by J. Chr. Bay, Johannes Knudsen, Enok Mortensen, Richard Beck, Anna Goodhope, Sofus Frederiksen, Thos. P. Christensen, Clemens Sorensen, C. H. W. Hasselriis, Ebba Trampe, and "Skipper"—a motley ar-

ray as regards their spirit, tone, and quality.

"Julegranen" contains much good Danish reading matter. It is worth buying for its own sake; it is also worth buying in appreciation and support of a worthy Danish literary venture. "Julegranen" is an excellent Christmas present for father or mother, who reads the Danish language; memories will be revived through its reading.

C. A. Stub

Can We Be Happy This Christmas?

Yes, despite the conditions around us, happier than ever before, if we seek happiness at the right source. We must be happy to have Christmas at all. Happiness is the very essence of Christmas. It is not a day in the calendar, but a state of mind and heart.

That first Christmas was a joyful one, in the midst of most simple, humble surroundings. Mary was happy, though she must wrap her babe in swaddling bands with her own hands, and lay Him in a crude trough in a stable which was nothing more than a hole in the side of a hill; the shepherds were happy, though they slept on the cold ground beneath the stars; all nature was happy, and hung a star above the lowly town of Bethlehem, to shine in unaccustomed glory; the angels of God were exceedingly happy, and left heaven to sing their pæan of praise.

We shall find our happiness this year in life itself, not in the things of life; in what we are and not in what we have. Your happiness is your Father's will. Your joy, not your gloom, is His glory. "The fire's value is in the things it cannot consume." Much is passing, but nothing that is worth while will be lost. You have honor, self-respect, faith, hope, love, friends, dear ones, and heaven itself, left.

Would you be happy? Forget yourself, and look up the people who need you. Happiness is a by-product. Then there are the children: they have a right to joy. Let us forget and all be children once more.

Selected.

Our Church

Ronald Jespersen, student from Grand View College preached in the Nazareth Church in Withee, Wisconsin, on Sunday, Dec. 8th.

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Martin K. Petersen, Hartford, Conn. died recently from heart failure. Mr. Peterson, who was only 55 years old, was an active member of the Hartford church, and was serving as financial secretary at the time of his death.

* * * *

Viborg, So. Dak.—Nearly \$100 has been sent to Missions the past year in memory of departed friends instead of giving flowers at funerals.

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Esben Aakjær, who visited many of our church groups, giving readings from his father, Jeppe Aakjaer's writings, has recently spoken in several of the Danish groups in the East.

* * * *

Mrs. Emilie Pedersen, the widow of the late Rev. P. H. Pedersen of Perth Amboy, N. J., accompanied her daugh-

ter, Mrs. Sigurd Johansen, to her home in New Mexico. Mrs. Pedersen's address is now: Box 55, State College, New Mexico. (Note: the name of the city is State College.)

* * * *

The Ladies Aid drive for Lutheran Tidings in Juhl, Mich. was 12 renewals and one new subscriber. We thank the ladies for their effort!

* * * *

Rev. L. C. Bundgaard of Troy, N. Y. spoke in Our Saviour's Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. Friday, Dec. 6th.

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A Junior League was organized recently in Our Saviour's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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"A Christmas Pageant of the Holy Grail," by W. R. Bowie was given by the young people at Danebod, Tyler, Minn. on Sunday evening, Dec. 15. The group in the pageant were assisted by a choir directed by Miss Else Rix.

* * * *

A Danish Radio Service will be given Dec. 24th, 4:30-5:30 Central Standard Time on the Station WRJN, Racine, Wisc. The service will be conducted by Rev. J. C. Kjaer, Pastor of Bethany Danish Lutheran Church in Racine.

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Danish Christmas Radio Programs: On Christmas day, Dec. 25th, 4:00-6:00 a. m., Central Standard Time, a Danish Christmas program will be given on Station WTMJ, Milwaukee, Wisc. Kiloc. 620. The program is under the direction of Peder Bach, Racine.

* * * *

From Seattle, Wash. another Scandinavian Christmas program will be heard on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24th. The program will begin at 10:30 p. m. Pacific Standard Time on Radio station KJR, 970 Kiloc. The first part of the program will be in the Swedish language, then a Norwegian program follows, and at 11:10 p. m., the Choir of St. John's Danish Church will sing under the direction of Mrs. T. W. Blake.

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NEWS BRIEFS

"The Lutheran", the publication of the United Lutheran Church, recently increased its subscription list with 2,300 new subscribers during the first month of a special drive to increase its circulation. (How do they do it? Editor.)

Dr. Paul Dwight Moody, youngest son of the celebrated evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, has been selected to represent the Protestant forces in a liaison between the Army and Navy Chaplains and the denominational bodies to which these chaplains belong.

The United States War Department has announced that each division chap-

lain is to be provided with a one-half ton delivery truck and a mobile public address system mounted on a trailer to be used for recreational and religious purposes. The equipment will be adequate to serve an out-door gathering of about 2,000 persons.

In England a recent radio appeal for orphaned Scandinavian missions netted more than \$15,000 in spite of conditions there.

Special Christmas Season Prices: "The Christian Century", well known undenominational weekly offers a special price of \$2.50 for one year to new subscribers. (To Ministers "The Pulpit", a monthly publication, is included for the same price.) "The Friend," a monthly family magazine, published in Minneapolis, offers a special price of 60 cents for new subscribers when ordered with "Lutheran Tidings." Orders may be sent to either the Business Manager or the Editor of "Lutheran Tidings."

Thirty-four Lutheran Pastors had applied during a recent two-month period for chaplaincies in the United States Army. A special effort is being made by the National Lutheran Council Chaplaincy office to serve all conscripted men. At present literature for soldiers and chaplains is being prepared and printed.

A Lutheran Liturgical Research Society was organized recently as representatives from a number of Lutheran groups met in Chicago. The purpose of the organization is to foster and direct study of liturgical matters in the Lutheran Church. Plans are also being made to hold an annual meeting in the form of a five-day seminar at some Lutheran college during the summer months. A library of liturgical material will be built up for the use of the members. Dr. Herman Preus of St. Paul, Minn. was appointed librarian.

Herbert Hoover's Proposed European Relief Project was given a vote of approval by the American Lutheran World Convention Committee at a meeting held in New York City November 19th. The aim of the project is to feed 37 million people in Finland, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Poland and also in other countries if the need should develop. The above action was taken following a conference with Mr. Hoover.

The British Foreign Bible Society reports that 12,000,000 volumes of the Bible were circulated during the past year, 750,000 more than in the previous year. The Secretary for Central Europe reports that sales are up by nearly 200,000 and says: "Everywhere in their sorrow, men and women have been turning to the Bible for comfort."

Rev. and Mrs. B. A. Helland, who recently returned from the Santal Mis-

sion field, were blessed on Nov. 28th with the birth of a healthy baby girl.

Pastor Isak Hoel, a worker in the Santal Mission in Norway, was killed during the bombing of "S. S. Dronning Maud" at Gratangen, May 1st.

Johan Nicolai Ofstad, son of the retired missionary, J. J. Ofstad, who for a number of years was general secretary of the Norwegian Board of the Santal Mission, went down with the battleship "Norge" in Narvikfjord, April 9th.

A New Chapel of Youth, a copy of an old Norwegian Stavkirke, the only one of its kind in this country, has been built and dedicated at Green Lake, near Willmar, Minn. It will be used by Lutherans who meet at Green Lake for youth camps.

Contributions to the Seamen's Mission Fund

Sponsored by D. W. M. F.
Trinity Ladies Aid, Chicago, Ill., \$15.00; St. Peter's Danish Aid, Minneapolis, Minn., 5.00; Danish Aid, Grayling, Mich., 14.00; Danish Aid, Manistee, Mich., 10.00; Danish Y. P. Society, Hetland, S. D., 10.00; Danish Aid, Gardner, Ill., 5.00; Danish Aid, Cedar Falls, Ia., 12.25; Danish Aid, Ballard,

Wash., 5.00; Good Hope Ladies Aid, Hetland, S. D., 10.00; Willing Workers, Dwight, Ill., 10.00 Danish Aid, Dwight, Ill., 10.00; total \$106.25; previously acknowledged, \$85.00; total to date, \$191.25.

To D. W. M. F.

Mrs. R. Hansen, Grayling, Mich., \$1.00; Isaac Olsen, Detroit, Mich., 2.50; Ladies Aid, Ludington, Mich., 5.00; Study Group, Cedar Falls, Ia., 10.00; Danish Luth. Congr., Viborg, S. D., 8.16; Mission Group, Manistee, Mich., 35.80; Mission Group, Kimballton, Ia., 10.00; total, \$72.46.

To Porto Novo Mission

Mrs. Nanna Goodhope, Viborg, S. D., \$1.00; Miss Alice Jensen, Minneapolis, Minn., 3.00; Mrs. Svendsen, Tyler, Minn., 1.00; Mrs. Sofie Morsing, Dagmar, Mont., 1.00; Ladies Aid, Newell, Ia., 10.00; Mrs. Emil Andersen, Askov, Minn., 1.50; total, \$17.50.

To Lutheran World Action

Mission Group, Manistee, Mich., \$5.00.

Acknowledged with sincere thanks!
Alma Jorgensen,
Treas., D. W. M. F.
Cedar Falls, Nov. 27, 1940.

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