

The Assistant Pastor

Easter

LENT AND EASTER

We have during the Lenten season, seen the Son of God in His voluntary exile to earth, a partaker of flesh and blood "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil."

We have seen the lowly Nazarene trudging about despised, rejected and maligned and having "not where to lay His head" in order that we might be exalted.

We have seen the Man of Sorrows crowned with thorns, mocked, derided and scourged that we might be spared the malicious leer and mockery of devils in hell.

We have seen the Son of Man nailed to a cross and slowly tortured to death that we might be saved from eternal torture from which there is no release through death.

And now it is Easter. The grave is empty! "HE IS RISEN"! He is raised for our justification! O joy, He has accomplished His purpose; through death, He has destroyed him that had the power of death. "Death is swallowed up in victory." O death, where is now thy sting? O grave, where now thy victory?

What a wonderful message we Christians have for the sin-laden world! Surely every one who is honored with that blessed name is a happy, willing missionary.

April,

1927

What!?" "For the name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you." Rom. 3:24.

"The chief obstacle to the spread of Christianity, is not Buddhism, not Hinduism, not Mohammedanism, not even paganism; it is the rotten behavior of people who call themselves Christians."—W. E. Johnson.

Is there anything so vile and infamous as man? God have mercy on us!

THE ASSISTANT PASTOR.

Published monthly by the pastor of the Jerico and Saude Lutheran Churches affiliated with the Norwegian Synod of the Synodical Conference.

H. M. Tjernagel, Pastor.

Subscription price, 50 cents.

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CHURCH SERVICES.

Saude: Second and fourth Sundays, 10:45 a. m.; Saturday School every Saturday, 10 a. m.; Confirmation class, 9:30 a. m., Fridays.

Jerico: First and third Sundays, 11 a. m.; Saturday school, 2 p. m.; Confirmation class, 2 p. m., Fridays.

Fifth Sundays by special announcement.

Easter day services: Saude, 10:45 a. m.; Jerico, 2:30 p. m.

A BREEZE FROM TELLER, ALASKA.

Everything was hurry and excitement at the Eskimo Mission, Teller, Alaska. It was the morning of Gubbanoak's wedding day. Miss Enestvedt, the teacher, was busy remodeling the dress that had already served many Eskimo brides. Mrs. Tjernagel was attending the big reindeer roast and other matters in preparation for the wedding dinner; the larger children were at their various tasks and I was finishing the sermon for the occasion. Atkorak, the groom, was, apparently, the least concerned of all.

Some of the guests arrived several hours early, among them Elikshak, one of the reindeer herders. He was evidently so wrought on by all the excitement that it effected his heart, for about eleven oclock, an hour before the marriage ceremony was to take place, word was brought me that he wished to speak to me. I requested the messenger to usher him in. "What can I do for you, Elikshak?" "I like to get married to Erawlook today", quoth he. "Today!" This was so unexpected that I could not think of anything new to say, therefore used the oft repeated words: "This is so sudden". After the immedi-

ate effects of the shock were overcome, I explained to him that Erawlook was rather young yet and that he might ask for her again in about a year. If, meanwhile, he behaved himself well, took good care of his reindeer and showed himself capable of properly providing for a wife, there would be no objection raised by me.

Erawlook was one of our orphanage girls; an intelligent, good looking girl, active as a young deer, always cheerful, always ready for a good time but, not before her tasks were properly done. She was well up in the three Rs; in knowledge of the Christian religion, she would measure up with the average confirmant among us. She was the very picture of health and, withall, a girl that might have increased the tempo of most any young man's heart beats. I was not surprised, therefore, when Elikshak in due time repeated his request for Erawlook's hand in marriage. Consent was given. The wedding day was named and arrived, as such dates generally do, at snails pace.

The wedding dress was again remodeled; the huge reindeer roast was carefully tended; the house was spik and span and growing more so every minute. Every thing was hustle and bustle except the clock, that was poky slow to the orphanage children whose mouths watered for the juicy reindeer roast and the delicacies prepared for the wedding dinner.

However, time was forgotten when they espied the reindeer boys and among them the groom, speeding towards the Mission. Then there was a prattle and a cheering as one and then another of the sled deer was seen to forge ahead of the others. Soon there was a scramble to the other side of the room for someone had descried dog teams also heading for the Mission. It was not long now till the klatter of Ks, a karakteristik of Eskimo talk, fairly kluttered every nook and korner of the premises.

Promptly at high noon Mendelsohn's wedding march was on the air in the parlor played by the cook. Every other sound was instantly hushed. The wedding party marched from the girls work-room to the large living-room. Elikshak as sedate and dignified, in his clean overalls and nice new hickory shirt, as the occasion demanded and Erawlook, modestly blushing, as pretty a bride as ever you saw, I don't care how many white brides you have seen. Then followed hymn singing, Scripture reading, prayer, the wedding sermon and the reading of the marriage ritual, and Elikshak and Erawlook were husband and wife before man as well as God.

It may seem to some reader that overall and hickory shirt is not becoming attire to one who marches to the tempo of the wedding march, or, that a wedding guest should not wear his shirt hanging outside of his trousers, nor women appear in loose and ankle long gowns made from outing flannel. Do not judge them harshly, I beg, for they are as helpless in their circles as you are in yours over against that tyrant spoken of as "they" and who dictates in such matters.

The preparation of a good dinner usually consumes much time, worry and painstaking work and requires a skill that can be gained only by persistent application and long experience.

The consumption of such a dinner, on the other hand, can be accomplished by the most commonplace and unskilled individuals without any worry and in an incredibly short period of time.

After dinner old as well as young played games out on the snow banks or on the near by ice on the Behring Sea. A favorite pastime on the ice was the kicking and running after a large ball similar to the ball that holds first place in the curriculum of our colleges and universities.

Then followed the departure of the guests for home. Dogs and reindeer were hitched to their respective sleds. The groom, as proud as you please, led his bride to her place behind one of the finest antlered steeds; the wide spreading antlers, the very symbol of arctic romance. The final good byes of the wedding party were heard as distant echoes the moment the prancing deer were given rein. You who in an automobile are confined to a narrow strip between barbed wire fences and ditches should not talk of joy-riding for you know not whereof you speak.

The groom was taking his bride home. Home in this case was a canvas tent pitched out on the open, snow covered, wind swept rolling plains of Seward peninsula.

The reindeer camp was, at this time, about eighteen miles from the Mission station. Through out the winter the newly-weds attended Sunday services as frequently as circumstances permitted. During the, so called, summer, travel is quite difficult and we saw them less often. The following November the baby came and was soon after brought to the Mission for baptism.

Not long after that we heard reports, off and on, that Erawlook was not feeling very well. At first we were told: "Erawlook all time little bit cough". Soon the report was: "Erawlook plenty cough". Shortly before Christmas, her husband took her and baby to a relative at the Sand Pit, Point Jackson, not far from the Mission. This we were told by a native who came from there and he added: "Erawlook plenty sick". Hearing this, that she was by the Eskimos considered "plenty sick," we knew it was serious. I, therefore, immediately hitched up the Mission dog team and went down there prepared to bring her home with me if I should find that advisable.

When I entered the miserable hovel where she lay, seemingly only a part of a pile of ragged and filthy fur garments, I could hardly believe that this was our Erawlook. I was astonished to see that the white plague, for such it was, could work such havoc in so short a time. After exchanging greetings with her I said: "I have come to bring you home, would you like to go?" "Yes". Nothing more was said. She was carried to the sled and I hurried home with her, home to die.

When she was tucked into a clean bed by loving, capable hands she said with her whole heart: "O I am so glad I am here". And now I saw the contents of the little bundle that had been of such concern to her on the way, the baby. I could only sigh: "O God, release the immortal soul from that miserable, diseased body". The baby was a feeble, emaciated centenarian in miniature.

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On Christmas day afternoon I was called up-
stairs to Erawlook's bedside. I was surprised to
see her sitting in bed. In her eyes and coun-
tenance was a wonderful expression of—how
shall I describe it?—I can not. "Are you dying
Erawlook?" "Yes". "Are you afraid to die".
"No". "Do you still believe that Jesus Christ
is your Savior?" She answered with a "Yes" so
clear, so free from doubt, so full of assurance
and confidence that it still often rings in my ears
and is one of my most precious memories. And
then, almost immediately, there was a slight
quiver. We laid her gently down and without
a struggle the soul took its flight. A few days
later her baby joined her.

My dear reader, Erawlook would not have
had such a death if the light of the Gospel had
not been brought to her country by missionaries
sent by Christians in obedience to our Savior's
command: "Go ye therefore, and teach all na-
tions, baptizing them in the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost".

* * *

If you started saving now, don't you think
you could bring a five dollar bill instead of a
silver dollar to our next mission offering? Read
this little story of Erawlook to your children
and perhaps they will be glad to bring ten
nickles instead of one.

Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door.
Give as you would if tomorrow
Found you where giving is o'er.

Give as you would to the Master
If you met His loving look.
Give as you would of your substance
If His hand the offering took.—Sel.

* * *

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from errors chain.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiahs name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

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