

Det, der bestaar.

For Guds Ord bestaar enibetlig. (af. 40, 8).

Salig i sin Gerning.

Men den, som fruer ind i Frihedens fuldkomne Lov og holder ved dermed, saa han ikke bliver en glemsom Tilhører, men en Gerningens Gæster, han skal være salig i sin Gerning. Jaf. 1, 25.

„Han skal være salig i sin Gerning“ — det er meget sagt.

Guds Ord lærer klart og bestemt, at intet Menneske kan blive retfærdiggjort, frelst eller saligt ved sine Gerninger.

Men fordi et Menneske, en Synder, ikke kan blive frelst og saligt ved sine Gerninger — dermed er ikke sagt, at der ikke er Forskel paa Gerninger.

Vi mindes, da en Soldat, der var falden i Danmark sidste og ulgkelige Krig, og der i Aftledning af et Brev fra hans Kaptajn taltes om den faldnes Døder som Soldat, at en gammel Kriksen sagde: „Ja, vore gode Gerninger kan ikke frelse os, men de onde kan for-dømme os.“

So, gode Gerninger er gode Gerninger; Jesus siger jo ogsaa: „Løder faaledes eders Døds skime for Menneskene, at de maa se eders gode Gerninger og ære eders Fæder, som er i Himlene.“

Det er blot om at gøre, at Gerningerne er af den rette Slags, og at de anbringes paa rette Sted.

Naar et Menneskes gode Gerninger forføjtes som Midde til Salighed, saa kommer det dels deraf, at de er ufuldkomne og jøndelimitte, dels af, at virkelig gode Gerninger er Frugter af Troen og kan faaledes ikke gaa forud for denne.

Alfæaa — salig i sin Gerning. Noget faadant kan virkelig finde Sted i et Menneskes Liv.

Men hvem er da salig i sin Gerning?

Apostelen siger: „Den, som fruer ind i Frihedens fuldkomne Lov og holder ved dermed.“

„Frihedens fuldkomne Lov“ — Frihed og Lov! Er det ikke Mod-sætninger?

Det synes faaledes for mange Mennesker. Loven er jo en Rettesnor. Den fæjter Skranter for et Menneskes Handlinger og Ord.

Men jæt nu, at det er gaaet faaledes, at et Menneske er bleven jøndet, som Paulus skriver: „Jeg glæder mig ved Guds Lov efter det indvortes Menneske“ (Rom. 7, 22).

Det er ikke egentlig Guds Lov, der tvinger Mennesket; det gør derimod „en anden Lov“, som Paulus skriver i samme Forbindelse, „en Lov i mine Lemmer, som strider imod mit Sindes Lov“.

Naar en Synder saa har let Loven oplydt og Forjoning givet i Kriksen for hans og al Verdens Synd, og han tilegner sig det i Tro, saa er han fri for Lovens Trusel og Straf.

Dg naar det saa videre gaar vedkommende, som det gif en gammel Stone derhjemme, der sagde: „Nu er jeg og Loven bleven gode Venner“, saa kan han begynde at tale om, Frihedens fuldkomne Lov.

Lovens Forbud og Straf jæmmer med det nye Menneskes Vøjt og Villie, med „mit Sindes Lov“, som er den absolut fuldkomne, hvad Sindets Lov ikke endnu kan siges at være.

Over herligt at flue ind i Frihedens fuldkomne Lov, ind i den Lov, der er fuldkommen, og som det troende Menneske frit stiller sig under.

Det er et helt nyt Syn paa Loven — en Rettesnor for den nye, frie Villie! Men her siges videre „og holder ved dermed.“ Der er Fristelse nok til at holde op dermed.

Men om den, der holder ved dermed, siger Apostelen videre: „han bliver ikke en glemsom Tilhører, men en Gerningens Gæster.“

Ser siges ikke, hvad vedkommende har hørt. Følge Forholdet til den Gæren, der nævnes, maa der vel nærmest tænkes paa Loven. Men i hvert Fald tænkes her paa Loven

for troende Mennesker alfæaa i nær Forbindelse med Evangeliet.

Guds Lov og Evangelium er jo ogsaa absolut aandsenige, og den ene giver det, den anden fræver, saa Lovens Straf opretholdes af Evangeliet.

Dg júst fordi Loven fræver f u n g o d t af os, derfor kan et Menneske, naar det er blevet frigtort i Kriksen, være saligt i sin Gerning, efter Loven.

Nu kunde her saa videre fortæjtes med at pege paa en hel Mængde gode Gerninger, som et Menneske kan være saligt eller lyf-felig i; men vi skal nøjes med et Par, som Apostelen nævner, og saa kan Læseren selv fortæjtte med Betragtningen i den Retning.

Jafob nævner i andet Bærs efter det anførte „at besøge Enker og faderløse i deres Trængsel og holde sig selv uplettet af Verden.“

Det er klart, at han nævner disse som Eksempler paa den „Gæren Gerninger“, som han forud har sagt Bægt paa, og her falder han dem ikke afene gode Gerninger, men „en ren og ubeflettet Gudsdyrkelse for Gud og Fæderen.“

Det er lyfkelig og saligt at være beskæftiget i disse Gerninger.

ABOUT POLITICS AND THINGS. (By a voter.)

Several gentlemen are accorded the honor these days of being referred to as „Our next President“. Since, however, but one man at a time can hold that office, the rest must be content with said compliment.

An actual question looms large on the political horizon just now: Has Taft made good? Does he deserve a re-election?—There be those who think so, the writer, however, not being of the number.

This present contribution is not political „dope“ in the sense of being inspired, and paid for, by any party headquarters. It is the opinion merely of a citizen who has tried to keep abreast with the times, noticing what's transpiring as the years pass by. Thus, any reader is welcome to take exceptions to what is here said.

No—Taft is not the man of the hour, or of the future. I may be wrong, but I should indeed prefer a certain Lion Hunter, even as dictator for life, as against another Taftian term. For the Lion Hunter is the friend of the common people, which the Fat One most assuredly is not. Indeed, even kind, genial, old Champ Clark would be preferable to Taft, let him a hundred times be a Democrat. His caliber is of such dimensions that the big office could not run away with him, such as undoubtedly it would do with men like LaFollette, Wilson, Harmon, etc.

Taft has repeatedly shown his predilection, and as a rule it gravitates towards „safe“ men—safe, that is, to our moneyed aristocracy, the interests. Just recall such names as Ballinger, Lurton, Sherman (he of cocktail proclivities), Aldrich, Hook, and that stiff-necked, hard-pated old fossil, Uncle Joe, whose greatest accomplishment seems to be an inborn inclination for facing in the wrong direction. All these are eminently „safe“ men.

Taft's position relative to the tariff is wellknown. The voters will determine whether, in their opinion, his promises square with his performances, or not. His chief trouble is his unhappy penchant for standpatism. Standing pat means standing still. Reform denotes progress, a steady change of existing bad conditions towards real justice and political righteousness. The standpatters, worse luck, we have with us always. They were in depressing evidence at the time of the revolt against King George. Even a man like Dr. Franklin had to suffer the humiliation of having a son prefer standpatism by clinging to the old order—nay, to make the measure full, spurning this land of liberty, and migrating to England in order to be near the very fountain-head of snobbery, and to enjoy the undiluted flavor of royalism: the imbecile Georgian one at that. The standpatters were alive and busy, too, at the great Reformation, when, with incredible courage, Dr. Luther braved pope and councils and all the harm and terrible persecution which was theirs to inflict, breaking with the Romish church, and, thereby, giving to the world religious liberty. Likewise, the standpatters were in evidence before, during and after our terrific Civil war, when one great, loving heart bore the sorrows of a race steeped in misery. The standpatters, mind you. They always wanted to „leave well enough alone“, that well enough which in fact and in truth was bad enough.

When the Lion Hunter was in the White House, big business slept on a fevered pillow. The smug grafters had no easy time of it. At that, they didn't ask much: only peace, just peace—to ply their lucrative trade, to loot, hoodle, and corrupt; just

peace to rake in their various rackets, and, incidentally, grow fat. The trouble was that a certain Strenuous party would provide none of that sort of peace. He set his teeth, adjusted his glasses, balled his fists, and went after them—those mild, kind gentlemen who loved peace above every thing else. No, with Roosevelt at the helm there could be no peace. Something doing all the time, in the right direction, too. And the poor man, the working man, knew that he had a friend in yonder white mansion by LaFayette Square.

Now, reader, do you get the real significance of what happened shortly after Taft's establishment in the saddle executive? A select coterie of the old guard (noble guardsmen, these!) held a little pleasant lovefeast, at which the keynote for the new administration was sounded. Such was the note: „Let us have peace!“—Oh peace is an inestimable blessing. No doubt, they had reason to know why they desired it so very ardently.

Taft came in, and behold the change. Openly, he comradieried with avowed enemies of the Roosevelt policies: the policies he was to carry out. A clever cartoonist caught the idea, showing Taft and an attendant „carrying out“ those policies on a stretcher as a dead body, emaciated with starvation.

Recently, a friendly gentleman called Taft „a real progressive, intelligently alert to the public welfare.“ Ahem, well—er—the trouble is that only the moneyed aristocracy is able to view him in that light. With them, he certainly is a „safe“ man. A real progressive, forsooth!

A man is known by the company he keeps, isn't he? Well, according to that criterion, Taft, at heart, is an arrant aristocrat. Only that and nothing more. Let's quote a recent utterance of his. „There are those who do not believe all people are fit for popular government. The fact is we know they are not. Some of us don't dare to say so, but I do. We are called upon now to say whether we are to continue the judiciary independent of the majority, or of all the people.“—Now, let me for the sake of completeness supply the dialectic counterpart of that statement. Here you have it: „There are those who do not believe all judges are fit to administer the law. The fact is we know they are not. Some of us don't dare to say so—but a certain Lion Hunter does.“

Do you get the drift and trend of the Taftian ideas, dear Mr. Voter? Are you ready to subscribe to his statement above? The majority isn't fit to rule anymore. The will of the majority, consequently, no longer is law. This, too, in a country whose very foundation is popular government, a rule by the people, for the people. The majority no more understands what's good for the country. Fortunately, our judges and moneyings do!

Theoretically, the only sovereignty recognized in our states is that of the people. Only don't run away thinking the moneyed aristocracy cordially subscribe to that doctrine; they don't. They would fain be rulers in essence as they certainly are in fact. And do you know why? Because they are nurtured on the conceit that money ennobles a man, makes him something apart; that if a man has money he is fit to rule, to command to interpret the law; fit to be worshipped, to lead others; that the possession of riches elevates the possessor above the common people, makes him immune from the common law, invests him with a sort of semi-divinity, with dignity and honor, though he be mean and distasteful in heart. Look about you, kind reader, and verify what here is said.

Not but that I am aware of the lugubrious fact that great herds of voters are led by the nose, being guided by a paltry dollar, or two. But I believe the majority sound to the core, and entirely able to distinguish between right and wrong. He who denies this, asserts that popular government is improbable. To say that the majority is unfit to rule is an insult to American citizenship. Why, if Taft had deliberately set about making himself impossible, he could hardly, it would seem, have accomplished this in more effective fashion.

Many voters seem troubled with short memories, and a lack of political perspective. Their want of correct, historic circumspection, indeed, amounts almost to an obsession. Hence, they have no very clear perception of the salient points in any given case. Also, office-holding frequently seems to cause political strabismus, which is an inability to see things with both eyes, politically. One eye will be ogling the oligarchy (rule by few) while the other squints in the direction of the dear „peepul“—Not so with the Fat One, however. He is wholly with the interests. And no doubt this years election will be a revelation to somebody.

Now, why not throw old, musty, meaningless precedent to the winds and elect the Lion Hunter. He has cut bundles of red tape in his time. He has the cause of the working classes at heart, as you will know if you have studied his career as health commissioner, police chief, soldier, governor, and chief execution. He has faith in the common people. He,

moreover, is for the Initiative Referendum, and Recall—for he knows the majority can be depended on to sense the right, the square deal. Not that he is perfect—and, as it happens, this old world has no use for a perfect man. But he is straight; straight as a lance, mentally. His adversaries charge, that the Initiative Referendum and Recall are of Socialistic origin and should, as such, be condemned. But no matter what their birthplace; they are good things. Also, be it noted, reform never had its inception with the great and mighty, but always with those at the bottom. That's rather a curious thing, isn't it? Furthermore, Socialism may be a world power before we are awake to the fact. I devoutly hope that the men of Arizona will deal a march on the Taftian veto by inserting the Recall in their state constitution, as a lawful amendment. A judge who will throw an otherwise clear case out of court by reason of a slight grammatical error in the indictment ought to be recalled on the doublequick. Do you realize what it means, brother, that many a confessed criminal has walked out a free man because of such a „technical error“? Honor bright, isn't that about the limit? But this precious system Taft would have preserved. This golden opportunity for quibbling, hairsplitting lawyers to show their contemptible skill cannot be abolished without endangering the country. Evidently Taft thinks that the lawyers and judges form a superior class of beings, while the cold, sober fact is that if that class is not constantly watched . . . enough said.

This „time-honored“ system the Lion Hunter proposes to abolish. Roosevelt, though near-sighted, never had any trouble in making out the plain duty of government. By way of a slight digression, do you recollect McKinley's expression of „our plain duty“ towards Cuba. Well, shortly after Mac wasn't able to see that duty quite so plainly, for some reason or other. No sooner, however, was Roosevelt in the White House than that duty was made extremely plain, the rough rider rode roughly over all the measely, underhanded schemes of big business, and gave autonomy to the Pearl of the Antilles, albeit much to the rage and consternation of various and sundry politicians and „statesmen“. Really, Teddy is a very handy man at perceiving the simple, plain duty of the government.

A line from Coleridge comes to mind: „Courage multiplies the chances of success by sometimes making opportunities and always availing itself of them.“ Here, with remarkable exactness, the Rooseveltian trend of mind is expressed in outline. Opportunity always seems to be coming his way, and for certain easily defined reasons. Just think of the tremendous influence he exercised on the affairs of state immediately before and during our war with Spain. His untiring efforts in making the fleet effective and efficient; the wonderful opportunities for civilization and better living which came to the new nations with their freedom from the incredibly brutal Spanish rule — you may no be aware of the fact, but he had more to do with these things than merely storming certain forts in Cuba. Or think of his quick recognition of the new republic of Panama, with the overwhelming undertaking of constructing the great canal as a direct result—and one would suppose that none but steelplated mossbacks should question the value of that monumental piece of engineering—that's the sort of chief executive our country stands in need of. With him, the watchword is ever: „Forward!“ Standpatism in reality is retrogression, and is antagonistic to true progress and humane development, political, social, and economic.

The difficulty in the path of progress lies in the melancholy fact, that too many voters are hampered by precisely those conditions which big business is extremely unwilling to abolish. Clearly, since money is power, millions of voters being dependent of the money-holders, it is natural that their votes should be more or less under the control of the „whip-hands“. But there is such a thing as reaction, though woe to the idle, supercilious rich when it breaks loose in earnest. And what, in this connection, is meant by reaction? Well, lynch-law is one form of reaction, an indignant protest against a prevaricating and tergiversating judiciary; at bottom, a sort of recall. But revolution is the real thing. France once tried that sinister remedy. So did more recently, and in their own stumbling manner, Portugal and China. The Mexicans and South Americans are in a category of their own. They are just grown children who never develop. But don't think our republic is immune from such a reaction. Human patience and endurance can stand but a certain strain—and the revulsion is gruesome.

Already, in the camp of the idle rich, several have noticed the ominous mutterings, foreboding a coming storm. Recently, at a dinner, a steel magnate sounded a warning to his fellows, advising humane treatment of their employees. He might have saved his exertions; they will not ameliorate

— SWIFT CURRENT, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA. —
er det vestlige Canadas Have. Det er Hjemmet for den mindre bemidlede Mand. Dyrket og uopdyrket Land til lave Priser og lette Vilkaar. Oplysninger sendes gerne. Skriv, paa engelsk, efter trykte Pamfletter. Vi refererer til Canadian, Union eller Ottawa Banker.
ZELLER LAND COMPANY
Swift Current, Saskatchewan, Canada.

C. S. NIELSEN

tidligere i Dexterville Store
har nu etableret en

FØRSTE KLASSES KØD- OG KOLONIALVARE HANDEL

Tidssvarende i enhver Henseende
Tværs over for Posthuset

LAGERET NYT, KOMPLET OG VELASSORTERET.

En særlig Indbydelse til Landsmænd.

the conditions of their wage-slaves; they feel secure behind their sacks of gold; they have their wine, women, and song; what more is needed? Cannot the workingclass be satisfied?

Ah, the pity of it all! The poor, tolling hordes of humanity have but one concern, just one—to be enabled to keep body and soul together. Yet, they too, are capable of a desire for that which is beautiful; they, also, feel a longing for the joy of life, that primeval instinct of man; they, too, would fain possess that which elevates the mind, ennobles the heart, beautifies existence, and clarifies the general aspect of life.

In conclusion, say to yourself, dear Mr. Voter, that Taft has shown just what he can and will do. So has Roosevelt. The latter is not perfect, except it be perfectly honest and square. But I cannot look at that stern, earnest face without involuntarily feeling that this is a man with a purpose. He had studied the philosophy of life on broader lines than has the big smiler. Moreover, smiling does not, in a very eminent degree, conduce to a profound experience in, or grasp of, that which concerns the welfare of a nation. Look over the annals of history, and verify that no eminent leader of men was a pleasant, easy-going, smiling sort of fellow—indeed, such a character would be an anomaly. Roosevelt has, I fancy, been in too close contact with the stern, shake-down realities of life, the pathetic conditions of the masses, to find much use for bantering.

But action, reform, strenuous endeavor in the fight for real progress, insurging (if that's the word): there's your Rough Rider.

Fra Rinas Indre.

En dansk Ingeniørs Bedrift.

Fra Peking er der kommen Meddelelse om, at en derboende dansk Ingeniør August Lund sammen med 4 andre har foretaget en dristig og farefuld Ekspedition fra Peking til Nord-Shanhs og Mongoliets Grænse, hvor en Del Missionærer var i Fare.

Om denne Ekspedition bringer „Ringsted Folketidende“ nedenstaaende ret udsjærlige og meget interessante Beretning, der er nedskrevet af en i Peking boende Missionær efter Ingeniør Lunds Diktat og sendt hjem.

Jøst skal vi dog med et Par Ord omtale Ingeniør August Lund.

Han vil inden for A. J. U. M. være velkendt, idet han her har udrettet et stort Arbejde og bl. a. været praktisk Leder for Sommerlejren i 1910.

Han er nu 34 Aar gammel og er uddannet i Mittheida. Senere har han været i 8 Aar i Japan og Calcutta og for et Par Aar siden var han paa Besøg herhjemme et Aars Tid.

Nu er Lund Professor ved Universitetet i Peking, hvor hans Sag er Matematik. For Tiden er der ganske vist slet ingen Studenter, da de under Urolighederne har forladt deres Lærestof, men de kommer jo nok igen.

Endvidere har Lund sammen med en kollega en større Ingeniørretning i Peking.

Ingeniør Lund har derovre i det fjerneste Osten udrettet et stort Arbejde for Missionen, idet han paa alle Maader hjælper og støtter Missionærerne, kendt som han er med de vanskelige Forhold, hvorunder der arbejdes.

— — — Vi skal derefter give Beretningen om Ekspeditionen fra Peking til Saratzi faaledes som den foreligger efter Ingeniør Lunds egne mundtlige Meddelelser.

Planen.

Uden for den engelske Legations kirke mødte jeg Søndag den 4. Februar en Sven'er, Nyström, der er Professor ved et af Universiteterne herude, og blev af ham spurgt, om jeg vilde gaa med paa en Ekspedition op til Mongoliets Grænse for at hente nogle Missionærer, der var i Fare deroppe.

Der havde længe været stærk Uro oppe ved de Egne, og den henske Gejandt, S. E. Wallenberg, havde faaet Ordre hjemmefra til at søge at bringe Hjælp til Missionærerne, der sad deroppe ved Saratzi.

Resultatet af Samtalen var, at vi aftalte at rejse Onsdagen den 7. Ekspeditionens øvrige Medlemmer var Professor Long fra Sautingfu, Missionær Fairburu sammesteds fra samt K. J. U. M.'s Sekretar Ridd fra Sianfu.

Foretagendet var dog nær gaaet i Stykker, da den engelske Gejandt ikke vilde give sine Underfætter Mejltilfødsel. Men Ratten før Afreisen ifulde finde Sted, som der dog et Brev med den Bested, at Sir. Jordan kunde tillade, at de tog af Sted for egen Risiko. Der kunde ikke gives nogen officiel Tilfædsel.

Afreisen.

Onsdag Morgen tog vi fra af Sted. Vi var 4 Mand og fulde i Salskan trafte den femte.

Kl. 6 om Aftenen naaede vi Salskan og tog ind i den kinesiske Aro, hvor vi fik Besøg af Sekretæren for det udenlandske Kontor. Gennem det kinesiske Udenrigsministerium var der nemlig udvirket Ordre til Generalen i Salskan om at hjælpe os og give os Efforte gennem de farlige Egne.