

The Seminarian

Lutheran Theological Seminary at Philadelphia

Volume III December 1938 Number 2 - 3

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CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL

The Christmas story has been told more often in all forms of artistic media than any other event of the Savior's life, save for the Crucifixion and Resurrection. The Christmas story has been made the subject of paintings, writings, and sculptured figures. It seems that this story has captured the fancy of the world no matter where it has penetrated. Its widespread appeal is due to the accompanying artistic forms.

This is even truer when we consider the art of music. The angels sang at Jesus' birth, and the world has continued their song in the treasury we possess of Christmas carols. Every age and every tongue has produced these carols. In Greek, in Latin, in English, German, Polish, French, Norwegian, Swedish, Italian, and Russian; these carols have been written and sung wherever their voice is heard.

The Christmas carol is a unique form of hymn. Its subject is the Nativity, and the joy which heralds Christ's entrance into the world. The music is joyous and captivating; there is no place for gloom in these carols, they are a spontaneous expression of extreme joy and exaltation. Great joy is expressed: "The King has come!" "Glory to God in the Highest!"

This joyous feeling is not surprising, because of the essential nature of the Event. Another factor also enters in. These carols are largely folk-songs and folk-tunes. They express the feelings of the common people, the simple folk, who look forward to the glad Advent of the Savior. Almost all of the best and most beautiful carols are folk-songs: and folk-songs are heart songs.

But the great hymn-writers of the Church also bent their talents to the commemoration of this event in their art. There are many carols that, although not essentially folk-songs, have captured the true spontaneous feeling that comes from reflection upon the mystery of God's Grace. Two of these (ones which I consider outstanding) are: "Silent Night," and "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

In 1818 Joseph Mohr was assistant pastor at Oberdorf, Germany. On Christmas Eve he attended a meeting at the school-house, where he was greeted by Franz Gruber. Mohr withdrew from the gathering for a time, and when he returned, he handed a folded paper to his friend Gruber. When Gruber opened it, he read aloud the poem, "Silent Night."

Thus it was that a personal gift to an intimate friend at Christmas time in an obscure German village has resulted in a world-chorus of praise at Christmas.

First, we have the quiet of the night; then the flood of glory-light from heaven. The angels come and sing their praise. Then we have the proclamation: "Christ the Savior is born!"

It seems that later on that same night in 1818, Mohr was surprised to hear his hymn being sung to a beautiful melody. The recipient of the gift, Franz Gruber, had already composed a tune for it. It thus appears that both the words and the music of this beautiful hymn were the spontaneous inspiration of the Christmas atmosphere, thought and spirit.

One of the greatest memorials to the memory of Phillips Brooks, the great American preacher, is his hymn, "O Little Town of Bethlehem." While he was rector of Holy Trinity Church in Philadelphia, he was given a year's leave of absence to tour Europe and the Near East. It was during Christmas Week of 1865 that he

rode to Bethlehem from Jerusalem. After dark they went to the traditional Shepherd's Field. There he saw shepherds tending their flocks much as they did in Jesus' day. Beyond a ridge of ground they saw the town. This sight made such an impression on him that, when he returned to America, he was figuratively haunted by the experience. Two years later, in 1867, he wrote this carol; and it was first sung in his Sunday School in Philadelphia.

The tune was written by Lewis Redner, the organist of Brook's church. Just a few days before Christmas, Brooks told Redner that he had written a simple carol; would Redner write the music? Redner, that night, was roused from sleep by a melody that chimed in his heart. He could not rest until he had written it down. Since then, it has become the familiar and loved tune known by all the world.

The hymn views the silent town of Bethlehem, knowing not that the Light of the world has come. The angels watch over the Christ, and the morning stars sing together of His Birth. God's great gift is given silently, but the Dear Christ still enters into meek souls that will receive Him.

The hymn closes with a prayer. It is a simple prayer, yet effective. Amid the bustle and hurry of Christmas Day, will there be some that will hear and understand? Let us hope so. The world has sore need of this prayer:

"O holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!"

The Pulpit Homicide

There is a homiletical jesture scarcely better than homicide. It takes the form of an illustration in a sermon. The enthusiastic young preacher tries his best to make people feel that he understands their ailments, their sufferings, their domestic problems, etc. The only way, he thinks, that this feeling can be aroused is by illustration, consequently his sermons bristle with experience reports of his most recent visits to the sick room, his latest adventures in the hospitals, and most of all, his last solution of a "true story" problem. The preacher naturally is careful not to mention names, places, or dates, and assumes that the imagination, and the general information of the congregation is so limited that they will not recognize the characters of the stories. Is it rude to suggest that if the preacher so underestimated the general intelligence of the congregation or did not want them to understand, he should not have illustrated? It is like saying: I am going to tell you a story. Of course you won't understand it, because I am going to disguise it as much as I can. The story won't do you much good. You might never have the same experience. But it will make you better disposed towards your pastor. You see, He understands. This self-flattery and pride in the pulpit is homicide. It will not only kill the preacher, but everyone who knows the illustration, and everyone who fails to "feel" the sympathy of the homiletician.

How are we young preachers going to overcome this slow but sure death? In this space I can offer only one solution. It won't be much different from what we have learned from our lectures, and from our "required reading",

but I will reduce it to a point. I am convinced that the first thing a young preacher should do is NOT to illustrate his sympathy. This does not mean that he cannot utilize his experiences in the pulpit. It merely means that he should not be a story teller. What he must learn to do is to take the concrete experience that brought him face to face with the reality of life and its problems, and strip that experience of all its emotionalism and sentiment, and elevate it into the realm of the abstract. When he has it there upon that high plane of mentality, he must spiritualize it, vitalize it, and give it meaning. In this new setting he must bring it down again into the reality of life. This is not the process of a story teller, but the mental process of one who tells parables. "Go and learn what this means". We must study that distinction for ourselves. After we have mastered that process our homilies will no longer be a kind of homicide.

-John Ritter

ADVENTURES WITH SOCIAL WORKERS

From the eighth floor office of the Inner Mission Board, in the Muhlenberg Building, one is impressed by the squattiness and ugliness of downtown Philadelphia. Hotels and office buildings push up into the skies away from the monotonous mass of flat-roof houses. A sentimentalist might write a sonnet about the glamour of the city, but his poetry could not bring sunshine and fresh air into the thousands of bedrooms that lie under those miles of tin roofs. People are living in those houses; and therein lies a tale. When human beings are crowded into small areas difficulties arise and life becomes more complex. Our Inner Mission Board is concerned with these and other

difficulties of a social nature.

The work of this and other social agencies is hardly appreciated by the majority of our church people. During the last five weeks a group of us from the Seminary have followed a program of visits and lectures arranged for us by Dr. G. H. Bechtold, Inner Mission Secretary. Our eyes were opened to the amount of work being done every day by various social agencies in our own church and by city, state and other institutions. If most of our people have heard of our six Homes for Orphans and Old People; few have visited the Philadelphia Motherhouse, the River Crest Tuberculosis Preventorium, or the Lutheran Settlement House. Perhaps a smaller number know that in our church there are bureaus that serve the blind, the deaf, and the institutionalized.

Our first Tuesday afternoon was spent with Dr. Bechtold who gave us a resume of the work and aims of our Lutheran institutions. The church is convinced that it is not sufficient for the minister to preach on Sunday and make a few social calls on each member every year. The ministry is a full-time job, and the pastor must be ready to assist his people in their week-day problems. He must be able to direct them to the kind of special needs they may have. It might be a clinic, hospital, mental institution, or even a job. He can hardly do this alone, but he can use the facilities provided by the Church and other institutions. The Inner Mission Board is itself the official co-ordinating agency of the Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

On our second Tuesday afternoon we heard of the work of the Children's Placement Bureau from its capable Superintendent, Miss Lulu B. Sachs. They provide temporary and permanent care for over five hundred dependent and neglected children. At the present time

there are about three hundred children that have been placed in private homes with foster parents. The Children's Bureau Workers visit these families regularly to learn of the progress of the Children. The method of placement involves a careful study of the child's personality and the future foster-parents' motives in asking for a child. In every case placement in a foster home is resorted to only when it is certain that the parents or parent cannot care for the child that it is giving up. This Bureau also renders service to unmarried expectant mothers, and gives assistance and advice in family problems referred to it. On the whole, a really amazing task for three people.

"Around the corner" from the Muhlenberg Building, at 311 South Juniper Street, is a modern office building which is occupied entirely by social service agencies. It is correctly named the Social Service Building. We spent a brief time in a second floor office with the soft-spoken Executive Secretary of the Pennsylvania Prison Society, Albert G. Fraser. While waiting for a conference with a paroled prisoner he outlined for us the nature of their organization. For over a hundred and fifty years the Prison Society has been in existence, bringing its assistance to men who need someone to understand them without pitying and blaming. It is the absence of just this that drives so many ex-prisoners back to the one place where they can find sympathy--the association with other criminals. The Penna. Prison Society fills this need. For a large number of prison inmates the Society bridges the gap between the prison and the community. It does this by counselling and planning for his release with the prison and with his family. It has in many cases assisted in the securing of a job for the released

prisoner. This work is carried out with a professional staff of the Society with the help of a number of volunteers and students of Penology. Hundreds of prisoners have been helped to a new start by this, the oldest prison society in the world.

The entire fifth floor of the same building is occupied by what amounts to a glorified filing case. The major part of the floor space is covered with filing cases containing the names of all people receiving some kind of assistance from any of the hundreds of member agencies in and near Philadelphia. This is known as the Social Service Exchange. Its purpose is to prevent the kind of "chiseling" that one frequently hears of in places where this kind of co-ordinating agency is not in existence. When an agency such as the Welfare adds a family to its list they send the name to the Social Security Exchange to register it there and to find (within 24 hours) if the name has already been listed by some other agency. If it has, the Exchange will send, in twenty four hours, the name of the agency already listing the family. Then the two agencies can compare notes and decide if there would be duplication of assistance. Hence one family cannot receive assistance from several agencies at the same time without being discovered easily. An interesting fact is that, although the use of this service is limited to only those other agencies which contribute, any minister can apply for information. Other than a minister and a member agency no one else can use the Agencies files. The service is thus confidential. To keep the speed of the service at twenty four hours for each reply, there is a large force of girls who do nothing but

look up names, type information is abbreviated form on cards, or put them in envelopes.
(To be continued)

John P. Stump

A STUDY OF ROMAN CATHOLIC

AND

LUTHERAN HYMNS

It is very rarely thought that the hymns which are sung in the churches are lyrics and should, therefore, be classified as poetry. Some authors have called the hymns the most inspired poetry that man has ever written. There is perhaps, nothing else in the world to compare with religion for lifting men's minds from the valley of the ordinary things of life to the mountain tops of sublime thoughts and emotions. In the hymns is not only the attempt made to express the religious experience of the author, but an effort is made to recreate the experience for his readers, whether they are separate individuals or a group.

The Lutheran Church has often been called the "Singing Church" and a casual examination and comparison of The Common Service with St. Basil's Hymnbook, which is representative of the Roman Catholic Church's hymnology, reveals the truth of the statement. The Lutheran Church has

collected its hymns from the Greek, Latin, German, Swedish, Danish, French, Italian, Welsh and English. It is quite international and crosses all denominational lines. Some of the Greek hymns date to the second century and many of the Latin hymns are from before the eighth century. It can readily be seen that the Lutheran Church has drawn to a great extent upon the hymns of the Catholic Church, and a comparison reveals that it has preserved many old Greek and Latin hymns which are not placed in the collection compiled by the Basilian Fathers and apparently are not used in Catholic services. Despite the fact that there is much similarity in the two collections, careful reading shows that there are vast differences in the content, the mood, the form, the emphasis, and the theology expressed.

The hymns of both churches, quite naturally, are centered about the Trinity: they deal with either God the Father, God the Son, or God the Holy Spirit. Catholic hymns, in addition to being centered about God, center about the Saints and Angels. The hymns to the Blessed Virgin Mary are as numerous as the hymns to God. St. Joseph, St. Patrick, St. Dominic, St. Anthony, and others also have their share in the veneration of the worshippers. Through the veneration of the Saints it must be understood that the poet is worshipping God, yet, it seems, many of the hymns are so mystical that the reader is only aware of the veneration of the Saint. The hymns of both churches are based upon the teachings of the Old and New Testa-

ments with particular emphasis on the teachings of Christ. The Roman Catholic hymns contain, in addition, many of the traditions of that church. Illustrative of the veneration of the saints and the traditions of the church is:

"Hail, Heavenly Queen! Hail, foamy
ocean star!

O be our guide, diffuse thy beams afar;
Hail, Mother of God! above all virgins
blest,

Hail, happy gate of heav'n's eternal
rest.

Hail, foamy ocean star! Hail, heav'nly
queen!

O be our guide to endless joys unseen."

There is a spontaniety in the Catholic hymns that makes them happy and refreshing. The authors seem to have written at times when their hearts were filled with emotion, and the words seem to have come forth without effort. Protestant hymns, on the other hand, tend to be more solemn, reflective, and meditative. There are, of course many exceptions on both sides. The predominant moods of the Catholic hymns are praise and adoration, while the hymns of the Protestant church tend to be prayerful, thankful, encouraging, or inspiring. Descriptive pictures play a large and vivid part in Catholic hymns.

With regard to form, the Catholic hymns have a happy, spontaneous rhythm and a simplicity which is almost child-like. They likewise reflect greater simplicity in the shorter lines, shorter stanzas, a very noticeable rhyme pattern,

and often a chorus following each stanza. They make frequent use of mystical pictures. Representative of these we have "Holy Name", "Sacred Heart", "Mother of God", "Precious Blood". Speaking of a part to represent the whole is a frequent device of the Catholic writers which adds much to the mysterious quality of their lyrics. The Catholic hymns show a tendency to be more gay and carefree, whereas the Protestant hymns are likely to reflect a more inhibited spiritual happiness. It is the difference between a flashing spark and a steady flame. The form of the Catholic hymn appeals strongly to the senses while the Protestant hymns more generally appeal to the intellect. It is difficult, however, to make general statements about the form of the lyrics because there are exceptions to such generalizations on both sides.

The hymns of both churches place the great emphasis on the conception of the Triune God Who created and preserves the universe. The conception of God is the very essence of religion and quite naturally would be the very heart of any poetry expressing a religious experience. The Love of God plays a great part in the hymns of both churches, but there is a difference in the comprehension of the Love of the Father. Catholics conceive of it as the love of an awful, just Father. Thus we have hymns of prayer to Saints, Angels and the church to plead the cause of the Christian before his stern Father. The Protestant conceives of God's Love as the love of an understanding, merciful Father Who is always present to care for all of mankind. We find, therefore, the Protes-

tant confiding in his Heavenly Father on the most intimate terms. Faith is given emphasis by both churches, but here again there is a wide difference in the placing of the emphasis. The faith of the Lutheran says, "I must love God and I must love my neighbor because God loves me". The faith of the Catholic says, "I must love God and my neighbor to attain the love of God". Because of the two views on faith, we find that the Lutheran hymns are of thanksgiving and consecration while the Catholics wrote hymns of supplication and sacrifice. For the same reason we find that Catholic hymn writers emphasize that Christ suffered and died for the sins of man and the Protestant hymnologist emphasizes that Christ died for man because He loved man. The hymns of the Catholic Church emphasize the mystical to a greater extent than do the Protestant hymns. Not only do they have spiritual communion with God but with a great host of Saints, Angels, and the dead. Because of this the Protestant would be likely to speak of them as idolatrous. It is necessary, therefore, to understand that the Catholic is endeavoring to worship God by honoring His Saints. The mysticism of the Protestant hymns is confined to the experience of the triune God as the ever present, intimate, moving force in the writer's life.

Thus if there were no statement of a church's beliefs it would be quite possible to find it expressed in the hymns of the church.

-Alfred Schroeder

A PREFACE TO MORALS

by Walter Lippmann

"A Preface to Morals" deals with the problem of unbelief in the modern age. It states that the acids of our modern skepticism have destroyed our religious beliefs. In the author's words "whirl is King". He believes that the "modern" man has lost the vital religious belief of his grandfather, though the will to believe remains. Hence, confusion.

Mr. Lippmann states that his book is an inquiry into the problem of those who feel a vacancy in their lives left by the dissolution of the old faith. He attempts to trace this loss of faith through "a general loosening of organic faith" to a general breakdown of the idea of Divine authority due considerably to the increased faith in the power of the individual. He arbitrarily concludes that the only place to seek the true spiritual ideal necessary to give life stability is in one's self. He proposes a kind of spiritualized Stoicism.

I found the book challenging and also stimulating. It is definitely a challenge to the Church. I do feel strongly that Lippmann's story is far from the whole story. There have been in every age men for whom the worship did not suit. These men were not in the majority. We notice too that there is a definite lapse in church attendance today, and an apparent lessening of interest; but the trouble is not with the "religion". We must conclude that the real trouble lies rather in the method in which it is presented. The present refusal to believe in a god cloaked in the language and mood of another century seems to be a healthy sign. In too many cases men attend church because of a series of habits which they did

not question. If Fosdick's philosophy-religion is the ultimate in modernity I do not choose to be "modern".

As is characteristic of most alternatives to the historical religion, the philosophy proposed by Lippmann is an impracticable morality which has nothing but the strength of will of the believer to hold him true to his ideals. If the old religion is abstract, the alternative is fantastic. The author begins by showing man's loss of faith and the resultant confusion; he ends by presenting a theory which would prove utterly destructive.

I found interesting Lippmann's idea that modern civilization has been so durable because of its complexity. We often view complexity as entirely destructive. It really makes the whole more sensitive to bad decisions.

One of the characteristics of this age seems to be that we are trying to explain it. The age is one of increased inquiry. Men feel that there is no limit to their attainment, and they wish to have a more comprehensive knowledge of the factors that make up their lives. This will lead in any age to a recasting of its ideas. The ideas of religion may take on different manifestations, but they will not change vitally.

Lippmann's arguments are not convincing to the man who has the strength of his convictions. He is typical of most men who are gathering evidence to prove a point, though he is trying to be fair in his approach. Despite his attempt to show the desirability of a spiritual personalism, it is an uninspiring fabrication of a desperate wanderer.

- John P. Stump

One thing I do not like about our Seminary

Somewhere during the last few years I listened to a speaker as he decried this modern urge for speed, the kind of speed that lacks stamina. He used these words, "We live at two hundred miles per hour, we look at ten centuries per motion picture, and we think just a little slower than the proverbial snail's pace. We are constantly in a hurry but we have no place to go and we are getting there fast". You who read this article will probably place such a speech near the beginning of our depression or a time when men were men and had a hard time keeping up with the fairer sex. We here in the Seminary seem to be living about ten years behind ourselves. We have lost of zip but our zippers hold nothing together. I am referring, of course, to our everyday horse race that is conducted in the Schaeffer-Ashmead Memorial Lutheran Church of the Ascension.

As potential pastors in the Lutheran Church each one of us will have the responsibility of leading some forty to four-thousand people in their public worship each week. Since that responsibility is ours it becomes us to make an effort to learn how to worship and how to lead in worship. Such an opportunity should be ours in our daily chapel services. That opportunity, however, floats disgustingly out the window whenever we go to chapel. Let me give you my impression of our average chapel service.

All starts well with the quiet, devotional music that pours forth from the organ. Silently each one in attendance seeks his pew and offers his word of prayer. The bell tolls and the music to the opening hymn is given out by the organist. Now the fun begins. Three to ten of the choir come tearing up the side aisle in a

fantic effort to make the first stanza of the hymn. The amusing squeaks of the basses trying to circumvent an F in an unfamiliar and unpractised hymn can't fail to add to the opening scene of the comedy. With the singing of the second stanza of the hymn a very scared and clumsy-looking fellow student stumbles through the chancel to his hymn book and grasps it with trembling hands. After we have finally managed to master the music and are beginning to give our attention to the thoughts in the words of the hymn, it is far past time to sing the "Amen".

The second scene of our daily comedy opens very silently with a good half-minute of the fast trotting of the reader as he tries to make it to the altar before the worshippers get uneasy. Then comes the action. A Voice that may rock the windows booms forth, or one that may lack the power to frighten a mouse at cream-puff range. The words of the voice make little difference to us because most of us can run through them while we are eating a dish of ice cream and carrying on a conversation about the weather. The choir's responses can't help but add to the general merriment. They race through one response and bury the next with all due solemnity. All too soon it comes time to sit down quickly in order to be in place for the singing of the second hymn for the day.

The first scene of the second act has an even more auspicious start. Usually one or two of our fellow students manage to come in with a several professorial coat-tails flying in their wake. The group sinks exhaustedly into a seat. (These professors of ours may be divided into six classes:-

- (1) Those who always come to chapel.
- (2) Those who seldom come to chapel.
- (3) Those who never come to chapel.

- (4) Those who are always on time.
- (5) Those who are seldom on time.
- (6) Those who manage to make it in time
for the Benediction.)

But this is a digression. While these late comers get seated the second hymn has slid down the well greased chute of boredom and the reader has managed to gallop through the three or four verse lesson. It is quite apparent that he never read the lesson before. We are constantly in the position of the Russian baby who had to listen to a Latin lecture each morning. We don't get the drift of things. But the climax comes with a thrilling rush when the reader manages to close the reading of Scripture with the required formula, make it to the altar, and start the Kyrie with and in one breath.

The second scene of this second and last act may be passed over quite quickly. All we hear is a few mumbled, jumbled prayers that remain intelligible in spite of excellent acoustics, a Benediction that is shot from a machine gun and seldom taken from the ordered form, and then the final exit of a sweating, puffing Seminarian. Sixteen minutes is the record for reading the Matins. Eighteen is the lowest we have been able to hit with the Vespers, since there seems to be more to them.

Only one comment is left. It is concerned with these Wednesday morning services. Here we are privileged to receive an excellent example of what not to do when we speak as the guest of any pastor. Lesson 1 is to act as though we were a fish on land. Lesson 2 is to bore our hearers with a lot of unrelated mumblings. Lesson 3 is to speak at least forty minutes so we are sure we have said enough to convince our hearers that we are somebody.

But one is not permitted to even think such thoughts about our noble institution without suggesting some remedies. I have a few

that might help the situation.

1) The choir might be induced to acquaint itself with the hymns that are to be used and manage to familiarize itself with some standard form and manner of rendering a devotional service.

2) The reader for the day might well go over the whole of the service several times either in his room or in the empty chapel with a particular study of the Scripture to be read and the prayers to be used.

3) The chaplain might well give us a little change by using the Te Deum or the Benedictus occasionally. There is also a second setting to the Latins that might be used. He might choose at least one familiar hymn for each service. But particularly, he might revise our lectionary of Scripture passages to include both Old and New Testaments, all of the Books of the Bible, and at least twenty verses in each selection. He could well suggest a variation in the Collects that are used, placing some emphasis on the length and the appropriateness of the prayers offered.

4) It might add to the benefit of our services if each of the readers were asked to make a three or four minute devotional comment on the passages that they read in the service. If all of our fellow students are not to be trusted to properly perform such a service then, perhaps, the Seniors as a class might be so advanced as to be worthy of such a responsibility. The members of the faculty would also make excellent commentators. The comments, I believe, would add to the service in such a way as to make it more complete, more interesting, and more devotional.

5) Last, but not least, all of us could use a little practice in reading the three most used Services of our Church before a competent

critic. The difficulty with this suggestion is in the finding of a competent critic. But surely such a person can be found somewhere. We need such a person. We need him even before our present Seniors leave these hallowed Halls.

These are the only suggestions for improvement that I can offer at this time. There are many more, I know. Perhaps you know of some that would be useful. If so, let's hear about them. I am convinced that the present state of the worship life of our Student Body is deplorable. It is like a roof that has nothing but the bare rafters. We have the material to build a water-proof roof. I am certain of it. What we ask is that those who control the form and content of our chapel services, be kind enough to give us something worthwhile, something that has stamina and value.

Editor's note:

The author of the above article requested the editor to withhold his name. However, the full responsibility for the contents of all articles printed in the Seminary rests with the authors.

This space ~~was~~ reserved
for the article you promised
to write but never wrote, or
intended to write but didn't.
At any rate:

Something died!

Freedom?

Our life at Seminary is one that is unique in its offerings for Christian community living. It is here that we can test for ourselves the principles and ideals of Christian living. In our Sunday School education we were taught certain fundamental principles of the Christian way of life. Primary among those was regard for the members of our family and for our neighbors. College and Seminary afford us a still clearer view, academically not practically, of what it means to be a Christian and live as a Christian. Opportunities for real Christian living in a select group are presented to us here. Yet do we really want to take advantage of them?

In a very short time we will be actively engaged as leaders and guides for our congregations. We will be preaching the Christian life in all its aspects. We will be looked up to by the community in which we live. But at Seminary we seem to forget that we are already representatives of the Church. Is it not time that we asked ourselves the question, "Does my life here, in all respects, and at all times, reflect to the credit of the high calling which I follow?"

Lutherans have been the proponents of the liberty of the Christian man. Nevertheless we seem to have forgotten that our liberty ends where the next man's liberty begins. I, for one, believe that Lutheran freedom is workable. But freedom requires of us certain curbs on what we want to do. Our desires are checked by the very freedom which gave them birth. The community in which the Seminary is located has a right to expect

certain things from us who are to be the clerical leaders of our own communities. Our activities here should not interfere with our neighbors in any way. A fairness is demanded of us. Likewise is the case of our relations with one another. Our freedom is limited by our sense of fairness and loyalty to those with whom we live.

The faculty of the Seminary has been fair with us in allowing us to work out our own social problems. Let us be true to their confidence and loyalty to us and meet those problems with the Spirit of Christ which dominates every true Christian community.

-Oswald Elbert

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Litany of Thanks

For the privileges of a Christian country,
For the blessings of a Christian home,
For the advantages of a Christian education,
For the service of the Christian ministry,
We, thy children, do give thanks to Thee, O
heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ,
Thy Son, our Saviour.

Amen

- William Pfeifer