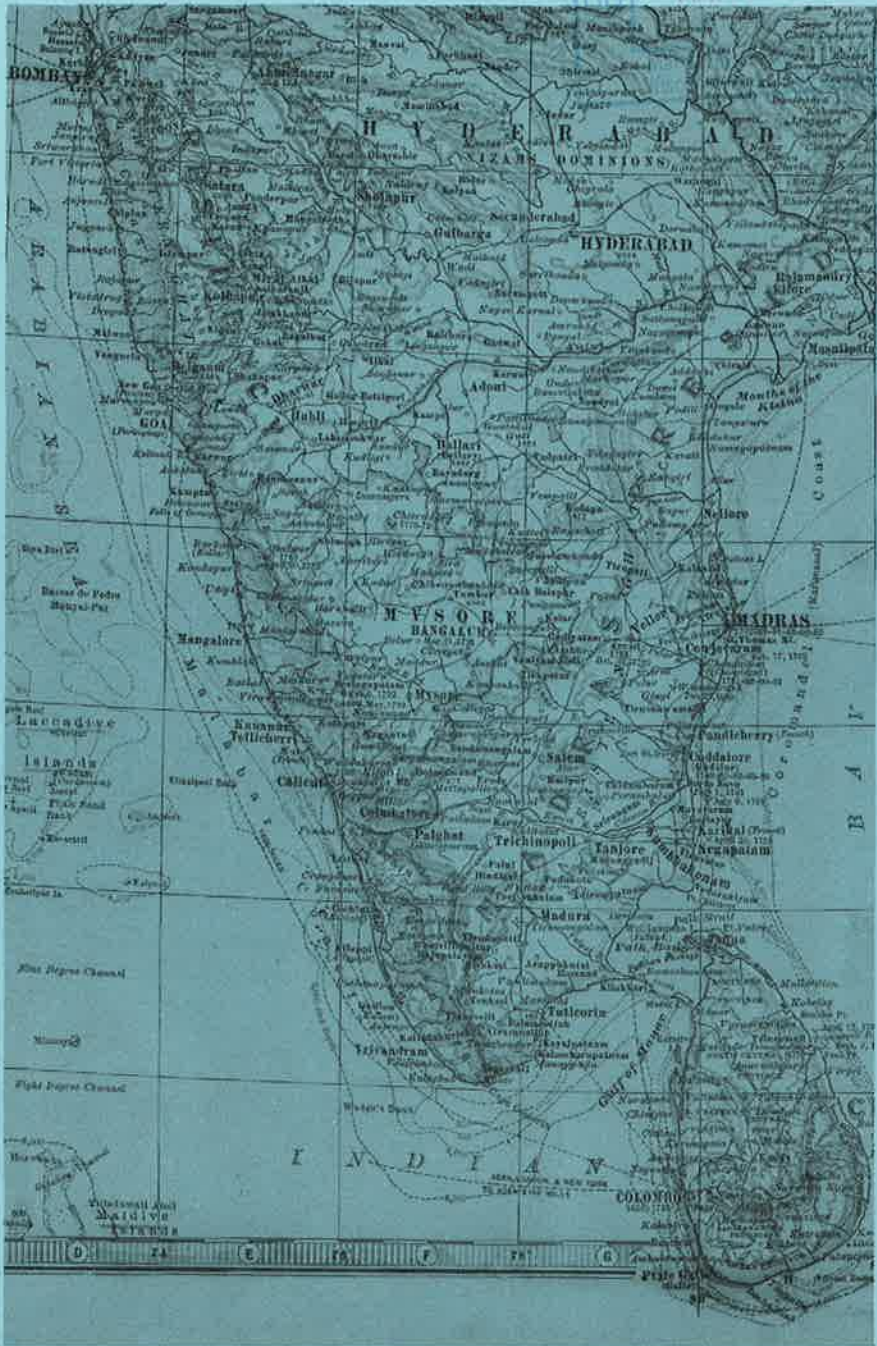


WELS Historical Institute

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Synodical Convention in the First Evangelical Lutheran Church in Manitowoc on Trinity Sunday 1856

On May 18th the Synod opened its convention with the traditional synodical worship services. In the morning the Hon. president, Pastor Muehlhaeuser, preached on [spaces left blank] at the dedication of the First Evangelical Lutheran Church in Manitowoc which occurred simultaneously with the opening service of the synod. In the afternoon Pastor Koehler preached on II Corinthians 13:13. (The grace of our Lord, etc.).

On Monday morning, May 19th, the sessions began. The president, Pastor Muehlhaeuser, opened the same with a hymn and a reading from God's Word—I John 4. After this the names of the synodical members were read. Present were President Muehlhaeuser, the Hon. Pastor Goldammer, the Hon. Buehren, the Hon. Koester, the Hon. Bading, the Hon. Koehler, the Hon. Huber. The Hon. Pastor Conrad was absent. The secretary is to seek the reasons for his absence. If they are legitimate he is to be excused.

Pastor Weitbrecht was excused because of distance. However the secretary is to inform him that if God grants him life and good health, he is to appear at next year's convention. If he fails to do so, he can no longer remain a member of the synod.

The Hon. Pastor Sauer was absent. He indeed should not only be unexcused, but on top of that should be given a reprimand for making it appear by his actions that he did not show up purposely.

Pastor Huber made the observation that if the excuses of synodical members are sent in while the synod is still in session, or sent in later, the members should be listed as excused retroactively.

Candidate Henike [Hennicke] was inducted by the Hon. Pastor Koester and was recommended for ordination. Likewise Pastor Huber inducted Candidate Starke and recommended him for ordination.

The Hon. Pastor Kluge was inducted as an advisory member by the Hon. Goldammer, who also inducted Mr. Kremer as the delegate from the Lutheran congregation in Manitowoc.

Mr. Victor Schreck was inducted as the delegate from Port Washington; Mr. Karsten as delegate from the congregation at Newton. The delegate of Pastor Muehlhaeuser's congregation was absent because of illness.

Later on both Pastors Streissguth and Reim were inducted by the Hon. Goldammer and were recommended for membership. Both were accepted by the synod.

The report of the president, Pastor Muehlhaeuser.

Brethren, another year has passed since our last get-together. Reflections on the past year obligate us to thank our Lord for He has truly blessed us and has broadened our working area. Indeed, two of the oldest pioneers of Wisconsin have moved away, but they have been replaced. The Lord has done much for us to strengthen the little tree; may He continue to help it so that it becomes stronger.

Because the terms of the synod's officers have expired, the president desires to have a stronger person elected in his place and administer the position with God's blessings.

Correspondence during the course of the synodical year.

A letter was received from Mr. Westphal in which he asks for a license, but this was refused by the Hon. president. Mr. Hottinger asked for a congregation in our synod but he was referred to the Reformed Synod by the Hon. president. Upon a repeated request it was pointed out strongly to him that he could not be given a congregation which could guarantee him the salary which he considered necessary for his existence.

A letter was received from the congregation in Schleisingerville [today, Slinger] in which they sought a preacher.

A written excuse from Pastor Weitbrecht.

Also by letter the congregation in Kenosha requested a preacher.

A letter from Mr. Stemp [?] in which he requests ordination. He was referred to Pastor Streissguth by the Hon. president and was invited to the convention; however has not appeared.

Election of officers.

Results of the election were: the Hon. Pastor Muehlhaeuser was elected president; the Hon. Bading, secretary; and the Hon. Buehren, treasurer.

The financial report of the departing secretary showed a balance of \$32 in the treasury.

Congregational reports.

The congregation reports showed that the combined totals, with the exception of the reports of three pastors, Goldammer, Streissguth and Reim, whose reports were not handed in, that in the synodical year 371 were baptized, 140 confirmed, 132 married, and 80 burials; 1,563 went to communion. Contributions for heathen missions amounted to \$123.14; for home missions \$10.00; and for the synod treasury \$13.01. The synod has five day schools and five Sunday Schools.

Thereupon the following congregations were accepted into synod membership: 1. the Evangelical Lutheran congregation of St. John Church in Town of Addison; 2. The Evangelical Lutheran St. Paul congregation in Wayne. Both are served by Pastor Koehler.

Closing prayer by Pastor Koehler.

Monday afternoon, May 19th.

Prayer by Pastor Goldammer. Resolved: that the request of the congregation of the Hon. Pastor Koester to be accepted into synod membership be delayed one year until the congregation has put all necessary things into good order. Then after one year it can be accepted in a manner strictly according to the regulations—namely after a resolution by the congregation in an open meeting.

On the other hand the Evangelical Lutheran Friedens congregation of Port Washington was accepted into synod membership.

Resolved that the Hon. Pastors Reim, Koehler, Sauer and Bading draft an Article in two paragraphs for the Synodical Constitution, first, about the obligations to the synod by congregations applying for membership; secondly, the obligation of the synod to these congregations. The Hon. president is ready to present his draft of the article,

and can put it to practice temporarily until the 1857 convention, at which time the proposed article will be presented to the synod for discussion and acceptance.

Regarding the Hon. Pastor Starke's question about relations with a dissatisfied Missouri Synod congregation, he was told that he himself should handle this matter according to his own mature and wise investigation.

Resolved that the Hon. Pastors Reim, Koehler, Sauer and Bading be appointed to a committee which is to draw up a congregation constitution which should be used by newly founded congregations whenever possible. This should be presented to the 1857 convention for discussion and acceptance.

Closing prayer by the Hon. Pastor Buehren.

Ministerial Session.

Prayer spoken by Pastor Streissguth.

A test sermon was given by Candidate Hennicke. Hennicke and Candidate Starke were examined and it was resolved that Starke be granted ordination. Hennicke's was however delayed. Closing prayer spoken by Pastor Koester.

The evening sermon was delivered by Candidate Starke.

Tuesday morning, May 20th

Prayer by Pastor Reim.

It was resolved that the committee, referred to above, which was named to work out the addition to the Constitution draw it up within nine months and hand it in to the president.

It was resolved that the president in the name of the synod direct a request to the congregation in Racine that they give their preacher freedom to preach from time to time to the congregation in Kenosha.

It was resolved that Pastor Koehler investigate whether the majority of people living in West Bend and surrounding area are adherents to the Lutheran faith or to the Reformed. If the former is the case, he should take it over, but if the latter, then let it go.

It was resolved that a home missions treasury be established.

Closing prayer spoken by Pastor Bading.

Ministerial session

Prayer by Pastor Huber.

It was resolved that Candidate Hennicke not be granted ordination, but that he be sent to Schleisingerville as an evangelist and there make use of the opportunity to improve himself and to prepare himself for ordination.

It was further resolved that the ministerial session be transferred from Manitowoc to Newton, and to hold the session there on the final day of the convention.

Closing prayer by Pastor Koester.

Tuesday afternoon.

Prayer by Pastor Streissguth.

Resolved that two pastors, Pastor Streissguth as chairman and Pastor Goldammer as secretary, together with the businessman Mr. Kremer constitute a mission committee, of which Mr. Kremer is the treasurer.

Closed with prayer by the Hon. Pastor Starke.

The evening sermon was given by Pastor Bading. Candidate Starke was ordained.

Wednesday, May 22nd. Ministerial session

Prayer by the Hon. Pres. Muehlhaeuser.

After still another plea by Candidate Hennicke for ordination, it was resolved that the proposal be offered him that in case he fulfills the condition to prepare himself for ordination under Pastor Dumser, or some other member of the synod, that a temporary license be granted him by the president giving him the authority to practice all of the functions of the ministerial office until the next synod convention.

Resolved that the president be given the authority to select the preachers for the sermons that have to be given during the synod conventions, and that he send immediately after the new year the respective themes; and if possible that he himself open the synod convention with the synodical sermon.

Resolved that the newly conceived so-called DEFINITE PLATFORM be categorically rejected by us, the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin, because the synod recognizes: 1. that the Unaltered Augsburg Confession is based upon the Word of God, and 2. that the adoption of the so-called "Platform" is nothing else but a definite suicide of the Lutheran Church.

The following persons, namely Pastor Goldammer as chairman, Pastor Streissguth as treasurer and Pastor Starke as secretary be named to a committee which is to draw up statutes for a pastor-widow's pension fund, which is being established today, May 21, 1856, as the Widow's Pension Fund of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin.

Closing prayer by Pastor [left blank].

J. Muehlhaeuser, president
Bading, secretary

Doctrinal Concerns of the Federation

Edward C. Fredrich II

At observances of the centennial of the founding of the Federated Synod of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan and Other States in our circles these days, there are certain themes that will automatically be given attention. There is the church body's organizational form, with a general federation and three, after 1904 four, district synods, which in 1917 could easily become a merger and which essentially serves us today a century later. There is the Federation's articulation of the worker-training system, which, except for the ill-starred move of the New Ulm, MN preparatory school to Prairie du Chien, WI is exactly what we have today a century later. There is the Federation's pioneer world mission venture, undertaken at the second convention, the work in Apacheland, which is still giving us all mission joys and opportunities today, a century later.

These are all relevant and attractive themes for this gathering. There is, however, another that may be even more relevant and attractive. That is the doctrinal concerns of the Federation. Doctrine has a way of being more important on the pages of history than it may seem to be to the casual eye. The doctrinal concerns of the Federation actually take us into the heartland of Bible teaching on conversion and election and church and ministry. Stands taken 100 years ago—at some risk, one might add—bequeathed a heritage of gospel blessing we are still enjoying today, a century later.

Part I

The doctrine of church and ministry was for the Lutheran church in this land, and for that matter for all American churches, a favorite point of discussion and difference and deviation. On the frontier not all the old rules and forms were applicable. New orders and new arrangements surfaced and sometimes flourished. A classic case of conflict in midwestern Lutheranism over church and ministry was the Buffalo Synod-Missouri Synod battle, with Buffalo espousing the synodical hierarchy, while Missouri emphasized the local congregation.

In general, in our synod and among the Missourians in 1892 the view that prevailed held that the divinely instituted form of church was the local congregation and that the pastoral office was the divinely instituted form of the holy ministry. The clarification in the first section's title consists in changing the previous propositions to the statement that God has indeed instituted the gathering of believers but has not specified what form that gathering should take and likewise that God has indeed instituted the gospel ministry but has not stipulated what form that ministry should take.

In our circles church-ministry discussions often began with questions about the call of parochial school teachers and were frequently featured at teachers' conferences. Prof. J.P. Koehler in his *History of the Wisconsin Synod* presents one of the few firsthand accounts of the developments in his chapters on *Amtslehre*, on *The Cincinnati Case* and on *The Church, the Ministry, and the Keys*.¹ The following rests almost entirely on Koehler's presentations.

It all began, Koehler says, in the mid 1880s at Manitowoc in a conference of pastors and teachers of both the Wisconsin and Missouri Synods. The essayist, Pastor Reinhold Pieper, treating the teacher's call, saw it as coming from the parents and thus as really no different from other earthly vocations. Challenges to that position from the floor,

some coming from Koehler, (then pastor at Two Rivers) insisted that the teacher's work, governed by God's Word, merits being viewed as "divine."

At meetings in Milwaukee in 1892 dealing with the ministry, essayists Pastor Ed. Hoyer and Professor Adolph Hoenicke stressed the pastor's call and sought to derive the teacher's call from it. Again Koehler and a few others raised objections to this view and called for a more thorough exegetical treatment of the basic passages.

It is interesting to note how Koehler, as he describes such developments, comments on the views of his seminary colleagues. Prof. Adolf Hoenicke, Koehler says, reacted to his new approaches by granting that they were "worthy of careful study" and "worth thinking over."² Prof. John Schaller read a paper on the subject in 1909 to Milwaukee pastors and teachers of the Synodical Conference in which he designated the office of pastor the one divinely instituted office and the others "deaconate" offices. Koehler again challenged such a presentation but acknowledged that Schaller, only in his second year at Wauwatosa, had not had the benefit of participating in previous discussions.³ Discussing one of Prof. August Pieper's 1911 articles, Koehler says that the writer "still had the idea that a synod is not of divine ordinance like a local congregation" and that he warned Pieper, "unless you adopt my exegesis more definitely you will lose out."⁴ From these accounts, which are Koehler's, it becomes quite clear that in the exegetical pioneering for clarifying the doctrine of church and ministry, the main role was played by J.P. Koehler.

After the turn of the century much church-ministry discussion and debate was sparked by a so-called "Cincinnati Case." There a Missouri congregation had excommunicated a member on less than Scriptural grounds. The Missouri's district, and later the synod, correctly sided with the member and suspended the congregation and its pastors. Those suspended applied to the Wisconsin Synod for membership in 1904.

What was unique about this case and why it became so important was that here were pitted against each other congregational discipline and synodical discipline. It was an issue that fitted in with and actually enlarged church-ministry discussions being held in our circles. Eventually the problem in Cincinnati wound down. One pastor there died. The other was deposed. The congregation annulled the improper excommunication and welcomed the member back. By then it was 1911.

Meantime there was much discussion about the matter at our conventions as pro-Cincinnati and anti-Cincinnati forces contended. Behind the issue on the table—accepting or not accepting the membership applications—lay the larger issue of local congregational supremacy over all other forms of church gatherings.

Smaller groups debated the issues, most important of them repeated meetings of just three men. The three were Profs. John Schaller, J.P. Koehler, and August Pieper, the faculty at the Federation's Wauwatosa seminary. Their topic was: Just what does Scripture tell us about church and ministry? They found it said much about the gathering of Christ's believers but much less about the local congregation and even still less about the local congregation as the one divinely instituted form of the gathering of believers over any and all other forms. Likewise, they found that Scripture said much about the gospel ministry, but less about the pastor of the local congregation and even less about that pastor being the one and only divinely instituted form of the gospel ministry over any and all other forms.

What the three Wauwatosa men were doing was looking past doctrinal formulations and traditional thinking and historical developments and seeking the answers in the Scriptures. That you can call the historical-grammatical approach to Scripture. That you can call the Wauwatosa theology. It so united the three men in the convictions that,

as Koehler says: "In the ensuing controversy about the doctrine of the Church and Office of the Ministry, as precipitated by the Cincinnati differences, the three seminary men stood shoulder to shoulder."⁵

When it came time to set down these convictions in writing, it was August Pieper who supplied the articles for the recently founded *Theologische Quartalschrift*. In Volume 8 (1911) can be found his *Menschenherrschaft in der Kirche* and *Die Suspension noch einmal*. In Volume 9 (1912) appears a review of Prof. C.F.W. Walther's *Die Stimme unserer Kirche in der Frage von Kirche und Amt* and *Die Lehre von der Kirche und ihren Kennzeichen in Anwendung auf die Synode*. Volume 10 (1913) has the last article in the series, fittingly titled, *Abschluss der Diskussion über die Lehren von der Kirche etc.*

The Wauwatosa men had set themselves no easy task when they determined to change traditional thinking about church and ministry. Such thinking changes slowly and with difficulty, especially when the thinking involves cherished theological viewpoints. By the articles mentioned previously, by conference presentations, by one-on-one discussions, by classroom teaching, the Wauwatosa men won more and more pastors and teachers and lay people for their positions. In this part of the proceedings one might assume that the amiable and highly respected Director John Schaller played a major role.

Not everyone was convinced, to be sure. Some opposed to the end. The greatest opposition came, of course, from the St. Louis Seminary men, Franz Pieper at their head. There were meetings and protests in 1914 and 1915 but no consensus between Wauwatosa and St. Louis Seminaries on the issue. The discussions continued after 1917, the year of the federation's end. In 1932 joint but inconclusive *Thiensville Theses* were produced but only by replacing the point at issue, "divinely instituted," by the more general "God's will and order."⁶ The Synodical Conference had a church-ministry committee at midcentury, but it could achieve little in the way of bringing Wisconsin and Missouri into agreement on church and ministry.

For four score years the church-ministry position achieved in the Federation years by the Wauwatosa men has been a source of strength and blessing for our Wisconsin Synod. In conclusion, that position can be briefly stated thus: God has divinely instituted the gathering of his believers as church but has not specifically ordained the local congregation as the one divinely ordained form over all other forms; and God has divinely instituted the gospel ministry but has not specifically ordained the pastoral ministry as the one divinely ordained form of the ministry over all other forms.

This Bible-based doctrine, bequeathed us by the fathers in the Federation is still serving us well. When in seventy days just a dozen or so miles north of here a WELS Ministry Symposium is held, the men gathered will be mindful of the Wauwatosa theology's contribution to their efforts.

Part II

In the Federation years major attention was given to the doctrine of election and, in that connection, to the doctrine of conversion. Twenty years before, the first stage of the election controversy had dismembered the infant Synodical Conference. Simply stated, the question under debate was: What is the cause of the eternal election of those who are saved? The one side, the right side, on the basis of Scripture answered that God's mercy and Christ's merits alone motivated our eternal election. The other side held that election was *intuitu fidei*, that is "in view of faith" and that the foreseen faith had to be taken into account when considering the cause of election. The diminished

Synodical Conference and some in the Norwegian Synod held to the first position. The Ohio Synod and a minority in the Norwegian Synod espoused the *intuitu fidei* error.

As the century turned, a new generation of midwestern Lutherans was asking: "Why don't we take another look at the election controversy that divides Lutherans?" The result was a series of free conferences—five according to the usual count but six if the original effort at Beloit, WI in 1902 is included.⁷ In 1903 there was a free conference on election in spring at Watertown and another in fall in Milwaukee. The 1904 session was at Detroit. In 1905 and 1906 there were meetings at Fort Wayne, with the 1906 session concentrating more on conversion than on election.

In the sense that "free conferences" do not officially commit church bodies to the results but are rather meetings of individuals who have something in common but still differ on a point they wish to discuss, one could say the Federation was not involved in the 1903-1906 free conference. Its leading theologians, however, were very much involved and ably defended and confessed the Federation's stand on election and conversion that gave all glory to God and none to man's work. Michigan and Minnesota men joined such Wisconsin theologians as Adolph Hoenecke, J.P. Koehler, and August Pieper in the effort. The Federation men stood with Franz Pieper, George Stoeckhardt and other Missourians against the *intuitu fidei* exponents of the Iowa and Ohio Synods and the United Norwegian Lutheran Church. Neither side converted the other.

Despite that outcome in 1906, a new effort to remove the election-conversion disagreement was mounted within ten years by Federation members and their neighbors. In the hot summer of 1915 the Synodical Conference pastors in Sibley County, Minnesota were assembled for their regular mixed conference. The subject turned to the upcoming quadricentennial of the Reformation and fitting ways to observe it in their midst. The suggestion was made and adopted to invite pastors of other synods in the area to meetings to discuss with them doctrines that were dividing the synods.

The results were a series of little free conferences in the area, discussing election and conversion by way of critiquing the 1912 "Madison Settlement" that was being used to unite three large Norwegian church bodies by compromising the election-conversion position and that would eventually drive a little group out of the Norwegian Synod into what we now call the Evangelical Lutheran Synod.

After meetings at Gaylord and Winthrop, MN an Arlington, MN session adopted a set of "Sibley County Theses" to which Minnesota, Missouri, and Ohio Synod pastors subscribed. It was a breakthrough on election and conversion at least for Sibley County. At Arlington men who found themselves united in the faith sang *Nun danket alle Gott* and prayed the Lord's Prayer. It was a time to rejoice but also a time to press on in the work. The effort became statewide when the "Sibley County Theses" were transformed into the "St. Paul Theses" by a series of Twin City meetings. The amended theses were circulated and eventually subscribed to by 550 midwestern Lutheran pastors, 150 of them from the Federation. It was a time to turn the unofficial, grassroots endeavor into an official intersynodical matter, with five synods, later six, appointing representatives to discuss disputed doctrines.

By that time, however, 1917, the Federated Synod had become the Merged Synod, eventually named the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Wisconsin and Other States. One would be trespassing on your patience if he were to carry this subject far beyond the Federation years and to its sad conclusion in 1929.

This much could be said to conclude this section. We might well pause at this anniversary to commend Federation members for their zeal in defending Bible doctrine and also in seeking to win others for the truth. Those were good men up there in Sibley

County and those were good days in the hot summer of 1915. We might today remember the little towns of Gaylord, Winthrop, and Arlington where the cause of Lutheran unity was pushed forward and eventually became a statewide and then an intersynodical effort. It was no fault of the men at Arlington that the effort finally failed. These Federation members and their neighbors did what they could to further Lutheran unity.

Let this matter conclude with a word from one of the participants. In 1922 in an article celebrating the Synodical Conference's golden anniversary, Koehler wrote: "God has also endowed us through the settlement of the election controversy achieved up to this point with powers that were not available at the close of the Thirty Years' War. Only if we recognize this talent, will we be truly thankful to God and only thus can a true jubilee joy be engendered."⁸

Part III

While such doctrinal outreach efforts were being mounted, doctrinal concerns had to receive attention in the 500 and some parishes of the Federation. Doctrine had to be transmitted by faithful preaching and teaching and by supplying useful and necessary literature for this purpose.

When the subject is preaching in Federation pulpits, one name immediately comes to mind, Adolph Hoenecke. By the time of his death in 1908 he had taught homiletics to the bulk of the Federation pastors. Hoenecke was well equipped for the tasks. He himself was a heart-to-heart preacher, as his published sermons well attest. In addition, he possessed the gift of sharp thinking and clear outlining, as his published sermon outlines certainly demonstrate.

Permit an anecdote, told first in a nearby parsonage. When Hoenecke would be preaching in the Central Conference area for an afternoon mission festival or anniversary service, his former students would make every effort to attend. After the service the visiting clergy would gather round the visiting preacher for some shop talk, mostly about homiletics. Invariably and by prearrangement, one in the group would confess that he hadn't been able to make a decent outline for a chosen sermon text, the more obscure the better. Then he would say to Hoenecke, "Director, how would you outline that text?" On the spot, usually without consulting a Bible, Director Hoenecke would spin out a logical and balanced outline, beginning with Roman one and capital "A" and ending with triple *alephs* and *beths*.

When Director Schaller inherited this homiletical task, there was no discernable lag in quality. He too insisted on a gospel-centered exposition of Bible texts.

The reference to the published sermons and outlines of Hoenecke calls to mind the publisher, the Northwestern Publishing House, Milwaukee, WI. It had been established in 1891, just in time to be available for the Federation's use. Publishing was a high agenda item in the Federation planning. The April 1892 meeting set up an eight-point proposal for the synods to discuss. The third point, just after names and member synods and before schools or missions, stated that the Federated Synod should have a printing press and bookstore.⁹

The Federation's Northwestern Publishing House outdid itself in providing good literature and useful professional works. Some have already been mentioned and some will be mentioned later. Let just one item be highlighted at this point, Hoenecke's *Dogmatics*, brought out by the sons after the father's death. Eighty and more years later this four-volume set is still deemed valuable enough to merit an English version. The tremendous task of translating the German text and the unending Latin citations is nearing completion.

Another book of great importance published in the Federation years was Carl Gausewitz's *Catechism*, published in German, English, and German-English editions. A revision was made in 1956. Many of us used this book to learn Bible doctrine. The catechism project had been underway for ten years, first in the hands of a committee of Pres. A.F. Ernst of Northwestern College, Prof. J. Schaller, Pastor F. Soll, president of the Wisconsin Evangelical Lutheran Synod's Pacific-Northwest District, and Pastor Carl Gausewitz. For some reason the committee could not move forward, even after Teacher R. Albrecht was added in 1909. Finally, in 1913 the committee was discharged and one man was assigned responsibility. That one man was a committee member, Gausewitz, pastor of Milwaukee's Grace Church and president of the Federation from 1900-1907 and 1913-1917. No other book published thus far by Northwestern Publishing House has awakened so much doctrinal concern among so many in our circles.

Since the subject is the teaching area, this is the place to mention the parochial schools of so many of the Federation's congregations. Much of the change from German to English took place in our schools in the Federation years ago. The Bennet Law threat to German teaching had reared its head just before the Federation was formed and it no doubt hastened the language transition in many Federation schools.

These schools were being ably staffed by the Federation's school for training teachers, Dr. Martin Luther College at New Ulm. According to the Federation plan the New Ulm school had transferred its seminary years to Wauwatosa and had in turn opened its doors to all teacher students in all of the Federation synods. The narrowed purpose at New Ulm has far improved training and resulted in a better product. The benefits passed down to the parochial schools and their pupils. Bible doctrine was transmitted from one generation to the next in able fashion.

We are discussing the beginning chapter of Dr. Martin Luther College's long history as the one teachers' college of first the Federation and then the synod. For the most part that history has been a success story. To threaten that success by radical change at this late date seems almost reckless.

In maintaining and transmitting doctrine, seminary professors play a huge role. In the Federation years serving at the one seminary utilized by the three, later four, synods, the Wauwatosa Seminary, were outstanding theologians.

Adolph Hoenecke moved to Wauwatosa with the seminary, already a veteran of thirty years of synod service, over 25 of them as seminary head. Along with the teaching of homiletics, previously mentioned, Hoenecke lectured in dogmatics, Bible doctrine. His class notes became the book, also previously mentioned. He died in harness in 1908.

John Schaller, president of Dr. Martin Luther College, was called as successor at the age of 49 and served until his death in 1920. He was more able than most of his generation in English. The list of his writings includes *Book of Books*, *Pastorale Praxis*, and *Biblical Christology*.

When Gottlieb Thiele's tenure at the Wauwatosa seminary was terminated, J.P. Koehler succeeded him in 1900. The inherited assignments were New Testament studies and Church History. Koehler soon proved himself to be a master of both, and also others. He wrote, *Der Brief Pauli an die Galater*, which was translated in 1957 by Professor E.E. Sauer. Koehler's *Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte* appeared in 1917 and in 1970 the Protes'tant Conference published his *History of the Wisconsin Synod*. Koehler was Schaller's successor as school head. He taught until 1929 and his call was terminated the next year. He is the best historian to have arisen in synod circles.

Fourth in time, not necessarily in ability, among the Federation's Wauwatosa theologians was August Pieper, called in 1902 as successor to Eugene Notz and already

a veteran of 23 years of pastoral service. His main teaching was in the Old Testament field and eventually he wrote his *Jesaias II*, which Pres. E.E. Kowalke, Northwestern College translated. The few students of August Pieper still among us living will all testify to his teaching ability, especially to transmit his own zeal for the gospel in a small measure to others. The Federation was blessed with outstanding teachers at its Wauwatosa seminary. There were theological giants in those Federation days.

A name has been assigned to the work that went on at the Federation's seminary: Wauwatosa theology or Wauwatosa gospel. For a definition we might hark back to the previous section on church and ministry. When the Wauwatosa faculty studied church and ministry in the years 1909-1911, the three men looked beyond customary thinking and traditional dogmatics to find what the Bible said. Wauwatosa theology implies a historical-grammatical approach to the Bible and its doctrine. It is the opposite of a historical-critical method that rules over Scripture. It makes us hear Scripture. It supplies us with Bible truth and correct doctrine.

Part IV.

It is axiomatic that those really concerned about doctrine will show the concern by reaching out with their doctrine to others who are without it, so it was with the Federation. The zeal to promulgate the doctrine in mission efforts and charitable endeavors is manifest throughout the Federation years. In fact, all the member synods brought such an outreach spirit with them into the Federation.

Michigan was, in fact, so eager to spread the good news that missionaries, like Christoph Eberhardt (1831-1893), roamed the state as far as its southwestern corner and its Upper Peninsula. In a sense these missionaries outran the synod's resources in manpower. More mission congregations were planted than could be supplied with a pastor, at least until the Saginaw Seminary candidates were available. It will be remembered that it was an 1891 mission journey of Pastor C.R. Lederer, president of the Michigan Synod and Director F. Huber, Saginaw Seminary, far to the west that sparked the Federation's founding. On the way Pres. Lederer paid a visit to his old St. Chrischona classmate, C.J. Albrecht, president of the Minnesota Synod. At the visit they no doubt recalled the good old days. More importantly, however, they looked ahead to a federation of their synods with the synod that was neighbor to both.

From its earliest years the Minnesota Synod had been doing mission work in its far-flung Dakota field with many small stations and miles to go between them. This was such a big mission undertaking that in the last years of the Federation, the presidency of the Minnesota Synod was made a full-time office without parish responsibilities, so that the president would have ample time to act as mission supervisor.

The Wisconsin Synod, whose first pastors were mainly graduates of European mission houses always had a heart for mission work. In the early decades mission monies were sent to Barmen and Hermannsburg. In 1876 the synod tried to establish a railroading Indian mission along the new Union Pacific tracks. When human failure billed that effort and no proper place for mission monies could be found, the Wisconsin Synod resolved to train its own missionaries and sent them out to a virgin mission undertaking, with an Indian field as a priority. The three trainees were just about finishing their course and a suitable field had just been located, when the Federation was founded. At its second convention the infant Federation heartily adopted as its own the Apacheland mission that Wisconsin had initiated.

For two dozen years, 1893-1917, the Federation nurtured this, its only foreign language mission endeavor, except for a Lithuanian outreach from 1899-1905. There

were ups and downs working in the work in Arizona. Inexperience and mismanagement, indifference and opposition caused the work to falter at times. There were, however, good days when the doctrine taught to the Indian youth and when the Word offered to the adults in the camps took root and changed hearts and lives.

By the time the year 1917 and the Federation's transformation came, and by the time Gustav Harders, Supt. of Arizona Missions, (d.1917) had done his work, the field was on sound footing. Out in Apacheland there were men like E. Edgar Guenther, Henry Rosin, and the Upleggers, Dr. Francis the father, and Alfred the son, who would make service in the Indian mission a lifetime career. The Wisconsin Synod could continue where the Federation left off in 1917.

Finally, a concern for doctrine will evidence itself in charitable efforts, in what used to be called inner mission works, where the unfortunate and the deprived are supplied physical and especially spiritual care in time of want. The effort again is to meet doctrinal needs.

In the third year of its existence, 1895, the Federation inherited from the Minnesota Synod a bequest of \$6,000 from Mrs. Sophia Boessling for the establishment of an orphanage at Belle Plaine, Minnesota. The Federation was happy to accept. With some help from Missouri Synod neighbors, it added \$3,000 to the original endowment. A suitable building for orphans and for the aged was dedicated in 1898. The Belle Plaine establishment served the Federation well, and then served the Synod in its charitable efforts. In more recent years Belle Plaine has been an inspiration and guide for similar ventures in extending doctrinal concerns to those in need.

In the Federation there is much of the model for us. Its brotherly walking together led in just 25 years to a closer walking together in a merged synod. Such brotherly walking together is needed today as never before. When, however, all has been said, it is the Federation's doctrinal concern that is the one thing above all else we need to emulate. Everything else can be going well for a synod, but if there is little or no doctrinal concern, there is little hope for good days in the future. Everything else can be going bad for a synod, but if there is wholesome doctrinal concern, there is real hope for good days ahead. Celebrate the Federation's centennial most of all by emulating its concern for the gospel doctrine that saves.

ENDNOTES

1. J.P. Koehler, *The History of the Wisconsin Synod* (St. Cloud, Minn: Sentinel Publishing Company for the Protes'tant Conference, 1970 and 1981) pp. 230-239, Hereafter cited as Koehler's *History*.

2. Koehler's *History*, p. 232A.

3. Koehler's *History*, pp. 232B and 234B.

4. Koehler's *History*, pp. 236A and 237A.

5. Koehler's *History*, p. 234B.

6. Koehler's *History* reproduces and discusses the *Theses* on pp. 238B - 239A.

7. More information on the conferences can be found in "Wisconsin's Interchurch Relations in the First Third of This Century," in *Wisconsin Lutheran Quarterly* Vol. 74, 1, pp. 36-39. In pp. 39-44 of the same article there is additional material on the Sibley County development.

8. John Ph. Koehler, *Die Synodical Conference in der Geschichte der Amerikanisch-lutherischen Kirche, Wisconsin Lutheran Quarterly* XIX. (July 1992) pp. 180-181.

9. *Wisconsin Proceedings*, 1892, p. 69.

Among the Hindus

Anna Roeck

[The original article is somewhat condensed.]

Anna Caroline Roeck, born Hahn, (1846-1913) writes an interesting account of her experiences as a missionary's wife in India during the last century. How she became such is interesting in itself. Part I deals with that part of her life. Part II treats of her experiences as a missionary's wife in India. Mrs. Roeck wrote of her experiences in two separate and similar accounts, one in German and one in English, the latter being the one used for this article. Her husband, The Rev. Christian Roeck (1836-1894) was sent to India as a Reformed missionary by the Basel Mission Society, where he had studied. About 1877, because of ill health to both (according to the obituaries), they had to leave India and chose to move to the United States. Pastor Roeck briefly served a Reformed congregation in New York and then received a call to serve congregations in Ridge and Wauseca, Wisconsin. At that time he affiliated with the Wisconsin Synod, and after a year was called to Morrison in Brown County. In 1887 he accepted the call to Ixonia where he served the three congregations of that parish until his death on Ascension Day, 1894.

Part I

When I was a girl of 20 I left a dear home and a devoted mother in Stuttgart to set out for England to earn my living among strangers. One of my three sisters, Mathilde, was already in England filling a position as governess, and a second sister, Julie – the little blonde beauty in the family – was in Geneva in the same capacity. The pension that my mother received was hardly sufficient for the maintenance of herself and her three sons who were not yet self-sufficient. Therefore we girls, one after the other, went out to foreign lands to embark on the task of a "German governess."

Through Mathilde's influence I received a call to a minister's family in York, where she had been a governess when she first came to England. When I arrived in Liverpool my dear sister was waiting for me at the wharf. She took me at once to the house of a hospitable family where I soon felt at home and learned to love my pupils, three young girls and a little boy.

During my stay in York a missionary festival took place. The missionary who preached was a friend of this dear family and had labored among the Hindus for many years. He preached a most fervent sermon and his words sounded as if they were those of Christ himself when he called upon his disciples to go out among the Gentiles. During the few days he stayed with us he told so much about the need of more workers in that wide field, particularly among the women, that then and there I resolved to become a missionary myself and to devote my life to this grand cause.

Some months after the dear old man had gone away I received a letter from my dear mother, asking me to come home. Another reason to go home was that my sister Julie was going to be married and wanted me to help her with her trousseau. I gave way to necessity and went home with a heavy heart, for I loved my pupils very much. Of course dear Mathilde came to say goodbye and saw me off to the steamer.

In the busy time that followed my return I had almost forgotten my aspirations to a missionary life when a long time after my return I received a letter from our Mission Society and from a missionary in India giving me information about the mission work in that country. The letter was written with such delicacy, that I felt duty bound to at

least acknowledge its receipt and perhaps my correspondent read between the lines the admiration I tried hard to conceal. At any rate he wrote the second letter and the third and we became a little more intimate each time. After corresponding thus for over a year we were engaged and that by letter and photograph. Then I received congratulations from the mission friends at Basel and as one thing brings another, before long the date was fixed for my departure to India (1867). During all this time my dear mother was at my side with her counsel and experience, and seemed glad about the fulfillment of my wishes, for everything was yet in the distant future. But when the day was fixed for my departure, a separation perhaps forever was so near at hand, her mother's heart nearly broke, for she felt that she would never see her child again.

To my great consolation dear Mathilde came back from England at that time, not only to say goodbye to me, but to stay permanently with our old, sweet mother. Julie and her husband had also settled at Stuttgart and could often visit her. But the parting was hard all the same.



The young Anna Roeck

At last the dreaded day arrived and I can see my dear mother yet as she leaned out of the window to wave her last *adieu*. The day was a very rainy one and that did not help to cheer me. In the evening I reached Basel. Quite a little crowd of missionary friends was at the station when I arrived. With astonishing sagacity they singled me out from among the other passengers, almost before my feet touched the ground. I heard my name being called out and saw several young ladies running toward me. In another second I was surrounded by a little party and explanations were soon exchanged. From this I gleaned that I had before and around me the complete number of persons who were to take the trip with me to India, and this awakened my interest in no small degree. There were three young girls like myself, a middle aged missionary and his wife, and one unmarried Brother. Of course we young girls were particularly free in our communications and before long I knew that the others were brides too. In their cheerful company I soon overcame my bashfulness.

After a cordial reception at the Missionhouse on the part of the ladies and gentlemen of the committee we were informed that we had to stay a few days longer to make our preparations and purchases for the long journey. Of this respite we made good use and when the day of departure arrived we had everything in readiness and were so well acquainted as if we had known each other all our lives.

On a lovely day in September we took the train to Bern. Many friends of the mission were waiting for us at the station. They invited us to spend the day in the city. From there we went to Geneva where we spent the day with friends. Geneva was our last stopping place. We soon left hospitable Switzerland, speeding toward Marseille by way of Lyons. We were on the train all night where we had a compartment to ourselves. We kept each other awake by singing, but towards morning one after the other fell into a doze. When the train stopped we could hardly realize that we were in Marseille, the goal of our journey on land. The morning was quite well advanced when we stepped from the train. The sun was shining brightly from the clear sky, giving us hopes of a pleasant sail over the Mediterranean. An agent of the steamship company took us at once to the nearby Hotel de Roma where he had engaged rooms for us. In the afternoon his escort took us around the city. The most interesting point to me was the motley crowd of people of many nationalities and costumes on the busy streets, making the visitor at once aware of the fact that he is getting in contact with the Orient, the dreamland of northern people.

At last we were installed on board the steamer *Said*, bound for Alexandria. We four girls were crowded into one cabin of six berths with a married sister and a Spanish lady. One wash stand and a camp stool was all the furniture the room contained. There was only enough room for one person to stand, and in the morning we had to get up and dress one after the other. To get up and down from the upper berth was a real feat, particularly after the greater part of us became seasick. Of our party the sister was the only one that kept up and waited on us poor sufferers, faithfully bringing us beef tea, lemonade, coffee and other refreshments. After a time the atmosphere in our cabin became so oppressive that, in spite of our reeling heads, we were obliged to crawl on deck and once arrived there the invigorating sea breeze restored us somewhat to our former selves.

One evening we passed through the Straits of Messina. The steamer could not land because cholera was raging in the city. After a journey of six days we drew near Alexandria. The sun had just risen and with his horizontal rays was gilding an endless forest of cupolas and minarets interspersed with palms and those flat roofed houses peculiar to the East. Not long after our steamer cast anchor a smaller steamer came alongside to take us to shore. Coming down on the plank and setting foot on the wharf we were confronted by a dense phalanx of men and boys pouncing on us as if we were their legitimate prey. We had a hand to hand tussle with these men to keep them from running off with our handbags and things. Finally one of the Brothers found the bus to take us to the hotel, and once inside we felt safe. We were in the best of humor now and directed our jokes to the vehicle that was carrying us, a veritable Methuselah. It had probably served its time during the first empire and when discarded as unfit was shipped to Egypt. We detected dozens of places where it had been patched and laughingly speculated on the possible future duration of its existence. At last we arrived at the hotel, built in European fashion. After dinner we went on the veranda to rest and look at the people passing up and down the street. After watching a while the married Brother proposed a donkey ride to the city and environs to which we all joyfully assented. The donkeys, of which quite a few were hitched in front of the hotel, looked

lean and miserable so that we were almost afraid to trust ourselves on their backs. However they had carried others and we argued that they could carry us also. We went to the place where the two obelisks called "Cleopatra's needles" are found. On the way back the donkeys went slow. This gave us a chance to pay some attention to the houses and people on the streets. In coming back to the hotel we barely had time to eat a hasty supper in order to make the 6 o'clock train for Suez. This railway leads for the most part through the desert where the heat is insufferable in the daytime, particularly to Europeans and therefore we made the trip at night.

As the sun was setting we saw from the train a long caravan with its camels and Arab drivers. The effect was beautiful and never to be forgotten. Shortly after sunrise we reached Suez and took breakfast in the garden of the hotel. To my great joy I found three letters there from my bridegroom, for I was longing for some news. Their contents braced me up not a little.

Towards evening of the same day a small steamer took us on board of the *Imperatrice*, a French liner that was to carry us to India. We had on that steamer a very nice cabin with four berths and quite a big window. It had much more space to move about than our former quarters. Five days after we set out from Suez we reached Aden. The steamer had to take on coal so we had to lay by for a day and a night. At the landing place there was only a hotel and a post office. The town was three miles inland. A friendly Englishman that had come on board invited our party to pay a visit to the town. He took us in covered carriages through a most desolate country to that remote Arabian settlement. When we came back to the hotel our friends regaled us with a truly Arabian dinner, boiled mutton, rice and curry, with fruit for dessert. After our repast we returned on board our steamer.

After a sail of seven more days the promised land of India, the goal of our long journey, appeared at last before our eyes. It was the southern shore and our first impression was a truly enchanting one. This turned out to be the island of Ceylon [today Sri Lanka], which is called the Pearl of India. In truth it appeared so to us as our steamer turned southward to Point de Galle, the most important town on the south side of the island. Here we had to unbark as our steamer was going to China. We had to finish the rest of our journey to Madras on a coasting steamer, and this steamer would not be due for some days we were told. What a disappointment for us girls! However we found a comfortable hotel and the next day we hired two vehicles in style and the whole party took a drive to a plantation. Coming back to our hotel we were told that our steamer was to come there the next day. So we said goodbye to Point de Galle and set our faces towards Madras in which harbor we duly arrived after a few days sail. The ship cast anchor some distance from the shore and the landing of the passengers had to be effected by means of row boats. On account of the very strong surf, peculiar to this coast, a high pier had been built out into the ocean beyond the reach of the breakers. At the end of the pier steps with railings led down to a platform also guarded by railings. The platform was level with the gunwale of a rowboat at high tide, and even so the boat had to ride on top of a wave to make it possible to step on it. It had to be done very quickly, for if you missed the right moment you would either fall down into the depth below, or if you had presence of mind sufficient to make a hasty retreat, your boatman had to row back again, far enough to get a proper start. In time we all landed safely on the pier anxious to be on land once more. Madras viewed from the harbor looks very picturesque. A missionary and a native preacher were waiting for us on the shore and expressed to us their heartfelt joy at our safe arrival. They took us at once to the Mission building, where the lady of the house gave us a kind reception and provided in the most

hospitable way for our comfort. Towards evening our hostess took us to the city where the Europeans live. The next day, guided by our chaperon we took a look at the native town. We also paid a visit to the zoological garden which contains a very fine collection of native beasts and other animals.

After about a week's stay with our friends at Madras we felt sufficiently recruited to start on our last journey straight across the peninsula to the west coast of India. After bidding an affectionate farewell to our kind hostess we took the train again and traveled all night. We were not able to sleep for we were too busy with our thoughts of the impending developments.

At the first break of dawn we passed through Salem, and after that through Coimbatore where the beautiful Ghats clothed in blue vapor loomed up in the far distance, and we were approaching the western shore. When we came near Palghaut Brother D. said to me, "Your bridegroom will certainly meet you there," not suspecting the fright he had given me, for to meet him at the station in the presence of all this company seemed to me almost killing. I felt immensely relieved when we had Palghaut behind us. When the train stopped at Tirvor, the station of my future home, one of the party said, "Miss Hahn, I see your bridegroom on the platform of the station," pointing to a gentleman in a black frock coat. I took refuge in the corner of the compartment fully determined not to meet before all these spectators. But it was all a mistake. He was a perfect stranger to all of us.

So the train went on again and when we reached Baypoor it was already getting dark for which I was not a bit sorry. Here our journey by rail came to an end, our final destination being Calicut, a town of some six miles distant. (Calicut means City of Chickens.) I nourished the hope that perhaps I might reach Calicut before the meeting would take place, for we were told that my bridegroom and the one of sister E. were waiting for us in Calicut. When the train stopped a sudden turmoil arose in our carriage. We saw sister E. pick up her handbags in great haste and directly we heard her exclaim in an agitated voice, "My bridegroom is here, I have seen him!" Out she rushed, the rest of us slowly following. As I was stepping down from the car, a strange gentleman in front of me called out, "Where is Miss Hahn?" I threw a hasty glance at the speaker but was convinced at once that he could not be the one. He did not look at all like the photograph. Somewhat relieved I stepped up to the stranger and made myself known. I was informed that he was there to lead me to my bridegroom and to please follow him, which I did with a beating heart and in deepest silence.

Our way led through a long passage lighted by lanterns, when my escort, catching a glimpse of my terrified looks, spoke to me in a fatherly way, telling me to be of good cheer, it would all come right.

At the end of the passage we had to mount a short flight of steps, facing which was a door which my guide opened. I saw before me a well lighted room and someone not very far off as if to receive me. How I passed through that door I do not know, I was so bewildered. But in the next moment he was in front of me and taking me by the hand led me up to a large table on one end of which I noticed a cup of steaming tea and some refreshments. Putting a chair in front of these things he bade me to be seated while he himself took a seat on the opposite side. That cup of tea was a comfort to me, for it gave me something to do. I could take a little sip and I could stir it while I answered his questions about my health and about the voyage. By and by I took courage and looked him in the face. As we talked my embarrassment was melting away. He rose to tell me that we had yet quite a journey before us, and that the rest of the company was waiting for us at the river side. I at once declared my readiness to follow and took his proffered

arm to be led down to the large boat where we found our friends assembled. Soon we were on the farther bank inspecting the oxcarts that were waiting for us there. Before long we were creeping along the road on these cumbersome vehicles, but they went fast enough for me, for I had so much to tell and as many questions to answer. When we reached the Missionhouse at Calicut it was nearly ten o'clock. We were taken to our rooms to clean up a little before sitting down to supper. After having done full justice to our good but simple meal we retired to our rooms. Before going to sleep I sent up my fervent thanks to God for the fatherly guidance He had given me on the long journey and for His bountiful goodness in letting me find in this strange land the friend and protector I needed so much. When morning came we took an inspection of our surroundings. After spending a few happy days in the company of my intended, learning to love and esteem him more and more, I was informed by him that he could not possibly be absent from his congregation much more than a week, and that he would soon be compelled to return to his post of duty, intimating at the same time that our kind friends would be only too happy to have me with them until I was ready to fix the day for the wedding. I thought this over by myself and when I thought how few the preparations were, even the wedding gown being ready in my trunk and how much it would pain me to see him going home alone, when I considered this and many other things, then all at once I came to the heroic resolution to get married at once. So, when Brother L. asked me if I could not make up my mind to get married soon, I could not but answer in the affirmative. The thing was done now, I had made up my mind and my betrothed thanked me for it. The intervening days passed quickly enough.

On the festive day I rose very early in the morning, for the ceremony had to take place at eleven o'clock and there was so much to be done yet. Stepping to the window of my room and looking out in the lovely flower-decked garden a feeling of deep gratitude to God swelled in my heart for his goodness to let the sun shine so brightly on my wedding day, as if to bring all nature in harmony with my own joyfulness.

At last everything was complete, and followed by my companions I stepped out on the veranda where quite an assembly of people were gathered, out from which my bridegroom stepped forth to meet his bride with a radiant look of joy, and led me to the nearby chapel from where the bells were ringing. When we entered the crowded church the congregation sang a beautiful hymn. After the ceremony was concluded we all partook of the holy communion, after which our party returned to the Missionhouse where my husband and I received the congratulations of the more intimate friends.

Six o'clock was the hour set for the wedding dinner. The festive table was decorated with very large citrons and beautiful flowers, and the wedding cake in the center. On one end in front of the hostess stood a precious white tureen of steaming noodle soup, which the good house wife had taken great pains in preparing. This constituted the whole bill of fare, besides the cake and pineapples and sparkling water for a drink.

On the evening of the next day we set out for Codacall, where my husband had his Mission church. To get there we had first to go to Baypoor on oxcart, and then from Baypoor by rail to Tiroor. From Tiroor an oxcart had to again be resorted to. At the latter place we were pleased to find the native deacon of my husband's church waiting for us. He told us the surprising news that the converts of Codacall had started out in a body to meet us on the way and to escort us to my new home. About a mile and a half from Cadacall we came upon them and the cheer they gave when they saw us was something wonderful. Our oxcart driver caught the contagion, whipping up the animals to a fast trot. Thus I made my entry into Codacall, the crowd of singing and running

Hindus keeping in advance of us, probably to herald our coming to the rest of the people who waited for us on the veranda of our house to send another cheer the moment the team halted at the gate. Opening the gate my husband led me on the garden path between beds of flowers up to the house where they all had taken position. I shook hands with everyone of them and tried to express by gestures how I appreciated their good will. My husband then made a short address in Modajalim, the vernacular of this part of the country, after which everyone went back to his own house, happy to have at last a *Madama* in their midst, for so they call a white lady.

Then my husband led me to the large sitting room for a short rest and a little lunch. My husband then invited me to inspect the house. The next room was his study, beyond that a bedroom, then a guest chamber, and last the dining room, all in a row. Each of the rooms had a door leading out to the broad veranda. The latter faced west and therefore was open to the cool breezes from the ocean, the roaring of which we could distinctly hear.

Behind the house, in a separate building, was the kitchen, connected to the former by a covered passageway. Upon entering the kitchen we came upon our own native servants, sitting cross-legged on the floor. When they saw us they quickly arose and made their exit. This gave one the opportunity to inspect the place a little more in detail with the result that was not at all satisfactory. Pans, kettles, coconut shells, brooms, rags, and many other things were scattered about the floor. The hearth consisted of a square-shaped mass of clay about two feet high.

Going back to the house I expressed the wish to my husband to do the cooking myself. In answer he told me that this was quite impossible as he needed my friendship and company too much to risk losing me again. To stand near several open fires and steaming pots in this tropical heat would prove fatal to anyone not being a native, for they even are found lying senseless on the ground. So there was an end to this part of my housekeeping.



Part II

For some days I was kept busy unpacking my trunks and boxes and giving those bachelor quarters a little of that appearance which betrays the presence of a housewife.

After I had finished my work in the dwelling house there was left for me the still harder task of putting some order into the kitchen. For this work I asked my husband to act as interpreter to tell the two men what to do. His presence and peremptory commands soon brought order into this chaos and by continued supervision I managed ever afterwards to keep things somewhat clean in those quarters.

The domestic affairs once settled and some time of leisure secured, the first and most urgent thing for me now was the study of the native language, my husband, of course, being my first teacher. It took over a week to become acquainted somewhat with the alphabet to be able to spell single words. The letters are so different from anything I had ever seen of foreign languages, that I wondered how anyone could make them out and yet my husband could read it fluently. The long compounds and the joining together of words and particles by phonetic changes into one uninterrupted chain was hard to learn. Better progress was made by hearing the language spoken.

Thus time slipped on and when Christmas came I had quite a little of everyday talk at my command. Christmas here is not heralded with ice and snow. On the contrary green trees and blooming shrubs and plants are seen everywhere. I procured a small coffee tree from a native, which had been dug out with the roots and put in earth to keep it fresh for a time. I planted it in a box covered by a green banana leaf and decorated the branches with confectionery and other things we had made, and candles which the cook had cast for us of ordinary tallow and some twine. It all looked very pretty—a Christmas tree standing in the middle of a large table and around it little presents for the children. They were quite dazzled by the brightness of the many lights. Their delight was lovely to behold. After the excitement had somewhat abated I went over to the melodeon and accompanied the children with their singing. All the children crowded around me and sang some very nice hymns in their native tongue with really sweet voices. My husband was often away for weeks and then I felt most lonely, but when he came home he had so much to tell me about his adventurous trips on foot through jungles and rivers that I was most thankful to have him back again safe and sound.

Then on an evening we were sitting on our veranda and my husband told me of his life among the heathen. On his way to one of the renowned heathen festivals, celebrated in honor of one of their gods, where thousands of heathen meet, he passed a little village where there never had been a missionary before. An old man with silvery hair was sitting in the door of his little hut and when he saw a white man with some natives following him, he got up and made a deep bow, begging them to rest a little and tell him some good news. Then my husband sat beside him and in his kind and benevolent manner told him of Jesus, how he came in this world to save us and how God loved us. Then the old man began to tremble and to weep like a child. He cried over and over again, "is that true, is that true?" Then the others spoke with him and at last he cried out: "Oh, I believe in that dear Savior, do come again and tell me more of him." They left some portions of the holy Scriptures with him and then they bade him a very hearty farewell and went on their way.

In the latitude where we then lived, night sets in a little before seven o'clock all the year round. About an hour after sunset the sea breeze sets in. We like then to sit on the veranda to cool off from the heat of the day and to enjoy the beauty of the evening. We could hear the roaring of the breakers quite distinctly, a sound I never tire of listening to. It was a sort of company to me when my husband was away on his preaching tours and I was all alone. At full moon the scenery we could see from our veranda was truly enchanting. Every shrub in the garden was plainly visible, while tall bamboo and wild mango trees threw their dark shadows over the road. The air was full with a multitude of lightning bugs darting through the night like so many meteors, and the various

chirping sounds coming from ever so many insects showed me that even these little beings felt happy on such a night.

Sometimes the peace of the night was interrupted by a din of drums and the shrill notes of various instruments, interspersed by the hoarse shouts of human voices. This we knew to come from the Hindu temple nearby—the poor deluded worshipers not knowing the true God who here made himself so manifest in the beauty and splendor of His works.

But listen! The sweet melody of a hymn is sounding through the night, the several voices melting harmoniously together. It is not the first time that our hearts are quickened by these sounds. They come from the nearby house of our native deacon, who with his family is worshipping the true God before their night's rest. Another time we would see a late wanderer passing on the road, carrying in his hand a torch or a stick with a tin knob to it with which he would produce a noise, and this and the light of the torch will frighten the poisonous snakes which come out of their holes at night. It is not safe to venture out without a torch. Often when we sat there a sound would reach our ear as if someone was clearing his throat. We knew that somebody wanted to see the Sahib. These poor people never knock at the door but always announce their presence with coughing. My husband would thereupon ask what they wanted. In a tone of utter despair he would then perhaps get the answer: "Oh, Sahib, there is a snake in my body, give me medicine to drive it out." By this he meant that he was in great pain, for their way of expressing themselves is picturesque. In most cases my husband would give him a purgative medicine and with this he would go home contented. Next morning the patient invariably returned to announce with a reverential bow his complete recovery, going into details altogether too much for our taste.

The Hindus show in general very little fortitude when suffering pain. In cases of ailment they throw themselves on the ground, moaning and lamenting in the most pitiful manner. Acute toothache puts them into a paroxysm of despair and they at once run to the Sahib, knowing that he can relieve them. Arrived at the house the sufferer announces his presence by pitiably moans. My husband then after knowing the cause of the trouble leads the patient inside and bids him be seated. In the meantime he quietly picks up his forceps and gently pushing back the man's head to ascertain the exact location of the bad tooth, has it pulled out before the poor fellow is aware of what has happened. Soon, however, he breaks out into a veritable howl so loud that the passersby on the road stop to see what may have happened. The Sahib has his hands full to pacify him.

The Hindu meals consist of rice, boiled in water and eaten with a little salt as a kind of soup in the morning and at noon. In the evening they have rice with a very strong kind of broth, prepared of different kinds of spices and boiled with onions. To this they add cream of the coconut which is the favorite dish with them and is called curry.

The way they eat is simplicity itself. Squatted on the ground each receives his portion served on a banana leaf. This he eats with his fingers, displaying in the act a decided gracefulness. The hands are always washed carefully before touching the food. The richer people often use plates but never fork or spoon. They also take the meals on the ground, only they have mats to sit on. At first when Hindu women came to visit me I asked them to be seated and offered them chairs. But they would not sit down. They laughed a little and kept standing. After some time, seeing that they were to make a stay of it, I insisted again on their seating themselves but with no better success as far as the chairs are concerned. They would quietly settle on the ground after their own fashion. All the women in the neighborhood took great interest in me. I noticed this on the walks my husband and I used to take together on the evenings. To see me walk alongside of him and speak to me in a foreign tongue while he listened with every mark

of respect was a great wonder to them. They themselves have to walk behind their husbands when they go out together, which is seldom the case, and talking then is not customary.

My garments were also a great curiosity to them for I looked like a queen compared with these Hindu women who were clad very scantily, only a cotton cloth around the loins and neither shoes nor stockings.

Often when we passed some houses of the heathen, women and children would run to the road and stare at us. One little old woman placed herself right in front of us to have a good look at us. We stopped and spoke a few pleasant words, inviting her at the same time to come and see us. This impressed her so much that she told everybody she knew about this great event. As a rule the women are very indolent. They do not know how to sew or knit, not to speak of reading and writing which to most of the common people is yet a mystery. But to sit together and gossip by the hour, that they know to perfection. Nor is this the worst of it, for they all chew the betel nut, a disgusting practice. This nut is cut in slices and wrapped in a tobacco leaf with some chalk and tobacco. What a compound for chewing!

To their children these women show an affection that reminds one of a monkey mother. Boys in particular they indulge beyond all measure and instead of punishing them for their misdeeds they even speak of the latter with admiration. One time a woman came to our house sobbing and holding a bit of cloth to her head that was bleeding. She told us that the boy had struck her and asked my husband to punish him for her. As the boy belonged to our school my husband promised to do it if she would send him. All at once she turned and went off scolding and saying that she never would allow her own dear child to be treated harshly.

The one exception among all the women of our congregation was Sarah, the deacon's wife. She had been brought up in one of our Mission schools and had from her earliest childhood been under Christian influences and teaching. She spoke English quite well which, of course, brought her still nearer to my heart. Her children were always dressed neatly for their mother knew how to sew, giving thus a much needed example to the other women whose children ran wild and almost naked. And how neat she kept her cottage and the garden in front of it. Her husband was such a good man too, and so talented. He spoke the English language very fluently. He had received a theological training among the missionaries and after his installation here at Codacall was regularly ordained as assistant to my husband, to take his place when he was absent or to go with him to preach at some great idol festivities. Our deacon was tall and his whole bearing was one of refinement enhanced by that oriental gracefulness, so often met with among the Hindus.

We were filled with great joy when a little daughter was born to us, an event which created great gladness among our people here. They had looked forward to that event with almost childlike curiosity. Yet they were somewhat disappointed because it was not a boy. They consoled me on that account, for girls in their eyes are of very little value. When the child was two weeks old we made preparation for baptism. In the old shed-like chapel our first child was baptized with the elders of our congregation acting as witnesses.

After the baptism I took up again my household and other duties among the women and girls of our flock as far as my additional sweet charge would allow me. Even previous to the above mentioned event I had been in the habit of gathering the daughters of our parishioners around me in order to instruct them in female handiwork. Hardly one of them knew how to use a needle. It required no amount of patience to initiate them in the rudiments only of these arts, not to speak of neat and clean work.

I would then tell them short simple stories which my husband had translated for me, or, I would teach them to remember by heart some of our beautiful hymns. So we often sang together, generally sitting outside on the veranda, shaded from the sun by the broad overhanging roof. It did my heart good to see these little ones crouched down before me on the cocomats, trying their best to do justice to their unaccustomed work. That they thoroughly enjoyed their lessons I found out from their mothers telling me often that whenever they were compelled by one reason or another to keep them at home they always shed many bitter tears. Sarah, the deacon's wife assisted me in this work.

One day she was absent and I had to leave the girls for a time alone because I heard the cries of my baby and wanted to see what was the matter. During my absence one of them managed to abscond a small box containing spools of silk of various colors, not without the act being noticed by some of the other girls. When the lesson was over, instead of going home as usual, they stood together near the railing of the veranda talking and giggling. When attracted by their singular behavior I asked for an explanation and they laughingly told me what had happened and that the culprit, Christina, had already taken her departure. I reprimanded them for making so light of the mischief of their comrade and asked them not to tell anyone what had happened and dismissed them.

To my great relief Sarah came shortly afterwards and I related the disagreeable incident to her. We decided to go to the girl's house, to convince her of the sinfulness of the act. On reaching the house and entering the courtyard I noticed an unusual number of women sitting around, but not suspecting anything to be wrong. I politely asked them for Dorcas, the mother of Christina. No answer was given and I was beginning to feel quite uneasy when suddenly Dorcas herself burst forth out of the house in great anger, overwhelming me with a torrent of insulting epithets, saying over and over again that it was all my fault that I had put that box just there to tempt her child and that her daughter should never enter my house again.

At the same time she threw the box at my feet and some of the women said that I should be ashamed to make such a fuss about a trifle. All this grieved me very much and I left the box where it lay as I did not give a thought to reclaim my property and waited quietly till they had their say. I extended my hand to Dorcas as a sign of my good will and told her that I had the best intentions toward herself and her child and took my departure, hoping in my heart the matter would clear itself one day, which indeed it did, as Dorcas and her husband came to me before a week elapsed and asked my pardon, with many tears on Dorcas's side, which I was only too glad to grant.

Soon afterwards Dorcas fell very ill, giving me an opportunity to show how fully I had forgiven her. After her recovery she seemed a changed woman and I dare say that she found the Lord. She became a regular attendant to the prayer meetings that I held for our women members every Thursday afternoon. These meetings were very informal, my principal aim being to make these good women feel at home and gain their friendship, and to make them love their Savior. Some years afterwards on the eve of my departure to Europe, Dorcas came to say goodbye. She then told me that by my acts of kindness I had moved her heart deeply and that the thought of the insults she had heaped on me filled her with shame to such a degree that ever since she had been trying hard to lead a good life. This recompensed me a hundredfold for all the sorrow she had given me.

When our little baby was about four months old my husband received a letter from an old friend of his, saying that he and his wife were going to pay us a visit and stating

the time of their arrival at Tirvor, our nearest railway station. More than a year had elapsed since our last visitors had cheered our home with their presence. No wonder we were overjoyed at this welcome news. When the longed for day arrived I put the guest chamber in the best of order, decorating the bureau with flower bouquets for a welcome, while my husband started off in an oxcart to bring home his friend. For the wife of the latter we had dispatched, somewhat earlier, the *manshill*—a sort of hammock which is carried by four men on a pole with a shade over it. The traveler has to lie down in this kind of vehicle, and as the movements are very gentle even sick people may travel in this fashion.

Two o'clock was the time my husband expected to be back with his guest. I stepped out on the veranda, gazing intently and with joyous expectation in the direction whence they were to come. But when I remembered that the *manshill* carriers announce their approach always by loud shouting, I had leisure to rest my eyes on the charming scenery before me. The gate stood wide open as if to almost make the arrival of our guest a reality. On either side of the neat path lay beds of flowers, nursed by the tender care of the master of the house, who loved them so well. Two beds of exquisite tea roses were in bloom, and attracted by their fragrance beautiful butterflies hovered over them to imbibe some of their sweetness. On the bushes and shade trees, many of which stood full in blossom, green parrots and other bright colored birds flitted about, talking to each other in their short but agreeable notes, so full of meaning to themselves. I remember the song of one bird who came before the rainy season set in and sang in our garden in notes like a scale. It sounded to me so very strange, but pretty.

But hark! There sounded from the distance the familiar call, "HE. HAM! HE. HAM!" and I knew that my friend was coming. Plain and plainer I could hear the shouting and after a while I could espy the *manshill* as it emerged from under the trees. Then I saw them turn in at our gate and up the path until they reached the steps that led up to the veranda. I helped my visitor extricate herself from the *manshill* and gave her a hearty greeting when she set foot on the veranda. Soon our husbands arrived and before long we were seated at our dining table and took a nice little lunch. My dear sister had been in India for a number of years, but alas! at the cost of her health. She told me that she was never free from suffering, but she bore it bravely and had always a pleasant smile on her lips. She quite won my heart for I had never met her before. When they went away again after a short stay I felt the parting very deeply. It was as if I was parting from a life-long friend, a feeling that only those rightly understand who live away from all their loved ones in a strange land. Yet I had every reason to be grateful to God, for He gave me a good and devoted husband and a dear, sweet baby.

Nearly every mail brought a letter from home. They had not forgotten me. Only letters are not like being together and love put on paper seems unsatisfactory. After my guests had departed things went on as usual, but my thoughts often reverted to the departed sister who had left a void in my heart that I vainly tried to overcome.

But there was Sarah, the deacon's wife, with her kind and winning ways. No doubt she also felt the need of companionship for she visited me daily, always bringing something she thought would please me—flowers from her garden, or some choice vegetable or fruit. But the dear child was so shy and ceremonious that I almost despaired in winning her. She threw aside all restraint after a time as I had told her to deal with me as a sister. And we were like sisters all the time, helping each in every way. Through this friendship I had gained the Hindu women and they rewarded me with their confidence. Every Sunday afternoon I gathered around me the young women and some of the girls to give them singing lessons, playing the accompaniment on the melodeon. Hindus, both men and women, as a rule have very good voices and a decided talent for

music. They take a very great delight in singing, entering into the spirit of it with their whole soul. Some of the women had real sweet voices. Among them the refractory Dorcas was pre-eminent by her clear soprano.

After the singing lesson was over I instructed some of the women in reading which was rather an uphill work for they are not given to study. But I persevered and brought some of them far enough to be able to read short Bible stories and hymns. I could not induce the heathen women to come to learn too and to visit me for they belonged to the lower caste and spoke such a low language. I could not understand them. One very old blind woman came there every Saturday to beg. A little boy led her by the hand. Our deacon could talk that very low *Malajalim*. I asked him to speak with her about her soul. He could not make her understand that she had a soul and she went away crying out, "I have no soul."

Women of the higher caste, such as the Brahmins or Nairs, are scarcely ever seen on the road. They never are allowed to approach any European or native belonging to a lower caste. If they ever go out they always travel about in troupes, one behind the other. An old servant woman leads the way always shouting, "Ho, Ho" to announce to the people the coming of their superiors. The Nairs caste comes next after the Brahmins, taking the place of the former warrior caste, the Kshatriyas. The Brahmins call themselves half-gods and therefore his pride is proverbial. He derives his subsistence from the income of the lands attached to the temples and from the pious offerings the heathen bring to their idols. Another source of income are the innumerable services they have to rent at the numberless shrines of their gods and the ceremonials connected with it. They wear a worsted cord around their loins as a mark of their rank, which at great festivals is substituted by one made of Kusha grass. A proverb expresses the great gluttony on these occasions. It says that the Brahmins eat until their cord bursts. This fully characterizes the moral tendencies of this priestly caste, holding high living and feasting to be the highest aim of life. Yet they even use the words: "Filling the belly is my bliss."

Quite frequently Brahmins come to visit my husband, having, it seems, no fear of contamination, but subjecting their bodies to a series of ablutions afterwards to cleanse themselves from the contact with inferior beings. They liked to talk with him about their *Shastras* or holy books with which they know him to be well acquainted. Many admitted freely the grossness of their idolatrous worship and openly declare their belief in one eternal god. But their people, they said, wanted something tangible, some idol, that they could see and worship or carry about in their processions. Abstract ideas, they say, are well enough for educated people, but not comprehensible to the lower Hindus, who even prefer worshipping apes to the one unseen God.

Besides this they used to say: "Suppose we would go over to your side and become Christian. Who would take care of us, our wives and children? Give us so much salary per month and we will become Christians." With these words they always wound up the conversation.

A young Brahmin, to whom my husband gave instruction in the English language, often came to our house. His father was a man of wealth and had shunned no expense to give him a thorough Brahminic education. This man, when meeting me on his visit to my husband, always saluted me with a deep bow, which of course I returned, meeting his glance without embarrassment. This impressed him very much, for Hindu women, when speaking to a stranger, always keep their eyes fastened to the ground, not daring to look him squarely in the face. We became quite good friends after a time and when I showed him my water color pictures of Indian fruits and flowers that I had painted of life, he expressed great admiration and wonder that a woman could produce anything

so pretty. After that he often brought me rare flowers to paint that had been offered before the shrines of the idols, not seeming to feel any scruples about abstracting them.

Sometimes I played for him on the melodeon. This put him in an ecstasy of delight. My husband had great hopes to win over to Christianity this young Brahmin. He used his best arguments to convince him of the folly of idol worship but to no avail.

To become a Christian is for a Hindu a step which is hardly understood in all its consequences in Europe and America. The only analogy to it can be found among the orthodox Hebrews where a daughter, when she marries a Christian, is by her family and relations buried in effigy, just as they would have done had she actually died. From that time she is as one dead to all her people, so completely that in a case that came under my own personal observation a mother in her dying moment even refused to see her child. Just so it is when a Hindu goes over to Christianity. Every tie that bound him to the past is cut asunder and he is like one cast out.

This young man was the eldest son and as such the future heir to a large landed property, all of which he would have had to renounce had he become a Christian. But even among the lower castes where there is so much less at stake, going over to Christianity is a hard path to travel.

There lived in our village a low caste family consisting of three daughters and one son besides the parents. The eldest daughter, Josephine, taking with her the youngest sister entered of her own impulse the Mission school at Calicut, where poor girls of both heathen and Christian parentage are taken care of and educated. She there made very fair progress, soon winning the hearts of her teachers. But, what was far better, she learned to love Jesus and was baptized and received the name Josephine. In vacation time she would visit her parents and tell them about the beloved Savior, without, however, making any impression upon them. Soon after, the remaining daughter followed her sisters and also became a Christian. The parents then complained bitterly that all their daughters had left them, now that they were getting old. We pointed out to them the advantages the girls were partaking of at Calicut, how they were getting educated and guarded against all those many temptations to which at home they would be sure to fall victims. This reconciled them somewhat when the daughter that had gone last fell ill in Calicut. The poor mother wanted to see her child before she died but had no means to defray the expenses of the journey. We provided her with the necessary funds and she reached her child a few hours before she died. With many tears the dying girl entreated her mother to come to Jesus and spoke of the happiness she felt at soon meeting her Savior. The woman was deeply moved to see her child die so peacefully, but after she was home again among her heathen relations, the impression wore off again and in spite of our efforts, she fell back in her old way.

After that Josephine was married to a good Christian man at Calicut, when sometime after the wedding her father came to visit her. During his stay he also fell ill but was restored again to health through the loving and faithful nursing of his daughter. His heart was quite softened by this, a thing that was most surprising for he had always spurned every effort by his daughter made in that direction more obstinately even than his wife. Of his own free will he sought instruction in the Christian faith, and finally was baptized and received as a member of the congregation. But he never returned to his wife and son, they remaining heathen. He did not belong to them anymore. This is one of many that I could cite of the radical changes the embracing of Christianity brings forth in families. Wives are separated from husbands and children from parents for Christ's sake.

After the birth of my second child my health became badly shattered and I had an attack of fever every day. Yet I did not give up but continued for some time in my work.

My ailment and weakness increased so that the doctor in Calicut ordered me to stay some months at the Mission's sanatory [sanatorium] at Kaity in the Blue Mountains. For the last time the women of the congregation assembled in our house and I presented to them my dear Sarah. I entreated them to look to her as the one who would take my place during my absence. On the evening of my departure the dear girl came to see me once more to say goodbye and blushing received my gratefulness for the relief she was giving my mind by taking on this charge.

Next morning we left our home at Cadacall to journey to the mountains by oxcart and by rail. Towards evening of the same day we reached Coimbatore. Here we stayed for a few days, after which my husband had to return to his flock while I was to continue my journey to Kaity under the guidance of Brother W. who had charge of that sanitary station. He had come expressly to conduct the two children and myself thither. This time we travelled in a *palankin*, a conveyance which is a little carriage without wheels, carried by four men. It being night and full moon we found a great deal to look at during our nocturnal journey. My escort, Brother W, followed us on horseback which was a great comfort to me. The road was very rough, but my carriers would unfalteringly select the safest path. Sometimes the road led past deep crevices from whose dark bottom I could hear the rushing waters. Again the road led by a wild gorge strewn with a chaos of boulders and rocks. Another time we would rush by a waterfall tumbling from a high cliff, so close that the spray moistened our faces.

I felt quite uneasy because tigers were rather numerous in these parts and for this reason my carriers were keeping up a continual shouting and yelling which frightens off the tigers. However, we came safely out of the jungle and a faint glimmer in the east told me that day was approaching. Directly full daylight appeared and from our surrounding we knew that we were approaching a settlement. Shortly afterwards we passed a hedge of roses, lining for a stretch one side of the road, then another and another till our path seemed to lead us through one continuous rose garden, behind which we saw spread out beautiful green lawns interspersed by beds of flowers and farther back among the trees and foliage the villas, the home of English residents. The name of the place I was told to be Conoor. We made a stop here as I had to exchange the *palankin* with an arm chair. To the seat part of this chair long bamboo poles were fastened, one on each side. Each end of the poles was resting on the shoulder of four carriers. They brought me rather high up into the air and I felt quite a little dizzy when we started, but the invigorating air and the charming scenery before me soon made me forget this discomfort. Up one elevation, then down again a little, then up again still higher, until at last we reached the summit from which the Mission house at Kaity lay peacefully among trees and shrubbery in a little mountain valley below us could be seen.

As we drew nearer I could see the housemother standing in the garden gate, a hedge of roses extending on each side. She was waving a white kerchief to greet us from the distance. When we reached her, she took me in her arms and kissed me as if I was her sister. Then picking up the children she caressed them in an ecstasy of joy. This warmhearted reception did much to cheer me up and I ever found a loving sister in her during my stay.

Nature in this altitude has more the aspect of the temperate zones and reminded me very much of home. The trees in the woods seemed to me familiar and among the wild flowers I found quite a good many old acquaintances. Of fruit trees I noticed in the gardens nearly all of our German species. Orange and lemon trees however, were in their glory. The former in particular offered a most beautiful sight with their dark

green glossy leaves which the Creator seemed to have made so on purpose to give a fitting background to the golden colored fruits.

There was a lovely little wood not far off to where we often took short walks, resting sometimes on a mossy seat under the shade of a huge tree. This was a great pleasure to me for around Codacall no one would think of going off the road, much less sit down on account of the many poisonous snakes.

My husband was very much run down and had to come and stay some months with me. The natives inhabiting this region are different from the people in the lower districts. They go under the tribe name of Baologas, and are darker in color and more hardy than their brothers in the lowlands. They are said to be descendants of a non-Arian race of aborigines.

During our stay here we had occasion to witness the burial ceremonies of a young heathen, who when living, dwelled in a hut very near the Mission house, where we stayed. Death had taken place at six o'clock in the evening. Forthwith a number of men started off, going from village to village for many miles around to invite all and everybody to the funeral. Each messenger was provided with a conch shell with which he sounded his approach when he came near to a human habitation producing from his instrument a shrill and piercing sound like the Scottish herald of old when their chief sent them out to rouse to arms the clanmen. These carriers of sad news rushed with the speed of the wind through mountain passes and over precipitous crags to deliver their mournful invitations. In the meantime the relatives of the deceased had constructed a high framework of bamboo poles, decorating this with all manner of brightly colored stuffs and a profusion of wreaths of roses.

When all this was completed they brought the body from out of the hut and laid it on a bedstead that had previously been placed in front of the house. In this part of the country the people actually own bedsteads, and really, I do not see how they could keep warm in this cool region without them. The above mentioned framework was then set on the bedstead, the deceased thus resting under a canopy of roses and drapery which perhaps was done in imitation of the gorgeous canopies carried over the *rajahs* (kings) or idols. The male relatives inaugurated then a dance around their dead brother, ejaculating from time to time hoarse, savage yells, while others beat on drums or blew into the conch shells, all together succeeding admirably with their efforts to raise the most outlandish cry. If their object was to drive away evil spirits I would judge they attained their end, but I rather fear they did this in furtherance of the soul's journey to paradise.

In the immediate neighborhood of the bier a number of women sat on the ground wailing and lamenting. All through the night this noisy wake was kept up. Next morning I walked over to the place in company with my husband in order to watch the proceedings closer by, if we were allowed to do so. We were received with great marks of respect and an old man who seemed to act as master of ceremonies assured my husband that we were welcome to stay as long as we liked. Perhaps the German missionaries, whose field is amongst these people, were in better repute than other Europeans who as a rule are not wanted on such an occasion for fear that they might disturb the last rest of the deceased.

My curiosity was soon satisfied, however, for the whole spectacle was too repulsive to make a lengthy stay and the terrible din quite overtaxed my nerves. After I had taken a sketch of the scene I went back to the Mission house. My husband gave me a description of the rest of the proceedings. About 200 people were assembled there. After a time the bier was carried to a nearby meadow and placed inside a square marked out by posts put up for the occasion. Introducing a calf into this square, they made the

poor animal go three times around the bier imagining this would take all the sins of the deceased and fall on the poor animal which would be driven away afterwards. By 12 o'clock, according to their belief, the soul of their friend had reached paradise and then the mortal remains were moved to a distant place and burned with all the ornaments and the bier, the horrible din having been kept up to the last.

After some time we moved from Kaity to Kotagherry, a mission a few miles distant. There a little son came to brighten our home. During our stay there I painted many beautiful flowers of nature and also many scenes.

Our people at Cadacall rejoiced with us over this event and eagerly anticipated our return to their midst. But my health returned so slowly that my husband was obliged to go back without me. The sad news of my beloved mother's death reached me there. With this all my longing to ever see her dear face in this world of course was given up. After a few months longer sojourn here we were all back in Cadacall once more. The place is so named because in its vicinity lies a large stone having the shape of an open umbrella.

Our good old janitor, Abel, had longingly awaited my return. He was very ill and no one there could provide nourishing food for him. These poor people are in a pitiful condition when they become seriously ill as they have no food but rice and curry. This neither gives them strength nor agrees with their system and is very unappetizing. I was always glad to provide them with nourishing broths when it was possible to do so. Abel was indeed very grateful to us for our care of him as he lay suffering in the last stages of consumption and having only a mat on the floor to lie on. He was a devout, true Christian and his death was a severe blow to us, but what a joy to know that he had accepted his Savior.

As my health did not improve we at length decided upon a trip to Europe. But alas! I was obliged to go alone for my husband could not be spared by his congregation. This separation I knew would be a hard one. Soon after this decision we celebrated my husband's birthday. In the early morning I, with a company of neighbors, gathered on the veranda before he had risen and sang a hymn. He soon appeared and thanked us heartily for the pleasant surprise. My dear Sarah was among the group of singers who now started homeward with happy faces. Our little daughters presented their papa with a beautiful bouquet and some other trifling remembrances.

The last Christmas which we all spent together will never be forgotten. It was a day filled with joy and love. I had decorated a coffee tree with gilded ornaments, candles, and oranges which served very well as a Christmas tree. How the children did rejoice over their dolls and other presents! I can still picture their joy and their radiant faces. Our sweet baby boy stretched forth his tiny hands and cried: "Ah, ah." The next year he was to be with Jesus, whose nativity we were now celebrating.

Yet amid all this Christmas joy there was a touch of sorrow in my heart, for the time of the separation from my husband was near at hand. Soon I was very busy in my preparations for my trip to Europe. The native women showed their love for me by many kindly offers of help. I was much touched by the affection of these people and it was certainly an ample reward for any annoyances they had caused me. I had learned to know and love them so greatly that it was hard to leave them. Shortly before my departure we all gathered together at our home and held an earnest prayer meeting. While we prayed together I urged them to love their Savior and not neglect communion with him. I asked them to pray for me which all promised to do. I knew by their earnest faces as they made the promise that it would be kept.

My last evening at home was a hard one. Visitors remained until very late. Finally Dorcas appeared and with her eyes filled with tears again begged my forgiveness.

And last of all Sarah came and told me how much my love had been to her. Oh how sad was my parting with that true sister in Christ. Early the next morning the whole congregation assembled on our veranda to bid us farewell. A fervent prayer was offered and we shook hands with them all, shedding many a bitter tear. A number of them again followed us to Tirvoor where we took the train to Baypoor. In a large boat, made by hollowing out an immense log, we were carried across the river to Calicut. From there we took a steamer to Bombay, arriving in about five days.

Here we stayed for several days, having taken lodging in a hotel there. Our room, being on the east side of the building and exposed to the unhealthy east winds, was a very dangerous place to sleep. During our first night stay there our little son was taken seriously ill with the croup. A doctor was called but he continued to grow worse and in a few days he was taken home by the angels. His eyes were lifted up heavenward and his sweet lips seemed to say: "Weep not, I am happy." But for the consolation of knowing that his little soul was at rest with his Savior, my grief would have been unbearable. There, in a churchyard near the sea, we laid our darling to rest.

Soon the day came for me to resume my journey. Thus far my husband had accompanied me but now he bade me goodbye and started back to his congregation while I took the steamer for Genoa in Italy, accompanied by my two little girls and their nurse. There on the shore stood a large throng waiting to wave a last farewell to departing friends. Among the many faces I could discern that of my husband.

After a voyage of nine days we arrived at Aden about midnight. The sudden stoppage of the ship awoke me. I rose and saw the bare cliffs of Aden eclipsed in a fog. As my little ones were still asleep with their nurse I went on deck to watch the sunrise. As I sat there in a quiet nook my thoughts wandered back to the joys and sorrows of the past. I thought of my dear sister who had passed this same coast where she had buried her little son. I longed to go ashore and see his little grave but did not dare leave my own little children for so long.

Soon we passed through the channel of Suez. This is so narrow that but one ship can pass through at a time. On each side of this channel stretches a vast desert. After seven days more we reached Genoa, the city where Columbus was born and which is called the "Beauty." We were quite relieved when our sea voyage was over. A wealthy Mission friend met us at the shore with a bus and took us to his handsome villa where we were hospitably received by his wife and daughters. A minister, the brother of Brother W, whose wife died and left two children, whom we were taking care of on their journey to Switzerland, came to meet us with a nurse to help us on with the many children. As the ship with which we were to come was rather behind time, Brother W. went out with the nurse, a very respectable old lady to see the forts on the seashore. After some time she stayed longer than he on a place and he lost sight of her. She got scared when she could not find her chaperon and told one of the guards to find him for her. The gentleman had the same fear and spoke in a very broken language to look for a lady with a white bonnet and a big cap on. The guard understood that the wife of this worthy gentleman had eloped and put the poor nurse in jail where she spent miserable hours! At last the Rev. found her and she, knowing the Italian language better, made it clear to the guard, whereupon she was freed. We all had a hearty laugh over the adventure of these dear friends who helped us so much on our journey to Basel.

From there I went to Stuttgart and was so glad to be in my dear old home again. What a reception awaited me! I was so altered in appearance that my friends scarcely recognized me. But their love and tender care restored me to health and after a two year stay I returned to India. Here we lived for three more years when we had to bid that

home final farewell and sailed to America. Here my dear husband labored as a minister of the Gospel for ten years when he was called to his eternal home by our Blessed Master where he now reaps his reward for his earthly service. I have now been a widow for many years and have painted and written a great deal about my life in India, partly from memory and partly from notes kept while there. And now I will conclude my narrative, hoping that my faulty efforts have given you, my kind readers, some idea of a missionary's life in India.



Anna Roeck about the turn of the century

Addenda by Mrs. Anna Roeck to the Previous Account

There is a great change visible among the heathens of India. Formerly they used to throw stones at the missionaries who preached to them. Now they often invite them to their houses. Most of the people buy Christian books and read them.

A great hindrance to Christianity is the caste, a name given to several classes in society whose occupations are marked for them by their ancestors. There are four original castes—the Bramins, or sacred order; the Cheteree [Kshatriyas], soldiers and rulers; the Vaissya [Vaisya], husbandmen and merchants; the Sundras, laborers and mechanics. In the process of time numerous mixed classes, or castes, have come into existence. Their moral conduct is very vile and their religious life a bottomless pit of baseness.

When going to a heathen festival my husband had to make great preparations. Native preachers were summoned and men engaged to carry tents and provisions. Part of the journey was made with ox-carts and part by boat. Where no boats or bridges were to be had, they were obliged to traverse rivers on foot.

The natives slept on the floor in their tent, while my husband only had a mattress to be on. There were plenty of insects and even tigers nearby.

The Najaners and Bramins get substantial meals several times a day.

Thousands of people gather together and bring their offerings to the god they worship. For the time being the castes are done away with. The Brahmins and the Cheterees are only allowed to enter the temple, all the others must remain outside and get their blessings there, after offering money or some of the fruits of the land. For two weeks there is a din and turmoil that the missionary has to stand somewhat in the distance, under the shade of a tree where they attract the attention of the passerby by singing a hymn as: "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus, just now He will save you, just now, just now, etc." Then they would gather around and listen to the preaching, asking questions and making remarks. Many would follow them to their tent to hear more of Christ and His doctrine or to buy books.

Thus they would labor for about two weeks and then return home very tired but with many an encouraging invitation from some of the heathens to come again.

The First Mission Reports by a Wisconsin Synod Pastor

Translated by Arnold O. Lehmann

1993 is the centennial anniversary of the founding of "foreign mission work" by the Wisconsin Synod. In previous issues of the JOURNAL the mission Reiseprediger reports of Pastor Eduard Moldehnke to Pres. Muehlhaeuser and the synod in convention were published. Several years prior to Moldehnke, Pastor Gottlieb Fachtmann, who was called to serve the congregations at Town of Polk and Richfield went on home mission journeys of his own. The following two letters are the first reports of mission work by a Wisconsin Synod pastor. Excerpts of the first letter were incorporated in an article in a previous issue of the JOURNAL. Fachtman received no financial or official words of support from the synod.

Oshkosh
October 2, 1857

In Christ Jesus dear Brother:

In order to inform you of the latest results in the further progress of my mission journey, I am taking up my pen; may you be satisfied with a brief outline.

I went from Milwaukee to Port Washington, the area previously served by Brother Stark. The new Lutheran church is completed to the roof and should if possible be dedicated before winter. The congregation, after the departure of Brother Stark, has been served in part by a fellow brother of the Mo. Synod from Sheboygan, but it does not want to join that synod, and it constantly hopes to be served again by our Synod. Mr. Schreck explained this to me, and at the same time requested that our Synod send a preacher now and then. Since I did not want to stay there very long, I did not preach there. On the other hand I learned from a local German Evangelical school teacher, Mueller, that about 17 families had transferred to the Methodists.

From Port Washington I went to Sheboygan and there visited the school of Pastor Stecher of the Mo. Synod. It has two teachers and 150 children. This fellow-brother housed me for the night and received me cordially. He is also the preacher in Plymouth, through which I went on the following day, and from where I walked to Calumet where I preached the following Sunday, and conducted a children's service in the afternoon. The congregation, hoping that I might accept the call there, pledged \$112 already that same afternoon; the pledges will probably reach \$150 and for that a service is to be conducted there every two weeks. Brother Bading has written to me about Calumet. The congregation, that is the church council, desires to join our Synod, to which intention I did not give my assent, because I believe that the acknowledgement of the Augsburg Confession and Luther's Catechism is not accepted sincerely and honorably by all and also because I am of the opinion that the previous differences between them and Sauer and Bading must be brought up and reconciled. It appears in the congregation as if God's grace has extended its arms one more time. An earlier adversary of Bading and Sauer, Rathe, has been won for the church by a sermon. He is a farmer with a college

education; in respect to devotions he appears indifferent, but among remaining cold farmers who are filled with many prejudices, he has gained some for the church and it seems as if some of those who are nearly atheists, the foes of the cross of Christ, want to come back. It's the same old story again, in the words: Before parsons we must still humble ourselves in order to get a new one, but before the Synod no free man bows down. As things stand here I cannot advise otherwise than to carry on according to God's Word: if someone berates us, we bless, if someone curses us, we pray. For Brother Bading it has to be a greater honor to have suffered disgrace and ridicule for Christ's sake than for his own sake to have sought the correct position, of which I am fully convinced he is in the right for the most part. It says that we are blessed if people revile us for Christ's sake and if smitten on the one cheek, to also turn the other cheek; this from God's Word I believe has to be the practice for the Synod here. As all things now stand here, I can make no other judgment than an attempt to recall the earlier matters with Bading; it would mean that the congregation in Calumet would be ruined anew. I am completely indifferent in regard to my place in Calumet; for myself, if I come to Fond du Lac I could take on as well another neighboring congregation, Menasha, among others. This for brotherly consideration: in Calumet there are confirmands of several ages, and because of them I would like to go there even if only for a half year.

From Calumet I went to Chilton where I had to remain an extra day in order to set up an evening service. Chilton is a village and a county seat. No German preacher has yet been there. I baptized six children, and had a full school house; there are about 15-20 Evangelical families there, among them a homeopathic physician, with whom Yankees and Catholics had met in the evening. I was begged to come again from time to time.

I next went to New Holstein, to the declared German town. There are about 150 Lutheran families there, about 1,000 Germans, who represent Germany in customs and culture in such a manner that one believes himself to be in the fatherland. Madam Ostenfeld, recommended by Goldammer, received me very hospitably. One evening I attended a meeting in which an Evangelical preacher was called; in the meeting, a Catholic, Mr. Hachet [Hachez], elected by the protestants to the council of the Lutheran congregation, was the president and showed the greatest interest for the church. On the following evening I preached to a large gathering. I was thanked most sincerely and the wish was expressed that I might take over the congregation, which I of course had to decline; but I did promise to help them with might and main wherever and how much I could. On the following Sunday I preached twice in Fond du Lac, had a good crowd in the afternoon, went to Red River, held on Tuesday of last week two communion services in which 60-70 persons partook of communion, travelled to New London on Thursday, held a communion service there in which 40-50 persons partook of communion. In the evening I confirmed a boy after an examination and on Friday at Wolf River a communion service in the house of a certain Krehnke, a Pommeranian, and am now on the way to Menasha and Neenah, where I will preach tomorrow and conduct a holy communion service, then at mid-week to Hardenville [Hortonville] and after that up the Fox River to Berlin.

Up till now I have baptized 63 children and I think I preached about 30 times in the months of August and September. At Red River one of the largest Lutheran congregations in the state will be founded in the future. The congregation sought help from me—a preacher from our Synod. If Zinn comes there is not as yet determined. [see footnote].

The beautiful weather has very much lightened my heavy schedule, and the Lord has sent his blessings upon me, an unworthy servant, beyond expectation.

This again is the result: Preachers, preachers, preachers. May the Lord of the church show mercy in due time also in this regard.

I hope that Streissguth has again arrived. I greet him sincerely and also

Your humble brother

G. Fachtmann

Footnote—This sentence is difficult. ZINN may be a man's name, or it can also be the metal "tin." This sentence has no relationship with the previous or the following sentences; therefore Muehlhaeuser must have known in what connection this sentence was made.

(early 1858)

In the Lord, most cordially, honorable Brother:

I have just returned from the trip which I made at your request and counsel to Horicon and Beaver Dam. My heart is truly filled and I hurriedly will give you in a brief outline a picture of the church situation of our German fellow countrymen in that area. It is a large harvest field. The work rightfully belongs to our Lutheran synod because most of the settlers there of German tongue are for the most part from Lutheran congregations in our fatherland: Bavarians, Saxons, Prussians, Mecklenburgers, etc. I arrived in Horicon Wednesday evening and I soon became settled. That evening I already had a room full of German fellow believers and your name was the best reference, and Thursday evening I preached in an American Presbyterian church and had about 50 in attendance; the Lutheran farmers were not able to come because it was not possible to inform them of the service in such a short time.

In Horicon itself there are probably 20 German families of which 12 are ready to subscribe a small amount for a Lutheran pastor. The rest as well as a number of farmers will not refuse to take part if the preacher knows how to win them over. Up till now a Methodist preacher Snake has led services there every three weeks; but in recent times, especially after a communion service, the number of his listeners has greatly declined; he has not been able to win any adherents to Methodism. In the vicinity of Horicon, about 4-8 miles outside the city, congregations have been formed at three locations. They hear Pastor Snake preach every four weeks; I hear and also believe that all of these congregations would go over to anyone who would display the Lutheran banner and preach Christian doctrine. The above mentioned Lutheran congregation members in Horicon have begged me urgently to return soon and often; this indeed, apart from the congregations assigned to me and their claim upon me personally, would not be possible because the round trip on the railroad from here would cost over 2 dollars.

In Horicon I heard of the large number of Evangelicals in Beaver Dam, ten miles from there, so I went there on Thursday. According to information from a certain baker Sebold, there are about 50 Evangelical families in Beaver Dam without their own preacher; the Methodist preacher Snake also preaches to them, and has won over four

families. However the rest would go over to the first sincere Lutheran preacher who would preach God's Word to them with sincerity and graciousness. Also there are many Germans in the surrounding area, even well-populated and prosperous German settlements, where often more than 100 gather on Sundays in a school house to hear the Methodist preacher Snake, who serves 19 congregations in all. That is a large working area for our Synod, but difficult, because it is so difficult for Germans to give offerings for a pastor or church. The young people, as far as I was able to determine, are without faith, not confirmed, and without instruction in religion, reading, and writing. A new area of heathenism if God's grace does not offer help.

What should now be done? If Brothers Sauer, Koehler, and Bading would visit these congregations now and then, that still would be only a temporary measure. It appears quite definitely a necessity that a preacher be sent first and foremost to Horicon, in order to cover the territory there and to serve the means of grace.

For the future there certainly are enough people there for several congregations. It appears to me that the most difficult problem would be—how the person who serves the people of this area as a minister would live; the Germans in Horicon seem to be somewhat tight, but they also seem to be rather poor in regards to means; the same may also be the case in Beaver Dam, but in the latter place it would be quite easy to start a school, whereby the income of the preacher would be increased. There also was talk of combining Beaver Dam with Columbus, but congregation members indicated that an Evangelical preacher from Columbus preached there for them, and they did not care for him. Whether that was Brother Ruyter [Rueter] or not, I don't know; he was supposed to have been a small man. The rural people around Horicon and Beaver Dam would be among the first to show a willingness to give something for a preacher's salary. There indeed would also be daily bread, if the Bread of Life could be given to these people. A farmer in the vicinity of Horicon, a Prussian from the Oderbruch, has given the promise, that if a bushel of wheat would get 1 dollar and he would harvest 1,000 bushels from the 80 bushels of wheat sown, he would himself lay the cornerstone for a German Lutheran church in Horicon. The congregation members want to discuss their prospects further, and to send me the results of their deliberations in order that I convey them to you.

With most heartfelt greetings to your wife and with best wishes for prosperity for you and for your family, I also ask that you kindly forward the same to Pastor Streissguth. He will also be interested in hearing about this large working territory that is without workers. Should we let our fellow Germans be so nourished by Methodists that they fall away? May the Lord guard against that and provide the workers so that we can give Him the glory.

From the heart obliged to you

G. Frachtmann

The President's Report

At its monthly (almost) meetings, your board has been talking a lot about the goals of the Historical Institute. One on-going goal has been to get more material flowing to our archives and museum. We're going to make an effort to find at least one person in each pastoral conference (pastor, teacher, layperson, male or female, active or retired) to become sort of the eyes and ears of the Institute. We'll ask the person to do such things as pick up an extra bulletin at a church dedication or installation, and send it to our archives. The person might also keep his/her eyes open for old books of minutes, pictures, and artifacts (a retired communion set here, a no-longer-used gavel there, etc.). We don't envision this as a burdensome job. In fact, we wouldn't be surprised if one of our *Journal* readers right this minute (you) would find this enjoyable—and it really would help our archives and museum. Give in to your impulse and send a note to the undersigned at the Institute office:

2929 North Mayfair Road
Milwaukee, WI 53226

Our membership committee has noted (with dismay) that many people in leadership roles in our synod, districts, and schools aren't members of the Institute. We're sure this is more oversight on their part than anything else (our humble organization is thought of last). We're going to try to rectify this with personal written invitations to join, and we're anticipating many new Institute members. By the way, the membership committee is planning a display at the OWLS national convention in St. Cloud, Minnesota, in July. Watch for it.

The past few months our museum committee has been busy with the status of Salem Landmark Church. Back in 1977 the building and several other properties in the area were given landmark status. Then through some bureaucratic change (who can understand bureaucracies) the status was lost, and the process of acquiring it had to start over. We're happy to report that on September 17, 1992, the Milwaukee Common Council designated the church as a "local historic structure." But now there's another problem. A business development in the area threatens to bring a widening of 107th Street as close as 12 feet to the church. Increased traffic would shake the old foundation, destroy the aesthetics of the site, and make visiting the church unsafe. Regaining the historic district status, which the area once had, would protect the building, at least somewhat, and the museum committee has been pursuing that. No decision yet. Stay tuned.

We welcome two new board members appointed by the Conference of Presidents to fill vacancies, Rev. Curtis Jahn and Rev. Mark Jeske. Actually, Mark is a returnee, having served five years at the Institute's inception. In addition, Mr. Clarence Miller and the undersigned were re-elected at the annual meeting on October 18, 1992. We all consider the work of the Institute an important and necessary part of our synod's ministry, and we ask all of you to share our concerns and keep us in your prayers.

Finally, this past November I had the opportunity to attend the Lutheran Historical Conference in Chicago. It's an organization of archivists and church historians and others interested in the histories of the various Lutheran church bodies in the United States. (Incidentally, Rev. Robert C. Hartman gave a fine paper on the history of WELS

missions. Outsiders are interested in our work.) At the meeting, Rev. Robert Wiederaenders, who was the archivist for the former ALC, referred to our work as "a ministry of remembering." That struck me. That's what the Institute is all about. Even our logo says it. In a day when many new forms of ministry are developing, this is our particular one. "A ministry of remembering." I like that.

James G. Kiecker



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. . . from the editor

In 1992 we celebrated the centennial of the establishment of the *Allgemeine Ev. Luth. Synode von Wisconsin u. a. St.* (Evangelical Lutheran Joint Synod of Wisconsin and Other States). Prof. Fredrich's article in this issue was the essay presented at our annual meeting in Jefferson, Wisconsin in October 1992.

In 1993 we celebrate 100 years of "foreign" missions—work among the Apaches. Articles in previous issues of the *Journal* have treated the subject. Although it took some 40 years to establish its own mission field, yet the early Wisconsin Synod pastors were much concerned about spreading and preaching the gospel as the two letters by Fachtmann show.

As editor of the *Journal* I again seek manuscripts and articles about Wisconsin Synod historical matters, especially those that cover new ground. If we do not record such events and happenings, they may be lost to future generations. Happenings in the life history of a congregation are of interest, and at times amusing. I have found such in my research of records and newspaper or periodical publications in compiling a history of my church, St. Luke's of Watertown, WI, which will be celebrating its 145th anniversary of organization in May of this year. Would that interested persons do the same in regard to their own churches and congregations.

This latter activity would certainly permit the WELS Historical Institute to fulfill one of the goals set up by the synod when the Institute's organization was ratified ten years ago—namely to aid in gathering materials of historical importance of the WELS for the synod's archives.

If you are attending the biennial convention of the WELS in Saginaw, please visit the Institute's booth to learn more about the work of the Institute, and help us promote our future.

We thank Mr. George Reul of Helenville, Wisconsin for providing the editor with the original, handwritten copy of Anna Roeck's *Among the Hindus*. She was Mr. Reul's grandmother. It might be added here that another child, born in India, died and lies buried in Calcutta. In addition to the two surviving girls born in India the Roecks had six more children in America, the youngest being but five years old when Pastor Roeck died.

Arnold O. Lehmann