

reached their places in good time.

Breakfast over, one after another straggled back to their tents or rooms, while some remained in the "Liggehall" reclining in their chairs.

Of course, rest hour after meals, but when Brother Hendrickson unexpectedly put in his appearance he was heard to exclaim, "Well, well," and might express his opinion that Eben-Ezer's rest hour seemed to be one of decidedly vigorous resting, or rather might rightly be named, visiting or talking hour.

A few minutes later one might judge from the stillness of the house, that the patients had been resting for at least an hour.

In a short time, a voice echoing from somewhere at the farther end of the hall, might lead a stranger to believe this were a very busy day, as one of our ambitious young ladies was carefully planning her schedule for her urgent duties. "Have to wash, iron, sew, clean my room and wash my hair today." It could easily be taken for granted that the owner of the voice had visited an employment bureau the previous day.

With sleeves rolled above her elbows, hair flying, our would-be busy lady was observed making her way toward the temporary laundry intent upon getting an early start on her days work.

Among the lungers whose privilege it is to attend services in the chapel, it is always an extreme joy to see coming from Nazareth, our Old Peoples' Home, a few white haired men slightly stooped, and one dear old lady slowing making their way towards Bethesda, with their bibles in hand, the friend who has proven true comfort to them from the springtime until the winter time of their lives.

At 9 o'clock the bell called us to chapel, where for a half-hour one and all enjoy the sacred privilege of having Rev. Madsen offer prayer for the patients at which the writer expresses her regret at not being present. The strains of the beautiful hymns floated through the air, and the conclusion being the Doxology.

The patients again turn their steps towards their respective places of abode, where shortly a light lunch of milk and eggs is served and later a glass of hot water, thus aiding the hungry ones to forget that dinner time was an hour away. A little rest follows, and the welcome call for dinner produced evidence of good appetite.

After grace had been said the thread of the conversation seemed to dwell upon the topic of nationalities, Germany and Norway the countries seeming to hold full sway. Dinner over, a few of the patients walk towards the bandstand, where if a stranger should happen near the vicinity he might pause for a moment to ascertain whether or not the calisthenic exercises which the inmates of the stand were performing were a part of the treatment, but upon closer observation he would readily learn that these stunts were merely to scatter their unwelcome guests, the gnats.

Upon the patients' return to the tents or elsewhere an alarm might be sent out that the measles had broken out at Eben-Ezer, judging from the abundance of tiny red spots on the victims of the insects.

Lunch was now served, after which a rattlesnake hunt was enjoyed, but upon one previous hunt the rattler proved to be an unusually large sack of kindling after the curiosity of most of the boys had been heightened to a degree of heart affecting altitude. The ladies prefer a little seclusion down at Eben-Ezer faals to plan for the future or probably to reflect on the past.

Singly or in pairs they started out some with rustic canes,

others without. The ones who unfortunately were not yet on the walking list looked through the lattice work of the fence, anticipating the time when they could take their daily walk through the roadways which were bordered with beautiful shrubbery, whose heavily laden branches were covered with white blossoms, which mingled with the blue of the cloudless sky and the twittering of the birds an imaginative spirit could easily picture themselves in fairyland, but in reality there before them lay a beautiful picture painted by the great artist, Nature. On all sides could be seen glimpses of the little farmhouses dotting the great expanse of land, which seemed to touch the horizon on every side.

About this time dear Sister Marion called upon the ladies at Valborg's Minde, as usual bringing with her the cheering words and pleasant smiles, and always leaving a pleasant thought. As the reader will understand calls at the "San," that is, among the patients, are never accompanied by the serving of coffee and cake, as is the rule among pre-lungers, much to the regret of the hostess.

Rest hour again, and hot water, a little chat among the patients, and last, but not least, temperatures taken. The anxious looks on some of the faces would convince one that a state of mental anguish must be endured until the time for the first look. "What is yours?" may be heard from some remote nook. The answer quickly announcing, "Oh, a hundred," and then the former says sadly, "Aren't you afraid they'll send you to bed?" Laughingly the reply returns, "No, that's nothing, that's my normal." From another corner, "What is your temp?" to which a half-tearful reply informs the inquirer that his temp is ninety-nine and he guesses he won't go to supper, he doesn't feel very well.

Sterilizing time and then supper. Nothing unusual ever happens at night, not even the absence of raw eggs and milk, which seems to form the center-plates of the tables; nevertheless eggs and milk are taken as a matter of course among the Sanites.

After supper a half hour's rest and the bell rang for chapel at the regular time. In the evening the prayer was rendered in English, thus making it possible for the patients to attend services as fitted to their nationality, as Danish service took place in the forenoon. The dear familiar hymns, "Abide With Me" and others could scarcely refrain from sending through the open windows of the chapel a good deal of comfort to the patients who were obliged to stay in bed.

Praise was sung, after which the members of the staff and patients come out and go their ways. Ahead of all, came a little lady dressed in a neat black gown, set off with a spotless apron and collar, hurrying towards Valborg's Minde. Ceremonies are excluder from the calls at the "San" and naturally Mrs. Madsen walked right in and directed her steps toward the farther end of the building, and peering in at the door, at once saw that the patient had fallen victim to the sand-man's scattering dust. She would have easily mistaken what appeared to be a bed for a circulating library, from the stock of papers, magazines and writing material scattered over the covers.

It is said that a merry heart doeth good like a medicine, and if this were the case at Eben-Ezer it would seem that the pharmacy supply would never run low.

Before entering a "San" one is apt to form an idea that it would be somewhat of a solitary exile, but after once

their opinions would alter, and they would be convinced that a "San" is in most respects sort of a vacation spot. The plump, ruddy, burned faces of the inmates of Eben-Ezer would assure a visitor that they looked far from being delicate, and might prompt them to ask, "Where are the sick people?" There is everything at the "San" to make pleasant surroundings for the patients. The trees, flowers and beautiful lawns, in fact, the general condition of the entire place, tells a story itself of the careful planing and months of hard work, the patients believing the best way to express their gratitude is by showing their satisfaction and contentment.

The kind and pleasant manner of the sisters, and brothers add greatly to the sunshine of the place, and perchance a cloudy day should appear, it is often unnoticed, as the absence of the sun is made up with smiles and pleasant words.

After chapel, the walkers choose an evening stroll, which in some cases lasts longer than limited time, and should anyone happen by Valborg's Minde after 8:30 they may rest assured that this is the reason the lights burn a little later than according to rules.

Dear Sister Ingeborg chats a bit, and after answering that usual question, "When is Sister Sine coming?" and time and again being told that she did not know, but that they were all awaiting her arrival with open and hearty welcome, she bids us a pleasant good-night and happy dreams, leaving us to sleep in our open air rooms with the bright evening star to keep vigil and the breezes to lull us to rest.

But do they sleep? Each one had settled down as comfortably as could be and few already asleep, when from the corner room arose a frightened cry, "Oh, come, there's a big fire!" Arousing, looking on all sides, each patient hastily arose, and there before them was what appeared to be the reflection of a large fire.

Everyone rushed to the scene of the cry, and as the reflection grew stronger the more terrified they grew, finally one of the ladies volunteering to cry "Fire! fire!" at the top of her voice.

"No, don't do it," calmly entreated one, that is only the northern lights, hoping the others would forget that the auroa borealis appeared only in the winter. Instantly the report:

"Did you ever see the northern lights in summer?" And a second thought how could the northern lights stream upward instead of downward, but when a sudden exclamation of "Hush!" was uttered, the toot of an oncoming train was heard and all decided to wait until it had gone by before summoning aid. Immediately the reflection grew mere vivid, and scarcely had it moved by the "San" when the entire scene was changed to sudden darkness. A shriek, a burst of laughter, and a quiet retreat to bed again, each patient resolved that she would again recognize a searchlight from the reflection of at fire. The northern lights proved to be telegraph poles and were standing as straight as ever the next day.

Thus passed the day at Eben-Ezer, and so pass all the days, each filled with pleasures and enjoyment enough to warrant no exposure to homesickness, but contrary to these rules, a case may often be reported, although no special remedy is prescribed for its cure, nor the attendance of a physician required.

After leaving Eben-Ezer one

ever recalls the happy days spent there and pleasant memories associated there, in the hope of regaining their health or otherwise as the Heavenly Master wills.

Denver, Colo.

Det er længe, siden vi har set noget i „Danfæren“ fra Denver, hører jeg ligejorn en eller anden omkring i Samfundet, lige, og vi maa jo befende, det er jant, at vi er noget efterladet med Skriveriet. Men det er jo jaadan, at naar alt gaar ved det gamle, saa tænker man, at der er ikke noget at fortælle. Saa vil maasse nogen spørge: Er der da ikke noget nyt derude i den store By paa Belfens Prairie? „The Queen City of the Plains“, som den kaldes, vistnok med Rette. Saa svarer jeg: jo her er som i andre store Byer nok af den Slags, som vore Nyhedsblade er fulde af, og som Menneskene i Almindelighed higer efter. Men det er jo ikke det, vi som Guds Folk ønsker at læse i vor kære „Danfær“, derimod hvad der kan stemme vore Hjertter til Jubel. Det sker, naar vi hører eller læser om, at der sker nyt inden for Guds Riges Lejr af den Slags, som Skriften siger om: „Det gamle er forbigaant, og alt er blevet nyt.“ Jeg har, Herren være Lovet, noget af den Art at meddele denne Gang.

Det er jo vel bekendt, at vi havde Præstefifte sidste Foraar; Past. Weismann, som var vor Præst i 5 Aar, rejste til Coulter, Ia., i Slutningen af Maars, og vor nye Præst fra Plainview, Nebr., som i Slutningen af Maj, saa vi er Herren taknemmelig, at vi ikke skulde vente saa længe paa Væjning. Som vi hører, de ofte maa andre Steder. I det Tidrum, vi var uden Præst, kom vor Kvindeforening til at tænke paa om det ikke var muligt at saa vor lille Kirke forfættet med nye Bænke til vore nye Præstefolk kom. Vi har nemlig kun haft Stole hidindtil. Nu, Kvindeerne standiede ikke ved Tanken, men skred til Handling, og ved deres første Møde derom blev der indskrevet \$50. En god Begyndelse, og den fortsattes saa. Ikke længe derefter var Bænke bestilt fra Chicago; men de kom først sidste Uge, saa det gik jo ikke efter Forventning, at saa dem, til Past. Sanjens kom. Men derimod blev Præsteboligen forfættet, fernetret og nyt Papir paa overalt indvendig og Cementet udenfor. Det var jo længe, vi maatte vente paa Bænkene, men saa er de ogsaa paa. Vi fik 15 Bænke, som kostede \$200. De blev sat op, Gulvet blev olijet og lidt andet forandret. Det har gjort det saa, at om end vor lille Kirke altid har set hyggelig ud (hvor for mig), er den dog saa meget skønnere nu. Herren være taffet for det.

Det nyt, jeg nu har fortalt, tænker jeg nok vil glæde en eller anden, som er kendt med Bethania Menighed. Der er ikke saa saa omkring i Samfundet, som en Tid har været Medlemmer af den. Men nu kommer det bedste, som jeg er forvisset om vil glæde enhver troende Broder og Søster.

Vi fik de nye Bænke indviet sidste Søndag (den 23. Juli). Der var godt besigt trods det, at de danske Foreninger havde en fælles Picnic i Bjergene. Past. Sanjen talte varmt og indtrængende over Dagens Evangelium, Den rigtige

ling, og hvad fattes mig endnu, og bad inderlig om Herrens Bølgelse over de nye Bænke, og især over Menneskene, som jaad paa dem, og dem, som fremdeles vilde komme til at bruge dem under Gudstjenesterne. Der var jiffert Hjertter, i hvilke Spørgsmaal førte sig: Hvad skal jeg gøre? osv., men kom ikke til Udbrud før end om Aftenen. Der var Ungdomsmøde om Eftermiddagen under Træernes Skygge i Præsten Have, hvor der var en større Forjamling end før ved disse Møder. Der er ikke saa saa af os ældre, som ogsaa er med. Derefter havde vi Fællespisning og saa til Gudstjeneste igen i Kirken kl. 8. Der talte Past. Sanjen over det profetiske Ord: „Høsten er forbi; Sommeren er til Ende, og vi ere ikke frelst“, og der blev lagt særdeles Vægt paa, at vi har endnu Sommer. Det er endnu Naadens Tid, men saa gaelder det om for os at bruge den, saa Vinteren ikke skal overraske os, saa vi bliver nødt til at bruge det samme Klage-raab. Herren hjælpe os alle dertil. Hvad han ved sin Naad gennem Ordets Forkyndelse havde begyndt om Formiddagen og forsat om Eftermiddagen fuldførte han om Aftenen for manges Bedkommende. Aldrig har Bethania Menighed oplevet en saadan Bevægelse før; jeg har ofte tænkt paa den forunderlige Pindebad, paa Salem i Jerusalem, hvor Ordet gik dem til Hjerttet, og det samme Spørgsmaal, som den rigtige Nygling, kom frem med: „Hvad skal jeg gøre“ osv. Men sandelig, noget af den samme Naadens Pindebad gik over Forjamlingen i Bethania Kirke Søndag Aften. Mange kom i Mød, kaldte paa Herren, og han er trofast, han hørte deres Naab, deres Bøn, og han var til Stede ved sin Naad og udfriede dem. Saa efter flere Timers Møde, hændte Midnat, var der 14 a 15 af vore kære unge, som aldrig før i Forjamling, men nu kunde prise Herren for hans underfulde Naade imod dem. Og vi kunde som Guds Børn ikke andet end udbrude: „Herren har gjort store Ting imod os, og vi bleve glade“. Jeg ved, der er flere, som vil blive glade, naar de hører, at Sønnen eller Datteren var iblandt de lykkelige. En sagde: „O, hvor vil min Moder blive glad, naar hun hører fra mig.“ San fik sin gamle Aften til hende. En anden sagde: „Jeg har ingen Moder hun er død, men jeg har en troende Fader, som har bedet for mig i mange Aar.“ Du lykkelige Moder og Fader, eder Bønner er bleven hørt, og det er flet af Herren og underligt for vore Øjne. Men nu vil I jo jiffert være med fremdeles at bede for disse kære unge, som har „sagt ja til Jesus“, at de maa blive bevaret. Og du, unge Ven, som læser dette, har du sagt ja til Jesus? Hvis ikke, saa har du maasse en Fader eller Moder, som beder for dig. Gør dem saa den samme Glæde, som disse har gjort deres. O, maa Herren dog i sin forbarrende Naade gøre mange af vort Folk fra Mørket til Lyset, saa de maa blive delagtiggjort i den samme Glæde.

Venter at høre noget af samme Art andre Steder fra, og at vi maa kunne meddele mere senere. Nu maa jeg slutte med Hilsen til alle „Danfærens“ Læsere og Redaktør. R. B. J.

Bekendtgørelser.

Kredsmdø.

Kredsmdø for Iowa Kreds afholdes, om Gud vil, i St. Pauli d. ev.-luth. Menighed, Pottawatamie Co., Iowa, den 8., 9. og 10. September. Nabningsmdø Fredag Formiddag kl. 10½. Præstemøde Torsdag Aften den 7. September. Alle Kredsens Præster ventes at komme til Mødet, og Menighederne i Kredsen bedes at lade sig repræsentere ved Delegerter.

Følgende Emner vil blive drøftet: Kredsens Emne: Ef. 48, 18. Menighedens Emne: Indre Missionens Betydning for Den for. d. ev.-luth. Kirke og dens Ydre Missionsarbejde.

Gud velsigne vort Kredsmdø. S. Rielsen, Kredsfi.

St. Pauli Menighed, Pottow. Co., Ia., indbyder herved til ovennævnte Kredsmdø.

Alle er velkommen til Mødet. Mærk: Alle Tilreisende, som kommer med Rock Island Banen, bedes købe Billet til Station Underwood. Alle, som kommer med Chicago North Western Banen, bedes købe Billet til Honey Creek. Fra disse to Stationer vil Væjerne blive afføret.

Tilreisende bedes indmelde sig til ubetegnede senest den 2. September.

Paa Menighedens Begne. S. Rielsen.

Missionsmdø

afholdes, om Gud vil, i Immanuel's Menighed, Superior, Wis., fra d. 6.—8. August

En kærlig Indbydelse til alle. R. C. Carlisen.

Nebraska Kredsens Karsmdø.

Om Gud vil, afholder Nebraska Kreds sit Karsmdø i Staplehurst fra 31 August til 3 Sept. Mødet begynder med Højmessesgudstjeneste i Kirken Fredag Aften den 31. August.

I. Valg af Embedsmænd.

II. Forhandlingsemner.

1. Menighedens Emne: „Det uoprettelige Tab.“ Matth. 16, 26.

2. Kredsens Emne: „Daaben.“

3. „Søndagsloven og dens Betydning.“

Alle Kredsens Menigheder bedes at jende Delegerter.

Alle Kredsens Præster bedes om at være til Stede.

Mandag den 4. Oktober bliver der Præstemøde: Emne Fil. 2, 5—11.

Paa Nebraska Kredsens Begne, Lars Jensen, Kredsformand.

Ruifin, Nebr. 25. Juli 1911.

Vor Frelser's Menighed indbyder venligt til Kredsmdøet i Staplehurst. Indmeldelser til Mødet maa være undertegnede i Hænde inden d. 20. August.

Paa Menighedens Begne, J. M. Sanjen, Staplehurst, Nebraska.

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