

# The Assistant Pastor

VOLUME 1.

SAUDE AND JERICO, IOWA, JUNE 15, 1926.

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## "AND WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE?"

Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays;  
Whether we look or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Wonderful, indeed, and beautiful, is nature at this season. The mighty Oak commands our veneration and the wide spreading Elm invites us to her cool shade. Velvety green meadows, well-tilled fields of growing crops, contented cows browsing in luxuriant pastures, are the peaceful scenes that greet our eyes everywhere.

The lure of summer is upon us. Our highways will soon be crowded, especially on Sundays, with outing parties, many of whom will say they can "worship better out in God's wonderful nature than in church."

Dear reader, lest you too be tempted to neglect church services during the summer, let me remind you that the majestic Oak and the beautiful Elm, however much they may say of their Creator, have not a word about a Savior. The flowers can, indeed, tell us much about a wonderful Master mind and hand, but not a thing about the redeeming blood of Jesus. The beautiful pastoral scenes of a calm summer evening breathe peace and restfulness, but can not bring us that "peace which passeth understanding."

First go to church and receive assurance from the Word of God that your sins are atoned for by Jesus Christ your Savior, and then go out into the beautiful parks of nature and "partake of the season's youth" and let your "eyes forget the tears they have shed" and your heart "its sorrows and aches."

CLARE JARVIS, son of John N. Anderson and wife Christine, was baptized June 6. Sponsors were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Anderson.

May 26, the Jerico Ladies' Aid enjoyed an unusual day. Mrs. Ebert of Nashua had invited the ladies to meet at her home on that day and to come in time for 12 o'clock dinner. The day was pleasant and the 30 mile drive made all fit for the excellent dinner prepared by Mrs. Ebert and her two daughters-in-law. The day was truly a red letter day.

Saturday, May 22, the children of the two churches celebrated the closing of Saturday school for the season. They all gathered at the parsonage for a jolly good time. Mama had been thoughtful enough to bring along cakes and pies, sandwiches and salads and pickles and a lot of good things to eat, and that was very lucky because everybody happened to be hungry as bears about 12 o'clock. Everybody had a good time, even dad, and everybody had a dish of ice cream too, after the Jerico boys had walloped the Saude boys in baseball.

The annual convention of our Synod convenes at Belview, Minn., June 23. The pastor and delegates elected by the congregations are expected to attend, and all others are heartily invited to attend and assured a hearty welcome. Come on, let's go! You can figure and plan as much as you please, you can't plan a week's more profitable and pleasant outing than to attend this convention. Don't forget to announce your intention of attending to H. O. Knutson, Belview, Minn.

The two and a half million dollar Theological Seminary of the Missouri Synod was dedicated June 13. This is the institution that was started in a log cabin in Perry County, Mo., and later was located at St. Louis, Mo., where all the older pastors of the former Norwegian Synod studied and where our boys now take their course in theology.

May 29, the following were confirmed at the Saude church: Paul Landsverk, Alvie Natvig, Odell Natvig, Harris Vaala and Gertrude Vaala.

June 6, the Jerico congregation heard the following renew their baptismal confession: Genevieve Anderson, Agnes Dahlen, Marion Dahlen, Josephine Johnson, Ada Munson, Leo Betts, Henry Munson, Gilman Robinson and Milton Robinson.

The weather was pleasant and the attendance large on both occasions.

It is an impressive sight to see a number of young boys and girls kneeling at the altar and hearing them renounce the devil and all his works and all his ways and promising to believe in the Triune God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Pathetic, too, when we think of the vicious world, steeped in sin, beset with snares and pitfalls, which they will have to face if they are to live. We are comforted, however, when we



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### CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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### CHURCH SERVICES.

JERICO: First and third Sunday, 10 a. m.  
SAUDE: Second and fourth Sundays, 10:45  
a. m.  
Fifth Sunday and evening services by special  
announcement.

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remember that He who loved them unto death is willing to lead and guide them, to be their "rod and staff," yea, their shepherd who would lead them "in the paths of righteousness."

But, then again we are discouraged. How can we expect these lambs of the flock to cling for guidance to the Good Shepherd when they, as often is the case, observe that father and mother big brother and sister, apparently, have no such need? Can we expect them to remain contentedly in the fold while the many about them bolt the enclosure and stray off into forbidden places?

Dear parent, there is little hope that your child will remain true to its promise if it does not have your strong arm to lean upon as you walk with it "in the paths of righteousness." Let it never truly be said that you, by word or example, was a stumbling block in your sons or daughters way. In your pride and joy of being the parent of a splendid boy or girl, do not, oh do not, forget your responsibility as to their immortal soul. In your hopes and ambitions for your children, let yourself be governed by Mark 9:36, "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his soul," and Math. 6:33, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

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At the thought of the many who have broken their confirmation promise, some are led to believe and say that it were better if such promise were not made by our youth. To everyone who says this, there are perhaps fifty who think it but do not say it. It is quite possible that some of my readers incline to the above opinion. Let us think about this idea a little.

One 14 year old boy in all sincerity promises before the altar to renounce the devil and to be-

lieve in the true God and serve Him. Not long afterwards he is overcome by temptations to sin and breaks his promise. Another boy of the same age refuses to promise to renounce all evil and to serve God and, therefore, feels free to do as he pleases for he has made no promise. The boy who has promised to serve God, but does not, is, undeniably, a child of sin and Satan. And whose is he, may I ask, who has not promised and does not serve God? Is the latter nearer God than the former? Who dares make the claim? I once knew a drunkard, who, when reprimanded for his sin, boasted that he had never promised any one not to drink, and thus he, apparently, thought he proved himself guiltless. Is that the kind of honor you would encourage in your boy or girl? Let no one, old or young, think that he is excused from renouncing the devil and from obedience to God by not making a promise or vow to do so.

The blessings of the instruction preceeding confirmation and of the deeply solemn act of making the confirmation vow, has been of eternal value to many souls. Every Lutheran pastor has repeatedly found evidences of this at death beds. We will, therefore, continue to prize highly this ordinance of our church.

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The solemnity of the confirmation service usually impresses all attendants deeply. It brings back to the older folks the days of their youth and confirmation day more vividly than most anything else and the baptismal covenant is renewed by all, we trust.

"What, do you expect all to make the confirmation promise?" Most assuredly, all who want to be Christians and children of God. He who thinks that the confirmation vow is made once for all on the day of one's confirmation, is very much mistaken. The promise must not only be repeated at every confirmation service you attend, but every day, yes, every hour of your life. When you cease renewing your baptismal covenant, you cease being a Christian. Renouncing sin and clinging to God in faith must be a constant state of mind and heart with you if you would continue "in the paths of righteousness and hope to inherit the eternal crown of glory."

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### FAME AT LAST!

Ever since Roald Amundson's dirigible balloon "Norge" landed safely at Teller after a successful voyage from Nome via the North Pole, I have had the sensation of being famous. But, alas, "there is always something to take the joy out of life," no one else knows it. I realize that it is up-hill work to try to convince the world of one's fame. Many have tried and failed. I am going to try it just the same. Here goes:

I landed at Teller and stayed there for three years and left again before the "Norge" ever planned on going there. I was carried there from Nome in a 25-ton gasoline schooner, so full of gas fumes and filth that it would have made a tin soldier sea sick. The passage was made on a rather stormy night. I must have invited the confidence of the owner, who was aboard, for about midnight he became confidential and



told me that his captain and engineer were below dead drunk.

This was my soliloquy: "Here I am at midnight with wife and three babies aboard a little stinking vessel, the Mary Sachs, near the North Pole, the sea by no means calm; the captain is drunk and so is the engineer; the man in charge is a fool, otherwise he would not have told me what he did; the crew is a handful of Eskimo boys who get a free ride for helping the owner to comply with the law."

That my voyage was as hazardous as Amundsons in the "Norge" can not be questioned.

Now if my picture does not appear in the news papers along side of Amundsons, it is not my fault.

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#### CLIPPINGS.

A HAPPY ENDING.—Too many American husbands have to be coaxed by their wives into church attendance, but here is a case where a wife could not drag her husband out of church. The incident is related by a missionary at Nanking, China. For six years a Christian convert in GU, Yung labored with his three brothers, all gamblers and idolators. Finally one brother accepted Christianity, but his wife was infuriated, rightly inferring that his conversion would end her life of luxury. She wept, coaxed, and cursed. Her husband continued to attend church services. At last she pursued him to the church door, and seizing him by the belt, screamed wildly that he should not enter. Slipping out of the belt, the undaunted husband took his place in the church, the wife rushing after him, shrieking curses. Two Bible women quieted her and later took her to dinner, when they explained to her to some extent what Christianity means. The happy ending to the story is that the woman gave her husband no further trouble and now attends church with him.—The Lutheran Pioneer.

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AMERICA'S DEBT TO MISSIONARIES.—The first plow that cut the soil of our American prairie was held by a missionary, and this same missionary planted the first wheat in our country. Missionaries were the first to cultivate sugar-cane in the South, and they were the first to bring the orange to California. Missionaries planted the first fig-tree in this country, and they brought the first olives here. It was missionaries that first called attention to the possibilities of the cotton plant, and they first discovered the salt-wells of New York and the copper mines of Michigan.—The Lutheran Pioneer.

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We should love the Bible because it is God's Book, speaks with His authority, and because we can know what is righteous, pure, and elevating only as we learn it from God through the Bib'e. If men are to accept from the Bible only the part that suits them, we shall have as many standards of right as we have men.

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When you trip up, fall forward and get up farther along.

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IN THE HEART OF NEW HAMPTON



## ARE YOU A JUDGE?

ONE thing is certain: Our calling in life is not judging. We are not here to read the motives behind the words and deeds of others. That work God has not assigned to us, and so, of course, He has not equipped us for that kind of service. And really, we neither help God nor benefit others to do what He has strictly forbidden our attempting. We are doomed to fail in any such undertaking.

But even so, judging is very popular with the most of us. How natural it is to judge others! In no other work does the competition seem so great. In ability discourages very few, And why should it discourage any? The kind of judging most of us do requires no skill, no insight into the deep workings of another's heart and mind. Most of our judging is fault-finding, grumbling, and criticism, and indulging in what is known as neighborly gossip. Anybody can find fault. That's easy. And through years of practice, it has become so natural to do it that it takes a great and noble nature to rise above this well-nigh universal habit.

If you must judge, judge kindly. Let the golden rule mete out your words. Imagine you are the other person, telling about yourself the story that is falling from your lips about him. Now, what would you like to have him say about you to the person with whom you are talking? Would you be delighted to have him tell the story you are relating? No?—Well, then, should you tell it? Be as friendly to the absent one as you wish your friends to be to you when you are not present.

You never judge others? Do not be overconfident. Test yourself. Try to live today without uttering one word of criticism or thinking one fault-finding thought of others, and at night take an inventory of your words and thoughts.

Judging is dangerous. It is a poisonous habit, and we can not afford to leave any room for it in our hearts. John Wesley wrote in his diary one day: "Today I grieved the divine Spirit by speaking uncharitably of one who is not sound in the faith. Immediately I was in great darkness." We cannot keep the peace of God in our hearts unless our human relations are as they should be.

There is only one way to be free from the wicked habit of judging; that is to let the love of God crowd it out of the heart. His love will cleanse the heart and write therein the law of kindness. It will fill the heart with that heavenly, inexhaustible love that never changes. Then kindness will not be intermittent. It will not be dependent upon the attitude of others, but it will be as constant as the rays of the sun that brings us light and heat, regardless of what we say about that bright orb. Its shining depends upon what the sun is, not upon what we are. What a glorious privilege—to let life be a receptacle for the love of God, from which all may drink and "see that the Lord is good!"

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Galatians 6:7.

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