

threatening with death any who might withstand them. Adherents scattered throughout the congregation cried their approval and sang revolutionary songs to hymn tunes. After the terrified congregation was finally dismissed by the "comrades" and the red flag had been unfurled outside the church, Schilling was permitted to leave the sacristy, which he never again entered.

On the 21st of August, while at a synodical meeting in distant Walk, he learned that an attempt had been made during the night to burn the parsonage. Despite all warnings he hurried back, removed his old mother and the children to Riga, and returned to the parsonage with his wife.

He was cited before the courts to tell who had threatened him in the sacristy, but this was only a blind. He continued his ministrations, and on September 9, the night before he was assassinated, he drove out to visit one of the sick. On his return he was told that two persons had called to see him and that they had declared they would return the next day. The following morning the doorbell rang. Schilling opened the door and was handed a letter. As he went to the window to read it the stranger fired a number of shots at him and ran out, crying, "He is done for." His wife caught him in her arms. He was just able to gasp, "It was a stranger—Life was beautiful, but death is also beautiful."

Ludwig Zimmermann

The chain of evil was not broken. It had just begun and in less than a year the preacher was to follow his friend. Zimmermann was thirteen years older than Schilling. In 1881 he had become pastor of a small congregation near Riga, and when only 39 years old, he was elected provost, a most unusual honor for one of that age. In 1895 he became pastor of the large congregation at Lannewarden and its filial congregation at Jungfernhof. In the main congregation he was rather coolly received, while in the filial congregation the relation was very cordial.

On Pentecost, 1905, after the sermon, when he had entered the sacristy, instead of the usual offertory he heard a stranger speaking from the pulpit. When he attempted to return to stop the harangue, his way was blocked by a number of young terrorists. One of the members of the congregation who succeeded in removing the intruder from the pulpit was knocked down, and the terrified congregation fled from the building. Outside the red flag was flying. The desecrated church was ordered closed by the Consistory.

A "committee" of terrorists informed Zimmermann that he was deposed, but, nevertheless, he remained and ministered to the sick. Finally he was compelled to withdraw to Riga until the reign of terror had been broken by the Russian military forces in the spring of 1906. Then, at the request of the faithful members of the parish, he returned.

Soon afterwards he was called on to rededicate the church at Mitau, which had been closed after the death of Schilling, and, with his usual conscientiousness, he denounced the deed of the terrorists as murder. On August 31, three masked men appeared at the parsonage at Lannewarden. They laid his death warrant on the table. It was signed, "The devil, the judge, and the fikle one." The three informed his wife that they had come to kill the pastor because he had slandered those who had fought for freedom at Mitau. Then they began to pillage the house, and when she protested, beat her with whips and ordered her not to leave the room. After an hour of waiting, his carriage was heard in the courtyard. When she attempted to warn him, his wife was shot down and almost immediately the same fate overtook him without. They were buried together, but only a very few of the faithful ventured to be present at the funeral of the "provost with the golden heart." Pastor Taurit of Dahlen officiated.

Wilhelm Taurit

Even to bury another pastor was perilous. A short distance above Riga, in the Duena River, is the large island of Dahlen, where Wilhelm Taurit was born in 1870, and where his father was pastor before him. His student days were hardly over when his father died, and the son was called to succeed him. As a result of its isolated location, the parish had preserved an almost patriarchal character with the pastor as its chief au-

thority. Taurit strictly enforced the old order. Ninety-five per cent. of the children who, according to the old order had to be instructed by their mothers before entering school, appeared yearly at the parsonage for examination. Pastor Taurit was a forceful preacher and a man of such ability that in 1900 he became editor of the leading Lutheran church paper of Russia.

When the revolution broke out he remained at his post of duty and fearlessly rebuked the outrages and murders committed by the terrorists. He knew perfectly well that his life was in danger and made every preparation for the end, even selecting his funeral text (Rom. 8:38-39), and the hymns, "Jerusalem, Thou City Fair and High," and "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." Soon the hour came. The socialists found a man willing to commit the murder. The man was related to a notorious criminal for whom Taurit had refused to intercede, though he had often interceded for those whom he believed innocent. Eager for revenge, this man and several comrades broke into the parsonage on November 23, 1906. The pastor was shot as he sat writing at his desk. After an hour of agony and suffering another martyr was added to the Noble Army.

Friedrich Albert Gruehn

Friedrich Gruehn was born in 1859. After completing his studies in 1884, he spent six years as pastor of a small parish at Ballgahn. He was then called to an extremely large parish of 10,000 members, which included the congregation at Erwahlen and its filial congregations at Sassmacken and Rohjen, on the Gulf of Riga. This parish, which covered many square miles, was really beyond the ability of any one man to supervise, but nevertheless, he accomplished a great deal in improving family conditions and in raising the standards of the schools. In this latter work he was aided both by German emigrants and by the better educated and wealthier Lettish farmers.

On one of his lengthy journeys to the remote sections of his parish he discovered a ruined tavern in the midst of the forest. In a dark corner of the building he found a number of sick people lying on rotting straw. They were lepers. There was no one to care for them, neither were there sanitary precautions to protect the population of the surrounding territory from infection. Gruehn could not forget the rotting limbs and the disfigured faces of the sufferers. He did not rest until his congregation made provision for their care. With the aid of one of the nobility of Curland and of a Lettish physician he was able to erect a modern leper hospital in Sassmacken a few years later.

But his work of mercy was no protection from the hatred of the socialists and when the revolution broke out in those isolated forests he was one of the objects of attack. The revolutionary committee sent him a letter with the alternative "that either he must leave or else he would be visited with certain death." He showed the letter to no one, but put it into a secret compartment of his desk, where it was found after his death, and stayed with the people over whom God had placed him. When the Consistory gave the pastors permission to leave their parishes temporarily, he replied that he would not leave the parish in which God had placed him, his congregation was faithful to him, he had nothing to fear. If God's providence should decide otherwise, he could wish no more beautiful death than one that came in the discharge of his duties.

When Cossacks were offered for his protection he refused the offer, and faithful members of his congregation gathered for his defence. On May 11, he had to make the long trip to the church at Rohjen, where he was to administer confirmation on Ascension Day. Six kilometers from the parsonage, in a thick forest, he was met by a wandering band of fifteen revolutionists. They fired and the horses dropped. Unable to run because of his heavy fur coat he called to the driver, "Run, you are young and can save yourself." A moment later he fell, with six wounds.

When they buried him from the church at Erwahlen an old Lettish mother knelt at his bier and said aloud, "Dear pastor, pray God that he may graciously forgive the great sin which the Lettish people have committed against you. They have left us poor people fatherless."