

# The Assistant Pastor

March, 1927

## ETERNITY

"O eternity, eternity, eternity! Who can measure it? Who can count the years thereof? Arithmetic must fail, the thoughts of men and angels are drowned in it; how shall we describe eternity? To what shall we compare it? Were it possible to employ a fly to carry off this globe by the small particles thereof, and to carry them to such a distance that it should return once in ten thousand years for another particle, and so continue until it had carried off all this globe, and framed them together in some unknown space, until it had made just such a world as this; after all, eternity would remain the same unexhausted duration."—From sermon preached 1772 by a Mohegan Indian, Rev. Samson Occum, at the execution of Moses Paul, an Indian, who had killed a white-man in a saloon brawl.

This illustrates the duration of the blessedness of the saved.

This illustrates also the duration of the sufferings of the damned.

## Temporal Life

"What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—James 4, 14.

This illustrates the duration of the happiness of this life.

This illustrates also the duration of the griefs and pains of this life.

## Therefore

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—Math. 16, 26.



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### THE ASSISTANT PASTOR.

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H. M. Tjernagel, Pastor.

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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.

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On the second day of this month a heroine was interred at the Saude cemetery.

Who is a heroine if not a young bride who boldly sets out with her companion to build a home in a far-off wilderness that promises reward to brave and thrifty hands and who actually does there, in the sweat of the brow, build a comfortable home and keeps it neat and clean as a fairy's home, and who also helps build schools and churches, not with overflow funds, but by sacrificing personal comfort and luxuries? Meanwhile she gives birth to 10 sons and 3 daughters, all of whom she brings up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Then death begins to visit the home; her husband is summoned, then a son, then another, and another till five sons and two daughters are called. The brave, pleasant, smiling face that has been the sunshine of the home is not overcast with despairing grief. It is sprinkled with tears, indeed, but is brave and smiling still. As old age creeps upon her, she smiles at her infirmities in the assurance that she shall be young again as the bride of her Savior, Jesus Christ.

Such heroism, though unsung on earth, is known in heaven. Such a heroine God only can make by the power of His Word and such a one was Mrs. Svennung Larson, who at the age of 88

years, 6 months and 25 days entered eternal rest on Sunday, February 27.

Blessed be her memory to the five sons and one daughter who mourned at her grave and to the 9 grand-children and 11 great-grand-children and the friends and neighbors who had the privilege of knowing her.

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Success in life is an ambition not unworthy a Christian. But, O woe and alas, how many are there not who neglect their souls while seeking the fulfillment of worldly ambitions.

Not many will say as I once heard an I. W. W. lecturer say: "Give me my share of the sweet present and I will give you a quit claim deed to my share of the 'sweet bye and bye.'"

You shudder at the very thought of such blasphemous words and would fear that God would strike you dead should you utter them, and yet, are you sure you are not expressing this very idea by your example, your way of being?

The world is a stage, we are told, and men are the actors. How many are there not who daily act the words they are afraid to speak even though actions speak louder than words. If actions can be translated into words by fellow men then surely the omnipresent, omniscient, all-seeing God can do so.

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Father works faithfully to provide house and home, food and clothing for his family. Many a time he does not feel like working but he works just the same. The weather is not pleasant, but he faces wind and sleet for he must provide for those he loves. Who is a nobleman if not the loving and provident husband father?

But, if father has not found time to distribute the bread of life from the family altar; if he, on a Sunday morning, is frequently too tired, or does not feel just right, or the weather is not pleasant and so does not take his family to church, what has he said as to the relative value of body and soul, of time and eternity?

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Mother's hands are never idle; she cooks and bakes her very best, for she loves to please those who daily gather about her table. She sows and washes and darns and patches almost ceaselessly, for she cannot bear to see her flock ragged and dirty. She cleans and scrubs and she dusts; home must be tidy and clean for her dear ones. And how will she not sacrifice that her sons and daughters may be well qualified as possible to climb the ladder of success in life? Her soft hand eases every pain, her sympathy heals every wound. Even her protector is dependent on her for strength and courage to carry on.

But she has no time as she tucks her little ones snugly in bed for the night, to talk to them of their Father in heaven, or of the Guardian angels, or of their very best friend Jesus who has loved them unto death and has gone to prepare a place for them in Heaven. As she sits by her darning basket of an afternoon she does not call the children to her side to tell them the story of creation, of the fall, the flood, of Joseph, or Daniel nor of Good Friday, Easter or the ascension. Sunday morning the family has overslept and mother just can't get the housework done and



the children dressed in time for church. In fact, oversleeping is almost the rule on Sunday morning while it rarely if ever happens during the week when there is always something that must be done. Oh, mother, don't you know that your child has an immortal soul and that you will be called to account for it!

Parents: In choosing a school for your girl or boy, does the question whether or not the particular school you have decided upon will fit or unfit for eternal life, encourage or discourage walking the "narrow way," enter into consideration? Or are social prestige, worldly advancement, preferment the deciding factors? If so there is merely a difference in degree but not in kind between you and the I. W. W. referred to above.

The courage of conviction is generally a manly trait. In civic matters few are afraid to express their opinions and preferences. Farmers, business men and office holders alike, are ready to stand for or against a protective tariff, tariff for revenue only and similar questions. But, presto change! In religious matters one must not have a conviction. To say that black is black and white is white is bigotry then and might hurt business, it might debar detrimentally one's chances for office, it might debar one from desired social associates. In religious questions it is decidedly popular and good form to say that black is, maybe, white or that white may possibly be black. "Your opinion is as good as mine" is the slogan. The I. W. W. speaker stated his preference very clearly. Many professing Christians haw and hem and try by many words not to say anything definite. No wonder God will spue such spineless creatures out of his mouth. Rev. 3, 16.

To say "your opinion is as good as mine" is entirely in place when, for example, we are talking about tomorrow's weather, or we are in disagreement as to the next presidential candidates, or the price of eggs next month. But the expression is entirely out of place when discussing divine truths and religious falsehoods.

Truth is never a matter of opinion. Two and two are four even though all the world should be of another opinion. Similarly, Christian truth is not a matter of opinion but of divinely revealed fact. A religious falsehood can never become truth though backed by the opinion of millions.

God has in His revelation, the Bible, spoken and we believe or disbelieve what He has said. Should I who believe God's truth say to you who disbelieve it: "Well, let's not quarrel, your opinion is as good as mine and mine is as good as yours?" Far from it. Call me bigoted and intolerant as much as you please, the only thing I can say and must say is: "By the grace of God I believe what He says in His Word and as surely as I remain faithful, I shall receive a crown of life. In unbelief you reject what He says and unless you repent and believe, you shall be damned." If I lose business by speaking thus, or if I lose my office, friends and associates, so be it,

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for "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul. Life is as "a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away" while eternity is "from everlasting to everlasting."

Not many will read Rev. Occom's illustration of eternity without a shudder. The seriousness of eternity will, we pray, impress all. Fathers who have neglected the spiritual care of their families will, we hope, be "pricked in their hearts." Mothers who drop silent tears of remorse as they realize that they have neglected the all-important for the less important will, we earnestly hope, mend their ways.

Dear members, whoever and whatever we are, we are alike in this that we have a burden of sin that threatens to bring us down into eternal perdition. We need Lent.

The Lenten season is here with its special invitation to all heavy laden sinners to "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." See Him in His passion; see Him suffering anguish of soul in Gethsemane, see Him mocked, spit upon, scourged, crowned with thorns. See Him dying on the cross a criminal's most painful and disgraceful death and thus atoning for our sins.

O sacred Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame weighed down  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown;  
O sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss, till now was Thine!  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call Thee mine.

I see Thy strength and vigor  
All fading in the strife,  
And death with cruel rigor  
Bereaving Thee of life;  
O agony of dying!  
O love of sinners free!  
Jesus, all grace supplying,  
O turn Thy face on me.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinners gain:  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain:  
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

In this Thy bitter passion,  
Good Shepherd, think of me  
With Thy most sweet compassion,  
Unworthy though I be:  
Beneath Thy cross abiding  
Forever would I rest,  
In Thy dear love confiding,  
And with Thy presence blest.

What language shall I borrow  
To thank Thee, dearest friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me Thine forever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to Thee.

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