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The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

Edited by Prof. R. A. BISCHOFF.

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Vol. I.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1880.

No. 11.

New Year.

Now let us raise our voices
In prayer, and let rejoice us
In God who strength from heaven
Unto our life hath given.

The stream of years is flowing,
And we are onward going,
From old to new surviving,
And by His mercy thriving.

In woe we often languish,
And pass through times of anguish,
When fearful war aboundeth
And dread this earth surroundeth.

A faithful mother keepeth
Watch, while her infant sleepeth,
And all its grief assuageth,
When angry tempest rageth:

Thus God His children shieldeth
And full protection yieldeth;
When need and woe distress them,
His loving arms caress them.

In vain is all our doing,
The labor we're pursuing
In our hands prospers never,
Unless God watcheth ever.

We praise Thy mercies gaily,
Which Thou renewest daily;
To Thee, our strong defender
From grief, our thanks we render.

O God of mercy, hear us;
Our Father, be Thou near us;
'Mid crosses and in sadness
Be Thou our fount of gladness.

To all that bow before Thee
And for Thy grace implore Thee,
Do grant Thy benediction
And patience in affliction.

With richest blessings crown us;
In all our ways, Lord, own us;
Give grace, who grace bestowest,
To all, e'en to the lowest.

Of all forlorn be father,
And all the strayed sheep gather,
And of the poor and needy
Be Thou the succor speedy.

Grant help to all afflicted,
And to all souls dejected,
By melancholy haunted,
May cheerful thoughts be granted.

All earthly gifts excelling,
Thy Holy Ghost indwelling
Give us, to make us glorious
And lead to Thee victorious.

All this Thy hand bestoweth,
O Life, whence our life floweth;
To me and all believers
Grant, Lord, these New Year's favors.

(Paul Gerhardt.)

New Year's Message.

We know no better New Year's message for our readers than that which is found in Luke 2, 21.: "When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, *His name was called JESUS.*" Do you know what that name Jesus means? It means Saviour. This we plainly see from Matthew 1, 21., where the angel, speaking of the virgin Mary's child, says to Joseph: "Thou shalt call his name JESUS; for *He shall save His people from their sins.*"

Now, this may seem a queer New Year's message to some of our readers; but it surely should be a welcome message to all that wish to have a happy New Year. For without this Child Jesus, without this Saviour there can be no true happiness. Those that try to find happiness in the riches and joys of this world know not what true happiness is. In the time of need, in the gloomy days of sickness and sorrow and in the dark hour of death their treasures will fail them. Yes, the new year into which they go forth so merrily, may be their last year upon earth, and if they die without the Saviour, they go into eternity with the load of their sins upon them, and those sins of the past years of their lives will rise up in judgment against them, and on account of those sins the wrath of a just and holy God will cast them into eternal misery. Oh, dear reader, I wish you a *happy* New Year, and I therefore tell you that Jesus only can render the new year happy. Looking back on the past years, you will find that by many, many sins you have offended God, who has shown so many mercies unto you from day to day. Will you now enter the new year with all those sins and with the wrath of God upon you? Can you then expect any true happiness? Do you not know that this year

may be the last year of your life? And what then?

You may say, "Well, I'll make up my mind to do better in the new year." Now, suppose you could do better, what then about those sins of the past? They are recorded in God's Book of Omniscience, and your better life cannot blot them out. But the trouble is, I tell you, you cannot do better by your own strength. Those good resolutions are easily taken on New Year's day, but they are very soon forgotten. Dr. Luther well says: "The way to hell is paved with good resolutions." Do you not know that you are a sinner *by nature*, "dead in trespasses and sin"? Do you think you can change that sinful, corrupt nature of yours by dropping this or that bad habit, by leading an outwardly decent life? You can never do it. And remember you can satisfy God only by being *perfectly* holy. God says, "Ye shall be holy: for I the Lord your God am holy."

You may now ask, "What then shall I do?" Oh, let me tell you the sweet New Year's message: "His name was called JESUS!" Why was His name called JESUS? The angel tells us the reason why. He says, "Thou shalt call His name JESUS; for *He shall save His people from their sins.*" Your good resolutions were not called Jesus, for they cannot save you. Your own righteousness and your own good works were not called Jesus, for they cannot save you. But HE, the Son of God and Mary's Son, was called JESUS; "for HE shall save His people from their sins." And, oh rejoice! He is not only *named* Saviour, but He really *is* the Saviour. He has accomplished the work of our salvation. He was "made under the law" and in our stead fulfilled that law of God perfectly. Our sins were punished in Him, and in Him "we HAVE redemption *through His blood*, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. 1, 7.). It is for us to accept through faith the forgiveness of sins which is brought to us in the Gospel.

Rejoice then in the name JESUS! It is the sweetest of all names. It is a bottomless sea of mercy and love! Throw all your sins into it and they will sink and disappear forever! What a happy new year you will then have! The name of JESUS will brighten all the days,

even the darkest days of the coming year. It is true, you know not what shall befall you in the days to come; God only knows. But by faith in Jesus that God is your loving Father, and you are His beloved child. Whatever He sends you must be for your own good. He maketh *all* things work together for good to them that love Him. Come what may then, you are safe, while you believe in that Child of Bethlehem; for "*His name was called JESUS*", SAVIOUR! In poverty, and in sickness, and in sorrow, and in death put your trust in Him; for He says: "I will *never* leave thee, nor forsake thee."

With Him you cannot be alone,
You cannot be forgot;
Though friends are changing one by one,
Your Saviour changeth not.

The hour is coming when all things must fade, and when you must part with all. That hour may come in the new year. But cling to Him whose "*name was called JESUS*." He will go with you through the black currents of death's stream, and will take you up to heaven and make you sit together with Him in heavenly places forever; for "*His name was called JESUS*", SAVIOUR! The new year will then be the happiest year of your life; and wearing the golden crown, and touching with joyous fingers the strings of golden harps, you will sing praises to that name above all names, to that sweetest of all names — JESUS!

„Jesus is the Name we treasure,
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Saving us from sin and hell."

And now tell me, dear reader, could I, in wishing you a *happy* New Year, bring you a better New Year's message than this: "*His name was called JESUS*"? Surely not! So I again wish you a happy, a happy New Year in Him whose name was called JESUS!

1-8-8-0.

How swiftly time passes by! We have hardly got used to writing 1879 at the head of our letters, when we are already called upon to exchange it for 1880. How many joys and how many sorrows have come to us during the flight of those past twelve months! How many little ones have died before they were 1 year old! How many have died between 1 and 8, and 8 and 18, and 18 and 80! Ah! those graves, short as they are, are long enough to cast a shadow on the path of our earthly journey, as millions of sorrowing hearts can tell. Surely, "*we fly away*", and "*as for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.*" But "*blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; they may rest from their labors.*"

Divide the figures into two, and think of the many that start on their journey at 18, with hopeful hearts, with flowers blooming at their

feet, with a bright sky overhead; and then think of the few, the very few, who travel on until they come to 80, care-worn, disappointed, weak, and weary. Compared with eternity our time between 18 and 80 is like a flash of lightening, like a tick of the clock; and yet, young man and young woman, you will find many a thorn among the flowers, and the sky will often be clouded, and there will be many trials and sorrows to pass through, which will make the days and the weeks seem so long, oh, so long! What does the Bible say? It says, "*The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore [that is 80] years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow.*" (Psalm 90, 10.)

Now, what are we to learn from this lesson on 1-8-8-0? Let us learn to pray to God from the depth of our hearts: "*So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*" (Psalm 90, 12.) We are travelers on our way to eternity. Oh, how foolish is it for men to go on in sin and wickedness, to seek their peace and their joys in the passing things of this world, whilst the solemn tolling of the bell of Time tells them that another year is gone which brings them nearer to the grave and to judgment! Such men do not apply their hearts unto wisdom. Oh, may the passing days of our lives teach us that the day comes nearer when we, too, must pass away, out of time into eternity! And may we on every day of the year be prepared for the hour of our death by true faith in our dear Saviour, in whom we have forgiveness of all our sins and life everlasting! Thus we apply our hearts unto wisdom, and the bell of Time, which tells us that another year is gone, will have a merry ring for us, filling our hearts with joy. It tells us that we are nearer to our home above, where death and the grave cast no shadow, where the flowers of heavenly joy bloom forever, where the sky is never clouded, where 'labor and sorrow' are never known. May we all as true believers in Jesus live day by day, as if we *knew* that we would enter that glory before the close of the year 1-8-8-0!

Search the Scriptures!

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." Matth. 23, 13.

II.

Surely one of the objects of the "*Lutheran Pioneer*" is, to provide a monthly and popularly conducted periodical, in which the great salvation might be declared, and *Bible* principles and duties illustrated and enforced. Thus it will perhaps not be of little importance, if our "*Lutheran Pioneer*" will give to its readers the precise position of the Roman Catholic Church with regard to the reading of the Bible by the people.—In our first article (in the October number) we said that the Pope is the "*Antichrist*". Among the many proofs which go to show that the Pope at Rome is the Antichrist

and his church an *antichristian* church we will here mention only this one: "We hold that the Pope is the Antichrist because he forbids the lay-members of his church to read the Holy Bible in their mother tongue."

Knowledge is necessary to religion; "*If ye know these things (says our Saviour), happy are ye if ye do them.*" We must first *know* God, before we can worship Him; and first understand what is His will, before we can do it. And as knowledge in general is necessary to religion, so more particularly the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures is necessary to our eternal salvation; because the Holy Scriptures are the great and standing revelation of God to mankind, wherein the nature of God and His will concerning our duty, and the terms and conditions of our eternal happiness in another world are FULLY and PLAINLY declared to us. Our Saviour says to ALL Christians at all times: "Search the Scriptures"—and then adds the reason why—"for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." (John 5, 39.) *There*, says our Saviour, (our *true* Christ—who certainly knows better than the "*Antichrist*") *there*, namely, in the Holy Scriptures you will find testimony of my doctrine; *there* you must learn to know what is the will of my heavenly Father, and *there* you will receive everlasting life. The Holy Scriptures are the word of God. What title can there be of greater value? "The Lord hath spoken by them, they came not by the will of men, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Pet. 1, 20.). From whence can we learn the will of God so well as from God Himself?

Should not every man be acquainted with that which alone can perfectly tell him what he must believe and what he must do in order to be saved? Now, dear reader, what are the priests, bishops, cardinals and pope doing who keep men in ignorance of religion, and take away from the people so excellent and necessary a means of divine knowledge as the Holy Scriptures are? Our Saviour says: "*they are taking away the KEY of knowledge*", and shutting the kingdom of heaven against men"—they are starving the people in taking from them *the true manna*—the bread which came down from heaven—the savor of life unto life. Jesus Christ denounces a terrible woe against the teachers of the Jewish church, though they did not proceed so far as to deprive men of the Holy Scriptures, but only of the right knowledge and understanding of them. Even this is a horrible impiety, to lead men into a *false* sense and *false* interpretation of Scripture, but a MUCH GREATER it is to *forbid them* the reading—the searching of Scripture—as is done by the teachers of the Romish church. This is to stop knowledge at the very head of the fountain. Can there be a greater crime than to rob men of the Word of God—than to lock up the Holy Scriptures from the people?! Can any sane man really think that God should send this great light of His Word into the world for the

priests and bishops to hide it under a bushel?! Should this light not rather be set up to the greatest advantage for the enlightening of the world?

St. Paul tells us, that "whatsoever things were written, were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope", Rom. 15, 4. All that is written in the Word of God is not written for angels—or merely for popes and priests—but for the sons of men, for you—for me—for us all, and for our instruction, that by them we may receive strength and comfort in all adversities and have hope of the life to come. And again St. Paul tells us (2 Tim. 3, 16.), that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." There is no sentence, no clause, no word, no syllable, no letter, but it is written for your instruction; there is not one jot, but it is sealed with the blood of the Lamb. Our imaginations are idle, our thoughts are vain; but there is no idleness, no vanity in the Word of God—and consequently no reason in the world, why the Antichrist—the Pope at Rome, should rob the people of the Holy Scriptures, or any part thereof. Surely the Bible was designed to be "a light to every age", and to EVERY man, and it has been translated into all the languages spoken, so that ALL might read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, and be able, through faith, to find the way of salvation and eternal life. And now remember, dear reader, of the Bible, which is the book of books—which is a star without a speck; a sun without a blot; a vein of pure gold; a light without darkness; a moon without its paleness; a glory without a dimness—of this book the "infallible" (!?) teachers of the Romish church say, it is NOT a book for the people, consequently must not—yea dare not be read by all.—All the popes, especially for the last 700 years, have either discouraged or prohibited the people from reading the Bible in their mother tongue. Among the great number we will here mention a few: Gregory the Seventh—Innocenz the Third—Pius the Fourth—Gregory the Ninth—Gregory the Thirteenth—Sixtus the Fifth—Clemens the Eighth—Clemens the Eleventh—Pius the Sixth. The popes of our present 19th century have done the same thing, namely, told the people that the Bible is a dangerous book in the hands of a layman—and have frequently damned and cursed all Protestant Bible-Societies, for instance Pope Pius the Seventh (1816)—Leo the Twelfth (1824)—Gregory the Sixteenth (1832) and Pius the Ninth, the most unholy father, who has, more than once, denounced the spread of Protestant Bibles, and who classed the Bible-Societies with socialism, communism, and secret societies; yea, Pius IX., this very fallible Pope, even dared to call the Bible-Societies "PESTS" of the country.—

A certain Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church by the name of Hosuis once said: "To permit the laity (the people) the reading and

searching of the Holy Scriptures is giving that which is holy unto the dogs, and casting the pearls before the swine." Indeed, the Holy Scriptures are 'holy'—and are 'pearls', but the people are not 'dogs'—are not 'swine'. Much more could be said to show the settled opposition of the Pope and his associates to the reading of the Word of God by the people, but this may suffice.

Our blessed Saviour exhorts ALL to "search the Scriptures"—St. Paul charges all Christians that the Word of God should "dwell richly in them"—and the Fathers of the church, as St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, Jerome, Clemens, Irenaeus and others do most frequently and earnestly recommend to the people the reading and study of the Scriptures; but the most unholy antichristian popes at Rome have said and do say to the people up to this day: you must not search the Scriptures—the Scriptures are not for the people."

CLEMENS, one of the Fathers of the church, says: "The word of God is hid from no man; it is a light common unto all men";—IRENÆUS says: "The Scriptures are plain, and without doubtfulness, and may be read and heard by all men"; CHRYSOSTOM calls upon the people to read and hear the Scriptures: "Hear me, ye men of the world; get ye the Bible, that most wholesome remedy for the soul—get at least the New Testament, St. Paul's Epistles, the Gospels, and the Acts that THEY may be your continual and earnest teachers." And again: "Hearken not to the Word only here in the church, but also at home; let the husband with the wife, let the father with the child, talk together of these matters— and would God they (the people) would begin this good custom." ORIGEN says: "Would to God we would all do as it is written, 'Search the Scriptures.'" ST. JEROME says, in expounding the words of the Apostle, "let the word of Christ dwell in you plenteously": "Here we are taught, that the lay-people ought to have the word of God, not only sufficiently, but also in abundance, and to teach and counsel one another."—ST. AUGUSTINE says: "Almighty God, in the Scriptures, speaks as a familiar friend, without distinction, unto the hearts both of the learned and of the unlearned."

Ah! may the God of the Bible be with us as He was with our fathers, and by His Spirit inspire us with a deeper reverence and a holier love for that Word which is our salvation and eternal life! Remember, the Scripture of God is like an apothecary's shop, full of medicines of various sorts, that every man may there choose a convenient medicine for his disease. There are salves and ointments to cure all maladies. Whosoever cannot be cured by the word of God, his disease is grown desperate and past cure. We are told that the heathen used to bind their gods to the tempels by chains of gold, lest they should remove or an enemy should carry them away—so let us, dear readers, bind this precious book, the Bible, not to

our churches alone, but to our hearts, with bands purer and stronger than gold, and allow no enemy—no pope—no bishop or priest to rob us of it or any part of it, so that we and our children may have it as our guardian and our joy forever.

C. F. OBE.

Story of Old Nancy,

or,

Going to the Golden City.

Lame and old, lame and old,

She lived alone in a mud-built cot:
Walls and windows let in the cold;
Desolate, desolate seem'd her lot.

Food in winter was hard to win,
Fuel to warm her harder still;
She had buried her last of kith and kin;
She was poor and lonely, and old and ill.

Never a fire in her tiny grate
Had shone to-day with its feeble spark:
The sun was setting in pomp and state—
Setting, to leave her alone and dark.

That setting sun of God's own day
Had seen her bow at His feet in prayer;
The Lord's day service, so far away,
Though loved as ever, she could not share.

But she knelt on the rough, uneven floor,
And bent her cheek on the broken bed;
And want and weakness were felt no more,
For tears of joy were the tears she shed.

"O Father in heaven, Thy love has been
Ever around me in weal and woe:
I thank Thee for all that my eyes have seen
Of all Thy faithfulness here below.

I thank the Great Shepherd that follow'd me
And brought me home to his happy fold;
And has kept me there when, willfully,
I else had left it, oh, times untold!

"And day after day Thy spirit's grace
Has led me on with unwearied love,
And now I soon shall behold Thy face
In the happy home of Thy saints above.

"Father in heaven, be with me still!
Jesus, my Saviour, oh, quickly come!
Thy blood has washed each stain of ill,
And bear me speedily, safely home!"

The sun has set, the day now ends,
And sleep and darkness come on the earth—
Sleep which a sweet oblivion lends
Alike to the children of grief and mirth.

The widow slept; and while her eyes
Were closed in slumber a dream she dream'd,
Filling her soul with sweet surprise;
So strange and yet so true it seem'd.

When morning dawns, and the widow wakes,
"It could only have been a dream", she cried,
"How swift a journey the spirit takes!
I thought at first I had surely died."

Her scanty store for a scanty meal
She carried in to a neighbor's near:
"I should like the warmth of your fire to feel,
And to eat my morsel in comfort here."

"Ay, ay, come in; there is always room,
And put thy chair in the old man's nook,
And tell him something to chase his gloom,
Out of thy favorite, holy Book."

"Thou hast a scanty breakfast." "Nay, It is enough", she quickly cried.
"The promise fails not from day to day,
I know my Father will still provide.

"And if so be He should want me home,
It is a token that's easily read:
Whenever He means to bid me come,
And not before, He will stop the bread."

"You're happy, Nancy?" "Ay, ay", she cried;
"And so would you if you were me.
There's never a sinner for whom Christ died
Whose life on earth should unhappy be.

"And yesternight I was dreaming, too,
A happy dream you would like to hear;
A dream, I know, which is mostly true:
I wish the end might be true and near.

"I thought I stood by a river side;
And far away on the other shore
Was the golden city, its gates flung wide:
But there was no one to take me o'er.

"I saw the 'shining ones' in the street;
I heard their harp-strings music pour;
I saw them waiting my soul to greet:
But there was no one to take me o'er.

"I thought I saw where the Saviour's throne
Shone in the midst of that city fair:
Oh, how I longed to be up and gone!
And suddenly, suddenly I was there!"

She ceased; and after a pause they said,
"And what did you see in that city fair?"
No answer. The spirit to heaven had fled:
Suddenly, suddenly she was there.

(Selected.)

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther.

X.

LUTHER CALLED TO WORMS.

In the year 1521 the new Emperor Charles V. held his first Diet in the city of Worms. What is a Diet? A Diet is a convention of princes and others held for the purpose of discussing the affairs of the empire. Luther was ordered to appear at this Diet, or convention. His friends tried to keep him from going there, fearing that his enemies would put him to death as they had put others to death that had preached the Gospel. Luther, however, put his trust in God and was not afraid of men; for he knew that he had written and preached nothing but God's truth. He said he would go and appear in the name of the Lord, even "if his enemies built a fire which should extend from Wittenberg to Worms and reach to the heavens." After taking leave of his friends, he stepped into his carriage, and started on his journey from Wittenberg. The streets were thronged with people, who, in bidding their beloved Luther farewell, wept tears of affection; for they greatly feared that they would never see his face again. His journey was like the march of a beloved prince who is going out to some great battle for his people. At many a place, through which he passed, the people came in crowds to see him, and he at different times preached the Gospel to large congregations. He did not speak to them about his own person, or about the danger he was in, or

about the Diet; but he told them the way to heaven, he told them how sinners can be saved by faith in the Saviour.

When he came near the city of Worms, he got a letter from a dear friend of his, earnestly warning him not to go into the city. But Luther said, "If there were at Worms as many devils as there are tiles on the roofs, yet would I go in." And he did go in.

On the morning of the 16th of April, 1521, Luther entered the city of Worms in an open carriage. More than two thousand people followed him to his lodgings at the German Hotel, and during the day many noblemen came to see him, one of whom said to him as he left: "If you are in the right, Doctor, God help you!"

On the next day, early in the morning, the Marshal of the Empire came to Luther and informed him, by command of the Emperor, that he should appear at the Diet at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, to answer such questions as might be put to him. So the hour was near at hand when the faithful witness of Jesus Christ must appear before the mighty of the earth. But Luther did not put his trust in men, he leaned alone upon God, and before leaving his hotel he sought God's help in a long and fervent prayer, a part of which is as follows:

"O God, O Thou my God, do Thou stand by me and support me against all the reason and wisdom of the world; Thou must do it, Thou alone. It is not my cause, not mine, but Thine. Truly, I too would prefer happy, quiet days and an undisturbed life. But the cause is Thine, O Lord, and it is righteous forever. Support Thou me; I confide not in men, but in Thee, Thou faithful, eternal God. All is vanity and trifling; the flesh, and all that savors of the flesh is deceitful. O God, my God, dost Thou not hear, my God? Art Thou dead? No, Thou canst not die; Thou only hidest Thyself. Hast Thou chosen me for this, as I am sure Thou hast, then do Thou direct all; for I never, in all my life, thought or intended to be opposed to such great lords. Do Thou, then, my God, assist me in the name of Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, who shall be my shield and protection, yea my strong fortress, through the power of Thy Holy Spirit. Come, come, my God! I am ready, even to lay down my life, patiently like a lamb. For the cause is righteous, and it is Thine, and I will never separate myself from Thee. The world, with all its fiendish might shall still leave my conscience untrammelled. And if my body, Thy creature, should perish, the soul is Thine, it belongs to Thee, and will remain Thine forever. Amen. God help me! Amen."

"A CHRISTIAN, being only a traveller through this world, must expect a traveller's fare—bad roads sometimes, bad weather and bad accommodation; but since his journey is short and his city is heaven, all his actions, sufferings, prayers and conversation turn that way."

"Never."

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." (Hebr. 13, 5.) Let every believer grasp these words, and store them up in his heart. Keep them ready, and have them fresh in your memory; you will want them oftentimes.

"Never!" That word is of more worth than gold. Cling to it as a drowning man clings to a rope. Grasp it firmly, as a soldier attacked on all sides grasps his sword. Christ has said, and He will stand to it, "I will never leave thee."

"Never!" Though your heart be often faint, and you are sick of self, and your many failures and infirmities—even then this promise will not fail.

"Never!" Though the devil whispers, "I shall have you at last; yet a little time, and your faith will fail, and you will be mine." Even then the word of Christ will stand.

"Never!" Should the cold chill of death creep over you, and friends can do no more, and you are starting on that journey from which there is no return—even then Christ will not forsake you.

"Never!" When the day of judgment comes, and the dead are rising from their graves, and the books are opened, and eternity is beginning—even then the promise will bear all your weight; Christ will not leave His hold on your soul.

"Never!" Oh, then, believing reader, trust in the Lord for ever; for He says, "I will never leave you." Lean back all your weight upon Him; do not be afraid. Glory in His promise. Rejoice in the strength of your consolation. You may say boldly, "The Lord is my Helper, I will not fear."—Selected.

"If one has served thee, tell the deed to many; hast thou served many, tell it not to any."

Our Critic's Corner.

LUTHER AND INFANT BAPTISM.—THE SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR, OR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

These two small, but valuable Tracts, published by Rev. F. W. Weiskotten, Bethlehem, Pa., contain true Lutheran or scriptural doctrine about the two Sacraments of the New Testament. The first gives, in Luther's own clear and direct words, the answer to the false assertion of the Baptists of olden and modern times, that Luther, the great Reformer, agrees with them regarding Infant Baptism. We fear very much, they will hardly like the answer given; but they should at least, after having read it, acknowledge that father Luther is not of their belief. The tracts contain 8 pages 12mo, and may be had, by addressing the publisher, at 50 cents per 100 copies. The second pamphlet, for sale by the same publisher at 40 cents per 100 copies, gives on its 4 pages 12mo a short, but clear statement of the biblical doctrine respecting the Lord's Supper over against the Romanists and their superstition, and the Reformed Sects and their rational unbelief. We do not think it advisable, though, to call Bread and Wine the earthen vessels, wherein the Body and Blood of Christ is contained. The phrase savors of impanation, though, of course, it is not intended to mean this, and must not necessarily be so understood.

CRITIC.

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No. 12.

Presentation in the Temple.

Luke 2, 22—32.

Light of the Gentile nations,
Thy people's joy and love!
Drawn by Thy Spirit hither
We gladly come to prove
Thy presence in Thy temple,
And wait with earnest mind,
As Simeon once had waited
His Saviour God to find.

Yes, Lord, Thy servants meet Thee,
Even now, in every place
Where Thy true Word hath promised
That they should see Thy face.
Thou yet wilt gently grant us,
Who gather round Thee here,
In faith's strong arms to bear Thee,
As once that aged seer.

Be Thou our joy, our brightness,
That shines 'mid pain and loss,
Our Sun in times of terror,
The glory round our cross:
A glow in sinking spirits,
A sunbeam in distress,
Physician, friend in sickness,
In death our happiness.

Let us, O Lord, be faithful
With Simeon to the end,
That so his dying song may
From all our hearts ascend:
"O Lord, let now Thy servant
Depart in peace for aye,
Since I have seen my Saviour,
Have here beheld His day."

My Saviour, I behold Thee
Now with the eye of faith:
No foe of Thee can rob me,
Though bitter words he saith.
Within Thy heart abiding,
As Thou dost dwell in me,
No pain, no death has terrors
To part my soul from Thee!

(John Franck.)

None other Name.

The Christmas tidings told us that the Child of Bethlehem was born as the Saviour of all people; and from the New Year's Message we learned that the name of that Child of Bethlehem was called Jesus, because *He* would save His people from their sins; and when Christ,

as we read in Luke 2, 22—32., was presented in the temple, old Simeon took the child "up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people, a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." Old Simeon found his peace and hope of salvation only in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. And the Bible teaches us all the way through that we can be saved only by faith in this Saviour; there is no other way to heaven. Christ Himself says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father, but by *me*" (John 14, 6.). What a fearful sin are those guilty of who teach that men may be saved in some other way! The Bible knows nothing of the way to heaven which is taught in the pope's church. The Bible does not teach salvation by works, or by the virgin Mary, or by the saints. That is the pope's way to "purgatory", but it is not the Bible-way to heaven.

There are so-called Protestants, however, that are guilty of the same fearful sin. For example, at a late re-union of soldiers a "minister of Christ" offered a prayer in which he said that "all the comrades that died upon the battlefield for their country have entered the celestial fields of eternal glory above." Now, this is all sentimental nonsense and poetical bosh. If it were true, it would prove the Bible to be a fraud, and the life and death of Christ a farce. People may honor patriotism, but patriotism is no door to heaven. Christ, and Christ only is the door to heaven. Those that believe in Him are saved, and those that die without faith in Him are lost, lost and condemned eternally. "He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16, 16.). This truth may not be popular, but we don't care a broken straw for popularity which is gained by dishonoring the Saviour and by pouring contempt on the Word of God. We care more for the approval of our Master than for the applause of men, and upon the authority of God's Word we tell you, dear reader, if you reject Christ, and scorn salvation through His blood, and die in your sins, you

will be lost and damned for all eternity. Oh, then, believe in Jesus! "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4, 12.).

Search the Scriptures!

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." (Colossians 3, 16.)

III.

"*Incline your ear and hearken.*" These are words which have stood the test of judgment of eighteen hundred years and more—words uttered by Him in whose mouth was found no guile—no falsehood. In these words, with holy, earnest and solemn greeting, he invites us to a feast, a Bible feast, that we may celebrate and enjoy it.—Dear reader, you have a Bible in your house. A poor house, indeed, it would be in which no Bible could be found.—Well, but do you know what is contained in your Bible? Do you know, that in your Bible you have an incomparable treasure—better "than thousands of gold and silver"—a treasure that cannot perish by reason of rust or by the moth? "Give me", said a New Zealander to a missionary, "a flint with which I may shoot the wicked spirit":—he wanted the Bible. "Present me, with a compass", said another, "that I may steer aright":—he also meant the Bible. Oh, how these heathens put to shame, and judge and condemn, the blindness of thousands of Christians! Alas! by how many thousands of Christians is the Bible accounted a strange thing—because they never read it. Now, if the Bible be the Word of God (as was shown in our last letter), what will become of those who *very seldom* or "*never*" or "*hardly ever*" read the Bible? "Most people treat the Bible very politely",—a certain minister once said in his sermon—"they have a small pocket volume, neatly bound; they put a white pocket-handkerchief round it and carry it to their places of worship; when they get home, they lay it up in a drawer till next Sunday morning; then it comes out again for a little bit of a treat, and goes to chapel; that is all

the poor Bible gets in the way of an AILING. That is your style of entertaining this heavenly messenger. There is dust enough on some of your Bibles to write 'damnation' with your fingers." This minister was telling his hearers blunt words,—but true words.—Now, how is it with you, dear reader—are you a Bible-reader—a Bible-searcher? Do you know what is contained in this book, the Bible? do you seek to be acquainted with it? Are you aware of the fact, that, in the Bible, you are concealing under your roof a sublime sanctuary, an incomparable treasure? Oh, if everybody but knew the great gift of God! Perhaps, dear reader, you have heard the story of the poor cottager, whom a traveller accosted, to ask of him a drink of fresh water. Entering the poor little log cabin the stranger found the parents cursing and quarreling, the half naked children trembling, crouched together in a corner; greeting them, the stranger admonished them to live together in peace and unity. "Dear friends", said he, "why do you make your house like hell?" The man replied: "Ah! sir, you do not know the life and trials of a poor man. When everything goes wrong—when all the pay of our hard labor, day by day, is but a crust of dry bread—quarrels, and disputes, and despair spring up thick as mushrooms." The stranger drank the water, which they gave him from a broken cup, and then said softly (for in a dark and dusty corner of the cottage he had noticed a Bible), "Dear friends, I know well what would help you on. There is a treasure concealed in your house; SEARCH FOR IT. If you find it, and use it aright, in a short time you will be so rich and happy as never to envy any one in the world again." So saying, he left them. At first the cottagers thought this a joke, and treated it as such. But they soon began to reflect on it. So, when the woman at any time went out to gather sticks in the wood, the man would search and even dig, that he might find the treasure—and when the man was away at his daily work, the woman would do the same. Still they found nothing—their poverty increased and brought only more quarrels, discontent, and strife. One day as the woman again was left alone in the house, she began to reflect on what the stranger had said with greater wonder than ever. She looked now here, now there, till she cast her eyes ("by chance" as some would say) on the Bible, which lay unheeded in a dark, dusty corner. It had been a gift from her mother; but since her death, it had been altogether unread and unused. A strange foreboding took possession of her mind. What, if it were this book that the stranger meant? She took it out from amongst the rubbish where it lay, opened it, and found these words of the Psalmist inscribed on the title-page, in her mother's handwriting: "The word of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." It cut her to the heart. Ah! thought she, this may be the treasure the stranger had in view. She read from that old Bible, and every word

went to her heart as she never felt before. Ah! how her tears fell upon the leaves! Henceforth she read the Bible every day, and prayed, and taught her children to pray; but all without her husband's knowledge. One day he came home as usual, quarreling, and in a rage. Instead of meeting his angry words with angry replies, she spoke to him meekly and with gentleness. He was astonished and ashamed. "Husband", said she, "we have sinned grievously; we have ourselves to blame for all our misery, and must now lead a different life." He looked amazed. "What do you say?"—he exclaimed. She brought the old Bible, and, sobbing, cried out: "THERE IS THE TREASURE; SEE, I HAVE FOUND IT!" Her husband sat down in silence. She read to him the history of the Lord Jesus, how he so loved sinners as to die for them. The man's heart was moved; he bit his lips, and trembled. Next day she read to him again, and again, and again; and he sat with the little children around him, Oh so thoughtful and attentive! Thus we leave them.

A year has passed by, and the stranger returned that way. "Behold", said he to himself, "yonder is that poor old log cabin; I will speak to the poor people once more, and see how they are getting along now." As he said, so he did. But he would scarcely have known the cabin again; it was so clean, so neat, so well ordered. He opened the door, but at first thought that he was mistaken; for the man and woman came to meet him so kindly, so cheerfully, with the peace of God beaming from their faces. "How are you getting along now, good people?" said he. Then they knew the stranger, and with joyful countenances took him by the hand. For some time they could not speak: tears choked their utterance. "Thanks, thanks, dear sir; we have found your treasure; now dwells the blessing of God in our house—his peace in our hearts". So said they, and their entire condition, and the happy faces of their children, not indeed rich, but neatly clothed, said the same still more plainly. What does this simple and plain story teach you, kind reader?—Oh! let us ALL turn our eyes more diligently to that fountain of salvation, whence human happiness alone can flow! Are you a father, or a mother, or a child; are you a layman or a minister; are you a master or a servant; are you rich or poor; are you a merchant or a poor laboring-man; are you young or old; are you in health or in sickness; in adversity or prosperity—read the Scriptures, for they will tell you what duty you owe to God. With this advice let me take leave from you, for what should I say more of the Scriptures, how profitable and comfortable they are in all conditions of life? In adversity, in prosperity, in life and in death, they are our only comfort. If we must fight, they are a sword; if we hunger, they are meat; if we thirst, they are drink; if we have no dwelling-place, they are a house; if we be naked, they are a garment; if we be in darkness, they are a light

unto our path. They are comfortable and profitable to kings and subjects, to old and young, to man and wife, to father and child, to master and servant, to captain and soldier, to minister and people, to the learned and the unlearned, to the wise and to the simple. They are comfortable and profitable in peace, in war, in heaviness, in joy, in health and sickness, in abundance, in poverty, in the daytime, in the night-season, in the city, in the village, in the wilderness, in company, and when you are alone. For they teach faith, hope, patience, charity, sobriety, humility, righteousness and all godliness. They teach us how to live—and they teach us how to die. Therefore let us be Bible-readers—Bible-searchers!! "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." (John 5, 39.)

C. F. OBE.

Archibald Boyle,

or,

There is no Rest in Hell.

(A true story.)

This is leap year. It reminds us of a story we read some time ago, the story of Archibald Boyle. Many readers of the PIONEER perhaps never read the story. Here it is.

About ninety years ago, there was in Glasgow, a city of Scotland, a club of gentlemen of the first rank in that city. The members were known as such fearless mockers of religion that the club was called "*The Hell Club*".

Besides their nightly or weekly meetings, they held a grand yearly festival, at which each member tried to "outdo all his former outdoings", in drunkenness, blasphemy and other sins. Of all who shone at these meetings, none shone half so brilliantly as Archibald Boyle, a young man of dazzling talents and fascinating manners. He had become a victim and a slave of sin, and he gloried in that which was his shame. To him what were heaven, hell or eternity? Words, mere words. To him there was no greater glory than that of hearing himself called "The very life of the Club."

One night, on retiring to sleep, after coming home from one of the yearly meetings of the club, Boyle dreamt that he was still riding on his famous black horse, towards his beautiful country-house, and that suddenly some one spoke to him whom, in the gloom of night, he could not well see, but who, grasping the reins, said in a loud voice, "You must go with me." "And who are you?" said Boyle with an oath, while he tried to take the reins from the speaker's grasp. "That you will see by and by", said the same voice in a cold sneering tone, that thrilled through his very heart. Boyle plunged his spurs into the panting sides of his steed, the noble animal reared, and then suddenly darted forward with great speed; but in vain, in vain!—fleeter than the wind he flew—the half-seen guide still before him!

Boyle again spurred the gallant horse. It fiercely reared and plunged—he lost his seat, and expected at the moment to feel himself dashed to the earth. But not so; for he continued to fall—fall—fall. “Where”, he cried out, “where are you taking me—where am I—where am I going?” “To Hell”, said the same iron voice, and from the depths below, the sound so familiar to his lips came back, “To hell”.

“To Hell”, onward, onward they hurried, until they entered the high gates of hell. What a scene! Multitudes, gnashing their teeth in the hopelessness of mad despair, cursed the day that gave them birth. They thought of opportunities lost, and of mercies despised. Fancy still pictured to them the young and lovely moving up and down in the giddy mazes of the midnight-dance—the drunkard still drawling over the midnight bowl or the obscene song. There the slave of money bemoaned his folly in selling his soul for *useless* gold! while the gambler bewailed, alas! too late, the madness of his choice.

Boyle saw that he was surrounded by those whom he had known on earth, but were some time dead, each one showing his agony at the bitter recollections of the vain pleasures to which he had given his time here—time *lent* to prepare for a far different scene!

His unearthly guide having disappeared, Boyle dared to speak to his former friend, Mrs. D—, whom he saw playing at her favorite game. “Ha, Mrs. D—! delighted to see you; do you know a fellow told me to-night he was bringing me to hell!—ha, ha! If *this* be hell, what a *devilish* pleasant place. My good Mrs. D—, do you just stop for a moment, rest, and”—but with a shriek that seemed to cleave through his very soul, she cried out, “REST! *there is no rest in hell!*” and from endless vaults, voices, as loud as thunder, repeated the awful sound, “THERE IS NO REST IN HELL!” In her bosom his scared and shuddering eye saw a coil of fiery living snakes—“the worm that never dies”—the worm of accusing conscience and

Of despair;
—For hell were *no* hell
If Hope had ever entered there!”

He saw Maxwell, the former companion of his sins, running on as if still pursuing the headlong chase. “Stop, Harry, stop. Speak to me! Oh, rest one moment!” Scarce had the words fallen from his faltering lips, when again his terror-stricken ear was stunned with the same wild yell of agony, re-echoed by ten thousand thousand voices: “THERE IS NO REST IN HELL!”

Boyle tried to shut his eyes. He found he could not. He threw himself down, but the pavement of hell, as with a living movement, threw him back, and from all quarters again arose that cry of agony: “THERE IS NO REST IN HELL!” Forced upon his feet, he looked with horror at the ever-changing, yet ever-steady torrent of eternal torment. And this was hell!—the scoffer’s jest—the by-word of the mocker!

All at once he saw his unearthly guide once more by his side. “Take me”, shrieked Boyle, “take me from this place. By the living God, whose name I have so often outraged, I beg thee, take me from this horrible place.”

“Canst thou still name his name?” said the fiend, with a sneer; “go, then; but—in a year and a day, we meet, to part no more!”

Boyle awoke, feeling as if the words of the fiend were written in letters of living fire upon his heart and brain. The horrid vision was ever before him. He made up his mind to leave “The Club”. Above all, he resolved that nothing on earth should tempt him to join the next yearly festival. He began to read the Bible, and through the word of God the Holy Spirit was working at his soul. But alas! Boyle had not the courage to stand up against his companions. When one of them came to see him, he *hid his Bible*.

Those companions had become alarmed with the idea of losing “the life of the Club”. They had bound themselves by an oath never to stop until they had found out what was the matter with Boyle, and one of them, more cunning than the rest, spoke to Boyle as if he sympathised with him, as if he, too, was disgusted with the world and with the life of the Club. So he got into Boyle’s confidence, and heard about the dream and about the reading of the Bible and so on. The result may be guessed. The other companions heard it all. Boyle was laughed at, his feeling of repentance was ridiculed, and he who “hid the Bible” could not stand the jests of his wicked companions. The Bible was thrown aside—the Holy Spirit was driven off—Boyle again joined the “Hell Club”—*all was lost!* yet not lost without such a struggle as wrung the color from his young cheek, and made him, ere the year was done, a haggard and a gray-haired man.

From the yearly meeting he shrunk with horror, and made up his mind not to go there; but his tempters determined he should have no choice. Poor Boyle found himself, he could not tell how, seated at that table on that very day, where he had sworn to himself a thousand and a thousand times nothing on earth should make him sit.

His ears tingled, and his eyes swam, as he heard the first words of the president’s address: “Gentlemen, this is leap year; therefore it is a year and a day since our last yearly meeting.”

Every nerve in Boyle’s body twinged in agony at the well-remembered words. His first impulse was to rise and fly; but then—the sneers! the sneers!

He was more than ever plied with wine, applause, and every other kind of excitement, but in vain. His mirth, his wit, were like the lurid flashes from the bosom of a brooding thunder-cloud, that pass and leave it all darker than before; and his laugh sounded fiendish even to the evil ears that heard it.

The night was gloomy, with fitful gusts of chill and howling wind, as Boyle, with fevered nerves and reeling brain, mounted his horse to go home.

The next morning the well-known black horse was found, with bridle and saddle on, quietly grazing on the roadside, about half way to Boyle’s country-house, and a few yards from it lay the stiffened corpse of its master. Boyle was dead.

Reader, although this is a story about a dream, yet it is a well-authenticated fact, a true story, and it speaks to *you* words of warning. Do not let the sinful pleasures of this world, do not let wicked companions keep you from the way to heaven! The road of the wicked leads to hell, and—THERE IS NO REST IN HELL! Remember the words of St. Paul: “Be not deceived; GOD IS NOT MOCKED; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” (Galatians 6, 7.)

Our Arkansas Letter.

DEAR PIONEER.—

Undoubtedly you were anxiously expecting a letter from this corner of the world. Above all, you may have desired to hear about our Christmas festival, though you will be glad to hear of all good news concerning our mission here. So I will begin by telling you and your readers, that on Christmas Eve the children of our Sunday-school had a most delightful time around their Christmas-tree. Though bad weather had prevented many from coming, still two thirds of the school—together with a goodly number of parents and friends—assembled in the church at 7 o’clock. The first hour was devoted to the singing of Christmas-hymns and carols by the children and examining them, as to what they knew about the birth and childhood of the Saviour. Then followed the lighting up of the Christmas-tree (a huge tree, profusely decorated and laden with good things, had been erected in the centre of the church). Beneath it were piles of presents for the children. Santa Claus had, indeed, much to do, in order to bring something for everyone of the 147 children of the Sunday-school: Apples, candies, books, oranges, handkerchiefs, &c., and for every child something from the tree, to remember the tree of 1879. Among the gifts were twenty copies of “The Lord’s Prayer, Illustrated”, which should be given to the most pious and industrious children of the school, sent by an unknown friend, styling himself “a fellow-sinner who rejoices with them (the children) over the birth of the Saviour”—a most appropriate gift—also a present of money (see “Pioneer” of December 1879) for each of the two pupils who recited Luther’s Christ-carol best “From heaven above to earth I come” (the names of the two are Matty Carter and Harriet Hill); also an extra present to the two pupils who had recited Luke 2, v. 1—20. best. The pastor and wife, also Mr. Jeske, the teacher, were kindly remembered with many gifts, showing that their labors are appreciated. Almost four hours were spent—as old and young acknowledged—in a most pleasant manner. As another bit of news I will mention,

that, since my last letter, our school has been divided into three departments; the Primary in charge of Mrs. Reed—the Intermediate in charge of Mr. Jeske—the Grammar in charge of myself. The last named, being formed of the most advanced pupils of the school, is designed to furnish—at some future time—the teachers and preachers for our mission-work in the South. At the same time this department will give to all bright and industrious pupils of our school a chance for a thorough education, to fit them for active life. As yet it is only a trial, but has been successful and promises well. At the same time it does not impose too heavy labors upon myself nor take up too much of my time, so as to prevent me from giving attention to my other duties. It was considered necessary for many reasons that German be studied by the class. I have been surprised by the aptness with which they learn to read from the German Primer, being now able, after but two months of study, to read several German hymns fluently.—The other departments are equally as prosperous. The new year has brought us many new pupils of all ages and we expect many more in a short time. All in all we are satisfied with the results so far.—May God continue to bless our labors as heretofore.—

Necessity obliged us to divide the Sunday-school into two divisions; the lower meeting in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon of every Sunday. Mr. Jeske controls the former and the latter is under my personal care. Each division now consists of about 80 scholars. The average attendance on Sunday is very good.

I have 4 accessions to the church, three confirmations, three baptisms of adults and four of children to report for November and December 1879. What the new year will bring in increase or loss we do not know. But, thank God, we have every reason to hope for rich blessing upon our work, and none to feel discouraged.—So much about our mission at this place.

Among the items of southern news there is to be mentioned, that the German Luth. church at Memphis, Tenn., has at last succeeded in obtaining a pastor, who is already at work. A missionary to take charge of our mission at New Orleans has not been secured up to present writing.—Rev. L. Wahl, now temporarily residing at Little Rock, will go to Mobile, Ala., in spring, to carry on the mission begun there by Rev. J. F. Doescher.—Mr. C. D. Markworth, one of the first teachers in our mission Sunday-school, after its organization in Fletcher's Hall, left Little Rock for Sheboygan, Wis., to take charge of a parochial school there. He was acting superintendent when the Sunday-school was placed in my charge. The first Lutheran Christmas tree for colored children was decorated by him in 1877, and his valuable aid contributed greatly to make the Christmas festival of 1878 a success. For several months he presided at the organ in our chapel. May God bless him for all these generous acts.—

Though I might write much more, yet I defer, thinking that I have already taken up too much space. Next month you will hear again from

MISSIONARY.

(We are glad to hear from our Missionary that there were two scholars in our school at Little Rock who learned Luther's Christmas Carol well enough to get the present. We have also been informed that Emma Ward, in Port Huron, Mich., learned the hymn perfectly and recited it on Christmas day before the English Lutheran congregation of that place. The girls seem to learn better than the boys. How is that?—EDITOR.)

To the Friends of the "Pioneer".

The present number closes the first volume of our paper. Our work has been done in much weakness, but we hope the Lord has been pleased to own it for the comfort and instruction of some. We give thanks to all that assisted us by their contributions, and we hope others will follow their good example. We do not know yet whether the subscription list is large enough to pay the expenses for paper and printing; but we know that if God needs our PIONEER, He will raise up friends to carry it forward to the accomplishment of its mission. If He does not need it, gladly, very gladly will we retire into silence. Those that do not wish to have the paper another year will please write to our agent at St. Louis. In the past year we have gladly sent all orders for the paper to our Publishing House; but in the last few days we have found out that it is not very pleasant for an editor to receive postal cards with the order "Stop the paper", or, "I don't want that paper another year", and then to pay the postage out of his own pocket and send such an order to the right place. It seemed to us as if our dear little PIONEER was coming back home, his little blue eyes filled with tears, because people send him away so roughly; and we are very "soft-hearted", yes, and therefore please remember that all business communications are to be addressed to "Luth. Concordia Publishing House, M. C. Barthel, Agt., St. Louis, Mo."

In our next volume our little PIONEER will continue to speak his simple words for Jesus, and will also bring a picture now and then. Those of our friends who will help to increase the circulation of our little monthly will render a service unto the Master.

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther.

XI.

LUTHER AT THE DIET.

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The Marshal of the Empire came to lead Luther to the hall where the Diet was assembled. The streets were crowded with people; many even climbed to the tops of the houses, in order to see Luther. It being impossible to get through the crowded streets, he had to be taken through private houses and gardens, in order to reach the hall. When he was about to enter the hall, an old General laid his hand on Luther's shoulder and said: "My poor monk, my poor monk, you have now a march and a struggle to go through such as neither I nor many other captains have seen the like in our hardest battles. But if you have the truth and are sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing; God will not forsake you!" The door was opened, Luther stepped into the hall, he stood before the mighty men of the earth. There sat the mighty Emperor, and the princes, and the dukes, and the pope's messenger, and many others of high rank. There Luther stood, the peasant's son, the poor monk, calm and full of peace, mighty in the Lord, the messenger of God's eternal Truth. About five thousand persons were gathered in front of the hall and at the windows.

Luther was first asked whether the books, which lay upon a bench, had been written by him, and then whether he was willing to retract, that is, "take back" the doctrines contained in them. After the titles of the books had been read, he said the books were his. When the question was again put to him

whether he would retract what he had written, he asked time for consideration, since it was a question of faith involving his own salvation and the authority of God's Word. He therefore wished to return such an answer as would neither do harm to the Word of God, nor endanger his own salvation. So time was granted him until the next day, and he was taken back to his hotel.

At 4 o'clock, on the afternoon of the following day, Luther was again brought before the Diet to give answer to the question whether he would retract what he had written. He gave his answer in very respectful language and manner, but with great firmness. In a speech, which lasted two hours, he showed what was contained in his books, and said that if any one would prove from the Bible that he erred, he would retract every error, and would be the first one to throw his books into the fire. At the close of his long speech Luther was quite exhausted and overcome by the heat of the crowded room. But the Emperor did not fully understand the German, and therefore wished Luther to repeat his speech in Latin. A friendly Knight, who stood near him, said: "If you are unable to do it, Doctor, it is enough." But Luther quickly recovered himself, and repeated all his words in Latin. He was then told to simply answer the question whether or not he would retract his doctrines. Luther now said: Since your most serene Majesty and your high Mightiness require from me a clear, simple and precise answer, I will give you one with neither horns nor teeth, and it is this: unless I am convinced by the testimony of the Word of God, or by clear and overpowering reasons, as I cannot submit my faith to the pope nor to the councils, which have often erred and contradicted themselves, and as I am bound in conscience by God's Word, I cannot and will not retract anything, for it is neither safe nor right to do anything against conscience." And then, with great force, and looking up toward heaven, he spoke those memorable words: "HERE I STAND; I CANNOT DO OTHERWISE; GOD HELP ME! AMEN."

Thus the hero of God's truth had given his answer, and he was now led away by two men. His friends thought that he was to be taken to prison, and were greatly excited; but Luther told them that the two officers were only leading him to his hotel. Some of his enemies followed him to the hotel with loud sneers and hisses; but Luther was so bold and joyful in the Lord that he said to his friends: "If I had a thousand heads I would rather have them taken from my body than retract."

The powerful speech of Luther, so full of faith, had made a deep impression on the whole assembly, and many were gained for him and his cause. The pope's people, however, were raving mad, and urged the Emperor to take back his promise of safe conduct, which he had given Luther. But the Emperor would not break his promise. He ordered Luther to go back home, protected by his safe conduct, within 21 days.

On the 26th of April, 1521, Luther left the city of Worms and started on his way home.

The Pioneer's Money-Box.

Received for our mission from N. Madsen, New Denmark, Wisc., \$1.00. R. A. B.

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The Lutheran Pioneer.

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Vol. II.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 1880.

No. 1.

The Passion.

Alas, dear Lord, what law then hast Thou broken,
That such sharp sentence should on Thee be spoken?
Of what great crime hast Thou to make confession—
What dark transgression?

They crown Thy head with thorns, they smite, they scourge Thee,
With cruel mockings to the cross they urge Thee,
They give Thee gall to drink, they still decry Thee—
They crucify Thee.

Whence come these sorrows, whence
this mortal anguish?
It is my sins for which Thou, Lord,
must languish;
Yes, all the woe which Thou, Lord,
dost inherit,
'T is I do merit!

What strangest punishment is suf-
fered yonder!—
The Shepherd dies for sheep that
loved to wander,
The Master pays the debts His ser-
vants owe Him,
Who would not know Him.

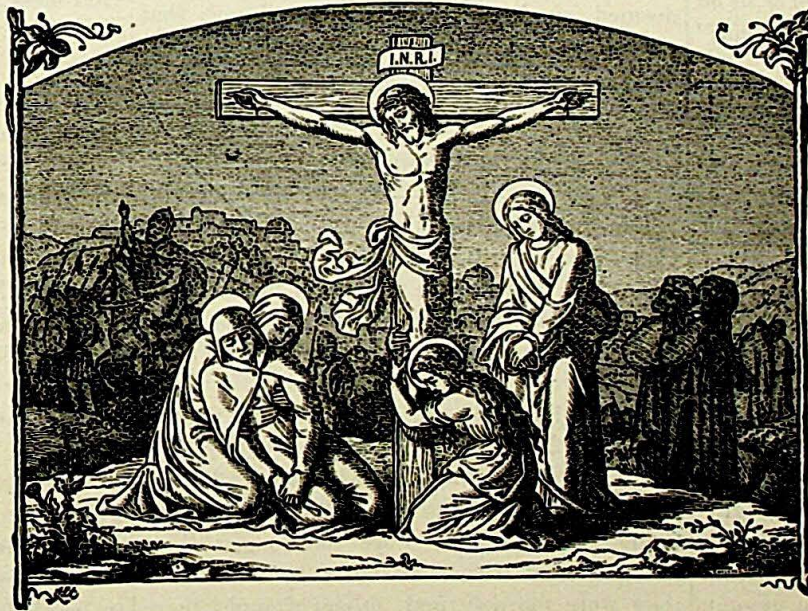
The sinless Son of God must die in
sadness,
That sinful, lost mankind might live
in gladness;
Man forfeited his life, and stands ac-
quitted;
God is committed.

There was no spot in me by sin untainted,
Sick with its venom all my heart had fainted;
My heavy guilt to hell had well-nigh brought me,
Such woe it wrought me.

O wondrous love! whose depths no heart hath sounded,
That brought Thee here by foes and thieves surrounded;
All worldly pleasures, heedless, I was trying,
While Thou wert dying!

O mighty King! no time can dim Thy glory!
How shall I spread abroad Thy wondrous story?
How shall I find some worthy gift to proffer?
What dare I offer?

For vainly doth our human wisdom ponder—
Thy woes, Thy mercy still transcend our wonder.
Oh, how should I do aught that could delight Thee?
Can I requite Thee?



Yet unrequited, Lord, I would not
leave Thee,
I can renounce whate'er doth vex or
grieve Thee,
And quench with thoughts of Thee
and prayers most lowly
All fires unholy.

But since my own strength never will
suffice me
To crucify desires that still entice
me,
To all good deeds, oh, let Thy Spirit
win me,
And reign within me!

I'll think upon Thy mercy without
ceasing,
That earth's vain joys to me no more
are pleasing;
To do Thy will shall be my sole en-
deavor
Henceforth for ever.

Whate'er of earthly good this life may grant me
I'll risk for Thee,—no shame, no cross shall daunt me;
I shall not fear what man can do to harm me,
Nor death alarm me.

But worthless is my sacrifice, I own it,
Yet, Lord, for love's sake Thou wilt not disown it;
Thou wilt accept my gift in Thy great meekness,
Nor shame my weakness.

And when, dear Lord, before Thy throne in heaven
To me the crown of joy at last is given,
Where sweetest hymns Thy saints forever raise Thee,
I too shall praise Thee!

(John Heermann, 1630.)

On the Cross.

Our picture shows us Christ nailed to the tree of the cross, and the Bible tells us, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." So the curse and wrath of a just and holy God was upon Him. Why? Was He a great sinner? No! Pilate, the judge, before whom He had been brought, said again and again, "I find *no fault* in him." *No fault* in Him! No! He was the holy Son of God, "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners" (Hebr. 7, 26.); He "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth" (1 Pet. 2, 22.). *No fault* in Him! No! He was perfect in all His thoughts, perfect in all His words, perfect in all His ways. God was fully satisfied with Him. "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matth. 3, 17.). *No fault* in Him! Yet He was nailed to the tree of the cross, and "cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." How is this? Let the Bible tell you. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree" (Gal. 3, 13.). "His own self bare *our sins* in His body on the tree" (1 Pet. 2, 24.). God "hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (2 Cor. 5, 21.). "All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all (Isa. 53, 6.). He "gave himself for *our sins*" (Gal. 1, 4.).

From these and many other passages of the Bible we learn that Christ suffered and died in *our stead, in our place*. By our sins we deserved the eternal curse and punishment of a just and holy God. God cannot overlook our sins; for His justice demands the punishment of every sin. We could not deliver ourselves from the curse and wrath of God, and no angel could deliver us from that curse and wrath of God. So God's own beloved Son—oh, unspeakable love of God!—came down from heaven; He became man; He took our sins upon Himself; and the wrath of God, which *we* have deserved, was poured out on Him; He turned the lightning of God's curse, which ought to strike *us*, upon His own head, in order to deliver *us* from eternal death. Behold Him amid the gloomy olive trees of Gethsemane, groaning under the heavy burden of our sins, and in His agony sweating great drops of blood! Behold Him mocked, and dragged from one tribunal to the other! Behold His body scourged and torn by the cruel whips of Roman soldiers! Behold Him crowned with a crown of thorns and the blood rushing down His cheeks! Behold Him hurried through the streets to Calvary, flung on the ground, nailed to the cross, hoisted in the air! Hear that cry of abandoned woe, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The wrath of God is poured out on Him, and His body and soul are given over to the greatest sufferings, until, when all is finished, amidst bursting tombs, and rending rocks, and

earthquake shocks, He dies, the Just One for the unjust.

Oh, what a horrible thing sin is! What a great offence against God! Our sins, yes, *our sins* have brought that great suffering of body and soul on the Holy One of God. *Our sins* scourged that holy body, and platted that crown of thorns, and pressed it on that holy head. *Our sins* nailed that Man of sorrows to the cross and put Him to death. Oh, blessed are those that thus acknowledge and feel their sins! They can find salvation in that Saviour on the cross. By His sufferings and death He has redeemed us from eternal sufferings and death in hell. His death brings us life, and "by His wounds we are healed". His blood "cleanseth us from all sins", and though our "sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool."

He has paid the price of our redemption, and by His crown of thorns He has won for us the golden crown of glory in heaven. Oh, then, let us seek salvation in no other! Come, believe in Him and He will give you rest. His arms, once extended on the cross, are still open to receive the chief of sinners.

"Each drop of blood proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come."

By true faith in Him we shall once see Him in His glory, "seated in the midst of the throne"; and we shall join the grand chorus of the redeemed, singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and who hath redeemed us to God by His blood!"

What the "Pioneer" told us.

For one year the little PIONEER paid his visits every month to his friends. It is a very short time, but still we can profit by the experience of one year. So we sat down one evening and asked our little traveller how he fared on his journey. "Very well", he said. "I was welcomed in 2400 homes, and as all the readers paid their 25 cents, as honest people always do, I think my traveling-expenses were all paid. The paper did not satisfy all the people; some thought the articles were too long, others thought they were too short; some thought they were too doctrinal, others thought there was not enough doctrine, but too many stories." Here we listened very attentively in order to profit by the experience of one year, but with a smile the little PIONEER looked up and said, "You know we cannot satisfy all people." We told him he was right there, and he proceeded in his talk. "In some houses", he said, "people read very little of the paper; they hardly glance at it, and then put it away into some corner or behind the big clock, which is such a noisy place." Our little talker looked very sad when he told us all this, but we told him that many of those people had other papers to read, and only wished to help to pay his traveling-expenses by taking the paper, and that he ought to be thankful to them. He thought we were right

this time, and as he proceeded in his talk his little blue eyes brightened and he smiled all over, so that we knew he had something good to tell us. "Many readers", he said, "are very glad when the paper comes; they read it all through, why, some read it again and again, and they told me that they had learned the Gospel from it, and had learned to understand the Bible better, and they would not do without the paper, and they put every number away nicely in some big book, so that by and by they can have the paper bound, and they hope it will do some good yet after they are dead."—We were glad that our little traveller had experienced such joy in his journey; for we had feared that he would not be willing to go around another year after having made many sad experiences. So we told him that he must travel on again, and that he ought to do it joyfully, since he was doing some good and had been treated so kindly by so many friends. "Oh, I was afraid you would not send me again", he said; "I am glad to go and to see old friends, and I'll gain more friends, and I'll—" we interrupted him here, and told him to travel on without expecting too much, and to keep up his courage amid all adversities.

And so our little PIONEER will come to you every month, dear reader. He is still very young and has a hard road to travel. Treat him kindly when he comes. May our merciful God bless the paper in the coming year!

Volume II.

DEAR PIONEER:

So your first volume is already completed, and the second is to begin at all hazards. Permit me to tender my sincere congratulations on your anniversary. May you live, grow, and prosper! May your friends and readers increase to thousands! You deserve it on account of your worth and work, as many of your readers can testify who welcome you in their homes and are glad to see you open Volume II. Keep on then, dear PIONEER, for you have effected much good in the past and will do so in the future. Perhaps you will, at some time, become an indispensable necessity to many.

God never intended our Lutheran Church to be tied down to the German language, nor its work to be confined to the Germans only. We want to see it spread, therefore, among all nations of the earth and, particularly, among the English-speaking people of our own country. But how can the Lutheran Church accomplish her mission without the aid of books, tracts, and regular periodicals? These aids and assistants to the work of our ministers must not be overlooked. In fact, we cannot get along without the assistance of the printing-press. Hence the necessity of the PIONEER. The advantages of the PIONEER for our missions and missionary purposes are apparent. It is sound in doctrine. All its articles show forth a holy zeal to save souls; to instruct and edify the Christian, to make known our Church to all people. The

language of the PIONEER is plain and direct. Its size and cheapness render it suitable for gratis distribution, and will cause many to subscribe that otherwise would not take the paper. Every number is in itself a tract.

Stand on your own merits for the coming year, dear PIONEER, and remember, that you are a 'pioneer' still, and not an 'old settler'. Do not complain of ill-treatment, for you have companions in like misery. Your fellow-pioneer, the missionary, has experienced, of late, so much ungratefulness and rough usage from those, whom he came to befriend, that it seemed to him almost beyond endurance. Our mission here has just passed through a storm, the effects of which still remain to be seen. Prompt measures have been taken, however, to prevent a repetition of the disgraceful scenes and occurrences of the past, and once more 'peace reigns in Warsaw'. These things must occur, in order that our hearts may be steeled and spurred on to renewed, energetic efforts. And so the missionary always takes fresh courage and hides the sorrows of his heart beneath a smiling face, as if nothing had happened. Go thou, and do likewise, PIONEER.

MISSIONARY.

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther.

XII.

AT THE WARTBURG.—RETURN TO WITTENBERG.

Protected by the safe conduct of the Emperor Luther left the city of Worms; but this safe conduct had been promised only for twenty-one days, and after those twenty-one days his life was in the greatest danger; for through the efforts of the enemies of the Gospel he had been laid under the ban of the empire: it was made treason to give him food or shelter, and a virtue to deliver him to death. His good friend, Frederick the Wise of Saxony, saw that it would be very difficult to save Luther from the clutches of his enemies or to protect him from the knife of the hired assassin. This noble prince resolved, therefore, to bring Luther to a safe hiding-place.

Luther and his companions were returning in their wagon from Worms, and had passed through the city of Eisenach. As they drove through a narrow pass, suddenly several horsemen, masked and armed from head to foot, sprang upon them, ordered the driver to halt, pulled Luther with great violence from the wagon, put him upon a horse, and dashed away into the forest, whilst his terrified companions were permitted to drive on. The horsemen then rode about with Luther in the forest for several hours until, about midnight, they reached the strong castle of the Wartburg, near Eisenach. This was an old castle in a very romantic, wild, and mountainous region, and it had been selected by Luther's friend, the Elector of Saxony, as a place of concealment against Luther's enemies. Luther had at last yielded to the plan of the Elector, whose sub-

ject he was, although he would rather shed his blood as a testimony to the truth. So Luther remained 10 months at the Wartburg, where he was known by the name of Yonker George. The news of his capture rapidly spread through the country. It was reported that he had fallen into the hands of his enemies. Many of his friends lamented him as though he were dead, while his enemies rejoiced.

Luther was in friendly keeping, and the solitude of the Wartburg was of great benefit to him, for here he could devote himself to the Word of God without interruption. Still the external quiet was painful to him. He was like a General in chains longing to lead on his troops in battle. "I would rather", he says, "burn upon glowing coals for the honor of God's Word, than rot here half alive." He suffered also from repeated attacks of painful sickness, and great mental anguish. Amid all difficulties, however, he did an immense amount of labor during those ten months, he could not be idle. He studied Greek and Hebrew with great diligence, he preached to his associates in the castle, he wrote letters of consolation and fatherly counsel to his friends, and he prepared many valuable works for the Church. He translated into German the whole New Testament, which was published in the following year, and circulated in a short time through all Germany. Thus he gave to the people an open Bible, and brought the everlasting Gospel into the homes of rich and poor.

Amid his many labors Luther needed recreation. He sometimes visited good friends in the neighborhood, who often failed to recognize him as he came in the dress of a knight, with a long beard and with a sword on his side. The friend, who always accompanied him in such excursions, had often to warn him not to lay aside his sword and not to take up his books as soon as he entered a house, lest he should be taken for a priest. But his church and pulpit at Wittenberg were constantly in his mind, so that once at table the words escaped him: "Oh, that I were at Wittenberg!" He also once, in November, secretly visited his friends there, and having enjoyed himself in their company for several days, he returned to the Wartburg. But he was soon to leave this castle.

During Luther's absence from Wittenberg Satan tried to crush the truth of God's Word by exciting disturbances in Luther's own congregation. Rash and fanatical men tried to reform the churches by force according to their own notions. Pictures were cast out of the church and burnt, altars were dashed to pieces, hymns and ceremonies were abolished, &c. &c. Fanatics came to Wittenberg, who boasted that they were called by a clear voice of God to teach, that they had familiar conversations with God, that they could see into the future, in short, that they were prophets and apostles. The trouble and the disturbance grew worse and worse, and the great leader of the Reformation, Dr. Martin Luther, was greatly needed. His congregation earnestly begged

him to come back. And he did come. He was under the ban of the pope and the emperor, but, trusting in God, he did not fear his enemies. In spite of all dangers he hastened to Wittenberg, early in March, 1522. He wrote to the Elector that he would now leave his place of concealment and go to Wittenberg under the protection of God, which was a much higher protection than that of the Elector.

Luther came to Wittenberg on the 7th of March and attacked the fanaticism of the disturbers with the Word of God. During eight days he preached a sermon to the people every day. Oh, how glad they were to see again that truthful, earnest face in the pulpit, to hear again that faithful voice that had comforted and warned them so often in public and in private! From day to day they listened to his powerful sermons. He told them that only those things that are against God's Word must be put away, but not by force. The Word of God must be preached, and this Word of God will instruct and convince the people and will gain their hearts, and then the evil will fall from itself. We cannot do anything, but God's Word must do everything.

By those powerful sermons Luther restored the peace and order of the Church. The men that had called themselves prophets soon left Wittenberg, but in their rage against Luther, who had told them that their fanaticism was not inspired by the Spirit of love and truth but by the spirit of lies and malice, they wrote him a letter full of abuse and hatred. By their fanatical preaching they afterwards incited the peasants against the princes and brought on the Peasants' War, in which the peasants were defeated in the year 1525. The war broke out, because neither the princes nor the peasants would heed Luther's warning voice.

Items.

THE Evangelical Lutheran Theological Seminary at Columbus, O., is already in its fiftieth year. Undoubtedly great efforts will be made towards canceling the debts of the institution.—

THE printing and publishing house of the Ev. Luth. Synod of Missouri etc., at St. Louis, Mo., cleared over thirty-one thousand dollars above its expenses during the past year. This shows what immense quantities of reading matter were issued from the establishment, and how extensively its publications are read.

A NEW edition of the translation of Dr. Conrad Dietrich's 'Brief Explanation' of Dr. Luther's Smaller Catechism has just been published, being made necessary by the new English version of the Catechism adopted by the Ev. Lutheran Synodical Conference. For sale by J. J. Aschmann, Columbus, O., and at all Lutheran book-stores. Every Lutheran and lover of Luther's Catechism ought to possess and study this excellent little book.

THE pastors of the German Lutheran congregations and the teachers of the Lutheran parochial schools at New Orleans have begun to publish a small monthly devoted to the interests of the Lutheran Church and congregations in the South and, especially, at New Orleans. It is called "Der Suedbote" (the Southern Messenger), and is not quite the size of the PIONEER. The first number contains brief sketches of the several Lutheran churches at New Orleans; also a sketch of the work of the Missionary Association of these churches; announcements of meetings of churches and associations etc. Price, 25 cents per year. Address Jacob Broder, Box 1279, New Orleans, La.—Though this new periodical has but a local importance in the Church, being only the voice of Southern ministers to Southern congregations, it may be of some interest to Northern Lutherans who desire to inform themselves about the condition and trials of Lutheranism in the South.

REV. F. WEDMANN has charge of the Moss Point, Miss., English Lutheran mission. He has established a parochial school, which promises well. The mission was begun by Rev. J. F. Doescher, and is under the care of the New Orleans Missionary Association.

THE Mission-Board of the Synodical Conference calls for contributions to erect a school-building at Little Rock, Ark., capable of holding the large number of children attending the colored mission school at that place. The first donation for that purpose was received from Mr. G. D. Simen, Allegheny, Pa., who sent ten dollars. Next?

REV. L. WAGNER will go to San Francisco, Cal., having accepted a call of the Lutheran church there. He will be the associate pastor, while Pastor Buehler will be Pastor primarius. Lutheran mission-work in California will be greatly increased and carried on with vigor, as Rev. Wagner goes there at the instance of the Home Mission Board of the Missouri Synod.

ARKANSAS has but two German Lutheran and one English Lutheran congregation. Of Lutheran missions there are the Colored Lutheran at Little Rock and two German missions. This state greatly needs a traveling missionary to look up and gather the Lutherans that have settled in all parts of the state. The stationary ministers can do no more than they have done, because their own charges are but missions demanding all of their time and attention, and requiring an enormous amount of labor and exertion.

M—

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

The True Time for Repentance.

It is NOW! Repent just now and no later! Alas! how many postpone their repentance to old age, or reserve all thoughts of repentance for the time of sickness or the hour of death!

Perhaps you are one of this kind? Is it right? Is it right, is it just, is it fair, to give the upright part of your life to the devil, and then to devote the lame and limping part to God? Ought you to give the devil your health and to reserve your sickness for God? Ought you to let the devil have the fresh blossoms of your life and offer the withered remnants to God? Is it fair to willingly relinquish the present to the devil and let God have the future? The present is certain, the future uncertain. Will you divide your life so as to make the devil's share your blooming, robust, active youth, while God's share consists of your limping, decaying, lame, sickly, wrinkled old age? Will you reserve your piety for the time when your hair shall turn gray and white? Perhaps you will not live long enough for one single hair to change its color. And who is your best friend? The devil is your enemy. God is your Friend. To the friend we must give the very best of our goods. To God, therefore, belongs the best part of our lives, when we are young and strong; when we are enjoying good health and plenty; when the cold hand of death is not already upon us. Consider also, who offers and gives thee the best things, God or the devil? Which is the best, heaven or hell? When you are unable to serve the devil and sin as in thy youthful days, then you want to begin to serve God. The devil rejects you; therefore you want God to take you. What do you consider God to be? Only a servant of Satan. O hearken to wise counsel! Repent not only when sickness, old age or death is upon thee, but now, JUST NOW, while sin seems sweetest to thee. Hasten! before the gates be closed. Purchase in time, ere the opportunity be lost. Do you know how much time of grace and how many opportunities to repent you will have?

(From the German.)

Ingersoll Silenced.

Shortly after Robt. G. Ingersoll (the blasphemous infidel) was defeated in his race for the governorship of Illinois, he was one day boisterously and blasphemously proclaiming his infidelity on board of a railroad train between Chicago and Peoria. After being for some time offensively voluble he turned to a gentleman near him, and defiantly demanded: "Tell me of one good and great result that Christianity has ever accomplished?" The gentleman, not wishing to open an argument with the boaster, hesitated to answer. The train had stopped and all was silent in the car.

Just then an old lady of 80 years, who sat just behind Mr. Ingersoll, touched his arm with her trembling hand, and said: "Sir, I do not know who you are, but I think I can tell you of one glorious thing that Christianity has done."

"What is it, Madam?" said Ingersoll.

"It has kept Robert G. Ingersoll from being governor of the great State of Illinois."

If lightning had at that moment flashed

through the car, the effect would not have been greater. Ingersoll turned literally pale with rage, and remained silent. The grand old woman lies under the prairie daisies now, but her courageous act "swells sweet, and blossoms in the dust."

Selected.

A MAN may as well think of buying light from the sun, or air from the atmosphere, or water from the well-spring, or minerals from the earth, or fish from the sea, as think of buying salvation from God with any kind of price. The sun gives his light, the atmosphere its air, the well-spring its water, the earth its minerals, the sea its fish: all man has to do is to take them and use them. So God has given salvation to man. All he has to do is to take it by faith, use and enjoy it.

P. S.

Our Critic's Corner.

WHAT IS A "LUTHERAN"? or, Why do you call yourself a "Lutheran"?

This valuable Tract, translated from the German, gives a clear, distinct, and comprehensive, not to say exhaustive, answer to the above question. Its 20 pages 8vo teem with precious truths, precious in all times and lands, but especially precious and needed in our time and in our land swarming with all sects and "denominations" that, however they differ among themselves, yet are united and one in their opposition and hostility to the Lutheran Church, because it claims to have alone the Gospel pure and unadulterated. A Lutheran not knowing why he is a Lutheran, is, therefore, in a very dangerous position, amidst all the jeering and sneering foes surrounding him. How easily may he be drawn away from a Church opposed by all, and not known and appreciated by himself! No one who reads, digests, and retains in memory and heart the truths set forth so plainly and convincingly by the above-named Tract, will find himself in such a deplorable plight. It is sent by Rev. J. L. Trauger, Petersburg, O., for 5 cts. per copy, 50 cts. per dozen, \$4.00 per hundred. The proceeds are, moreover, given to the Church.

BIBLICAL HISTORY in the Words of Holy Scripture, with Engravings, Maps, Questions and Notes, for Sunday and Weekday-Schools. Reading, Pa.: Pilger Book Store. Price: Boards 30 cts., Cloth 35 cts. per copy; per dozen \$3.00 (3.60); per hundred \$20.00 (25.00).

This book of 188 pages 8vo gives the History of the Old Testament in 52 Stories, together with a valuable Table comprising the "Prophecies concerning the Saviour", and an Appendix containing a short, but sufficient and lucid history of the Jews after the return from Babylon down to the time of Herod and Pontius Pilate. It gives all the Title promises, and gives it abundantly and nicely, just as you would expect it from the "Pilger Book-Store", a publishing-house laboring incessantly and successfully to furnish our Lutheran Church with truly Lutheran Books, at once practical and cheap.

CRITIC.

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No. 2.

Easter.

Awake, my heart, with gladness,
See, what to-day is done!
How after gloom and sadness
Comes forth the glorious Sun!
My Saviour there was laid,
Where our bed must be made,
When to the realms of light
Our spirit wings its flight.

They in the grave did sink Him,
The foe held jubilee;
Before he can bethink him,
Lo! Christ again is free,
And Victory! He cries;
He waveth tow'ards the skies
His banner, for the field
Is by the Hero held.

Upon the grave is standing
The Hero, looking 'round;
The foe no more withstanding,
His weapons on the ground
Throws down, his hellish power
To Christ he must give o'er,
And to the Victor's bands
Must yield his feet and hands.

This is a sight to gladden
And fill my heart with joy;
Now naught again shall sadden
My soul, nor e'er destroy
My happy, cheerful mood,
Or any precious good
Which by His victory
Christ Jesus gained for me.

I fear nor hell nor devil,
They of their power are shorn;
I'm ever free from evil,
And sin I laugh to scorn.
Grim death with all its might
Cannot my soul affright,
It is an empty form,
Howe'er it rage and storm.

The world against me rageth,
Its fury I disdain;
Though war 'gainst me it wageth,
Its effort is in vain.
No trouble troubles me,
My heart from care is free,
I glory in my cross,
Earth's joys I count but loss.

I cleave now and forever
To Christ, a member true;
My Head will leave me never,
Whate'er He passeth through;

He treads the world beneath
His feet, and conquers death
And hell, and breaks sin's thrall;
I follow Him through all.

To glory He ascendeth,
I follow Him fore'er,
And He, my Head, defendeth
His member from all care;
No enemy I fear,
While He, my Head, is near;
My Saviour is my shield,
By Him all rage is stilled.

He to the gates me leadeth
Of yon fair realms of light,
Whereon the pilgrim readeth
In golden letters bright:
"Who there are scorned with me,
With me here crowned shall be;
Who there with me shall die,
Shall here be raised as I!"

(Paul Gerhardt, 1640.)

The Glad Easter Tidings.

When, on the third day after the crucifixion, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome went out to the sepulchre, or grave, early in the morning, to anoint the body of Christ with sweet spices, they found the stone rolled away, and the body was gone. But an angel was there to tell them the glad Easter tidings. He said unto them, "Be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus of Nazareth which was crucified: *He is risen; He is not here: behold the place where they laid Him.*" Mark 16, 6. These are the tidings of joy which gladden our hearts on the joyful Easter festival. Well may we rejoice! For St. Paul says, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." 1 Cor. 5, 17. But Christ is raised, and our faith is *not* vain, and we who believe in Him are *not* in our sins. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Rom. 8, 1. Christ did not suffer and die for His own sake, but *for us*, in our place, in our stead. As our substitute and representative He fought with our enemies, with sin, death, devil and hell. When Christ was laid into the grave, it seemed as if our enemies had won the victory. Had He remained in the grave, then our enemies would have triumphed, and we would be in their power for

all eternity. But, oh, rejoice, ye sinners! The Lord is risen! He is risen indeed! He came forth from the grave as the great conqueror. Since He is our representative, His triumph is our triumph, and His victory is our victory. His resurrection is the crowning proof that God accepted the price which Christ laid down, in order to purchase us from sin and eternal damnation. And what was done for all sinners, each has the benefit of when he takes it for himself by faith in the risen Saviour. Those that do not believe reject this Saviour, and do not enjoy the great benefits of Christ's resurrection. So this is a most important question for every one: Do you believe that God raised Christ from the dead? St. Paul says, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." Rom. 10, 9. Mark well those words: "believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead." Ah, there is so much believing with the *head* in our time! And that is the reason why so many are not filled with joy at the glad Easter tidings. They do not deny the fact of Christ's resurrection. They take it to be true just as they take it to be true that George Washington was the first President of the United States. But this believing with the *head* cannot save a man, cannot fill his heart with joy. St. Paul says, "If thou shalt believe in thine heart"—mark well "*in thine heart* that God raised Christ from the dead, thou shalt be saved." As a poor lost and condemned sinner you must put the trust of your heart in the risen Saviour. In His resurrection you must see the overwhelming proof that *your* enemies were conquered, that *your* sins were left behind in the grave, that *you* were set free and absolved from *all* your sins. Thus the Easter tidings will fill your heart with gladness and make you leap and shout for joy. Why should you not rejoice? Being planted in Christ by the true faith of your heart, you need fear no wrath of God, no death, no hell, no devil. Looking into the empty grave of your risen Saviour you can cry out triumphantly:

"Since Christ is free, now I am free
From *all* unrighteousness,
Since He is just, now I am just,
He is my righteousness!"

On Parochial Schools.

A Letter written by Prof. Selle to Rev. Moser.

DEAR BROTHER MOSER:—I can scarcely find words adequately to express how your highly valued letter has gladdened my heart. . . . Parochial schools are assuredly essential to the prosperity, yea, even to the continual subsistence of our congregations. Glory, thanks and praise to God for his boundless favor, by which you, dear brother, have been enabled to organize a parochial school. May your school prosper and flourish to be the guide of many, many souls to heaven! May your other congregations in Missouri follow suit. The Lord will smile upon your work and pour out His blessings abundantly upon it. . . .

Bear with me, dear brother, while in the following lines I give you my ideas as to the best course to be pursued.

In a parochial school the labors of every day ought to be sanctified by an opening with devotional exercises—singing a hymn, and prayer. The hymn may be either a morning hymn or one more particularly relating to the subject of which you are about to treat in the lesson following. The new hymn book, soon to be published by the Ohio Synod, will supply you with the proper hymns. The melody to be chosen is by no means an indifferent matter. It ought to be of a truly Lutheran character. By learning to sing the same tunes with the same hymns that are sung in our German, Norwegian, &c., congregations your people will the more be and remain conscious of the comforting and strengthening fact that they are one with the large Lutheran Church of all nations, or, in other words, that, although their members may be but few in their localities, they have many brethren in the world of the same, one only true faith. . . .

As to the opening prayer I consider Luther's "Morning Benediction," found in our Small Catechism, to be the most adapted one. It may be said by the teacher or by some of the more advanced scholars alternately, or your pupils may say it together with united voices. Perhaps, by the latter method even the smallest children will learn this exquisite prayer by heart so much the sooner. The religious instructions stand, as a matter of course, at the head of the list of the branches to be taught in our schools. By them the lambs of Christ are to be strengthened in their baptismal covenant; by them those that have been led astray from the Good Shepherd have to be brought back to His fold; by them, principally, they all have to be qualified to be something to the honor of our Great God, and to the real weal of their fellow-men. The very best time of the day at school, the first hour in the morning, ought to be set apart for these instructions.

The lessons in Bible History and in the Catechism are the most difficult ones to the teacher. Here he stands on holy ground; here he is answerable to the great Judge on high for every word he utters; they are those lessons upon

which it mainly depends whether his labors prove to be either a failure, yea, far worse than a failure, or the means of conferring the highest blessings; these lessons, therefore, require a teacher's prayerful, most diligent and studious preparations. If you have no well compiled collection of the most important histories of the Bible, you will have to use the Bible itself for a text-book, as I have had to do for a number of years. . . . As long as the children are still incompetent to take in the whole history at once, the repetition by questioning has directly to follow each separate sentence of the relation, or you have to tell the story several times in succession before you commence to catechise in it. Finally, you will dwell more at length, but mostly also by questioning the children, upon what the Lord especially intends to teach us by the particular history, so that doctrine, reprimand, consolation, and exhortation may receive due attention. For a new school I should at first select only five or six of the most important histories of the Old Testament, and then a similar number of the New Testament. After the creation of the world and of man and his fall and its more immediate consequences have been dwelled upon, we should not withhold too long from our children the sweet Gospel of our beloved Saviour, for this alone can make our children truly happy and pious. In a second course, then, other important histories may follow, first of the Old and then of the New Testament.

If you teach school five days a week, I think, three morning hours should be given to Bible history, since the holy history is, indeed, the foundation of all our blessed doctrine set forth in our catechism.—As long as your scholars are not properly advanced, you will probably have to restrict your endeavors to initiate them into the holy truths by, at first, only making them thoroughly acquainted with first the text and then Luther's explanation in his Small Catechism, by and by also enabling them to get at the right meaning of the several words. I myself found it expedient, at the close of each day's school, to have all my scholars say together the texts of all the six main divisions of the Catechism. Thus even the smallest children soon learned them perfectly by heart. . . .

For a more advanced class you are, happily, provided with a good translation of Conrad Dietrich's Catechism. Not to overtax their memories, you will be contented if the scholars commit verbally to it, besides some of our standard hymns, only the most prominent definitions, pointed out by Dietrich's Catechism itself.

It were an affront to tell you anything about teaching the children their "a-b-c's" and reading. Allow me only a few words as to the proper books necessary for this certainly very important part of your labors. You will without doubt use the "Primer" issued by the Synodical Conference. But what book is to succeed this? Alas! we have no proper readers prepared yet. But our fathers of old knew of no

"readers," and still they learned to read well. I think, after the Primer has been duly absorbed by the children, they may try to read in the Scriptures, especially if you have them read the same histories you have told them previously. This will, you see, answer a double purpose, which I need not point out. Next, then, Luther's Life, by Herman Fick, translated by Prof. Loy, may profitably be used. It will, at the same time, make the scholars somewhat acquainted with the history of the Reformation,—for which reason, I should read this book with the children even if we had good "readers." The first twenty articles of our glorious Augsburg Confession, if you can provide your school with them, would certainly not be amiss as reading matter for a more advanced class. Our children ought at school to become somewhat conversant with this confession. . . .

With regard to writing and ciphering I have nothing to say, only to let the children know precisely what they have to do at any given hour of the day. You yourself must keep the time strictly, so as to accustom the pupils to punctuality also in this respect.—If you have time to teach geography, you are advised by me not to give a text-book into the children's hands. Merely explain to them the hemispheres, the map of the United States, and, perhaps, also the Bible countries, in the best manner you can after proper preparation for these lessons, and, take my word for it, with frequent repetitions the children will profit more by this method than by merely committing to memory the answers given to the questions in the text-books.

Regarding discipline, the Holy Gospel dwelling in your heart, certainly has taught you how to administer it. A father's heart will win the child's heart, even though the father has to chastise. Always let the "apple lie near the rods," as Luther recommends; try never to forget that only the Gospel cures the heart from wickedness. Alas, that we all are always too prone to lose sight of this important truth! . . .

Set apart some time for practising our beautiful melodies. Twenty minutes or a quarter of an hour toward the close of every day, or at least two half hours a week, spent for this purpose are far from being lost. Even after the children are tired out by their other lessons, their eyes will soon become bright and their whole being enlivened when they are called upon to sing. The ability to sing the hymns they have learned by heart, will make these hymns so much the more a lasting treasure to the children, and soon you will also have a more hearty chiming in at church, yea, soon our unequalled hymns may be sung in family worship in the houses of your members.

One word more and I am done. Do I understand you right that non-members are to pay for tuition, whilst members of the congregation receive it gratuitously? I am sorry to say that there is some such rule in many of our congregations. . . . Is this a wise plan? I think

not. If anything, the children of non-members should pay less than those of our members do. Our schools ought to be missionary schools. By them we should try to save as many souls of children as possible. Thus, also, the Word of God is carried by the children into their parents' houses, and many an adult may by this means be gained for our Church and for heaven. Oh, that the hearts of our members were burning with the holy fire of Christian love, so as to throw open the doors of our schools to all those children that would come if nothing were to be paid by them. We Christians, enjoying all the divine favors in Christ, ought to be strong enough to bear all the burdens—if burdens they are to be called—arising from establishing and maintaining parochial schools.

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther.

XIII.

LUTHER AT HOME.

By the pure Gospel which Luther preached peace and happiness had been brought into many a home. He proved from the Bible that marriage is an institution of God and that the laws of the pope, by which monks, nuns, priests and others are forbidden to marry, are contrary to the Word of God. He also advised others to marry, but he himself did not wish to enter the state of matrimony, because he daily expected to be put to death by his enemies. At last, however, he gave way to the wish of his old father and some of his friends, who desired him to confirm his doctrine by his own practice. On the 13th of June, 1525, Luther was married to Catherine von Bora, who had left the cloister two years before. The pope's people, who were not offended by the scandalous living and shameful sins of many monks, nuns, priests and popes, were highly offended at Luther's marriage; but Luther, in the confidence of faith, said, "I would cheerfully give them more offense if I only knew something more that would please God and mortify them."

Luther's wife was a most excellent woman, in whom "her husband's heart could safely trust." There could not have been a happier Christian home than that home of Luther in the old Augustinian cloister at Wittenberg. God gave him six children, John, Elizabeth, Magdalene, Martin, Paul, Margaret—three sons and three daughters. Luther loved them tenderly and brought them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. At the side of his dear wife and in the midst of his beloved children, he often forgot his cares and his troubles. In the spring and summer time he would often sit with them in the garden and speak about the beauties of God's works, and sport with the children, he himself becoming a child among them. On many an evening, especially on Christmas Eve, he welcomed his friends to his cheerful room, and they sang those sweet Lutheran Gospel-hymns, accompanied by the

lute and harp; for Luther was a great friend of music. Yes, it was a happy Christian home, that home of Luther in Wittenberg. But it was not without the cross. There came days of grief and sorrow to that noble heart. Once his dear wife was at the point of death, but God heard his prayers in her behalf. His daughter Elizabeth died in her first year. Luther then wrote to a friend: "My little daughter is dead. I am surprised how sick at heart she has left me; a woman's heart, so shaken am I. I could not have believed that a father's soul would have been so tender toward his child."—But there came a day of greater sorrow. It was the day when his dear daughter Magdalene died, in September, 1542. She was fourteen years of age—a most lovely, dutiful child, "so sweet, so amiable, so full of tenderness." As she lay very ill, Luther raised his eyes to heaven, saying, "I love her much, but, O my God! if it be Thy will to take her hence, I would give her up to Thee without one selfish murmur." One day she suffered great pain: he went to her bed, and taking hold of her small thin hands, pressed them again and again to his lips and said, "My dearest child, my own sweet and good Magdalene, I know you would gladly stay with your father here; but in heaven there is a better Father waiting for you. You will be equally ready to go to your Father in heaven, will you not?" "O yes, dear father," said the child, "let the will of God be done."

When the last hour came on and Death had already laid his icy hands upon the child, her father threw himself on his knees by her bedside, and with clasped hands, weeping bitterly, prayed to God. In her father's arms the dear daughter fell asleep in Jesus. Her mother was also in the room, but further off, on account of her grief. Luther softly laid the dear child upon her bed and said, "Thou hast found a Father in heaven. O God! Thy will be done!"

On the following day she was buried and the people in great crowds attended the funeral, showing the deepest sympathy with Luther's grief. When she was laid into the coffin, Luther said, "Thou darling Lenichen, how well it is with thee!" And again, looking long and fixedly at her, he said, "Ah, thou sweet Lenichen, thou shalt rise again, and shine like a star; yes, like the sun." Some of the people said they were sorry for this affliction, but Luther replied, "You should rejoice. I have sent a saint to heaven, yes, a living saint. May we have such a death! Such a death I would gladly die this very hour." When the coffin was put into the grave, Luther said, "There is a resurrection of the body!" And returning from the funeral, he said, "My daughter is now provided for in body and soul. We Christians have nothing to complain of; we know it must be so. We are quite certain of eternal life; for God who has promised it to us for His dear Son's sake, can never lie." Some time after, Dr. Luther said, "If my daughter Magdalene could come to life again, and bring with her to

me the Turkish kingdom, I would not have it. Oh, she is well cared for; 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' Who dies thus, certainly has eternal life. I would that I, and my children, and ye all could thus all depart; for evil days are coming."

A small tomb-stone was placed on the grave of Magdalene, on which was the name of the child, her age, the day of her death, and a text of Scripture. Some time after, Luther had the following lines carved upon the stone in Latin:

I, Luther's daughter Magdalene, with the saints here sleep,
And covered, calmly rest on this my couch of earth;
Daughter of death I was, born of the seed of sin,
But by Thy precious blood redeemed, O Christ!
I live."

Luther's Letter to his little Son.

In the year 1530 Luther was absent from home at the city of Coburg. From this place he wrote a letter to his little son John, who at that time was four years of age. It is a most charming letter in which Luther writes to his little boy about the beauties and glories of heaven. It shows the childlike mind of the great Reformer. Here is the letter:

"GRACE AND PEACE IN CHRIST, MY DEAR LITTLE SON!

"I am very glad to know that you learn your lessons well, and love to say your prayers. Keep on doing so, my little boy, and when I come home I will bring you something pretty from the fair. I know a beautiful garden, where there are a great many children in fine little coats, and they go under the trees and gather beautiful apples and pears, cherries and plums; they sing and run about, and are as happy as they can be. Sometimes they ride about on nice little ponies, with golden bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man whose garden it is, What little children are these? And he told me, They are little children who love to pray and learn, and are good. Then I said: My dear sir, I have a little boy at home; his name is Johnny Luther; would you let him come into the garden too, to eat some of these nice apples and pears, and ride on these fine little ponies, and play with these children? The man said: If he loves to say his prayers, and learn his lesson, and is a good boy, he may come. And Philip and Jocelin may come too; and when they are all together, they can play upon the fife and drum and lute and all kinds of instruments, and skip about and shoot with little cross-bows. He then showed me a beautiful mossy place in the middle of the garden, for them to skip about in, with a great many golden fifes, and drums, and silver cross-bows. The children had not yet had their dinner, and I could not wait to see them play, but I said to the man: My dear sir, I will go away and write all about it to my little son, John, and tell him to be fond of saying his prayers, and

learn well, and be good, so that he may come into the garden; but he has a cousin Lehne, whom he must bring along with him. The man said, Very well, go write to him. Now, my dear little son, love your lessons, and your prayers, and tell Philip and Jocelin to do so too, that you may all come to the garden. May God bless you. Give cousin Lehne my love, and kiss her for me.

Your dear father,
MARTIN LUTHER."

Trust in God.

"Mother," said a little girl, "what did David mean when he said, 'Preserve me, O God, for in thee do I put my trust?'"

"Do you remember," said her mother, "the little girl we saw walking with her father in the woods yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, mother; wasn't she beautiful?"

"She was a gentle, loving little thing, and her father was very kind to her. Do you remember what she said, when they came to the narrow bridge over the brook?"

"I don't like to think about that bridge, mother; it makes me giddy. Don't you think it is very dangerous, just those two loose planks laid across, and no railing? If she had stepped a little on either side, she would have fallen into the water."

"Do you remember what she said?" asked the mother.

"Yes, ma, she stopped a minute, as if she was afraid to go over, and then looked up into her father's face and asked him to take hold of her hand, and said: 'You will take hold of me, dear father; I don't feel afraid when you have hold of my hand.' And her father looked so lovingly upon her, and took tight hold of her hand, as if she were very precious to him."

"Well, my child," said the mother, "I think David felt just like that little girl, when he wrote those words you have asked me about."

"Was David going over a bridge, mother?"

"Not such a bridge as the one we saw in the woods; but he had come to some difficult place in his life—there was some trouble before him that made him feel afraid, and he looked up to God, just as that little girl looked up to her father, and said: 'Preserve me, O God, for in thee do I put my trust.' It is just as if he had said, 'Please take care of me, my kind heavenly Father; I do not feel afraid when thou art with me, and taking hold of my hand.'"

The Baron's Son and the Monk.

On the 8th of April, 1538, Dr. Martin Luther told the following:

A monk visited a baron who was dying. The first thing the monk did was to ask the dying man how much and what portions of his property he would give to the cloister. "Sir," said the monk, "will you give this to the cloister? Will you give that to the cloister?"

The poor baron was so near his end that he could not speak, and therefore every time a question was asked he only nodded with his head. "There", said the monk to the son of the dying man, "you see that this is the last will of your father. He wants to give the greater portion of his property to the cloister."

"Yes", said the son. "But now will you please let me ask a question?" And he approached the bed, saying, "Father, do you want me to throw this monk down the doorsteps and into the streets?"

As before, the man nodded. "There", said the son to the monk, "You see it is my father's last will to have me kick you out of the house." And in a moment he had the door opened and the "last will and testament" was duly administered. The monk was kicked out, but the cloister received no money.

If all sons were as shrewd as this young baron, the fine palaces now occupied by monks and nuns would be less numerous, and the Papists would not be able to build so many expensive churches.—*Lutheraner.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

REV. DR. BOARDMAN, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia, lately held a lecture on education before a large audience. He maintained that unless religious instruction be combined with secular education in the schools, the population must be made up largely of moral monsters. And as the public schools can not be used for bringing up children in the Christian faith, he strongly favored the establishment of parochial schools by all the churches. This is exactly what the Lutheran synods of our Synodical Conference have been doing for many years and are still doing. We Lutherans establish parochial schools in connection with our churches, because we wish to obey the commandment of our Saviour: "Feed my lambs." We wish to educate our children, not only for this world, but for heaven and for Christ. We know, too, that a true Christian is also the best citizen.

ON PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.—By request we publish in this number a copy of a letter on Parochial Schools, written by Prof. Selle at Addison, Ill. Rev. Selle has been professor in our School Teachers' Seminary for many years, and is well acquainted with our parochial school system. His advice should be well considered by all that are called upon to organize and conduct a parochial school.

BAD BOOKS.—We should shun bad books and papers as well as bad companions. How many have been led astray by reading bad books! Two white and two colored boys lately left their homes in Missouri. By reading bad books they got the notion into their heads to roam about in the world and encounter all kinds of adventure. They came as far as

Atchison, Kansas. Here they tried to jump on a locomotive, which was slowly passing by. But two of the boys were killed by the train. The other two went back home. By the horrible accident they were cured of their foolish notion. We hope they were also cured of reading bad books.

A GOOD BOOK LEARNT BY HEART.—There is a wonderful Chinese boy in one of the mission schools at Peking, in China. The missionary writes this about him: "One boy at our late examination repeated the entire New Testament without missing a single word or making one mistake. He is a diligent student of the Bible, and we have great hopes of his future usefulness." If there is any boy among our readers that can do the same, we would like to hear of him.

THE GERMAN LUTHERAN BIBLE SOCIETY has given \$50.00 for the purchase of Bibles and other religious books, to be used in the Lutheran Mission among the colored people of the South. Next?—We need many dollars for this purpose. Our missionaries will bless the kind donors for such gifts.

THE LUTHERAN IMMIGRANT MISSION of the Synodical Conference at New York distributed 12,000 tracts and a thousand Lutheran almanacs, besides many church papers, during the past year. \$15,000 passed through the missionary's hands. 734 persons were assisted on their westward journey, and employment was obtained for about 60 persons. \$233 were given to the entirely destitute and \$1,307 loaned to those in temporary need.

"MR. ANONYMOUS" wrote us a letter. He thinks we were "very good at guessing" when we wrote that article in our last number about what the PIONEER told us. "Mr. Anonymous" is mistaken, entirely mistaken. The talk of the PIONEER is taken from letters which we received during the past year. So the guessing has been done by "Mr. Anonymous," and he is not "very good at guessing." We fear "Mr. Anonymous" belongs to the large family of grumblers. Besides spending 25 cents for the PIONEER, he ought to spend 25 cents for a box of liver pills. Farewell, "Mr. Anonymous"! We close our window.

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No. 3

Ascension.

On Christ's ascension, hopeful cheer!
I ground my hope of heaven;
This trust dispels all doubtful fear,
To which at times I'm given:
For where He is, the risen Head,
His members, rising from the dead,
Will in good time be gathered.

Since Christ, my Lord, to heaven has gone,
And there with great gifts reigneth,
My longing heart in heaven alone,
Else nowhere rest obtaineth;
My Treasure and my Joy is there,
There is my heart, and all my care
Is hourly to be with Him.

Dear Lord, still let such loving grace
From Thy ascension cheer me,
That steadfastly before Thy face
I press through faith more near Thee;
And when Thou'rt pleased to come
for me,
Let me with joy depart to Thee:
Lord, hear my supplication!

(Ev. Luth. Hymnal.)

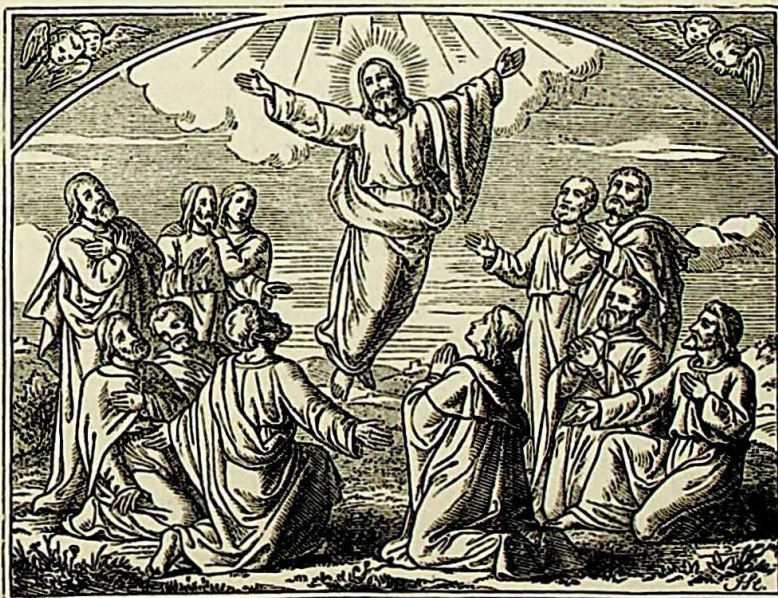
Ascension.

Our picture shows us Christ ascending into heaven from a mountain called Olivet. After having shown Himself alive to his disciples for forty days, He was there visibly present with them for the last time. He spoke with them about the Kingdom of Heaven, and told them to stay in Jerusalem and wait for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. "And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them." Their eager eyes saw Him rising higher and higher into the air, until a cloud took Him out of their view. The King of glory entered the majesty on high, and with shouts of triumph He was welcomed to the glory which He had with the Father before the world was. For it is written, "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises!" (Psalm 47, 5. 6.) So we rejoice on Ascension Day; for we know that Christ, ascending on high, "has led captivity

captive," and has "received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also" (Psalm 68, 18.). He came into our world of sin to snap the chains by which Sin, Death, Devil and Hell held us captives and slaves. By His life, His sufferings and His death He redeemed us out of this slavery, and having finished the work of our redemption, He, the great Conqueror, ascended on high leading our captivity captive. IT IS FINISHED! This is the cry of victory from the cross. IT IS FINISHED! This is the cry of triumph from the empty grave on Easter morning. IT IS

righteousness, with your own good works, with your own good feelings, or with anything that you find in your sinful self? Oh, throw away those filthy rags! How can you dare to try to adorn that bright, that beautiful finished work of Christ with those dirty rags of your own? God will tear them away and fling them from Him in His wrath. He wants nothing beside that finished work of Christ. This He offers unto you in the Gospel. Oh, then, take it with the hand of faith! Finding nothing good in your own sinful self, come as a poor sinner and trust in that finished work of the Saviour! You will then be a happy man; you will have forgiveness of sin and life everlasting. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3, 36.). And in all the tempests and sorrows of this world you can be a happy child of God, for you have the sure hope of eternal joy in heaven. There will be a day—and that day is at hand—when Jesus will come in like manner as he was seen going to heaven. He will take His faithful children to their heavenly home, and, having become happy children of God, we shall then be "forever with the Lord," saved by the finished work of our Saviour. In this sure hope you, too, may sing rejoicingly:

"A LITTLE while' our Lord shall come
And we shall wander here no more;
He'll take us to our Father's home,
Where he for us has gone before—
To dwell with Him, to see His face,
And sing the glories of His GRACE."



FINISHED! . This triumphant shout we hear again from the Mount of Olivet on Ascension Day. Yes, it is finished, the work of our redemption is finished, and nothing has been left undone. Christ therefore, before His ascension, told His disciples to go out into the world and preach the Gospel to all creatures. That Gospel is the glad news of the finished work of our redemption. Will you reject this Gospel? In that Gospel the finished work of Christ is offered unto you, and if you reject it, oh, if you reject it, you thereby reject your salvation; for outside of that finished work of Christ there is nothing in the universe of God that can save you. Or will you try to adorn that finished work of Christ with your own

LET us follow the Lamb by setting our affections on heavenly things, for the world promises delights which it never gives. It deceives all who trust in it. But, oh! the riches of divine grace and glory which Christ will bestow on his own! There is no honor like a relation to Christ; no riches like the graces of Christ; no learning like the knowledge of Christ; no persons like the servants of Christ.—W. E.

The Holy Spirit.

On the festival day of Pentecost the Church commemorates the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles, which event we find recorded in the second chapter of the Acts. By that outpouring of the Holy Spirit the apostles received *extraordinary* gifts which were necessary for establishing the Church. They were enabled to speak different languages; they were enlightened with infallible wisdom; they were filled with courage to preach the Gospel in the very face of death. The Holy Spirit, however, is still active in the Church and does His work of regenerating and sanctifying men through the means of grace—the Word of God and the Holy Sacraments. Now, some people have false notions about the Holy Spirit. Let us therefore see who the Holy Spirit is.

HE IS A PERSON.

Some people think Him to be but a mere power, a mere influence; but we can't see how an attentive reader of the Bible can deny that He is a PERSON. There are many passages that go to prove this. We shall only quote a few. Jesus says to His disciples in the 14th chapter of John, 16th and 17th verses: "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever. Even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you." Here we hear Christ in speaking of the Holy Spirit, using the words "He" and "Him" and "whom". From this it is plain that the Holy Spirit is a PERSON. Again, Christ says in the 28th chapter of Matthew, 19th verse: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." From this we learn that the Holy Spirit is a Person as truly as the Father and the Son, and we learn, too, that He is a Person *distinct* from the Father and the Son. Again, in many passages of the Bible men are said to vex, to blaspheme, to grieve the Spirit, which they could not do, unless He is a PERSON.

HE IS A DIVINE PERSON.

He is called God. We could quote many passages, but let us only read Acts 5, 3. 4: "Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? While it remained was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? thou hast not lied unto men but unto God." From this it is quite plain that the Holy Spirit is a *Divine* Person, that He is God; for Peter tells Ananias, that, in lying to the Holy Ghost, he had lied "unto God." Again, in the Bible the attributes, works, and honors of God are also ascribed to the Holy Spirit, the same as to God the Father and to God the Son, which could not be done, if the Holy Spirit were not

a DIVINE Person. Our Lutheran Catechism, therefore, gives us the true Bible-answer to the question, Who is God the Holy Spirit? The answer is this: "HE IS THE THIRD PERSON IN THE GODHEAD, who from eternity proceeds from the Father and the Son, and regenerates and sanctifies us through the Word and the Sacraments."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

What to Buy and How to Buy.

Though you have ever so many books and yet have no Bible, go and purchase one. The Bible is the first and best of all books that have been written or ever will be written. It is THE Book, the book of books. God is its author, not a man. It is the only book written by God, it is the Word of God. It contains that information about sin, redemption, forgiveness of sin, heaven, hell, Christian holiness, yea of God himself, which cannot be obtained from any other source. It is the most useful book. It is a guide-book for the seekers after truth, and for those who want information in regard to what becometh a Christian under all possible circumstances. It is an infallible textbook of doctrine. It admonishes the fallen; it reproves and terrifies the wicked. It comforts in distress of every kind; it soothes the fears and pangs of conscience by the gospel; it cheers the Christian, when afflicted with bodily suffering and want. The Bible is also the most entertaining and instructive book. Do you prefer to read history? The Bible is full of history, as it describes, for instance, the earliest ages of the world; the history of the people of Israel from its origin to the coming of Christ; the life, words, and deeds of Jesus; the beginning and growth of the earliest Christian Church. Do you love poetry? The poetry of the Bible, particularly in the Psalms, surpasses that of all ancient or modern poets. Are you a philosopher, a thinker? The Bible contains the soundest reasoning and infinitely deep thoughts. Are you a lawyer? The Bible contains those laws that are the foundation of all human legislation and institutions. By all means, add the Bible to your collection of books. Your library will be incomplete without it.—When you are buying books and you recollect that you have no Bible, purchase it first of all, even though this will require all the money you have. You cannot get better and more suitable reading for your leisure hours, for Sunday, for the morning when you have just risen, for the evening immediately before retiring.—The best present to a friend is a Bible.—If your son or daughter leaves your home to become servants, or to travel, or to seek a new home, or after marriage, see that, above all, a Bible is among their things, and admonish them to use it often and well. For a wedding gift to a newly married couple, the most appropriate, because of its necessity and as the best token of friendship and love, is the Bible. Parents, if possible, get a Bible for each member of your family

that is able to read, so that each may consider one Bible as exclusive property and use it as such. Train your children to read the Bible themselves when alone, and not only to hear it read during the morning or evening devotion of the whole household. Young man, don't be ashamed to place a Bible among your books: don't be ashamed of using it. Young lady, throw away that trashy novel or book, and use the Bible, which a pious mother admonished you to read and, perhaps, has even made you a present of. Get one, if you have none. Don't pack it away in your trunk, to be brought to light only once a year. Don't think that to be seen with a Bible disgraces you with your mistress or your friends.

But we must remember, too, that we purchase a Bible for *use*. Therefore, if you purchase a Bible for your own use, or for others, then don't procure one of so fine print, that it cannot be read without great effort, and injury to the eyes. Such small print Bibles, of course, are small in size and very convenient. But though it may be called a triumph of the printer's art to produce a Bible which can be carried about in the vest-pocket, yet there is no service done thereby to those using their Bibles every day; too fine print will either keep them from reading often, or else injure their eye-sight. On the other hand, it is not less inadvisable to purchase one of those large, costly, gilt-edged Bibles, without or with engravings, unless you can afford to use the same daily, or have another for common use. Generally those costly Bibles are bought for show, or to be laid away snug and safe, never to be touched except to admire the beautiful binding and finish of the book. F. B.

On Prayer.

Do not say you cannot pray, because you cannot speak much, or well, or long. Prayer is wrestling with God; the heart is the wrestler; holy faith is the strength of it; if by means of this strength thy heart be a good wrestler, though thou art ever so tongue-tied, thou wilt be a prevailer. Rhetoric goes for little in the heavenly court, but sincere groans have a kind of omnipotence. A man of little eloquence may be the best praying Christian.—*Selected.*

No Puzzle.

An infidel tried to confuse a Christian colored man by telling him that there were many contradictory passages in the Bible. "For example", said he, "how can it be that we are in the Spirit and at the same time the Spirit in us!" The old colored Christian man made a very good answer. He said, "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like that poker. I put's it in de fire till it gets red-hot. Now, de poker's in de fire, an' de fire's in de poker." This was as good an answer as any profound theologian could have given. The infidel had no more to say.

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther.

XIV.

LUTHER AT MARBURG.

The year 1529 is an important year in the History of the Reformation. In this year Luther wrote his Larger and Smaller Catechisms, the latter of which is still used in our Lutheran schools. In this year, too, a Diet was held in the city of Spire. The Roman-catholic princes there passed a decree forbidding the preaching of the pure doctrines of God's Word. Against this decree the Lutheran princes entered a solemn Protest, and from this Protest the Lutherans were for the first time called Protestants.

In that year 1529 an important Conference was also held at the city of Marburg to discuss the doctrine of the Lord's Supper. In the beginning of the Reformation the friends of the Gospel-truth were united in the pure doctrine of God's Word on this subject. The first who dissented from the pure doctrine as taught by Luther was Carlstadt, that fanatical man who had raised the disturbances in Wittenberg during Luther's concealment at the Wartburg. He taught that the body and blood of Christ are not truly present with the bread and wine in the Holy Supper. Now, this is contrary to the plain words of Christ as found in Matthew 26, 26—28.; Mark 14, 22—24.; Luke 22, 19, 20.; 1 Cor. 11, 23—25. The words of Christ are quite plain, when, in giving the bread, He says, **THIS IS MY BODY**, and, in giving the wine, **THIS IS MY BLOOD**. Human reason, however, cannot comprehend how the true body of Christ can be truly present with the bread, and the true blood of Christ with the wine in the holy Sacrament. Men that follow their reason rather than the Word of God twist the plain words of Christ and deny the true presence of the body and blood of Christ in the Holy Supper. This was done by Carlstadt, and others followed him. Zwingli, a pastor in Switzerland, adopted and defended the false doctrine. The poison of that error began to spread. Luther saw that Satan, who had tried to crush the Word of God by popery, now tried to crush that Word by human reason. God's Word, in which Luther had found peace and consolation, which was his mighty sword and safe stronghold in his battle against the Romish church, was now attacked by man's reason, and he arose to battle against that new enemy. He wrote two powerful books in which he refuted all the arguments of those false teachers and held high the banner of God's eternal truth. Zwingli and his men, however, continued in their error and afterwards separated from the Church of the pure faith and organized a church of their own, called the Reformed, of which church the so-called Protestant denominations, outside of the Lutheran Church, are but branches.

Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, a friend of Luther's, arranged a Conference between the

two parties. It was held on the first three days in October, 1529. The principal men on the Lutheran side were Luther and his learned friend Melancthon; on the Reformed side, Zwingli and Oecolampadius. The Reformed, who had many other false doctrines besides that of the Holy Supper, were first instructed in the doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, of Original Sin, of Justification by Faith, and others. Then the discussion on the doctrine of the Holy Supper was opened, the Reformed trying to prove that in the Holy Supper the body and blood of Christ are not present. They tried to take their first argument from the Bible. It was our Lord's saying in John 6, 63., "The flesh profiteth nothing." The Reformed argued that since the flesh of Christ profiteth nothing, His body cannot be present in the Sacrament. Luther showed them that Christ in that verse does not speak of *His* flesh, as He had before said that His flesh gives eternal life; but that He meant *our* flesh, which is carnal and does not receive the Word of God; that it was shocking to say that Christ's flesh profited nothing.

The other argument of the Reformed was taken from human reason. They said that a body could not be in two places at the same time, and that the body of Christ, sitting in heaven, cannot be in the many places where the Lord's Supper is administered. Luther told them that we must not judge of Christ's human nature according to our reason but according to God's Word, from which we know that Christ's human nature is inseparably united with His divine nature into one person, by reason of which union the human nature has part in the glory and majesty of the divine nature and therefore can be present in many places at the same time in a manner which is above our reason. When Zwingli here said that God does not ask us to believe anything unreasonable, Luther answered in the power of faith: "What God speaks is always for our salvation, even though He should command us to eat crab apples or pick up straws."

The discussion was carried on for three days, but there was no agreement reached. Luther had to tell his opponents, "You have a different spirit from ours." By this he meant a spirit which would not bow to the Word of God, but would rather follow human reason. He closed the conference thanking his opponents that they had conducted the discussion so kindly and praying that God would bring them back in the way of truth. The landgrave Philip had been greatly impressed by Luther's powerful Bible-arguments for the truth, and he said publicly: "Now I shall believe the simple words of Christ rather than the acute thoughts of men." Yes, Luther at this Conference held fast to the Word of God. When the Conference opened, he wrote with chalk on the table, at which he sat, the words of Christ in large letters: **THIS IS MY BODY**. His heart, as well as his eye, always rested on God's Word. He, therefore, could not form a union with men

that would not accept the plain Word of God. He held fast to the pure doctrine of the Holy Supper until the hour of death, and the Lutheran Church, thank God, still holds fast to that precious doctrine and will maintain it, God helping her, to the end of time.

Old Nanny.

She was an old Scotch woman; and the folks called her "Old Nanny". She had been sick for many years; she was bed-ridden and near the end of her "long and weary pilgrimage", but she rested as a poor sinner with full assurance of faith upon the finished work of Christ. One day a young minister said to her, "Now, Nanny, what if, after all your confidence in the Saviour, and your watching and waiting, God should suffer your soul to be lost?" Raising herself on her elbow, and turning to him with a look of grief and pain, she laid her hand on the open Bible before her, and quietly said, "Ah, dear me, is that all the length you have got yet, man? God", she said earnestly, "would have the greatest loss. Poor Nannie would but lose her soul, and that would be a great loss indeed, but God would lose His *honor* and His *character*. Haven't I hung my soul upon His exceeding great and precious promises? and if He break His word, He would make Himself a liar, AND ALL THE UNIVERSE WOULD RUSH INTO CONFUSION."

A False Witness.

At the city of Stockholm, in Sweden, a man was to be executed, who, though innocent, was condemned through false witness. On the scaffold, seeing the false witness among the spectators, he raised his hand and cried aloud, "False witness! false witness! between this and to-morrow I cite you to appear before the Judgment seat of God!" When the sheriff's sword struck off the head of the prisoner, the false witness also fell to the ground, and was carried away dead.

Draw up your Feet.

"You can't have everything you want in this world. Life is often like a blanket that is too short: if you pull it up over your shoulders, you uncover your feet; and if you cover your feet, your shoulders must be bare. However, some cheerful people manage to draw their feet up a little, and so pass a pleasant night."

FALSE PEACE.—Any peace that is not based upon the finished work of the Lord Jesus is just *peace with Satan*, peace in a condemned state, and a peace that will land you in hell. You can have no peace with God and your sins too. The blood that makes me a friend to God, makes me a foe to sin.—*Selected.*

Items.

THE DANISH LUTHERAN MISSION in Greenland has eight stations, ten missionaries, and 7847 members.

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH in America has five missionary journals, of which three are in the German and two in the English language. The sixth (English) will soon be published.

IT IS SAID, that there is a Lutheran congregation in Siberia, at the outermost Eastern station of the Russian Dominion, near the Chinese city of Aljun.

MOSS POINT (Miss.). English Lutheran Mission numbers 17 members. 39 pupils attend the parochial school. 4 persons are being instructed previous to their confirmation.

REV. RUPPRECHT was recently appointed traveling missionary for the state of Iowa, to visit, gather, and preach to the Lutherans scattered over the state and not yet organized into congregations.

LUTHERANS are settling in Italy, Europe, in large numbers. At Naples there is a parochial day-school attended by 130 children and conducted by 3 male and 3 female teachers. At Salerno, near Naples, another German Lutheran Church has been established.

THE LUTHERAN ORPHANS' HOME at Dayton, Ohio, is in a very prosperous condition. During the past year, the first year of its existence, there were 31 children in the Home, and at the close of the year five others had applied for admission.

THE REPORT OF LUTHERAN HOSPITAL, Asylum, and Orphans' Home at St. Louis is published. In the Hospital there were 72 sick persons, in the Asylum 18 old persons, and in the Orphans' Home 78 orphans during the past year.

THE EV. LUTH. SWEDISH AUGUSTANA SYNOD has, for some time, conducted a mission among the Indians. Three young Indians are now being educated in the Swedish college at Rock Island, Ills., for missionary duty among their race. Several Swedish students are preparing for the same purpose.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The most beautiful of all the churches in this most Lutheran city, the Ev. Luth. Church of the Holy Trinity, was dedicated on Sunday April 11th. It is built in the form of a cross, in gothic style, 55x142 feet. The two towers are respectively 200 and 128 feet high.

A COLONY OF ICELANDIC LUTHERANS having settled in Manitoba, in British America, but finding it impossible to prosper and being reduced to want, now intends to settle in Dakota Territory. This will bring them nearer to the Lutheran Church in the United States, and will enable the Norwegian Synod to do more for the spiritual welfare of these people, than could be done hitherto.

ROBERT INGERSOLL, the prince of American infidels, complains that the ministers of the

gospel annually cost the American people \$12,000,000. But he should remember, that lawyers annually draw \$70,000,000 out of the American people's pockets. Which cost the most, and which are least necessary of the two? That is not all. "The millions spent for the gospel", says the *Lutheran Standard*, "prevent the expenditure of millions more", viz. for lawyers, police, armies. The influence of the gospel as a gospel of peace between nations and individuals and as a preservative of good order and due respect of the one for the rights of others, is beyond dispute. Still more. Take away the gospel or check its influence, in a short time there will be no security for anything. The world will not only be morally, but financially corrupt. "Real estate will then be worth about as much as it was in Sodom and Gomorrah. What substitute can be offered for the religion of Jesus Christ?" None; at least not Bob Ingersoll's insane harangues. Read Psalm 14, v. 1. x.

THE RESURRECTION of Christ and the forgiveness of sins stand or fall together. Recognize Christ risen, and you recognize sin forgiven. The moment you take your eye off a risen Christ, you lose the full, deep, divine, peace-giving sense of the forgiveness of sins. The richest fund of experience, the widest range of intelligence, will not do as a ground of confidence. Nothing, in short, but JESUS RISEN. Selected.

THOU shalt know that the Bible is a book which makes the wisdom of all other books to be foolishness, because none teach eternal life but it. To read many books will not so much advance our learning, as often to read through this same book; by this we shall advance in religion, as well as in the knowledge of the world.—*Luther*.

CHRISTIANS and pious persons have greater treasures than the wicked. For although the wicked flourish in this world and are held in great esteem, yet they have not God.—*Luther*.

WHEN you hear the Gospel inviting you to come to Jesus, then say not, I can't come, I am a great sinner—that is the very reason why you should come.

When I am poor, I feel no poverty, I think I have everything in abundance; for I have Christ, who can give me every hour what I need, although I have nothing.—*Luther*.

HE that walks most with Christ will know most of the glory of Christ.

THOSE days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than lost in which we do evil.

WHEN you bury a quarrel, do not put up a tombstone.

Our Critic's Corner.

THE LIFE OF LUTHER in Picture and Verse. A Jubilee Offering in Commemoration of the 350th Anniversary of Luther's Smaller Catechism. Translated from the German of Rev. J. A. Darmstaetter, by Rev. G. H. Trabert, Lebanon, Pa.—Reading, Pa.: Pilger Book-store. 1879. Price: Paper 20 cts.; per 100 \$15.00; Cloth 25 cts.; per 100 \$18.00.

To begin with a confession, we are not very partial to a "poetic" history or an historical "poetry". As a general case, to which, of course, exceptions are occasionally found, either history or poetry, if not each of them, seems to come off a loser by a rhyming treatment of history. We prefer, in this case, a good, clear, concise, and graphic prose, untrammelled by the requirements of metre and rhyme. But this may be a peculiar notion of ours. And, aside from this, we do not hesitate at all to join our "esteemed contemporaries" (for example, the "Lutheraner" of St. Louis, Mo., regarding the German Edition) in heartily recommending this very nicely gotten up little book of about 50 pages 4to. The pictures, 25 in all, are, partly, excellent. We would name, especially, the two pictures of Luther, one on the front of the fine cover, and the other opposite the beautiful title-page of the book, and those representing, respectively, the Pope's majesty; Luther nailing his 95 Theses against Indulgences to the church-door (1517); Luther at the Diet at Worms (1521); Luther at the Wartburg (do.); the Sermon; Concluding the Translation of the Bible.—The letter-press, on tinted paper with an ornamental border, is very good; the price lower than we would have expected.

THE GRACE OF GIVING: Lecture by Rev. M. Rhodes, D.D., Pastor of St. Mark's Eng. Evang. Lutheran Church, St. Louis, Mo. Philadelphia, Pa.: Lutheran Publication House.

MY DUTY TO THE CHURCH OF WHICH I AM A MEMBER; and A CHRISTIAN HOME, both by the same Author and Publisher.

These Tracts or Discourses contain many a good and christian sentence. But, we regret to say, the "Pioneer" can not recommend them to his readers in general. Well-meaning and poetically eloquent, no doubt, the Author is; but he has not the true Lutheran ring in his voice. He lacks not only the grand and always most eloquent and effective simplicity of biblical language and style, but, worse than this, also of unadulterated biblical truth and doctrine. "Great moral principles and experiences underlie and grow out of it" (viz. systematic benevolence, the Author's hobby, it seems). "It is a subject, indeed a doctrine of divine revelation—a purpose of God—a method of grace, just as it is the most spiritual truth of the Scriptures" (Grace of giving, p. 3.).—"You are bought with a price, therefore give; not because you can give much, or little, but because it is a duty, and you can thereby worship and glorify God. The Holy Ghost has even given us the method of our aims-giving. It is not to be left to the impulse of a moment, nor to be a duty performed at long intervals. 'Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.'—1 Cor. 16, 2." (My duty etc., p. 13.).—"I enter now into no discussion about the divine obligation and sanctity of the Christian Sabbath. All that must be conceded, if it can be shown that the Lord's day is a day for the family" etc. (A Christian Home, p. 18.).—"God gave it (the Christian Sabbath) for no such purpose" etc. (do. p. 19.).

These sentences will suffice for intelligent Lutheran readers to show what we mean, and to justify our judgment. Want of space prevents us from going into further particulars. CRITIC.

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No. 4.

Are you Born Again?

It would be well for every one to search his heart with the solemn question, *Are you born again?* Christ said to Nicodemus, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God", John 3, 3. Nicodemus wondered at this startling statement, but Christ said unto him, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, *Ye must be born again.*" (v. 7.) And the reason for this *must be* is given in the sixth verse: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." This means that every man being born of sinful parents is sinful. Since the fall of Adam every man by his natural birth gets a sinful and corrupt nature and must cry out, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me", Psalm 51, 5. Every man is a *born sinner*, with a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; dead in trespasses and sins, (Jeremiah 17, 9.; Eph. 2, 1.). And there is here no difference. The flesh, the corrupt nature, of the most refined and cultivated is flesh, is sinful, just as well as the flesh of the vilest sinner. Nicodemus was not what the world would call a bad man. He was a strict Pharisee leading an outwardly moral life. And to this man Christ said that he must be born again; for that which is born of the flesh is flesh. This flesh, this sinful nature of ours cannot enter the kingdom of God. We must therefore be born again, we must receive a new nature. How is this done? Nicodemus said, "How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?", (v. 4.). If a man *could* be born a million times in this natural way, that would do him no good; for he would be born a million times of the flesh and "that which is born of the flesh is flesh". Christ therefore answered, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God", (v. 5.). We must be born of the *Spirit*; for "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit", (v. 6.). The Spirit of God does this work of regeneration through the Word of God in the water of Baptism and in the reading and preaching of the Gospel. By that Word of God the Spirit works faith in the

heart of the convicted sinner. The sinner who has been crushed by the law of God, who has come to the knowledge of his sinful nature, who finds nothing good in himself is led by the Spirit through the Word of God to trust in Jesus as his only Saviour. Thus a man is born again. Besides that sinful nature which he received by birth from his earthly parents, he now has a new, sinless nature by this new birth of the Spirit. As by his natural birth he became a sinful child of sinful parents, he by this new birth of the Spirit has become a beloved child of the holy God. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God", (John 1, 12. 13.); "Ye are the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus", (Gal. 3, 6.).

Reader, are *you* born again? If not, you cannot enter the kingdom of God. You may cultivate that flesh, that sinful, corrupt nature of yours in all the refinements of the nineteenth century, you may carry that flesh to church and practice all kinds of ceremonies and profess Christianity with your mouth before the largest congregation of the world, if you do not believe in Jesus as a poor lost and condemned sinner, you are not born again; and if you are not born again, you cannot enter the kingdom of God. Dear reader, are *you* born again? If not, oh, then do not, do not resist the Holy Spirit, who by the Gospel of Jesus will bring you to true faith in your Saviour and will make you a happy child of God. By the great value of your immortal soul, by all the terrors of the hell, by all the beauties of heaven I beseech you, do not, do not resist the Holy Spirit; for of that Spirit only you can be born again.

THE RICHES OF GOD'S WORD.—Let us regard the Word with due honor. I have now, for some years, read the Bible through twice a year; and as if it were a great, mighty tree, and all words were twigs or branches, I have beaten each of them to know what was growing on it and what good it could supply, and I have every time succeeded in gathering some few more apples or pears.—*Luther.*

A Jubilee.

1530—1880.

On the 25th of June the Lutheran Church celebrates a grand Jubilee. She on that day commemorates two memorable events of her history. The first is the presentation of the Augsburg Confession, the history of which our readers may read in this number in our "Life of Luther". It occurred 350 years ago, on the 25th of June, 1530. That Confession is the pure and correct confession of the Divine truth of Holy Scripture. Our fathers therefore rejoiced over it. Dr. Luther said, "I rejoice that I have lived to see the hour in which Christ is publicly preached by His confessors, before an assembly so illustrious, in this glorious Confession. Herein is fulfilled what the Scripture saith: 'I will declare thy testimonies in the presence of kings'. Yea, that will also be fulfilled which follows: 'and shall not be put to shame.' 'For he that confesses me before men', says He who cannot lie, 'him will I also confess before my father who is in heaven'." Another great divine call our Augsburg Confession "a confession the like of which has not been heard not only for a thousand years, but not since the world exists. In no history and in no ancient father is anything like it to be found." It is the oldest Protestant Confession; it is the first public testimony of the true Church against Romish corruption; it is a wall of adamant against false doctrine; it is the glorious banner around which all true Lutherans of all lands rally. With joy and thanksgiving we this year celebrate the 350th anniversary of the Augsburg Confession.

1580—1880.

The other event which we commemorate on our day of Jubilee is the publication of the Book of Concord. It was published for the first time 300 years ago, on the 25th of June, 1580. What does that book contain? It contains the creeds or confessions adopted by the Lutheran Church. They are the following:

The Apostles' Creed. It consists of the three articles which are found in our Catechism, and is called the Apostles' Creed, because it contains

a summary of the apostolic doctrine and is believed to have been drawn up during the time of the Apostles.

The Nicene Creed. It has its name from the city of Nice, in Asia, where a church-council was held in the year 325, in order to restore the peace of the Church, which had been disturbed by the heretic Arius, who denied the divinity of Christ. It is a clear statement of the divinity of Christ and of the personality of the Holy Ghost.

The Athanasian Creed. It has its name from the great defender of the divinity of Christ, Athanasius, who died in the year 373. It is a clear statement of the three persons in one God and of the two natures in one Christ.—These three Creeds are called the *general* Creeds, and by adopting them the Lutheran Church shows that she is no new church, but that she holds fast to the doctrines of the true Church of the first centuries.

The Augsburg Confession. It has its name from the city of Augsburg, where it was presented at the Diet, on the 25th of June, 1530.

The Apology, or Defence of the Augsburg Confession. It was written in the same year as a defence of the Augsburg Confession against the attacks of the Romish theologians.

The Smalcald Articles. They were drawn up by Dr. Luther as a clear statement of evangelical doctrine to be presented at a council, which was to be called in 1537. They have their name from the city of Smalcald, where they were adopted by a large number of theologians in 1537.

The Smaller and the Larger Catechisms of Dr. Luther, written by him in the year 1529.

The Formula of Concord. It was drawn up in the year 1577. It put an end to the sad controversies which, after Luther's death, were created in the Lutheran Church by false teachers, who had sneaked into the Church and were trying to spread all kinds of false doctrines.

These are the Confessions which were published complete in one book, called the Book of Concord, in the year 1580. They are all taken from the Bible and are therefore in perfect harmony with the Bible and with each other. They are the sparkling gems of Gospel truth in the flashing diadem of our Book of Concord. They are the banners around which true Lutherans rally and march on to victory. Let the banners wave and the drums beat, marching under the banners of our Confessions we know that the God of eternal truth is with us in the field. With joy and thanksgiving we celebrate the third Centennial of our Book of Concord.

On Creeds.

Why do Lutherans hold fast to their creeds or confessions? Not because they place their confessions above the Bible or at the side of the Bible. No; a thousand times no! The Bible is the only source of Christian knowledge. But Lutherans are convinced that their confessions are in perfect harmony with the Bible, and that by

holding fast to their confessions, they hold fast to the truths of the Bible. The Bible is the fountain, and the Lutheran confessions are the streams flowing out of this fountain. Through the Bible God tells us the truths which we are to believe, and in our creeds we confess our belief in those truths of the Bible.—The Confessions were drawn up by men, yes. And men may err, yes. But have those men erred who drew up our confessions? That is the question. It has not been proven, and we defy the world to prove it. If it could be proven that any doctrine of our confessions is not taken from the Bible, we would drop that doctrine immediately; for the Bible is the only rule by which every doctrine must be tested. The pastors and teachers of our Church must therefore, on entering upon their duties, affirm, in the presence of the congregation, that they are convinced that the confessions are *in perfect harmony with the Bible*, and must vow, that they will preach and teach according to those confessions. The members of the congregation then cannot demand of the pastor to preach according to the itching of their ears. The pastor, on the other hand, cannot preach his own views and opinions and notions to the congregation. How often is this done in other churches! Take up a Monday's paper in which a summary is given of the sermons held on Sunday. One Romish bishop or priest preaches this opinion, another preaches an entirely different opinion on the same subject. One so-called Protestant preaches this notion, another preaches a quite different notion. This cannot be done in the Lutheran Church.

But is not this a free country? And how can we bind men to these confessions? This is a free country, yes. And a man can become a Mormon if he likes to. No one forces him to be a Lutheran pastor or teacher. But if he wants to be a Lutheran, that is, a true Bible-Christian, he must hold fast to the Bible-truths laid down in our Confessions. If he cannot do this, he has no right to call himself a Lutheran. If a man is a shoemaker, he has no right to put out a barber's sign; and if he is a barber, he has no right to put out a shoemaker's sign. Let me tell you a story. The English, you know, lately waged war with the Zulus down in South Africa. The people read about the Zulus in the papers and took great interest in them. Some speculator, anxious to make money, travelled about in Germany with some colored people who pretended to be genuine Zulus from South Africa. The people came in crowds to see them, and in Berlin a professor examined the heads of those so-called Zulus. Now it happened that some one, who could speak the Zulu language, came to speak with them; but they could not speak that language, and it was then found out that they were colored people from Louisiana. Now, you know, Louisiana is not in South Africa, and the colored people of Louisiana are no Zulus. Thus the people had been cheated. So we say a man has no right to cheat the people by merely call-

ing himself a Lutheran. If he wants to be a Lutheran, he must speak the Lutheran language, that is, he must hold fast to the Bible-truths which are laid down in our confessions. If he is a true Lutheran, he will gladly bind himself to these confessions which are hallowed by the tears and prayers of our fathers, and sealed by the blood of our Lutheran martyrs.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

How to read the Bible.

When reading the Bible, we ought always to remember that it is the Word of God. Hence we should read it with reverence and devotion. We should read it carefully, for every word is gold. We should understand what we read therein, we should let it sink deeply into our hearts and keep it.

For special occasions and wants you may select special passages of scriptures to read, such as your special needs or the occasion may require. But in general, and for your daily reading, you may observe the following bits of advice, which were tried and proven valuable by many men of God:

First, do not read here and there, at random, choosing the passages by chance; but begin at the first verse of the Bible and continue in your daily reading till you arrive at the last verse of the Revelations. One or more chapters ought to be read every day. After you have perused the whole Bible once, then re-read the New Testament entire. This done, begin to read the Old Testament and continue to the end of the Bible. The New Testament ought to be read twice, while the Old Testament is read once.

Secondly, underline and mark all such passages that strike you as very important or containing much comfort or which you may want to use some time in argument or conversation with others.

Thirdly, commit to memory as many of those passages as your time and memory will allow.

Fourthly, always use, if possible, the same copy of the Bible. Besides endearing that copy to you as your daily companion and handbook, the practice of the same Bible at all times will enable you to find favorite and other passages easily, though you may not exactly remember chapter and verse. Simply by recollecting the position in which you found the passage, or the marks you made there, the connection the passage has with foregoing or following words, in *your* Bible, it will not take you long before you have found it. This a person cannot do as readily in a Bible altogether different in size, print etc. from the one he usually reads.

Lastly, do not read simply in order to know what is in the Bible or to fill the mind with its words, but read for the heart. Do not read the Bible to show how well you are informed concerning its contents, to parade your Bible-learning; but read for your own benefit, so that you may grow in understanding, increase

in faith, and make progress in godliness. Satan proved in the wilderness that he also had read in the Bible; yet he did it, not to become pious, but to practice his tricks; (Matthew, chapter 4.) knowledge alone availeth nothing.

To conclude. As all your undertakings, so begin the reading of the Bible with prayer and end it in the same way. Then, if you carefully follow the above directions, all those passages which, at first, seemed dark and incomprehensible, will come to be satisfactorily understood by you. The Bible explains itself. Therefore, he that has with prayer attentively and carefully read and studied the Bible in all its parts, can also best explain and determine the meaning of a passage. There would be less error, false doctrine, misunderstanding of texts, if people would read the Bible in the right way, explain Scripture by Scripture, and, above all, bear in mind that the Bible is the Word of God; that it must be read not merely for information's sake but to benefit the soul; that God must give light to see the light of His holy Word. The blind man cannot see the sun in broad day-light. Thus we who are spiritually blind by nature must regain our eye-sight, the eyes of our soul must be *made* to see by God.

F. B.

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther.

XV.

CONFESSION AT AUGSBURG.

In 1530 a Diet, or convention, was held in the city of Augsburg by order of the Emperor Charles V. At this Diet the religious differences existing in Germany were to be attended to. The Lutherans, or Protestants, as they were then called, wished to lay a statement of their doctrines before the Diet, and Luther had therefore drawn up several articles containing the pure Gospel truth. At the head of the Lutherans stood the true friend of the Reformation, the Elector of Saxony. With Luther and other theologians he left Saxony for the city of Augsburg. But he did not think it safe to take Luther into the camp of the enemy; he had reason to fear that the pope's people would not let him leave the city alive. So he left Luther at a castle near the city of Coburg, whilst he and the others went on to the Diet.

Luther was not idle during his stay at Coburg. In spirit he was always present with his friends at Augsburg. He was kept informed of all that happened there, and not a step was taken without his advice. He wrote many letters of encouragement and consolation to his friends, and daily prayed to God earnestly for the cause of truth. His companion at Coburg wrote this about him: "No day passes on which he does not spend at least three hours in prayer. Once I had the good fortune to hear him pray; O what faith was there in his words! He prayed with such reverence that it was manifest he was speaking with God, and yet again with such faith and such hope that it seemed as if

he were speaking with a father or a friend. 'I know', he prayed, 'that Thou art our God and Father. I am certain, therefore, that Thou wilt bring to nought the persecutors of Thy children; if Thou dost not do it, the danger is Thine as well as ours. Surely the whole matter is Thy own; we have been forced to enter upon it; it is for Thee to protect it.'"

Whilst Luther thus prayed for the cause of truth, his friends at Augsburg were getting ready for the Diet. The emperor came later than was expected, and so the Lutherans had time to write out their Confession on the basis of Luther's articles. These articles were enlarged and polished by the able pen of Luther's dear friend, the learned Melancthon. This Confession was then sent to Luther, who expressed himself entirely pleased and satisfied with it. So everything was ready when, on the 15th of June, the emperor, in great pomp and glory, entered the city of Augsburg. He appointed a day for the reading of the Confession.

On Saturday, June 25th, 1530, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Diet assembled in the chapel of the bishop's palace at Augsburg. The ever memorable hour had come in which the noble little band of Lutherans should publicly confess the Lord Jesus Christ. There sat the Emperor whose dominion extended from the North to the South of Europe, and across the ocean to Peru and Mexico. He was surrounded by princes, and noblemen, and bishops, and ambassadors from foreign nations. The courtyard, the windows, and all the passages were filled with people. They were all there to hear that glorious Confession. The Lutheran princes, with the Elector of Saxony at their head, arose, and in their name Dr. Brueck and Dr. Baier stepped forward into the middle of the room, the former bearing in his hand a Latin, and the latter a German copy of the Confession. Dr. Baier then read the Confession slowly, loudly, and so distinctly, that even in the court-yard below every word could be clearly understood. All listened with intense interest as article after article of precious Bible-truth was read. The reading lasted two hours, and at the close of it both copies of the Confession were handed to the emperor.

Even the emperor, as well as others, was moved by this glorious Confession. The Romish priests had told many that the Lutherans renounced the old Christian faith and were starting a new church. This infernal lie was at once refuted by this Confession; for that Confession proclaimed the pure Bible-doctrines as they were held by the old Christian Church. Every one who would not wilfully shut his eyes against the truth could see that the pope's church was the new church, having departed from the old Bible-truth and having brought in new and false doctrines unknown to the ancient Church. The Duke of Bavaria said to the Romish theologian, Dr. Eck: "Luther's doctrine has been represented far otherwise than I have just heard in their Confession. You have

consoled me with the assurance that their doctrine could be refuted." Dr. Eck said, "I would undertake to refute it with the fathers, but not with the Scriptures." "I understand you", said the duke, "the Lutherans are in the Scriptures, and we are aside of them." The Bishop of Augsburg said, "What has been said by the Lutherans is true, it is the pure truth, and we cannot deny it." — The Romish theologians prepared a work in which they tried to refute the Confession, but Melancthon victoriously defended it in the "Apology", or Defence, which the Lutheran Church also adopted as one of her confessions.

When the Lutherans saw, that all efforts to bring about peace were in vain, and that the pope's people remained in their enmity against the Gospel, they left Augsburg. Luther soon had the pleasure of greeting the dear confessors at Coburg, where he "wiped the sweat from their faces after the warm battle."

This all happened 350 years ago, and the Lutheran Church therefore this year celebrates the 350th anniversary of the Augsburg Confession.

Plucked out of the Fire.

A Lutheran pastor relates the following incident:—

In a certain place there lived a boasting infidel. He was a mocker of religion, he paid no attention to the Word of God, he cared nothing for judgment and for eternity. Whenever he came in contact with Christians he tried to entice them to the broad road that leads to hell. I was called upon to hold a mission-service in that place, and for some time after the service the folks talked about the sermon, and also spoke to the infidel about it and told him that, if he had heard the sermon, he would no longer talk so boastfully. This did not disturb the infidel in his godless ways; he considered himself safe in his infidelity and said, "If that devilish fellow preaches here again, I shall go to hear him, and you will see that I am not afraid of him."

Some time after this I was again called upon to hold a mission-service. The infidel came to hear the sermon. I preached on Matthew 5, 1—9. During the sermon I saw a man pressing forward, he was evidently moved by the Word of God, tears rolled down his cheeks as he came nearer and nearer to the pulpit. After the service I looked around, but the man was gone, and the folks told me that that man was the boasting infidel.

I had to leave for my home on that same day, and about three months later I got a letter from that place bringing me the glad news that the man had died as a true Christian, confessing in his last hour: I believe in Jesus Christ! He had died as a believing child of God, having found forgiveness of all his sins in the blood of Jesus. And as I read the letter I thought of the words of the prophet: "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Zechariah 3, 2.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

OUR MISSION among the freedmen of the South is still prospering by the grace of God. The Rev. L. Wahl, formerly missionary in India, has taken charge of the mission at Mobile, Alabama. At Little Rock the number of children in our mission-school has so increased that another school-building is made necessary. There are still several hundred dollars wanted for this building, and the Committee on Missions is calling for contributions. The local Committee at New Orleans also calls for money for the aid of the destitute and sick in the colored Lutheran congregation of that place. Our PIONEER will gladly open his money box to receive contributions for these purposes. Now, don't all rush in at once. The money box might become too heavy for the little PIONEER to carry. You are not afraid of this, are you?

BY THE DREADFUL STORM which, in the month of April, passed through South Missouri two of our English Lutheran congregations suffered greatly. The houses of four of the members and the church-building were swept away. Mr. Kelso, one of the elders of the church, was killed, and others were dangerously wounded. The pastor writes: "I have borne the trials as pastor of from two to five congregations in the Lutheran Church for 29 years, passing through the trying scenes of the past war in East Tennessee, but I must confess that I never before have felt the need of a helping hand as now." When on the first Sunday in May the members of the congregation assembled with sad hearts at the place where their church-building had stood, but where now not even a shade tree was left to shelter them during their services, they were gladdened by a letter from the Lutherans at St. Louis, promising them help in their great distress.—Those dreadful storms remind us of the true saying: "In the midst of life we are in death." But true believers can also reverse it and say joyfully: "In the midst of death we are in life"; and this for the simple but blessed reason that we are in Christ.

THE Roman-catholics show their hatred towards the Bible wherever policy does not hinder the expression of their true feelings. In Cochin, South India, they lately got possession of a church which had formerly been the property of the Syrian Christians. They then searched the houses in the village for Bibles and other books which the people had bought from a Protestant Bible-agent, and made a great bonfire of them in front of the church. They hate the Bible.

IN ROME the Bible is now freely sold by Protestant Bible-agents. The pope surely does not like this. In 1870, during the sessions of the Romish council by which the pope was declared to be infallible, a Romish bishop, an opponent of that doctrine, wished to get a Bible, but there was no Bible to be had in

Rome except at the house of the Protestant minister of the German embassy. This Bible was loaned to the bishop, but it was never returned. Perhaps it was destroyed as a dangerous book. They do hate the Bible.

INGERSOLL, who is often called the pope of the infidels, and who also hates the Bible, was lately "snubbed" in Canada. The Mayor of a city there told him that he could not get any hall in the city in which to blaspheme God. So he had to leave without having had his say about "mistakes". He surely considered the decision of the Mayor a great "mistake". The people, however, did not lose anything by not listening to his harangues. They can read all he has to say in books which have long ago been refuted by Christian theologians; for there have always been men into whose "head the idea that there is a God never entered."

THIS reminds us of a story which we will tell our readers before we close our window. An Ingersoll-man, a so-called freethinker, once said to a Christian: "I tell you, the idea that there is a God has never come into my head!" "Ah!" said the Christian, "precisely like my dog, sir; but there is this difference—my dog doesn't go around howling about it".—We close our window.

Love the Bible.

Love the Bible and read therein; it is a precious book, more golden than gold. Do you walk on the broad way? It will turn your feet to the narrow way, and hedge in your walk with the doctrine and life of Jesus Christ. Is there error or doubt in your heart? It will enlighten you and dispel all darkness. Does your heart incline to the world? It will draw it back. Its fire will consume all worldly lust. It will make you taste the love of God, and then all love of the world will vanish. Like a magnet it will draw your heart upwards, though your sinful nature hold you to the ground ever so much. Is your heart slow and unwilling to do good? The Bible will draw your heart to itself by its descriptions of the love that God has shown; it will implore you by God's mercy. Is your heart sorrowful? The Bible will gladden it. It is God who speaketh therein. His gentle, loving voice, like that of a mother, ought to be comforting and soothing to the weeping child. Is your heart weak? The Bible will strengthen it.—Dr. H. Mueller.

An Old-Time Christian.

Jerry Black, the well-known Judge, is an old-time Christian. He does not like the modern cry for union between the churches where there is no unity in doctrine. Some one remarked in his presence that the lines which formerly divided people in regard to religious matters were fading out. "Yes!" said the Judge; "and I notice that the nice distinctions between right and wrong are going with them."

The Earl and the Farmer.

A Farmer called on Earl Fitzwilliam, complaining that in his hunting excursions with his hounds the Earl had trodden down a field of wheat so as to do it great damage. The Earl told him that if he would state what had been his loss, he would pay it. The farmer said he thought the damage would be fifty pounds. The Earl paid it. But, as spring came on, the wheat which had been trodden down, grew up, and proved to be the best in the field. The farmer honestly brought back the fifty pounds. "Ah", said the Earl, "this is what I like. This is as it ought to be between man and man." After making some inquiries about his family, the Earl went into the other room, and returning, gave the farmer a check for one hundred pounds, saying, "Take care of this, and when your oldest son is of age, give it to him, and teach him the lesson of honesty."

The Right Name.

A man lately came to Mr. Moody to talk with him about religion. Moody asked him: "Are you a Christian?" "Yes, sir", the man said. Moody then asked him: "Do you believe the Bible?" "Oh no, sir", said the man, "I don't believe such stuff." Moody then asked him: "Do you believe Webster's Dictionary?" "Yes, indeed, sir", said the man, "I believe what the dictionary says." "Well, then", said Moody, "Webster's Dictionary says, a man that denies the truth of the Bible is an infidel; you would do well, sir, to call yourself by your right name."

Wise Owls.

How common it is for men, looking as wise as owls, to say: "It makes no difference what we believe, if we are only sincere in our beliefs." Who is so foolish as to think wooden nutmegs just as good as the genuine, or ashes just as good for food as flour. Think of the man who takes a pumpkin for a watermelon, who believes a lump of clay a nice roast for dinner. We laugh at the thing and pity the poor demented fellow. Sincere or not sincere—he that feedeth on dirt will not thrive. If you cling to a rotten limb you will fall, though your faith in it be ever so strong.

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No. 5.

A Little Talk with Jesus.

A little talk with Jesus, how it smooths the rugged road!
How it seems to help me onward, when I faint beneath my load!
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim;
There is nought can yield me comfort, like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest,
That I am daily, hourly longing to repose upon His breast;
And He answers me so sweetly, in the tenderest tones of love,
"I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home above."

Ah, this is what I am wanting, His lovely face to see;
And, I'm not afraid to say it, I know He's wanting me.
He gave His life a ransom, to make me all His own,
And He'll ne'er forget His word to me, His dearly purchased one.

The way seems long and weary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus doth while away the time.
The more I come to know Him, and all His grace explore,
It sets me ever longing to know Him more and more.

I often feel so tired and mourn His long delay,
For I never can be happy while He remains away.
But we shall not long be parted, I know He'll quickly come;
And we shall dwell together in that happy, happy home.

So I'll wait a little longer, till His appointed time,
And along the upward pathway my pilgrim feet shall climb.

There, in my Father's dwelling, where many mansions be,
I shall sweetly talk with Jesus, and He will talk with me.

(Selected.)

THERE was an amazing work to be done for our redemption. The law, the justice, the holiness of God about the awful evil of sin was to be satisfied, and to this end suffering was to be endured. But man could not satisfy, and God could not suffer. Therefore Jesus was born, the God-man, son of God, son of man, both to satisfy and to suffer, without even the taint of our corruption upon His holy nature.

Cling Closer.

True Christians are the children of God clinging to the Saviour with the hand of faith. The closer they cling to Him, the happier they will be. The sunshine of earthly happiness, however, easily loosens their hold on the Saviour, and God therefore leads his children often through dark ways of sorrow and tribulation. Clouds gather above them, and the dark gloom surrounds them. What is God's aim in doing this? He wishes to bring them nearer and nearer to the Saviour, He wishes to make them cling more closely to Him. We lately read a beautiful illustration of this truth, an illustration which we, and surely many of our readers, know from experience. It is evening, the lamp is burning brightly in the room and the children are at their play. Bed-time comes, and we take the little child into our arms out of the bright room to carry it to its little bed. The hall is dark, and the stairs are so dark; and the tiny arms of the child tighten, the little head nestles closer in its trust, because we have come away from the light. And the closer the child clings to us, the surer it seems to be that we will carry it safely through the dark up to its little bed. So God, for the sake of having us cling more closely, sometimes carries us in the dark. Perhaps it is loss of property, or the pains of sickness, or the going out of dear ones forever from the home, or the weary struggle for bread, or the coldness of valued friends—God is carrying us in the dark. Do we cling closer? Do we trust more fully? Oh, let us cling more closely to God, knowing that His strong and loving arms will carry us safe through the dark to our place of eternal rest and peace and happiness, where "neither sorrow, nor crying, nor pain" shall be; for sin, our deepest sorrow, comes not there. Dear Christian reader, marked with the sign of suffering, bowed down with trouble and with care, cling closer, cling closer to the Saviour, and read from the red letters of your trials that sweet name of yours: Son, Daughter! (Heb. 12, 6—8.)

TRUE religion gives no encouragement to ignorance.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

"Because I am a Sinner."

A little boy of seven years lay sick and, as was supposed, was dying. Yet during the whole time his peaceful state of heart was observed by those around him, and, at length, through mercy he was restored to health. Soon after his father, in speaking of his dangerous sickness, said to him:

"Charley, were you not afraid of dying when you were so sick?"

"Oh, no, sir! Not at all."

"Why, how is that, my son?"

"Because I am a sinner."

"But could that give you such peace?"

"Because, father, Christ died for sinners, and I know He died for me, because I am a sinner."

Reader, let this little boy be your teacher. If you are a sinner, that places you in the company of those that Jesus Christ came into the world to save. He came "to seek and to save that which was lost." If you are a sinner, then you are entitled and welcome to all that Christ Jesus earned by His suffering and death for all sinners, namely forgiveness of sins and eternal life. All this you can have and be happy and glad, only you must be a sinner. And a sinner you are, for "there is no difference: they all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Acknowledge, therefore, that you are a great, lost, and condemned sinner and believe that Christ died for you too, because you are a sinner. Then you may live and die happy and in peace. Just such as you are has He saved, none else. Don't think you must be good, holy and sinless if you will live and die happy. You never would. But sinners knowing their sinful and lost state and believing that Christ has saved sinners need fear nothing. They know they are pardoned and are sure of heaven.

F. B.

BACK BITERS.—People who are friendly to your face, and who speak against you when your back is turned, are like cowardly dogs which slip up behind you, bite and run. Such people are rightly called BACK BITERS.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

The Holy Ten Commandments.

WHAT USE WE ARE TO MAKE OF THEM.

Do you know them? Do you understand them? Do you take them to heart? It is very important that you do so. It is the first step in Christian knowledge to get a correct knowledge and understanding of the Holy Commandments. He that does not care for the commandments, will not care for anything else coming from God. Let me show you why you should know and understand the commandments and seriously take them to heart.

They are God's will and law to all mankind. Every man, woman and child is in duty bound to obey them. They tell man all he must do, if he will truly and perfectly please God, the Holiest Being, and all he must avoid if he will not offend Him. If he will completely satisfy God and not displease Him, he must do all the commandments require and not do anything forbidden in them. They tell man how he may provoke God's just anger, be cursed and be punished everlastingly, namely if he fail to perfectly keep the commandments. Yet I would not have you try to keep all the commandments perfectly, or even only one of them, thinking that you can do it and so please God, make Him love and bless you for your obedience, and be in no danger of punishment. You are not the one to do this. You were born with a heart, mind, will, and desire, that are altogether unholy, opposed to God's will, unwilling to do good and inclined to work evil. This entirely unfits and disables you to keep the commandments as God wants them kept, and has caused you to transgress them an untold number of times, and will do so as long as you live. Try ever so hard but for one day and see whether you have in every thought, word or action exactly followed the commandments, and have thought, said or done nothing forbidden in them. You would most disgracefully fail in your attempt. Now, thus it will be every day of your life. And what of those sinful thoughts, words, and deeds, which you do not know and which you cannot remember?

Though God *requires* perfect obedience unto all of His commandments, though he *promises* every blessing for body and soul to all who keep them, yea Heaven itself, yet we must acknowledge, that we cannot keep, have not kept, nor ever will keep the commandments so as to be worthy of the least blessing, but that we rather daily sin much and, indeed, deserve nothing but punishment. The Bible says that "who-soever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all." Only three persons did keep the whole law, and two of these only for a time, namely Adam and Eve in Paradise before their fall. God had created in them a mind so perfectly wise that they knew all that was right and all that was wrong; they had been given a will so holy that they only desired to do God's will perfectly and detested all that was contrary to it; God had given them

power to be holy and pure, and to keep from evil. But they fell, they sinned. They lost that perfect knowledge of good and evil, they lost all of that holy will, they lost all that ability to be perfect and sinless. All men after them are also blind to know, much less willing and, least of all, able to fulfill God's holy will and commands to the full satisfaction of God. They all sin and come short of the glory of God; they are all children of wrath and deserve the full punishment of those that have transgressed all the commandments. Since Adam and Eve only one man has been as holy and blameless, as God had made the first man. Ah, you may guess who it is. It is Christ Jesus. When God repeated His will and law (which He, so to speak, had once written on the hearts of Adam and Eve, and of which they had such a perfect knowledge without written rules and commands) on Mount Sinai through Moses, writing His Holy Commandments with His own finger on two tables of stone, He knew that man would fail, being utterly unable to fulfill them and doomed to death and hell. But there was One to come, who would keep them for all men. The only-begotten Son of God became man, like unto those to whom God had given the commandments in all things, save that He was without sin. Christ, the God-man, not being under the law Himself and not being obliged to fulfill the commandments for His own good and benefit as he was the Giver of the law, placed Himself under the law, kept it perfectly, to do what we could not do, thereby, as He did it in our stead, earning for us the full benefit of God's promises to the doers of the law, though we ourselves have never kept it. We are now no more obliged to perfectly fulfill the commandments in order to make God love and bless us as His children or grant us heaven. It was once done by Jesus, that suffices forever.

But of what use are the commandments to us, if Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour, freed us from the obligation to keep them, in order to obtain all the benefits of a perfect keeping of the law and to escape the punishment threatened to all transgressors? Let me show you.

Christ, our Lord, did not abolish and do away with the commandments. He says, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." The commandments are necessary even now and useful, yea, after Jesus Christ has come they are most useful. You are to learn from them your wretched, unholy, abominable condition as one who has led a life directly contrary to God's will, as one who is full of evil and loaded down with sin, as one in whom there is nothing good from head to foot. You are to learn from them, how angry God must be with you on account of your sins, seeing that you have done nothing to please Him, and how you indeed deserve the greatest punishment. The Holy Spirit will then work in your heart a sincere sorrow and grief over your sins. You will be urged to humble yourself

before God and confess the multitude of your sins to Him. In a word, the commandments are to be a schoolmaster for you unto Christ and prepare your heart for the Gospel, the glad tidings of salvation, redemption, forgiveness of sins, eternal life through Jesus Christ to all that believe in Him. You are by nature a person ignorant of and blind to your sins and wickedness, therefore the commandments are a looking-glass, in which you may see your sinful self. You are by nature a person careless and indifferent to your disease and danger, you want no physician. Until the commandments lay bare and uncover to you your rotten and dangerous state, you will have no sincere desire for a Saviour. You are by nature a proud person, selfrighteous, unwilling to accept mercy from God through Jesus, you would rather keep the law yourself and earn by your own works what it promises. You must be humbled, your proud spirit must be broken before you will accept Christ. Hence, learn the commandments, study over them. Let God enlighten your heart by His Holy Spirit, to convince you that you are a sinner and only to be saved by grace. Then do not despair on account of the number and greatness of your sins. Hear the Gospel of Jesus, and believe it. Let the commandments *force* you to Christ. But even then you have need of the commandments still. As a believer in Jesus you, certainly, do not want to walk in the old paths of sin, but you want to lead a new life. You want to be grateful to God and Jesus. You want to confess your faith in Jesus and show to all men what you are, a sinner saved by grace through Jesus and born again to be a "new creature." The best and only way to do all this is by trying to keep the commandments according to the strength God gives us. Besides, though God has saved us from sin and graciously forgives sin, yet He will not permit man to sin and do as he pleases. God hates sin. He always remains the same holy God who can discharge no man from doing what is right and avoiding what is wrong. Hence, the commandments are still binding upon all men.

True christians walk in the way of the commandments; not for the sake of saving their souls or earning a reward, but because they are the law of God against which they dare not offend. And they are also willing to obey. They aim to please God and to prove themselves grateful and obedient children of God. They know fully well, try they must, even if they do not succeed as well as they wish. They daily pray: "And forgive us our trespasses," but also avoid sin as they would Satan.

Being freed from the obligation of keeping the commandments in order to gain heaven, does not imply that we are free to do as we choose. That would be making ill use of the liberty Christ has so dearly purchased. True liberty is only there where one also frees himself of sin and cheerfully keeps the commandments to the best of his ability.

F. B.

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther.

XVI.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

Luther labored for the spread of the Gospel not only by the powerful words which fell from his eloquent lips, but also by the mighty writings that came from his most able pen. He was one of the most industrious of men. From 1517 to 1526, the first ten years of the Reformation, his published writings numbered 300; from 1527 to 1537 they numbered 232, and from 1537 to 1546, the year of his death, 183 books were published by him. This makes 715 books in those 29 years, on the average 25 in every year, or one book every fourteen days of his public life. Some of those works, it is true, were written down by others listening to his discourse, and some are but short tracts; many of them, however, are large books written with the greatest thoroughness and diligence. We cannot, in this article, give an outline of all his writings, we only wish to call the attention of our readers to that great master-work of his, the German translation of the Bible. In all the languages of the world there is no better translation of the Bible than that translation made by Dr. Martin Luther. He was best fitted for the work. He was not only a man of great learning, an excellent scholar of the Greek and Hebrew languages, a master of the German, but he was also a man of the people and, most of all, he was a man of great piety, a man of powerful prayer, a man of strong faith. The Bible was the firm rock on which he stood unmoved by all the attacks of his enemies. From the Bible he had learned the way of salvation and had found peace for his troubled heart. It was to him the only light of eternal truth. His great warm heart, therefore, soon longed to give the people that dear Bible in their own tongue. The translations existing at that time were unintelligible and could not be used by the people. So Luther began the translation of the Bible with all the ardor of his soul. In 1517 he translated the seven penitential Psalms, and during his stay at the Wartburg, in 1521, he translated the whole New Testament in about three months. On his return to Wittenberg he revised this translation with the help of his learned friend Melancthon. It was then given to the printer. Although there were no steam-presses at that time, the printer did his work well. Three presses were constantly employed, and ten thousand sheets were struck off every day. On the 21st of September, 1522, the New Testament was published in two volumes. It was hailed with delight through all Germany. The copies of the first edition were soon sold and other editions followed.

In the following years Luther devoted much of his time to the translation of the Old Testament. He encountered great difficulties, so that he often spent four weeks in reflection and inquiry upon a single word before he was satis-

fied how it should be translated into the German. The demand for the translation was so urgent that Luther could not wait until the whole was completed before he published. As one part was finished, he gave it to the press. In the year 1534, four years after the Confession at Augsburg, the work was completed; the whole Bible was translated. It is surely "one of the greatest wonders which God accomplished through Dr. Luther." God's blessing rested upon the work. By it the Word of God was scattered over all Germany. The interest created by Luther's translation awakened the desire of other nations to have the Bible in their own languages. It was soon translated in all the languages in which the Gospel was preached. Through Dr. Luther the Bible became an open book. Every one may now have the Bible in his hand and read the sweet Gospel truths in his own tongue. Do you read the Bible? Do you value the Bible? Oh, how eagerly those people at Luther's time read the Bible! Poor mechanics and women committed it to memory and were soon able to prove their faith from the Bible and to confute the priests of the Romish Church. Read the Bible! Value the Bible! And whilst we read the wonderful words and works of God, let us never forget that, next to God, we owe thanks to Dr. Martin Luther for this privilege of reading the Word of God.

Only Two Classes.

We are either accepted by God or condemned; forgiven or not forgiven; in Christ or out of Christ; saved or lost. There is no state between. No margin outside. We are either one or the other. There are two classes amongst us, and only two. Is it not wisest to know to which of these classes we belong? Is it not the greatest folly to leave a question like this unanswered? It is not a question of how to die. But what are we while we live? What are you, dear friend, just now? There are two classes—only two. In which are you numbered? Think of this. Be decided about it. For there are only these same two classes in eternity. There is heaven and there is hell; the bright glory and the burning fire; the hill of Zion and the pit of destruction; everlasting life and everlasting punishment; existence with angels or with devils; with God or with Satan. There are two states here and two hereafter—only two.—

J. E. S.

A MAN who forgets that he may die at any moment is very foolish. A man's business ought to be kept so closely in hand that he will be able to leave it at any moment in such condition that it can be settled up. Much more is that man most foolish who does not live with his soul prepared to meet God. The most uncertain of all is the time when we shall die.

THE trees that are most in the sun bear the sweetest fruits.

Little Sermons.

It has been a time of great trial, loss of money and ill health. I sat alone sewing and thinking, until the burden was unbearable, and I said aloud: "I can bear this no longer!" I went to my room, locked my door and fell on my knees, and told the Lord all my troubles. I went back to my work, but the burden was not gone. I said to myself: "What does this mean? I never went to my heavenly Father before with all my heart, without leaving my burdens at his feet."

Scarcely had these thoughts come to my mind, when my little daughter came bounding into the room, with one single blade of grass, with its beautiful blossoms so dainty, yet so lovely in form and color that it had attracted her attention. "Isn't it beautiful, mamma?" she cried out.

I gazed at it for one single moment, and then came the answer to my prayer. With tears streaming down my cheeks I clasped the little blossoms in my hand and said again and again: "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith!"

My little daughter stood by, filled with wonder, and I could only say: "Dear child, you have brought me a sermon." This happened a year since, but a few weeks ago, she came shyly to my side and laid a handful of the same grasses in my lap, saying: "Mamma, here are some of your little sermons."

TEMPTED BY DEGREES.—John Newton says: Satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks, and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with "little" sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no harm in this"; "no great danger in that"; and so by these little chips we are first easily lighted up, and last the green log is burned. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

ALAS! how many act themselves into hell from the theatre; sing themselves into hell from the opera; drink themselves into hell from the tavern; play themselves into hell from the card-table; dance themselves into hell from the ball-room; laugh themselves into hell from the evening carousal.—L. Harms.

THE Word of God must be nearer to us than our friends, dearer to us than our lives, sweeter to us than our liberty, and pleasanter to us than all earthly comforts.

Moved by Song.

The simple melody of sacred song has gained victories that the finest eloquence could not have won.

In one of the hospitals of Edinburg lay a wounded Scottish soldier. The doctors had done all they could for him. He had been told that he must die. He had contempt for death, and was proud of his fearlessness in facing it. A rough and wicked life with none but bad comrades had hardened his heart. To hear him speak one would have thought he had no pious childhood to remember, and that he had never looked upon religion but to despise it. But it was not so.

A noble and gentle-hearted man came to see the soldier. He spoke kindly to him, and talked to him tenderly of the life beyond death. But the sick man paid no attention or respect. He bluntly told him that he did not want any religious conversation. "I know," he said, "how to die without the help of religion." And he turned his face to the wall.

Further conversation could do no good; and the man did not try it. But he was not discouraged. After a moment's silence he began to sing the old hymn, so dear to the people in Scotland:

"O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?"

He had a pleasant voice and the words and melody were sweet and touching as he sung them. Soon the soldier turned his face again, but its hardened expression was all gone.

"Who taught you that?" he asked when the hymn was done.

"My mother," said the man.

"So did mine," said the soldier. "I heard it of her when I was a child, and I used to sing it with her." And there were tears in the soldier's eyes.

The ice was thawed away. It was easy to talk with him now. The hymn had opened the door. Weeping and with a hungry heart, he listened as the Christian pointed out to him the only way to heaven, and in his last moments he turned to Jesus, the sinners' friend.

TO ME the Bible shall be a mirror, wherein I will behold what I was in Adam before the fall of man; what I became through the fall; what I may become through Christ and what I ought to be; lastly, what I shall be in eternity. The first will awaken in me a pure love of God and that repentance of sin which groweth out of love. The second will make me hate myself, mortify my flesh, and create in me humility, meekness, and patience. The third will plant in me faith and piety. The fourth will teach me to despise vanity and vain things and to seek after eternity. All Christianity consists of these four parts.—*Dr. H. Mueller.*

To confess that you were wrong yesterday is to acknowledge that you are a little wiser to-day.

The Bible.

This *Book* unfolds Jehovah's mind,
This *Voice* salutes in accents kind,
This *Friend* will all your need supply,
This *Fountain* sends forth streams of joy,
This *Mine* affords us boundless wealth,
This *Good Physician* gives us health,
This *Sun* renews and warms the soul,
This *Sword* both wounds and makes us whole,
This *Letter* shows our sins forgiven,
This *Guide* conducts us safe to heaven,
This *Charter* has been sealed with blood,
This *Volume* is the *Word of God*.

The Dying Soldier and the Bible.

During the war there was a soldier at City Point Hospital near his death. He wished some one to read the Scriptures and pray with him. One of the men that were present read the 23d Psalm—that sweet psalm in which David speaks of the Shepherd of our souls. When the man had read the fourth verse—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me",—"Stop", said the soldier, "read that verse again." The man did so. "Read it again", said the dying soldier. It was read the third time. The soldier then took the precious Book in his hand, opened it wide and gazed at it for a moment, then laid it open upon his breast, folded both his arms tightly over it, and there held it till the "rod and staff" had comforted him to the other side of the valley of death.

Bow to God's Word.

The Holy Ghost acts through the Word. The word of God is *His* word. It is the word of the Spirit, and therefore, if we are ignorant of the Word, we cannot know the leadings of the Spirit. Neither does the Holy Spirit reveal truth apart from the Word. If we cavil at the Word, that is, if we foolishly try to find fault with the Holy Scriptures, the Holy Spirit cannot teach us. The subjection of our souls to the word of God is subjection to the Holy Spirit, subjection to God. God's word should be read and obeyed with as much reverence and promptitude as if we heard God speak. Believe that you are reading words from the lips of Jehovah, the living God; and bow to what you read. Do not play with the Scriptures as you would play with a problem in algebra.

H. W. S.

WHEN the Apostle Paul was converted, he declared that he was "unworthy to be called an apostle." As time rolled on and he grew in grace, he said he was the "least of all saints"; and just before his martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a man in Christ Jesus, he exclaimed, "I am the chief of sinners."

A PRUDENT man is like a pin: his head prevents him from going too far.

The Carpenter's Dream.

A poor man was a carpenter; and he often said to himself and others, "If I was only rich, I would show people how to give." In his dream he saw a pyramid of silver dollars—all new, bright and beautiful. Just then a voice reached him, saying—"Now is your time! You are rich at last; let us see how liberal you are!" So he rose from his seat and went to the pile to take some money for charitable purposes. But the pyramid was so perfect that he could not bear to break it; he walked all around it, but found no place where he could take a dollar without spoiling the heap. So he decided that *the pyramid should not be broken!*—and then he awoke. He awoke to know himself, and to see that he would be liberal only while he was poor.

By putting on Christ you will put off the love of this world; you will live above the world while you live in it.

"How can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" said a gentleman to his pastor. "By going that way yourself", said the pastor.

GOD may "lead us about"; but he will never lead us wrong.

THE saving of a soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire.

Letter-Box.

L. A.—You make a distinction where there is no difference.

D.—That Easter Hymn came too late for our Easter number.

MISS E.—We are glad you find some beauties in our *Pioneer*; any one, you know, can point out faults where there are so many, but it takes a good eye to find beauties where there are so few.

W. L. IN A.—You ought to subscribe for the *Pioneer*.

TO OUR FRIENDS.—Our friends would greatly oblige us by sending daily papers containing a description of the celebration of our Jubilee in the different parts of the country. It would enable us to present a summary in our next number.

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No. 6.

"He could not be hid."

MARK 7, 24.

"He could not be hid"—for the sinner would haste
Behind Him to weep at the Pharisee's feast,
To wipe with her hair, when she'd washed with her
tears

His feet, who had loved her, and silenced her fears.

"He could not be hid"—for the blind and the lame
His love and His power would together proclaim;
The dumb would speak out, and the deaf would re-
call

The name of that Jesus, who healed them all.

"He could not be hid"—for around Him would press
The children of sorrow, of pain, and distress;
And faith by the hem of His garment would prove
What virtue there issued from Him who is Love.

"He could not be hid"—for the Widow of Nain
Would point to the son, now restored her again;
Would say 't was His love, His compassion, and
grace

Gave back that lost son to a mother's embrace.

"He could not be hid"—for the multitude fed
Would tell 't was His bounty procured for them
bread;

No hand could have multiplied thus seven-fold,
But His who provided the manna of old.

"He could not be hid"—for hark! hark! to that
shout—

Hosanna! Hosanna! the children cry out,
And O blessed for us, though some one would have
chid,

That Jesus, the Saviour, *can never be hid.*

The Devil's Council.

There is an old saying that the devil once held a council of demons to talk about the best way of bringing men to the bottomless pit. One said that he would go about and tell men that there is no God, another that there is no hereafter, another that there is no Christ, another that there is no sin; but Satan scoffed at this all as too shallow and too easily refuted. At last one said that he would go through the world, and whisper in men's ears, "time enough." At this the prince of darkness laughed and said, "Go thy way, and thou shalt succeed better than all my hosts."

This is but an old saying; it teaches, however, a solemn truth. Among the readers and

hearers of God's Word Satan wins many, many souls by whispering to them: Time enough, and by thus leading them to put off their conversion to some future time. Many of those that die in their sins did not intend to neglect to the very end the sacrifice which Christ made for sin. They were often "almost persuaded;" but they never got beyond the *almost*. They wished to enjoy this or that sinful pleasure, to transact this or that worldly business before they would yield to the pleadings of the Holy Spirit. So they put off their conversion from day to day until Death grasped them and dragged them into eternal damnation. Sinner, the curse of a just and holy God, whose law you have transgressed, is upon you! The Gospel brings you from the only Saviour, who has redeemed you from the curse of God by His precious blood. In this Gospel the tender voice of the Spirit speaks to you and tries to win you for Jesus and for heaven. Satan, however, tries to keep you under the curse of God and to get you into hell. He therefore whispers to you: Time enough. Oh, do not listen to him! You might die under that curse of God and be lost eternally. While the devil is saying, "time enough," God is saying, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation," (2 Cor. 6, 2.); "To-DAY if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts," (Hebr. 3, 7.).

It's Only a Little While, Sir.

"Well, Aunty," said the judge, going up to the old colored woman's apple-stand, "don't you get tired sitting here these hot, dusty days?"

"It's only a little while," said she.

"And the cold, dismal days?" said he.

"It's only a little while, sir," answered Aunty.

"And the rainy, drizzly days?" said the judge.

"It's only a little while," answered Aunty.

"And your sick, rheumatic days, Aunty?" said the judge.

"It's only a little while, sir," said she.

"And what then, Aunty?" asked the judge.

"I shall enter into that rest which remains for the people of God," said old Aunty, devoutly; "and the troubles on the way there don't fret me. It's only a little while, sir."

"All is well that ends well, I dare say," said the judge, "but what makes you so sure, Aunty?"

"How can I help being sure, sir," said she, "since Christ is the way, and I am in Him? He is mine, and I am His. Now, I only feel along the way. I shall see Him as He is, in a little while, sir."

"Ah, Aunty, you've got more than the law ever taught me," said the judge.

"Yes, sir, because I went to the Gospel."

"Well, Aunty, I must look into these things," said the judge, taking an apple and walking off.

"There's only a little while, sir," said she.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

The Shepherd and the Lamb.

The only child of two thoughtless parents died. The parents became on this account, not only sorrowful, but disposed to question the goodness of God. They went to their minister, and inquired of him, how it could be possible that a God of love could have dealt so hard—so severe with them as to take their only child. To this question the pastor promised a reply and he gave it as follows:

"You wish to know from me why God has taken your child from you? Well, then, he is determined to have from your family at least one member in heaven. You parents would not prepare to enter heaven; and if that child of yours had been allowed to remain, you would also have prevented it from going thither." Hear, further, a parable:

"There was a good shepherd, who had prepared costly fodder in his fold for his sheep, but the sheep would not enter. He gave himself much concern to induce them to enter, but they always retreated farther backward from the open door. Then he took a lamb from the flock, and dragged it in; and behold the parent sheep ran in after it!

"The good shepherd is Christ; the open fold is heaven; the lamb is your child. Have ye the hearts of parents?"

"Prepare to follow your child. It has been taken away from you on purpose to allure you to the skies."

My Dear Bible.

A devout reading of the Bible, accompanied by prayer, is not only my daily occupation, but my daily highest joy and pleasure. I know right well, how very needful and useful this daily reading of the Bible is for me; for when, with fervent prayer, I have very devoutly read the Bible, I always have so much more peace and joy in my soul, so much more power to fight against sin, the world, and the devil, so much more hating of all sin, so much more delight in all that is good, so much more light and clearness of understanding, so much more love for the Lord Jesus, and so much more blessedness in the sure hope of eternal life,—that I would not give these hours of devout Bible-reading for any amount of money, or for any joy of this world. In the morning it is my first, and in the evening my last employment, or I should rather say, it is my first and last pleasure; and as often as I have a little time through the day, as often as the labors of my calling make me very tired, I go to my dear Bible, and I never lay it aside, without being gladdened, refreshed, strengthened and comforted, in my inmost heart; in short, I could not, and would not like to live in this world—I could not stand it in this sinful world, without my dear, precious Word of God. When my faults and imperfections press heavily on me, when my sins grieve me, when my soul is in great need of comfort, I go to my dear Bible. When the sins of other men, especially the sins of my congregation torment me, when the disobedience and hardness of heart of those for whose souls I am laboring with such faithful love; when the public offences given by worldliness and love of sin, in spite of all my heartfelt entreaties and exhortations, return again and again, and fill me with the deepest grief, and press out tears and sighs, I go to my dear Bible; and so I do in all things, in joy and sorrow, in grief and care, in weakness and in need, and the Bible helps me to bear all things, and to overcome all things, to believe all things, to hope all things, and to endure all things. He who does not read the Bible every day, does not know at all what an unspeakably glorious treasure we have in this precious Word of God.

I do so with the whole Bible, with the Old and with the New Testament, for the whole Bible is God's Word, and given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. But, before all other parts, the Holy Gospels are always of special importance and

preciousness to me, because they always bring the Lord Jesus so near to one, painting Him so that our eyes can see Him, and writing Him into our very heart. And to have this dear Saviour so near our eyes, and in our heart, is, after all, the highest joy and blessedness this earth can give us. We listen to every one of His blessed words; we see, as it were, with our own eyes, all the gracious deeds of His merciful love; and it seems almost, as if we saw Him walking before us, and as if he was preaching before our very eyes; and everything He does and says, is so exalted and glorious, so lovely and pleasant, so full of love and compassion, so pure, so holy and beautiful, that the heart is ready to burst with joy, and the eyes to overflow with tears of gratitude, that we have such a Saviour, who is so great and



mighty, so meek and lovely, so pure and holy, and yet so full of grace and love; and then our knees bend low in the dust, and the lips speak out of the abundance of a devout heart, saying: yes, "the Word was made flesh, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Pastor L. Harms.

On Mount Sinai.

Our picture shows us Moses receiving the Ten Commandments, or the law of God, on Mount Sinai. The people of Israel encamped near that mountain in the third month after they had gone out of Egypt, and three days afterward there was a thick cloud on the mountain, and a sound as of a loud trumpet was heard. God came down on the top of the mount in fire. And there were thunders and lightnings, and the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and louder, and louder, and the whole mountain shook greatly. And God spoke the words of the Law. And all the people trem-

bled, and stood afar off, and said to Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear. But let not God speak with us, lest we die. And the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mountain, and gave him two tables of stone, on which the Ten Commandments were written with the finger of God.

Shun the Skeptic.

First, I warn you to shun the skeptic—the young man who puts his fingers in his vest and laughs at your old-fashioned religion and turns over to some mystery in the Bible and says: "Explain that, my friend; explain that," and who says, "Nobody shall scare me; I am not afraid of the future; I used to believe in such things, and so did my father and mother, but I have got over it." Yes, he has got over it, and if you sit in his company a little longer, you will get over it, too. Without presenting an argument against the Christian religion such men will by their jeers, and scoffs, and caricatures, destroy your respect for that religion, which was the strength of your father in his declining years, and the pillow of your old mother when she lay dying.

Alas! a time will come when that blustering young infidel will have to die, and his gold ring will flash no splendor in the eyes of Death as he stands over the couch waiting for his soul. Those beautiful locks will lie uncombed upon the pillow; and the dying man will say, "I cannot die—I cannot die." Death stand-

ing upon the couch says, "You must die; you have only half a minute to live; let me have it right away—your soul." "No," says the young infidel, "here are all my gold rings, and these pictures, take them all." "No," says Death, "What do I care for pictures?—your soul." "Stand back," says the dying infidel. "I will not stand back," says Death, "for you have only ten seconds now to live; I want your soul." The dying man says, "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. O God!" "Hush," says death; "you said there was no God." "Pray for me," exclaims the dying infidel. "Too late to pray," says Death; "but three more seconds to live, and I will count them off—one, two, three." He has gone! Where? Where? Carry him out and bury him beside his father and mother, who died while holding fast the Christian religion. They died singing, but the young infidel only said, "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room."

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther.

XVII.

A COUNCIL PROMISED.—LUTHER DANGEROUSLY ILL.

The pope had for some time promised to call a Church Council. Luther did not expect much good from such a council; for he knew that the pope and his people hated the pure Gospel. When therefore, in the year 1535, Paul Vergerius, a Romish legate, came to Germany for the purpose of announcing the Church Council, Luther told him that the pope's party were not in earnest, and that, even if such a convention were brought about, the matters of faith, justification, and true unity in the Spirit and in faith would not be discussed. Upon this Vergerius turned to his attendants and said, "This man certainly sees the chief point in the whole transaction." Luther added: "We are fully certain—through the Holy Ghost—on all points, and have no need of any Council for ourselves, but desire it for the sake of those wretched people who are oppressed by your tyranny; for you do not know what you believe. But, if you desire it, call a Council, and, by the help of God, I shall come, even though I knew that you would burn me." This Vergerius, ten years afterwards, became an earnest Lutheran; for when he studied the works of Luther for the purpose of refuting them, he became fully convinced of the truth of Luther's doctrines.

The Lutheran princes wished to be prepared for the promised Church Council, and they therefore held a convention in the city of Smalcald, in the year 1537. Luther had drawn up several powerful articles containing the pure Gospel truth over against the idolatries of the pope, the Romish Antichrist. These Smalcald Articles were signed and were held ready for presentation at the Church Council. The Council, however, was not held.

During Luther's stay at Smalcald he became dangerously ill. He suffered great pain from an attack of the gravel, so that he and others saw death staring him in the face. All the princes and lords who were there visited him; and when the pious Elector of Saxony came to his bed of suffering, Luther prophetically told him that after his death dangerous times would come. The Elector comforted Luther with the words: "Our dear Lord God will have mercy upon us for the sake of His word and His name, and spare your life." He then turned away, for the tears started in his eyes.

As his pain became more severe, Luther desired to be taken to his home at Wittenberg. When he left Smalcald he commended himself to the prayers of the Church and made a brief confession of his faith: "I cling to the Lord Jesus and His word, and in my heart know of no other righteousness than the precious blood of Christ, which graciously cleanses me, and all who believe, from every sin, as this is freely confessed in my books and in the Augsburg Confession." At his departure he called out

to his friends: "May God fill you with hatred toward the pope!" that is, they should remain open enemies of the pope's idolatry unto their end. While in the carriage he made his will and prepared himself joyfully to receive the Lord Jesus, when he should come to take him to Himself. But the Lord again delivered him, after eleven days of suffering, from all his sickness. When he was asked what remedy had cured him, he answered: "Prayer; for in all Christian congregations fervent prayers were offered in my behalf, according to the command of St. James 5, 14—15."

Luther came home in restored health and continued to earnestly pray, study, lecture and preach. With joy he saw that his enemies, with all their rage, could not hinder the spread of God's truth. The number of cities and countries which received the Gospel was constantly increasing. But with great sorrow he also saw false teachers arising among his own followers, men who perverted the pure truth and who made ill use of Gospel-liberty. Luther well knew that Satan was thus trying to injure the cause of the Reformation; but he was ready to defend the truth against all the attacks of the enemy. With a firm hand he wielded the mighty sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, against all false teachers, and thus guarded the pure Gospel against all corruption.

—♦♦♦—
Little Knud Iverson,
The Young Martyr.
 —♦♦♦—

On the afternoon of August 9, 1853, a little Norwegian boy, named Knud Iverson, who lived in the city of Chicago, was going to the pasture for his cow, as light-hearted, I suppose, as boys usually are when going to the pasture on a summer's afternoon. He came at length by a stream of water, where there was a gang of idle, ill-looking big boys, who, when they saw Knud, came up to him and said they wanted him to go into Mr. Elston's garden and steal some apples.

"No," said Knud promptly, "I cannot steal, I am sure."

"Well, but you've got to," they cried.

"No," said Knud; "I cannot steal for anybody."

Then they threatened to duck him, for these wicked big boys had often before frightened little boys into robbing gardens for them; little boys, they thought perhaps, were less likely to be found out.

They could not frighten Knud; so, to make their words good, they dragged him to the river, and in spite of his cries and struggles, plunged him in. But the heroic boy, even with the water gurgling and choking in his throat, never flinched, for he knew, that God says, "Thou shalt not steal," and God's law he had made his law; and no cursing or threats or cruelty of the big boys would make him give up. Provoked by his firmness, I suppose, they determined to see if they could not conquer;

so they ducked him again, but still it was, "No," "no," and they kept him under water. There was no one there to rescue the poor child from their cruel grip. The cries of the drowning child grew faint and fainter, and his struggles less and less, and the boy was drowned. He could die, but he would not steal.

A German lad who had stood near, much frightened by what he saw, ran home to tell the news. The agonized parents hastened to the spot, and all night they searched for the lifeless body of their lost darling. It was found the next morning; and who shall describe their feelings as they clasped the little form to their bosoms? Early piety had blossomed in his little life. He loved his Bible and his Saviour; and he would rather die than grieve that dear Saviour whom he had learned to know in school and at home.

As he left home that afternoon, and looked his last look in his dear mother's face, he thought he was only going after his cow; and the other boys, and the neighbors, if they saw him, thought so too. They did not then know that, instead of going to the pasture, he was going to preach one of the most powerful sermons in favor of Bible law and Bible principles; they did not know that he was going out to give an example of steadfast love to the Saviour and of unflinching honesty such as should thrill the great heart of this nation with wonder and admiration.

He was then only a Norwegian boy, Knud Iverson, only thirteen years old, but his name was soon to be reckoned with martyrs and heroes. And as the story of his heroism winged its way from State to State, and city to city, and village to village, how many mothers have cried with full heart, "May his spirit rest upon my boy!" And strong men have wept over it, and exclaimed, "God be praised for the lad!" And rich men have put their hands in their pockets, and said, "Let us build him a monument; for his memory is blessed."—We remember of listening with great interest to this story of Knud Iverson in our school-boy days, and as we lately read it again in one of our weekly papers, we thought we would put it into the pockets of our little PIONEER for the benefit of our readers. We only wish there were many Knud Iversons among our young friends, strong in their love to the Saviour, true to their Bibles, ready to die rather than do wrong!

—♦♦♦—
 A PRAYING man is a treasure and a blessing in any country. One Joseph preserved the whole of Egypt in the time of scarcity. One Moses stood in the gap, when God would have destroyed the people of Israel.—*Luther.*
 —♦♦♦—

CONSCIENCE in an ungodly man is like a captain of a vessel in a mutiny—he is bound and cannot rule, but he protests.

—♦♦♦—
 FAITH is to believe what we do not see, and the end of this faith is to see what we believed.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

OUR JUBILEE in commemoration of the Augsburg Confession and the Book of Concord was celebrated by our Lutheran congregations all over the land. Besides the Jubilee services in the churches processions were arranged in the larger cities. The largest procession was held in St. Louis. It was many miles long and took about two hours to pass a given point. It is said to have been one of the largest street-parades seen there for years. In many portions of the city private residences and churches were decorated, and at various points along the route of the procession triumphal arches were stretched across the street. We see from the papers that one of the most beautiful arches was erected by the colored people near the Fair Grounds.—In Columbus, Ohio, the Lutherans had an extra Jubilee on the 23d of June. They on that day celebrated with joy and thanksgiving the 50th anniversary of the Lutheran University of that place. On the following days the Concordia Jubilee was celebrated with appropriate services in the Lutheran churches of the city.—In Fort Wayne, Indiana, the Lutherans celebrated the Jubilee with festival services and a street-parade. The procession was one of the largest ever seen in the city, it being over three miles long. The 25th of June was indeed a grand day of Jubilee for all Lutherans who remembered with joy and thanksgiving the great blessings bestowed upon our Church by the good and merciful God.

OUR COLLEGES AND SEMINARIES are closed for the summer. Although the number of graduates in our Seminaries was very large this year, still the calls for ministers could not all be met. We are glad to hear that one of the graduates will accept a call as missionary among the freedmen of the South.

OUR LUTHERAN DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM near Detroit, Michigan, has completed its seventh year. The institution suffered a great loss in the death of its worthy Director, Rev. G. Speckhard. The services of Mr. L. Zeile, of Germany, were secured, and a third teacher has been called from our Seminary at Addison, Ill. There were 36 children in the institution at the close of the session, 6 of whom were prepared for confirmation.

THE CHEAPEST CHURCH we ever heard of was erected by Lutherans in Nebraska. The walls and roof are made of sods of turf, and the cost of the church is only ten dollars. There is no debt resting on the church, and the people are glad that they have a place where they can hear the pure Gospel of Christ. By the preaching of this Gospel only a church-building becomes a house of God, and a congregation hearing the pure Gospel in the cheapest building is better off than many a large and rich congregation in our larger cities listening to the human opinions and notions of their pastor in a beautiful church-building.

WE LATELY read of two ministers who "created a sensation" in their congregations by an-

nouncing from their pulpits that they would "drop all Christian doctrines" and preach only what is "reasonable." Those men, we fear, had no Christian doctrines to "drop." They always preached their own notions instead of God's Word.

THIS REMINDS us of the woman who one day told the quaint English preacher, Rowland Hill, that she had been of late among heretics, and that they had almost tempted her to change her religion. "Indeed, madam," said the preacher, "I was not aware until now that you had any religion to change."

A "COLORED FRIEND" wrote to us about worldly matters. We cannot make any use of his writing, since our PIONEER is only a religious paper. Our friend hopes that our "intelligence will not be insulted" and that we will "not get angry" if he wishes anything "unsuitable." We can assure our friend that we are always glad to hear from our readers and always try to comply with their wishes, if possible. And we do not get angry so easily. Oh, no! Even in those hot days of the summer season we are as happy as a May morning, and we—close our window.

Neddie and me.

A preacher in England was once talking about the heathen, and telling how much they needed Bibles to teach them of Jesus. In the congregation was a little boy, who became intensely interested. He wished to help buy Bibles for the heathen. But he and his mother were very poor, and at first he was puzzled to know how to raise the money.

Finally he hit upon the plan. The people of England use rubbing or door stones for polishing their hearths and scouring their wooden floors. These stones are bits of marble or free-stone begged from the stone-cutters or marble-workers.

This little boy had a favorite donkey, named Neddie. He thought it would be nice to have Neddie help in the benevolent work. So he harnessed him up and loaded him with stones, and went around calling:

"Do you want any door stones?"

Before long he raised fifteen dollars. And then he went to the minister and said:

"Please, sir, send this money to the heathen."

"But, my dear little fellow, I must have a name to acknowledge it."

The lad hesitated, as if he did not understand.

"You must tell me your name," reported the minister, "that we may know who gave the money."

"O, well, then, sir, please put it down to Neddie and me; that will do, wont it, sir?"

LUTHER was once asked how it came that he preached so powerfully as to move the hearts of his hearers so deeply. He replied: "My afflictions have instructed me in this."

God in All Things.

In earth, in ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
Seen, felt or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends—
With God begins, continues, ends,
The source and streams of good.

"God Bless You, Papa."

Joseph Barker was for many years a leading infidel, lecturing against the Bible throughout Great Britain and the United States, perfectly familiar with all the arguments of the infidels, and challenging every minister to public discussion. On one occasion when he was leaving his house to stand before the people as an ambassador of Satan, his little child followed him to the door and said, "God bless you, Papa." That little voice kept ringing in his heart. "God bless me!" he cried out; "God bless me for what? God bless me in what? For hating His Son? In seeking to destroy His Word?" Nor could he get rid of that voice until he bowed at the feet of the crucified but risen Jesus, and found pardon and salvation for the chief of sinners. "God bless you, Papa"—these few sweet words from the lips of the dear little child God used as a means for arresting the great infidel on his way to perdition, after he had listened in vain to the arguments of many a learned minister. He died a few years ago, trusting simply in the blood of Christ to wash away his deep guilt.

Love One Another.

A little girl, three or four years old, learned the Bible text, "Love one another." "What does 'love one another' mean?" asked her next oldest sister, in honest doubt as to the meaning. "Why, I must love you, and you must love me; and I'm *one* and you're *another*," was the answer. Who can give a better explanation!

Christ, the Only Door.

Though there were many rooms in the ark, there was only one door. "And the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof." And so there is only one door in the ark of our salvation, and that is Christ.

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The Missionary's Path.

Servant of Christ, stand fast amid the scorn
Of men who little know or love thy Lord;
Turn not aside from toil: cease not to warn,
Comfort, and teach. Trust Him for thy reward;
A few more moments' suffering and then
Cometh sweet rest from all thy heart's deep pain.

For grace pray much, for much thou needest grace;
If men thy work deride—what can they more?
Christ's weary foot thy path on earth doth trace;
If thorns wound thee, they pierced Him before;
Press on, look up, though clouds may gather round;
Thy place of service He makes hallowed ground.

Have friends forsaken thee, and cast thy name
Out as a worthless thing? Take courage then:
Go, tell thy Master; for they did the same
To Him, who once in patience toiled for them:
Yet He was perfect in all service here;
Thou oft hast failed: this maketh Him more dear.

Be wise, be watchful. Wily men surround
Thy path. *Be careful, for they seek with care
To trip thee up.* See that no plea be found
In thee thy Master to reproach. The snare
They set for thee will then themselves enclose,
And God His righteous judgment thus disclose.

Cleave to the poor, bring them the Gospel's bliss;
Count it great honor, if they love thee well;
Naught can repay thee after losing this.
Though with the wise and wealthy thou shouldst
dwell,

Thy Master oftentimes would pass thy door,
To hold communion with His much-loved poor.

"The time is short": seek little here below;
Earth's goods would cumber thee, and drag thee
down;

Let dally food suffice; care not to know
Thought for to-morrow; it may never come.
Thou canst not perish, for thy Lord is nigh,
And His own care will all thy need supply.

(Selected.)

Rest for the Heavy Laden.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11, 28.). This is Christ's gracious invitation to the heavy laden. Who are those that labor and are heavy laden? Not the self-righteous. They have a great load of sin; but they do not feel the burden of their sins. They think themselves good enough and find their peace and rest in their own righteousness. They rely

upon their so-called good works and their outwardly moral lives and do not see the rottenness of their hearts. The curse of God is upon them, but they feel no want of rest and will not come to Jesus.

Then, again, those are not heavy laden that can delight in sin. Sin is no burden to them, but a pleasure. They laugh away all thoughts of eternity. They go on in their sinful ways as drunkards and as men that live according to their sinful lusts. In those sinful ways they find their joy, and feel no want of rest, and will not come to Jesus.

Now, who are those that labor and are heavy laden? Let me tell you. They are those that have come to the knowledge and sense of their sin by the law of God. They know and feel that they have transgressed every commandment of God. God's holy law has laid open unto them their sinful, corrupt heart; they find nothing good in themselves, but rottenness all over. Their sins have become a burden, a heavy burden unto them, and they know and feel that the wrath and curse of a just and holy God are upon them. They labor and are heavy laden with this burden and cry out for relief and for rest. They seem to be in a very unhappy condition, do they not? Yes, and still I wish, my dear reader, you were one of those that labor and are heavy laden before you feel the burden of God's eternal wrath in hell where no rest can be found. In the time of grace there is rest for the heavy laden; for Christ says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." So come unto Him, that is, believe, trust in Him as your Saviour; for He is "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," that taketh away your sins. And be not afraid of coming because your burden is so heavy and the load of your sins is so big. You are just the one He invites to come. Suppose I prepared a nice supper and invite every one whose name is Jones, and a man would come to the door and say, "I would like to come in, sir, and enjoy that supper, but I can prove to you that my name is Jones and that is the reason why I'm afraid to come in." I would tell that man, "Why, my friend, that is the very reason why you should come in. I don't want you to

prove to me that your name is Smith, or Jackson, no, I invited every one whose name is Jones." So Christ does not want you to prove your own goodness, and holiness, and righteousness, no, He invites all heavy laden sinners. So come unto Him with the heavy burden of your sins, and He will give you rest. He says so, and you may be sure that He will do what He says. He will give you rest; for He is the Saviour whose blood cleanses you from all your sins, and the moment you believe in Him your sins are all forgiven, and you have rest. You may have many troubles and cares in this world, but by faith in your Saviour you will always have peace for your heart and rest for your conscience. And in your dying hour the loving Jesus will take you to eternal rest in heaven. Come unto Him, and He will give you rest!

Jesus only can Save.

When a person dies at sea, the usual practice is, to encase the corpse and attach heavy weights to it, then drop it over the side of the vessel. But the corpse, though carried downward into the deeps of ocean, is utterly unconscious of its sinking state, though it continues to descend, till it touches the bottom. So with the soul, which is spiritually dead: it is continually descending, and being overwhelmed with the burden of its sins, unconscious of its destination, it is irresistibly carried downward. It has a weight and a burden, which it can no more cast off, than the corpse can disengage itself from its sinking weights. Nothing but the mighty hand of Jesus can arrest and rescue the soul from its downward course to hell.

Hatred of Sin.

The Holy Spirit makes us abhor sin as detestable and odious. No child of God, no heir of heaven can love sin, or live in it. He groans under it, and looks on the right hand, and on the left, for a way of escape. As I never can reconcile my flesh to allow a hot burning coal to be applied to it; so, if I be a child of God, I never can be reconciled to the power of sin in my soul.

R. H.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me;"

(Exodus 20, 3.)

OR,

The First Commandment.

There can be no doubt concerning the sin forbidden in this commandment. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," saith God. As there is but one true God, therefore we should give to no thing, excepting the true God, either the whole or a part of that honor, worship, service, praise, fear, love, and trust which belong to God and which He justly claims for Himself alone. These "other gods" spoken of in the commandment are not true gods, but are various things considered and chosen by men to be their gods. Indeed, there is no end to the number and variety of things that may become the "other gods," that is, idols of men.

First, we should not reject the true God and place "other gods" in His stead. This is done by the heathen. The works of God and their own conscience convince them that there must be a God, but they know Him not, or will not know Him. Hence, they either make unto themselves gods of all shapes and sizes from different materials, from stone, wood, gold, silver and the like; or they consider the sun, moon, and stars to be their gods; or they choose certain animals, trees, or rivers to be their gods. To these manufactured gods and gods of their own choice they pray, make sacrifice, erect altars and temples, ascribing to them the works, power, and goodness of the true God!—Other gods are placed in the stead of the true God by all those that deny the existence of a God. If we deny that there is a Creator of the world, then the world, or Nature as they call it, must be its own maker, or else be eternal. In both cases, the world, or Nature, must be divine, a god. If we deny that there is a God to whom we owe life, every blessing, all we do and accomplish, then all honor and praise for our welfare and success must be given to us, we become our own gods. If God does not rule the world, nations and men; if there be no God, whose commandments we must obey at the peril of being punished eternally, then man may live and do as he chooses and is responsible to himself only. Then the end of man's life is only to serve himself. In short, man must then be a god.—The Mohammedans, the Jews of the present time, the Unitarians and their kin, place another god in the stead of the true God by denying the Son and Holy Ghost in the Godhead and pretending to worship the Father only. But they cannot worship the Father without also worshipping the Son and Holy Ghost. "Whosoever denieth the Son, hath not the Father also" (1 John 2, 23.). "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word (the Son), and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one" (1 John 5, 7.). Accordingly, their god is but a god of their fancy, not the true God of the Bible.

Secondly, we should place no other god or gods beside God and worship both. We should not, therefore, engage in the worship of saints, however great their piety, faith, and usefulness in the kingdom of God may have been. We should not pray to the saints for any help, relief, protection, blessing. We should not in prayer to them give them praise and thanks for blessings received, thinking that they had heard the prayers. We should pray only to God. This is an honor belonging to Him only.

Prayer to saints supposes them to be almighty and all-knowing, in fact, like God. But they are not. God only can hear and answer our prayers, even the most secret sighings of our hearts.—It is heathenish and abominable to worship pictures of saints, or the so-called sacred relics of their bodies, such as heads, hands, hair, teeth, all of which are a fraud. Even God we should not worship by means of pictures. He has forbidden the use of all pictures and images for worship. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them" (Exod. 20, 4, 5.).

Thirdly, we should not outwardly seem to worship and serve the one true God and yet, at heart, secretly seek and have other gods. Most of those that are guilty of this sin are not aware of their idolatry, and most of those that know it make light of this sin, though in wickedness it is equal to the idolatry of the most ignorant heathen. God is not content with the outward actions and appearance of man. He will have man's heart above all. It should have no other gods. Thus everything, beside God, if we trust in it as we should in God only, or if we fear and love it more than God, straightway becomes a god, an idol of the heart. Such things are money, friends, parents, children, honor, pleasure, health, knowledge. Every thing of which man becomes proud, and of which he boasts, is his idol. If riches, honor, or pleasure, become the joy and treasure of man's heart, and God and His word be not its only joy and delight, then the former are his idols. If a man claims credit and praise where they only belong to God; if he ascribes to his own wisdom, labor, skill, or fortune what he owes to God's mercy and enjoys as a favor of divine goodness; if he forgets to ask God for every protection and blessing, and then in due season to return thanks to God for his mercies,—such a man makes himself a god.

The first Commandment, like the others, does not only forbid a sin, but also tells us what to do. What then will it have us do? "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," are its words. While forbidding us to have other gods, these words as strongly mean to say: Thou shalt have me only as thy God. We should be no infidels, but believe in the true God, the Maker, Preserver and Ruler of all things. We should not have many gods, like the heathen, but Him alone.—Dr. Luther explains the commandment in his Smaller Catechism thus: "We should fear, love, and trust in God above all things." To have God alone as our God we must, in the first place, fear Him above all things. We must avoid sin and do His will, so that God be not offended nor His anger provoked. We should fear God as our kind Father, as one whom we love so much that we avoid sin, because sin displeases Him, that we hate the mere thought of offending such a dear Father, and that we do His will and bidding; because it pleases our Father so. We should fear and obey God more than men. We should suffer persecution, loss of property, honor, and life, rather than offend God. To fear God, however, is not the same as to be afraid of God, of His curse and punishment. If we avoid sin and try to keep the commandments on account of the punishment threatened to all evil-doers, then we fear the lash and rod, not God, whose unwilling and useless servants we would be.

Fourthly, we should love God above all things. We should love Him, not because He

rewards those that love Him; nor should we love Him only so long as He seems to be kind to us and then cease immediately to love Him, when affliction, want and troubles set in. We should love God, because He is in Himself our highest good, our greatest treasure, the joy and delight of our souls. To have Him as a Father and to enjoy His favor and love is greatest happiness, even heaven on earth. We should, therefore, love God for God's sake as our greatest treasure, the greatest object upon which we may bestow our love, and the greatest thing to be desired in Heaven and on earth. Ps. 73, 25, 26. We should love God, because "He first loved us," 1 John 4, 9. "God so loved the world"—all men, all sinners and rebels against God—"that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life" (John 3, 16.). He is willing to grant pardon of sins to all believers in His Son. He gives them His Holy Spirit and His Word and sacraments. He has in store for them eternal life.—To love God is to value Him above all things, to delight in pleasing Him, and to be pleased with all that He does. Such true love of God will make us willing to hear and learn His Word, to praise and serve Him. It will make us diligent in keeping God's commandments (1 John 5, 3.), and make us love our fellow-men for God's sake (1 John 4, 20.).

Finally, we should trust in God above all things. We should look to Him alone for every blessing, protection, help, and all strength, in prosperity and misfortune, in health and sickness, in abundance and want, in honor and shame. We should never forget that all we have and enjoy comes from Him, and that we have it only so long as it is His pleasure, giving all praise therefore to God and depending on Him alone for the future. We should trust in God, not only when it is an easy task and we have all we want, but also when afflictions and sorrows come heavy and in great number, so that God seems to have forsaken us. Even then we should not for once doubt God's power and mercy, and the truth of His promises.—True trust in God does away with cares and worrying thoughts about the morrow, what we shall eat, and what we shall put on. True trust in God begets patience and happy contentment in all the ills and troubles of this valley of tears.

Reader, will you, in the face of this commandment, still say that you never failed to keep it? Will you assert that you are fully able to fulfill all its requirements? Have you always feared, loved, and trusted in God above all things? If not, then you are lost. Be candid, and, I beg you, seek forgiveness for your sins with Christ, who so perfectly kept the commandment and, also, paid the penalty of your transgression by His suffering and death.

F. B.

It is not the quantity of thy faith, that shall save thee. A drop of water is as true water, as the whole ocean; so a little faith is as true faith as the greatest. A child eight days old is as really a man as one of sixty years; a spark of fire is as true fire as a great flame; a sickly man is as truly living as a healthy man; so it is not the measure of faith, that saves thee—it is the blood that it grasps, that saves thee; as the weak hand of a child that leads the spoon to its mouth will feed as well as the strong arm of the man, for it is not the hand, that feeds thee, but the meat; so if thou canst grasp Christ ever so weakly, he will not let thee perish.

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther.

XVIII.

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

As the evening of Luther's life came on, he greatly felt the infirmities of old age and often suffered severe pains from bodily sickness. He, however, joyfully continued the work of the Reformation by preaching, writing, and praying. God often heard his prayers in a wonderful manner. Thus, in the year 1540, his dear friend Melancthon became dangerously ill in the city of Weimar. Luther was sent for, and when he came, Melancthon was lying at the point of death. It was a terrible shock to Luther, but he knew his refuge. He turned to the window, clasped his hands, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and earnestly prayed to God to spare the life of his dear learned friend, who was so necessary for the work of Reformation. He prayed with the holy boldness of a true believer, appealing to all the promises of God in the Bible concerning the hearing of prayer. He then took Melancthon's hand and said, "My dear Philip, be of good cheer; you shall not die." Holding his cold hand in his, he continued to speak words of comfort to him. Melancthon began to revive and soon regained his strength. He himself said, "I would have died if Luther had not come."

In the autumn of the same year Melancthon had so far recovered that he went with several theologians to attend at Worms a conference with the papists. Luther did not go with them, but said, "God has given us many good learned men who understand His word and can defend it against the opponents." When he took leave of them, he blessed them and spoke to them many words of power. He said, "Go in the name of the Lord, as ambassadors of Jesus Christ; cling firmly to the simple word of God, and yield nothing that is Christ's, as ye have no authority to yield."

The last years brought days of joy and sorrow to the noble heart of the great Reformer. It was a great joy to him to receive letters from brethren in distant lands, who had been led to the knowledge of truth by his writings. He, on the other hand, was deeply grieved to see the so-called Reformed hold on to their false doctrine in regard to the Sacraments in spite of all his powerful arguments from the Word of God. Great was his sorrow, too, when he saw some of his own people so very unthankful for the blessed Gospel and leading godless lives. This pained him so that he, in 1545, left Wittenberg. By a gracious letter of the Elector, however, he was induced to come back and continue his labors at the University and in the congregation.

The evening of Luther's life was drawing to its close, and his heart was filled more and more with a holy desire for rest in heaven. He earnestly prayed for a happy end and heartily wished to be with Jesus. In one of his last sermons he told his hearers that when they

should hear of his being sick, they should not pray that his life might be prolonged, but that a happy end might be granted him. "I am weary of the world," he said, "and the world is weary of me; it is therefore easy to part, as when a guest quits his lodgings." In his last sermon delivered in Wittenberg, Luther also foretold the troubles which came upon the Lutheran Church shortly after his death. "Pray earnestly to God," he said, "that ye may keep His word, for dangerous times are coming."

Luther's last sermon was delivered in Eisleben, his native city. He went to that city upon the invitation of the Counts of Mansfeld for the purpose of settling some disputes which had arisen between those noblemen and their subjects in regard to the mines of the district. Luther started on his journey January 23rd, 1546, accompanied by his three sons. On his arrival on the borders of the Mansfeld territory, the Counts received him with an escort of more than a hundred horsemen. A short distance from the city he became so unwell that his life was considered in danger. But he became better and tarried three weeks in Eisleben, taking part in the negotiations until the day before his death. During his stay at Eisleben he ordained two ministers and twice received absolution and the Holy Supper and wrote letters of comfort to his dear wife, who was in great anxiety about his health. He also preached four sermons, as he was always very diligent in preaching, making the statement himself that he often delivered four sermons in one day and did this for twenty-five years. In his last sermon he said: "As I have now been here some time and preached to you, and must now return home and perhaps shall preach no more, I would now bless you and entreat you to adhere steadfastly to the Word which your ministers by the grace of God faithfully teach you, and to cultivate the habit of praying that God would protect you against all the wise and prudent who despise the doctrine of the Gospel, since they have done much injury and might do more." He then closed his last sermon with the words: "May God grant us his grace that we may with gratitude receive His word, increase in the knowledge and faith of His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, and firmly abide in the confession of His blessed word to the end. Amen." These were his last words from the pulpit. The evening of his life was soon to close. The time of his departure was at hand.

MEN have been great, as the world calls it, in spite of their infidelity, but no one was ever great by reason of his infidelity, while thousands have been truly great by their personal devotion to Jesus.

THE Bible has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in the history of every nation that has known the great value of an open Bible.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Something for Parents!

Near the City of — there lived a pious mother, who had the happiness of seeing her children, in very early life, brought to the knowledge of truth—all walking in the fear of the Lord, and looked upon as ornaments of the Christian Church. A clergyman, who was travelling, having heard this circumstance, wished very much to see her, thinking that there might be something peculiar in her mode of giving religious instruction which rendered it so effectual. He accordingly visited her, and inquired concerning the manner in which she discharged the duties in educating her children. The mother replied that she did not know that she had been more faithful than any other Christian mother would be in the instruction of her children. After a little conversation, she said: "While my children were infants on my lap, as I washed them, I raised my heart to God, that he would wash them in that blood that cleanseth from all sin; as I clothed them in the morning, I asked my heavenly Father to clothe them in the robe of Christ's righteousness; as I provided them with food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink the water of life. When I prepared them for the house of God, I prayed that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Spirit to dwell in; when they left me for the week-day parish school, I followed their infant footsteps with a prayer, that their path through life might be like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day; and as I committed them to rest at night, the silent breathing of my soul was that their heavenly Father would take them to His embrace, and fold them in His paternal arms. I have committed their way, and taught them to commit their way, to the Lord, and the Lord has cared for them. It is His doing, not mine; and what He has done for me and my children He is willing, and has promised to do, for all who seek His face.— Oh! dear parents, dear fathers and mothers, who read this, learn from this pious mother and follow her example, God will then bless you and your children, they will, by the grace of God, walk in the fear of the Lord and become ornaments of the Christian Church.— "Provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Eph. 6, 4.

CONTENTMENT consists not in persuading ourselves that our things are the very best in the world, but in believing they are the best for us, and giving God thanks for them.

TROUBLE drives us to prayer, and prayer drives away trouble.

WHERE you die—when you die—is scarcely worth a thought, if you do but die in Christ.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

As we open our window to chat with our readers, we find that we have not much news to tell them. So we shall take a look into distant lands, and we will tell our readers what we lately read about some of those countries. Let us first look at AFRICA. Africa, you know, is often called "The Dark Continent." And a dark country it is; for though missionaries are laboring for the spread of Gospel-light in some parts of the country, still the darkness of superstition and idolatry reigns in the largest part of Africa. How awful is the scene described by Cameron, one of the African travelers, as taking place at the funeral of a chief! Cameron says: "The first proceeding is to divert the course of a stream, and in its bed to dig an enormous pit, the bottom of which is then covered with living women! At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the dead chief, covered with his beads and other treasures, is seated, being supported on either side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shovelled in on them, and all the women are buried alive, with the exception of the second wife. She is killed before the huge grave is filled in. This being completed, a number of male slaves, sometimes forty or fifty, are slaughtered, and their blood poured over the grave, after which the river is allowed to resume its course." May the light of the Gospel soon spread in that country

"Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand."

CHINA is another dark country. Mung Edwin, who has been educated in this country as a missionary for China, lectured lately in Baltimore. Speaking of the deplorable condition of women in China, he said: "Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder, and, therefore, not to be punished. Where parents are too poor to support the girl children, they are disposed of in the following way: At regular intervals an appointed officer goes through a village and collects from poor parents all the girl children they cannot care for, when they are about eight days old. He has two large baskets attached to the end of a bamboo pole, and slung over his shoulder. Six infants are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighboring village and exposes them for sale. Mothers who desire to raise wives for their sons buy such as they may select. The others are taken to the government asylums, of which there are many all through the country. If there is room enough, they are taken in; if not, they are drowned."

SPAIN is another dark country. It is not exactly a pagan country, but the darkness of Romish superstition and idolatry reigns there. The Protestant ministers, who labor there for the spread of the Gospel, are persecuted by the pope's people; for the priests hate the light of the Gospel, loving the darkness of superstition,

because their works are dark. The Rev. Fliedner lately said to a member of the Romish church that he thought many of the priests would become Protestants if the Protestant church could give them as high a salary as they have in the Romish church. But the Romish member told him that those priests love the Romish church because they could there best carry on their scandalous doings and lead immoral lives.

WE could now close our window, but here are some friends who wish us to "throw light on some dark subjects." Here is a young friend who writes that he likes the PIONEER very well and would be glad if the PIONEER would bring an article on dances and worldly parties." We thank our friend for his compliments and shall comply with his wish as soon as we find time. Perhaps one of our friends in the ministry will write an article for our paper on that subject. We would be very thankful for it.

AND here is a very young reader who wishes the PIONEER to tell him "something about our Presidents." Our young reader must ask his father or teacher "about Presidents." Our little PIONEER is so young yet, you know, he does not bother himself about Presidents. He perhaps knows very little about them, and would not know what to do if he should become President. He might be like the bright little colored boy we once saw down in Old Virginia sitting on a fence and singing as merrily as a bird in the forest:

"If I'd be de President ob dese United States,
I'd eat molasses candy and ride upon de gates."

It is getting dark, and we close our window.

The Solitary Witness.

Some years ago a missionary went to a heathen village in India, but no one there would attend to his words. When he went away, he left one New Testament behind him in the shop of a native. It was but a single seed cast into a bad soil, and he feared that it would perish there; that the precious volume would be thrown aside, or else that its sacred leaves might be used to wrap up tobacco, rice or salt. But no! The eye of God was upon that book. Like Lot in Sodom, like the Captive Maid in the house of Naaman, that New Testament was a solitary witness for Jehovah in the midst of idols and idolaters; and it became a light to them that sat in darkness. Some of them it led into the way of peace. Soon after it was left, three or four heathen came to that shop. They saw the strange book. They asked that they might read it. They took it home. As they heard what it told them about God and man, sin and salvation, hell and heaven, they wondered, they trembled, they believed. A church was formed in that village, and two of those who borrowed that Testament became preachers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The Story of the Pigs.

Two friends once entered Surrey Chapel previous to going to India. One was a Christian, the other not. The Rev. Rowland Hill preached from the text, "We are not ignorant of his devices;" and immediately told the following story:—"Many years since I met a drove of pigs in one of the narrow streets of a large town, and, to my surprise, they were not driven, but quietly followed their leader. This singular fact excited my curiosity, and I pursued the swine, until they all quietly entered the butchery. I then asked the man how he succeeded in getting the poor, stupid, stubborn pigs so willingly to follow him, when he told me the secret. He had a basket of beans under his arm, and kept dropping them as he proceeded, and so secured his object. Ah! my dear hearers, the devil has got his basket of beans, and he knows how to suit his temptations to every sinner. He drops them by the way, the poor sinner is thus led captive by the devil at his will; and if grace prevent not, he will get him at last into his butchery, and there he will keep him for ever. Oh, it is because 'we are not ignorant of his devices' that we are anxious this evening to guard you against them."

As the Christian friend listened to this tale about the pigs, he feared it would excite a smile, but not produce conviction in the mind of his unbelieving companion. After the service they left the chapel, and all was silence for a time.

"What a singular statement we had to-night about the pigs, and yet how striking and convincing it was," remarked the young infidel. His mind was impressed—he could not forget the basket of beans, the butchery, and the final loss of the sinner's soul. He left his country, but soon after corresponded with his friend, and referred to this sermon as having produced a deep impression upon his mind, and as having driven him to Christ for salvation.

VERY often we hear parents say: Let the children have their own way in matters of religion, let them choose for themselves, when they are old enough. A farmer is shrewd enough to know that, if he lets his field have its own way, it will bear weeds, briars and thistles. So with children. You will laugh at a man and call him a fool, who would say in the fall of the year: I am not going to plow or sow, my fields may have their own way of it, but still I expect to reap when harvest comes. Likewise it must be when you let the hearts of your children uncultivated; they will grow up, bearing bitter fruits of infidelity and vice.

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The Key of Heaven.

I once saw a man trying to unlock a door with the wrong key. I handed the right key to him, but he would not take it. He went on trying the wrong key, and so he did not get into the house. This made me think of men that try to go to heaven by their so-called good works. Those good works are the wrong key, and that key will never open the door of heaven. It is true, if a man could keep the law of God perfectly, he could then be saved by the law, he could then get to heaven by his own good works. But this is impossible, for we are sinners *by nature*. We have all broken the commandments of God, and no man can keep the law of God perfectly. "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, *neither indeed can be.*" (Rom. 8, 7.) "They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one." (Psalm 14, 3.) "Who can say, I have made my heart clean?" (Prov. 20, 9.) So you see, if a man wants to go to heaven by his own good works, he is trying the wrong key, and that key will never open heaven to him.

But which is the right key then? you may ask. Let me tell you. It is Christ. Because sinners could not save themselves, God, in His mercy, sent His Son into the world. He was not a sinner by nature, as we are; but He was the holy God, without a spot of sin. He took our place, and, in our stead, kept the law of God perfectly; in His suffering and death He took the punishment of our sin upon Himself. He thus opened Paradise again for every sinner, and gained a righteousness by which we can enter heaven. This perfect righteousness of Christ, the right key of heaven, is offered to every sinner in the Gospel. It is for him to take it with the hand of faith, that is, to believe in Jesus as his only Saviour. Good works will surely follow such faith, but these good works are not the key of heaven; for faith, out of which these good works grow like the fruit upon the tree, has the right key of heaven already, namely Christ and His righteousness. The apostle Paul therefore says, "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest

any man should boast." (Eph. 2, 8.)—I lately read a little

STORY ABOUT THE KEY OF HEAVEN.

A minister was one day going to preach. He climbed a hill on his road. Beneath him lay the villages, sleeping in their beauty, with the corn fields motionless in the sunshine; but he did not look at them, for his attention was arrested by a woman standing at her door, and who, upon seeing him, came up to him with the greatest anxiety, and said, "O, sir, have you any keys about you? I have broken the key of my drawers, and there are some things that I must get directly." Said he, "I have no keys." She was disappointed, expecting that every one would have keys. "But suppose," he said, "I had some keys, they might not fit your lock, and therefore you could not get the articles you want. But do not distress yourself, wait till some one else comes up." "But," said he, wishing to make use of the occasion, "have you never heard of the key of heaven?"

"Ah! yes," she said, "I have lived long enough and gone to church long enough to know that if we work hard and get our bread by the sweat of our brow, and act well toward our neighbors, and do our duty in that station of life in which it has pleased God to place us, and say our prayers regularly, we shall be saved."

"Ah!" said he, "my good woman, that is the wrong key, that is a broken key, for you have broken the commandments, you have not fulfilled all your duties. You have broken that key."

"Pray, sir," said she, believing that he understood the matter, and looking frightened, "what have I left out in my answer?"

"Why," said he, "the all-important thing, the blood of Jesus Christ." And explaining the matter to her, he said, "It is Christ, and Christ alone that can open heaven to you, and not your good works."

"What, minister," said she, "are our good works useless then?"

"They are useless," said he, "if you want to be saved by them. If you believe first, you will surely do many good works; but if you be-

lieve in Jesus, you will never trust in your good works; if you trust in them you have spoiled them, and they are not good works any longer. Put your trust wholly in the Lord Jesus Christ. He has unlocked heaven's gate. He is the true key of heaven."

The woman accepted the Saviour, and in Him she found that peace which she did not have as long as she trusted in her own good works.

So, then, my dear readers, we must have true faith in Christ, because the old key of the law is so broken by us all that we never shall enter Paradise by it. If any of you think that you have no sins, to be very plain with you, you deceive yourselves, and the truth is not in you. (1 John 1, 8.) If you think that by your good works you shall enter heaven, you shall find at the last great day that your hopes are worthless, and that like dry leaves from the autumn trees your noblest doings shall be blown away by the wrath of God. Be zealous of good works after you have got faith; but remember, the way to be saved is simply to believe in Jesus Christ. Christ is the only Key of Heaven. "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith, without the deeds of the law." (Rom. 3, 28.)

The Rock.

Last summer, says a learned divine, while tarrying for a few days on the sea coast, my attention was directed to a great rock at some distance from the shore. As the tide came in, or the waves rolled high, it was lost to view; but it was still there, and by and by it lifted its rugged head above the waters, unmoved and unchanged. Again and again have the arguments and objections of infidel science and criticism seemed to rush like angry billows over the blessed Bible; but after a little while it stood forth as of old in its omnipotent and eternal stability. Men may cavil, or men may rage; nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord JEHOVAH is the Rock of ages." (Isaiah 26, 3, 4.)

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

Exodus 20, 7.

The tongue is a very dangerous little thing. It needs watching. It must be checked and bridled, lest it speak what is displeasing to God. Great sins are committed by the tongue. For instance, that horrible sin forbidden in the second commandment is a sin that is for the most part committed by the tongue. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain"; that is: Man, control thy tongue. Let it not speak the name of God in vain. Let us therefore beware of our tongue. Let us learn to understand the second commandment well.

Never say: God, Lord, or any other word meaning God, unless you are then and there thinking of God and intend to speak of Him or to call upon Him. Whenever you mention any name of God or speak of Him, do so with holy fear, remembering that you are speaking of the almighty and holy God. Some people are in the habit of crying out, as soon as anything surprises or astonishes them, or troubles and hurts them, or makes them glad: "Lord," "God," "My God," "Good God," "O Lord," "Lord have mercy," "Bless the Lord," and the like. Though they are not in the least thinking of God just then, yet His names are continually in their mouths, as if they were but handy words to use every time when people wish to speak their thoughts in a strong way.

Don't curse. It is also taking the name of God in vain. I need not mention here all those profane words and curses forbidden in the second commandment. You have heard them already in this great country of curses. If not, I wish you would never hear them *nor use them*. The worst kind of cursing is to curse and blaspheme God Himself. It is only through the patience and longsuffering of God that such people are not swallowed by the ground on which they stand. Nor should we curse our neighbor, that is, by the holy name of God wish him any evil. The most frightful of such curses is to wish our neighbor to be damned in hell, while we ought make all possible efforts to save him from being lost forever. We should not curse ourselves, nor anything that happens to us by the will of God. We would thereby, in fact, curse Him that made us and gives and sends us all things.

Don't swear an oath, if it would be false or unnecessary. Remember that by swearing an oath you call upon God to witness the truth of what you say and to punish you if you speak falsehood. How dare you then swear an oath, if you know that you are about to say, or did say, what is untrue? Never swear to a lie. Therefore, if the assessor comes around with the tax-book, don't swear falsely, simply to save a few cents of your taxes. If you are called before court to swear, never swear falsely, simply to help a friend or to clear and benefit yourself. By a false oath you swear your soul

away. Do not swear an oath that something is true, if you are not certain about it. That is also a false oath. Only swear to things of which you know without a doubt that they are true. Do not swear because you guess or think it is true, but always decline to swear an oath when you are uncertain and still have some doubts, or don't remember the facts correctly. — Do not swear to a promise which you do not intend to keep or of which you know that you are unable to keep. Never swear to do anything wicked. Never swear on oath when you can do without it. Don't swear, even to the truth, if your government does not require it or if you can in any other way help your neighbor or save your honor, or if the glory of God does not demand it. Don't swear to something that everybody knows and believes without your oath. Don't swear to every promise you make, when a simple "yes" or "no" will be sufficient. Oaths are not to be trifled with. The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain by swearing a false oath or an unnecessary one.

Do not lie or deceive by God's name. All preachers and teachers of false doctrine do it. Whenever they preach or teach the falsehood, they do not say: *We say so and not God*; what we say now is only *our opinion and our invention*; of course not. People would then not listen to them. But they say: What we say now, that the Lord says in His word; it all agrees with and is taken from the Bible. Thus they make people believe their false doctrine by using God's name to cover their lies and make them appear to be truth. Let me tell you of another class of such liars and deceivers. All hypocrites are such. The greatest hypocrites always talk much about God. They have so much to say about Him, that people regard them as very pious. They pray often and long. At heart, however, they are the devil's own. They cannot deceive God, but can deceive men, as to their true character. Beware of being such a hypocrite. Of course you may speak about God, but don't do so, simply to appear a Christian before others. Do so with true fear and love of God in your heart.

On the other hand, keep God's name holy with your tongue. Call upon God in every trouble. Pray without ceasing. Pray when you rise, pray when you lie down, pray before partaking of your meal and after. Pray all the time by asking God's help and blessing to everything you do. Pray with your heart if you cannot move your lips. Praise God's name with song; praise Him by confessing your faith before all men; praise Him by telling of His wonderful greatness and mercy. Give thanks unto the Lord for His loving kindness and tender mercies bestowed upon you.

Thus, my friend, guard your tongue from taking God's word in vain and use it to glorify your God, to call upon Him in every trouble, pray, praise and give thanks. May God help you to do it until you land there where our tongues shall be constantly employed in singing

to God and the Lord Jesus Christ, slain for our sins, in whose blood we are cleansed from our sins, also from all the sins that we have committed against the second commandment.

F. B.

What is the Tongue For?

"Since God made the tongue, and he never makes anything in vain, we may be sure he made it for some good purpose. What is it then?" asked a teacher one day of her class.

"He made it that we may pray with it," answered one boy.

"To sing with," said another.

"To talk to people with," said a third.

"To recite our lessons with," replied another.

"Yes; and I will tell you what He did *not* make it for. He did not make it for us to scold with, to lie with, or to swear with. He did not mean that we should say unkind or foolish, indecent or impatient words with it. Now, boys, think every time you use your tongues, if you are using them in the way God means you to. Do good with your tongues and not evil. It is one of the most useful members in the whole body, although it is so small. Please God with it every day."

Turn at Once.

If it is the sense of sin which does not let you be comfortable, turn at once to "Him with whom you have to do." Remember, it is not with Satan that you have to do, nor with your accusing conscience, but with Jesus. He will deal with all the rest; you only have to deal with Him. And He is your great High Priest. He has made full atonement for you; for the very sins that are weighing on you now. The blood of that atonement, His own precious blood, cleanseth us from all sin. Cleanseth whom? People that have not sinned? Thank God for the word, "cleanseth us"—us who have sinned. And you have to do with Him who shed it for your cleansing, who His own self bare your sins in His body on the tree.

GEN. WASHINGTON is said to have stopped his horse, as he was once riding along a country road, to administer this rebuke to a profane ploughman: "My friend, I am older than you, have many times been placed in positions of difficulty and danger, and have had many things to perplex and annoy me, and I have always found, that it did no good to get angry; and that neither broken ploughs nor anything else can be mended or made better by the use of profane language."

If you let trouble sit upon your soul like a hen upon her nest, you may expect the hatching of a large brood.

EITHER keep silence or speak something better than silence.

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther.

XIX.

LUTHER'S DEATH.

Luther died in peace at Eisleben, the place of his birth. On the evening of the 17th of February, he complained of a pain in his chest, to which he was subject. He took the medicine which was given him and, at about 8 o'clock, laid himself upon his couch, saying: "If I could slumber a half hour it would, I hope, become better." He then slept quietly until 10 o'clock, when he awoke and arose, saying as he entered his bed-room: "In the name of God I go to rest; into Thy hands I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth;" and, reaching out his hand, and bidding all good night, he said: "Pray for our Lord God and His Gospel, that it may prosper." He slept well till one o'clock, when he awoke and wished the room to be warmed. As the room had been kept warm all night, Dr. Jonas asked whether he felt a chill, and was worse. Luther said, "O Lord God, how ill I am! Ah, dear Dr. Jonas, I believe I shall remain here at Eisleben, where I was born and baptized." He then arose, and walked into the little sitting-room, repeating the words; "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth." He walked back and forth in the room several times, and then laid down on the couch, complaining of great oppression on the breast. He was rubbed with warm cloths and soon broke out into a perspiration. Then his friends, especially the counts who had come in haste to see him, expressed the hope that he would now soon recover, but he said: "Yes, it is the cold sweat of death; I shall yield up my spirit, for the sickness grows worse." He then prayed in these words: "O my heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Thou God of all consolation, I thank Thee that Thou hast revealed to me Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, in whom I believe, whom I have preached and confessed, whom I have loved and extolled, whom the pernicious pope and all the ungodly dishonor, persecute and blaspheme. I pray Thee, Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul into Thy care. O heavenly Father, although I must leave this body and be torn away from this life, yet know I assuredly that I shall be with Thee forever and that no one can pluck me out of Thy hands."

He also said in Latin: "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" and the words of the 68. Psalm: "He that is our God is the God of salvation, and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." A physician offered him a tonic, which he took and again said, "I pass away, I shall yield up my spirit," after which he three times repeated the words in Latin: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, Lord God

of truth." He then lay quietly with folded hands and closed eyes. His friends spoke to him, but he gave no answer. Then Dr. Jonas asked him in a loud voice: "Reverend father, are you willing to die in firm adherence to Christ and the doctrine which you have preached?" To this he answered so distinctly that all could hear it: "Yes." This was his last word. He turned upon his right side and slept about a quarter of an hour. Some of those present again began to hope for his recovery, when his face became deathly pale; his hands and feet became cold; he drew one more deep, gentle breath, and yielded up his spirit into the hands of his faithful God. He thus fell asleep in the Lord, gently and peacefully, on the 18th of February, 1546, between two and three o'clock in the morning, aged 62 years, 3 months, and 8 days. So long as there are lovers of a pure Gospel the name and deeds of MARTIN LUTHER will never die.

The Silver Dollar; or, How God Provides.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

It was a season of great scarcity on the hill regions of New-Hampshire, when a poor woman, who lived in a hut by the woods, had no bread for her little family. She was sick, without either friends or money; there was no helper but God, and she betook herself to prayer. She prayed long—she prayed in earnest; for she believed that He who fed the young ravens, would feed her.

On rising from her knees one morning, her little bare-footed girl opened the door to go out. Something shining on the sill stopped her. The child stooped down, and behold, a silver dollar! She ran and took it to her mother. It really *was* a new, round, bright silver dollar. They looked up and down the road; not a living person was in sight, and neither footsteps or wagon wheels were to be heard.

Where did the dollar come from? Did God send it? Doubtless it was from His hand; but *how* did it get there? Did it rain down? No. Did He throw it from the windows of heaven? No. Did an angel fetch it? No. God has ways and means for answering prayer without sending *special* messengers. He touches some little spring in the great machinery of his providence, without in the least disturbing its regularity, and help comes. Sometimes we do not *see exactly how*, as this poor woman did not; then it seems to come more directly from Him, while, in fact, *our all being taken care of*, ever since we were born, comes just as directly from Him, only He employs so many people to do it—fathers, mothers, servants, shop-keepers, that we are apt to lose sight of Him, and fix our eye only on them.

But how *did* the silver dollar get on the door sill? some boy may ask. It happened that a pious young blacksmith was going down to the seaboard, in quest of business. It was several miles before he could take the stage

coach; so, instead of going in the wagon which carried his chest, he said he would walk. "Come, ride," they said, "it will be hot and dusty." He kept answering "No," to all his friends. "I'll walk, and take a short cut through the pines;" and off he started with a stout walking stick. As he was jogging on through a piece of woods, he heard a voice from a little lonely hut by the roadside. It drew his notice, and he stepped towards it on tip-toe; then he stopped and listened, and found it was the voice of prayer, and he gathered from the prayer that she who offered it was poor, sick, and friendless.

"What can I do to help this poor woman?" thought the young man. He did not like to go into the hut. He clapped his hand into his pocket and drew out a dollar—the first silver dollar he ever had, and a dollar was a big sum for him to give; for he was not as rich then as he is now. But no matter; he felt that the poor woman *must* have it. The dollar being silver, and likely to attract notice as soon as the door was open, he concluded to lay it on the sill and go away, but not far; for he hid behind a large rock near the house, to watch what became of it. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing the little girl come out and seize the prize, when he went on his way rejoicing. The silver dollar came into the young man's hand for *this very purpose*; for, you see, a paper dollar might have blown away: and he was led to *walk* instead of *ride—why*, he did not exactly know; but God, who directed his steps, *did* know. So God plans, and we are the instruments to carry on his plans. Oftentimes we seem to be about our own business when we are about his, answering, it may be, the prayers of his people.

The young blacksmith is now in middle life: he has been greatly prospered, and given away his hundreds since; but perhaps he never enjoyed giving more than when he gave his first silver dollar.

Think of the Right Side.

Who has not seen his mother, wife or sister make a tidy. I the other day watched, while one was being made, the interlacing of the many-colored threads. I took it in my hands to look at it, and, as men generally do, I looked on the wrong side. It was all confusion. There was no beauty or harmony about it. But when I turned it over and saw the right side, then I saw the reason for every stitch, as forming part of a beautiful design. — So we in this life look upon the work of God. We see it on the wrong side. Every thing looks out of place and mixed and wrong. But when we see the other side, we will find, that not anything happened to us, that was needless. We will see that all went to perfect a great and beautiful plan.

THERE is a way to *keep* a man out of hell, but no way to *get* a man out of hell.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

THE REV. J. W. PARSONS, an American missionary in Turkey, was lately murdered by some brutal Turks. While traveling, he was overtaken by night about fifteen miles from home, and, with his native attendant, camped on the hills. While they were asleep some Turks passed that way and killed and then robbed them. These villains, like all other Mahometans, had the belief that there was no wrong in killing a Christian; for "to kill a Christian in Turkey is no more an offense than to kill a sheep or a dog." The murdered missionary had lived in a little Armenian village for twenty years, and had become endeared to its people, who at first hated him and would have nothing to do with him. They were sunk in ignorance and filth when he came there, but with great love he worked among them. He became known all about his neighborhood, and when the news of his death reached there it created a profound impression among the hundreds of families, whom he had advised, assisted, and befriended.—The missionary having been an American, our Government has been called upon to demand of the Turkish Government the execution of the murderers.

OUR MISSIONARY at Little Rock a short time ago asked for clothes, shoes, &c., for the poor colored children in Arkansas. The sewing-societies, and the young ladies, and the school children of our Lutheran congregations at once sent so many presents that the missionary now tells them in our German Mission paper not to send any more at present. The missionary writes: "May God's blessing rest upon those gifts and upon the givers! These gifts were a great encouragement to us; for we saw from them that there is a great love and zeal in the hearts of many for our mission among the freedmen of the South. Where such helping hands are found, there must also be many praying hearts asking God's blessing for the missionaries and their work."

REV. N. J. BAKKE, a graduate of our Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis, has been called by our Mission Board as missionary among the colored people in New Orleans. He will soon enter upon his work there. May God bless his labors.

REV. L. WAHL, formerly missionary in India, is now laboring as our missionary among the colored people at Mobile, Ala. A hall has been rented in which services are held every Sunday morning and Sunday school in the afternoon. The missionary has also opened a Day School for the colored children. Since the colored people at Mobile do not like free schools, the missionary is obliged to take 25 cents for tuition every month. The work is progressing slowly, but the missionary has reason to hope that, with God's help, our mission will soon prove a success at Mobile.

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH suffered a great loss in the death of the Rev. W. Stubnatzy,

the faithful pastor of the Lutheran Immanuel's Congregation at Fort Wayne, Ind., and the able President of the Lutheran Synod comprising the States of Indiana and Ohio. He was also a true friend of our mission, and we remember many a word of encouragement which he told us, whenever we got tired of our editorial labors. Our deceased friend preached his last sermon on Sunday, September 12th, and in the evening visited some sick members of the church and baptized a child at the residence of one of the members. He complained of no illness on retiring to rest, but in the night he awoke feeling great pains in his chest, and before morning the Lord took him away from all his labors to eternal rest in heaven. The funeral took place on Thursday, September 16th, there being a large attendance of pastors from abroad. The services at the residence were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Sihler, who based his remarks on the third petition of the Lord's prayer: "Thy will be done." At the church, Prof. Selle, of Addison, Ill., an intimate friend of the deceased, delivered a most affecting sermon to a large assemblage of mourners. After the children and members of the congregation and other friends had gazed once more at the peaceful features of the beloved pastor, the long and sad procession wended its way to the Lutheran cemetery. "It was the largest funeral procession ever witnessed in the city." At the cemetery the Rev. Mr. Jox, of Logansport, Ind., spoke sweet words of comfort to the tearful assemblage. The body was then lowered into its last resting place, where it now awaits the golden morning of the glorious resurrection day. "He being dead yet speaketh," admonishing every laborer in the Lord's vineyard to be faithful in his work while it is yet day. "He being dead yet speaketh," admonishing every minister of the Gospel to preach that Gospel for the salvation of souls as a dying man to dying men. "He being dead yet speaketh," admonishing every one of us to be ready for the hour of our death at every moment by true faith in our dear Saviour, for we know not when the Lord cometh.

A Christian Loves Mission Work.

Dr. Luther says: "It is a Christian heart's joy and delight to see many people come to the grace of God, and with them to render praise and thanksgiving to God. For such a desire mightily awakens the spirit of prayer and supplication. A Christian cannot help feeling concern for all people and praying and sighing for them, that the name of God be hallowed and his kingdom come, and that the lies of Satan be everywhere put to shame and his rule over the poor souls be checked and destroyed."

THERE is no harm can happen to a man who has God for his friend; but there is no good can happen to a man abandoned of God.

Prayers.

FOR EVENING.

"And now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take,
And this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

FOR MORNING.

"Now I wake me out of sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before the eve,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul receive,
That I may with my Saviour live. Amen."

He Knows His Sheep.

We have often talked to you about the Great Shepherd. The other day we heard a story told that reminded us of His way of knowing His sheep. A gentleman was traveling in the Holy Land, and studying, as he went, all the customs of the people. Though many hundreds of years have passed since Christ lived there, their ways of living are still the same. The gentleman talked with a number of shepherds, and became much interested in their life with the flock. In some flocks there would be over a hundred sheep.

"How is it possible," he asked one shepherd, "for you to know them apart? They all look alike to me."

"Why, how can I help it?" cried the man, jumping up and pointing eagerly from one to the other as he spoke. "There are not two alike. There, that lame one there, and the little marked one there; this one has a squint, and that one has a mark on its eye; there's a leg shorter than the other. Why, they each have some failing or mark; I can't miss them."

"Known by their failings," thought the gentleman. "So surely our Good Shepherd knows each of His faulty sheep. He does not expect any one of them to be perfect. They have their failings, yet He loves and cares for them. He knows His sheep."—Selected.

WE should be more intent to *sow* than to *see*. God causes the seed of the earth to grow in a manner hidden from our view, why then should we think that all the grains of the Word of God fall by the wayside among the thorns?

CARNAL men may say prayers, but they cannot pray.

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No. 9.

An Open Bible—a Blessing of the Reformation.

On the 31st of October the Lutheran Church celebrates the anniversary of the Reformation; for on that day, in the year 1517, Luther nailed his 95 Theses against the large door of the Castle church at Wittenberg. Blessed, forever blessed be that day! On that day God, through Dr. Martin Luther, began the Reformation of His church; the blessings of which we still enjoy in our homes, in Church, and in State. One of those great blessings is an open Bible.

Before Luther's time the Bible was shut, buried away in dusty libraries and in dead languages. The common people could not read the Bible, and even the priests, who were called to be the teachers of the people, knew very little of it. Many of them could neither read nor write. The darkness of superstition and ignorance reigned supreme, and it was the interest of the Romish church to keep away the Bible, the light of God, so that people might not see the false human doctrine by which they were cheated out of their souls' salvation. The Romish church loved that darkness in which popes, and bishops, and priests, and monks, and nuns could carry on their sinful, scandalous living. The Bible was therefore not only shut, but it was said to be a book which could bring no good to the people, a dark book which the people could not understand. Luther says: "Observe what the devil has done through the papists. It was not enough for them to throw this book under the table, and to make it so rare that few doctors of the Holy Scripture possess it, much less read it; but, lest some one should bring it to notice, they have branded it with infamy, blaspheming God, and saying that it is dark and that we must follow the glosses of men and not the pure Scripture. The calamity is so great that it cannot be reached by words or thoughts. The evil spirit has done his will and suppressed this book and has brought in its stead so many books of human doctrine, that it may well be said that there is a deluge of books; and yet they contain nothing but errors, falsehoods, darkness, poison, death, destruction, hell, and the devil."

The time of deliverance came. Through the blessing of God in the glorious Reformation of Dr. Martin Luther the Bible was again given to the people. It became an open book. When Luther was already in his twentieth year he for the first time saw a Bible in the library of the University at Erfurt. From that time on he read and studied the Bible. From the Bible he learned the way of salvation and found peace for his troubled soul. The Bible, the Word of God, became in his hand the mighty weapon for the overthrow of papacy. He translated the Bible for the people into German in a most masterly manner. By his translation the desire of other nations was awakened to have the Bible in their own languages. With great joy the people read and studied that precious Book. They were convinced of the errors of Rome and learned the true way of salvation. "The Bible, like sunshine bursting through clouds, poured its light upon the nations, and the prophecy was again fulfilled: "They shall all be taught of God." Yes, through the Reformation of Dr. Luther God gave to the people an open Bible, and from that open Bible flowed all the other blessings of the Reformation.

We still have an open Bible. Every one can read it in his own language. What a great blessing this is! The Bible is the Rule of Faith by which we can judge all doctrines and guard our soul against error. It is God's word which tells us the true way of salvation and works in our hearts faith in our dear Saviour. It strengthens our faith and brings us consolation in all the cares and troubles of this world. It is God's rod and staff which comfort us when we walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Let us love that Bible! And when we on Reformation day thank God for the blessings of the glorious Reformation, let us also thank Him for that great blessing of an open Bible. And let us show our thankfulness at all times by reading and studying that Bible, and by accepting its blessed truths, and by laboring for the spread of those Bible-truths as they are still held by the Lutheran Church. God grant that in our homes, in our schools, and in our churches we may at all times have an open Bible.

Trust in Christ.

Man is a sinner by nature. He is "a child of wrath" and "dead in sins." (Eph. 2, 1—3.) His so-called good works are of no more use to save him than his sins. He must trust *solely* and *only* to Christ. "He bare our sins in His own body on the tree;" "By *His* stripes we are healed" (1 Pet. 2, 24.); "The *gift* of God is eternal life" (Rom. 6, 23.); "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life" (John 3, 36.).

Reader, have *you* received the forgiveness of your sins? I ask not, have you done your best to live a good life? but, have you received *life* as God's *gift* to him that believeth? Oh! if you trust in your so-called good works for salvation, then your "good works" are the devil's blind to hoodwink you into hell. You must be saved *entirely* by Christ—not partly by *His* death and partly by *your* good life. "Therefore we conclude," says Paul, and *his* conclusions are *well* founded, "that a man is justified by faith *without* the deeds of the law." (Rom. 3, 28.)

Away then with them! Away with them! my reader, *as any ground of confidence*. Men have been damned in awful numbers while trusting in them; and therefore I beseech you, if you care for your soul's eternal welfare, trust *solely* and *only* to Christ; and never doubt that He will be true to His word, and save everlastingly both you and every one that trusts himself to His safe keeping.

When you thus trust and believe in your dear Saviour, you *have* salvation, you *have* eternal life; for "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life," says the Word of God (John 3, 36). And good works will then flow from your love and gratitude to God who *hath* made you "accepted in the Beloved." (Eph. 1, 6.)

As in the days of the flood there was but one object to be seen floating over the wild watery waste, and that object was the ark, the only place of safety; so now the only place of safety is in Christ. It was not the ark and something else, but the ark alone. It is not Christ and something else, but Christ alone.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)
The Third Commandment.

Thou shalt sanctify the Holy-day.

What does this mean?

We should fear and love God, that we may not despise preaching and His word, but hold it sacred, and gladly hear and learn it.

(Luther's Small Catechism.)

Sunday was not set apart by God to be the sabbath-day of Christians. Nowhere in the Bible do we find a command obliging us to keep Sunday holy as our Sabbath. It is foolish to argue, that God made Sunday our sabbath-day, because He said: "Remember the sabbath-day." The sabbath-day spoken of in those words is the seventh day of the week, Saturday; but Sunday is the first day of the week. How does that agree? You must either confess that we are bound still to keep Saturday holy, as the people of the Old Testament were, or that God has not bound the Christians of the New Testament to a certain day. If you then say that God wants us to labor six days and to rest on the seventh, therefore it is His will that we should keep one day of the week holy, though He has not said which one, let me answer: That seventh day about which God spoke to the people of Israel was the last of the week, Saturday again. You are making a very wrong guess, if you suppose God wants one of the seven days of the week to be our Sabbath. St. Paul says Col. 2, 16.: "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath-days." That is, let no man appoint for you and oblige you to keep any sabbath-day, as if it were God's will and you were obeying God by keeping it holy. Our Saviour says: "The Son of Man is Lord even of the sabbath-day." That is: I, Jesus, have a right to abolish the Jewish Sabbath. And we know that He did abolish it. Why then should He do away with one and appoint another for us? Why not leave the old one? All days of the week are alike before God, and we Christians have our choice among them and may have as many Sabbaths as we wish.

Men, not God, appointed Sunday to be our day of worship. The apostles and their congregations, at first, met for worship every day in the week. Finding it impossible to continue this always, they were compelled to decide on a certain day of the week and they chose Sunday. They desired to show their difference from the Jewish people that still rejected Christ and the gospel, therefore they did not take Saturday, the Sabbath of the Jews. They chose Sunday, because it was on a Sunday that the Lord rose from the dead, and on a Sunday also, that the Holy Spirit was poured out on the twelve apostles at Jerusalem. And for 1800 years all Christians have chosen Sunday for the hearing of God's Word, though they had a perfect right to choose another day.

If men, and not God, appointed Sunday, then why do you Christian people and ministers insist that we ought and must keep Sunday holy? The principal purpose, for which God

appointed a sabbath-day for the Jews was to give them a day to gather at their meeting-places and in the temple, and there to hear and learn the word of God, also to spend the remainder of the day in the study of God's word and to perform holy works. Now we, though God has appointed no Sabbath for us, are nevertheless obliged to hear and learn God's Word, to assemble with the Christians and hear the minister, to sing and pray with the congregation. So much of the third commandment still obliges us. Luther in explaining this commandment tells us what the third commandment asks of all men still. Read his answer above, following the question: What does this mean? One can easily see that it is necessary to set a certain day and time, for all to meet, to quit their work and go to their houses of worship. If there were no such regular certain day, then there would be no end to confusion, and finally there would be no more preaching and meetings. All Christians have agreed, therefore, that Sunday should be the day. If you do not sanctify Sunday, because you want another day, you only prove yourself to be a very unruly fellow, without any love and respect for your fellow-Christians or good order. If you do not keep Sunday holy, because you want no Sabbath, you are not sinning against the day (for Sunday is no better than Monday), but you are despising the Word of God that is preached on that day; you are neglecting the best, and perhaps *only*, opportunity to hear the gospel and to give your heart and thoughts altogether to the wants of your soul and to God for one day.

How should you keep Sunday holy? Not merely by resting from your week-day labor. You had better be at work than spend the precious hours of Sunday by lounging about at home, reading newspapers or trashy books, by visiting saloons, theaters, ballrooms, or by engaging in any other worldly, sinful pleasures and amusements, in short, by doing anything that keeps you away from the house of God and prevents you from spending Sunday in a God-fearing manner.—Simply going to church is not sanctifying Sunday. Many attend church to satisfy their curiosity, or to show their fine dress. Sleeping, laughing, talking in church, inattention to singing, prayer and sermon is not what people ought attend church for. Shaking off those good impressions and good thoughts received during worship, as soon as one gets outside of the church-door, and to spend the rest of the day in worldly, sinful ways—is indeed a sad way of sanctifying Sunday.—Go to your church with your minds and hearts free from all thoughts about business, or any earthly thing. Let the thought, that you are now going to God's house in order to hear His Word, be uppermost in your hearts. Love the Word of God so much that you can hardly await Sunday, and, when it comes, joyfully, gladly hear the Word. Open your hearts wide to receive the Word, and keep it. Join in the singing and prayers with your heart. At home, think over

what you heard and learned from the Bible. Spend the rest of the day in the fear of God, to benefit your soul. Read in the Bible, read religious Books, converse with your household about religious subjects. Visit the sick and comfort them. You may also visit a friend or have company in your own house. Be careful, however, that your conversation be not idle talk, or your amusement sinful. A walk or stroll to get a little fresh air and to see the beauties of God's Nature does no harm, provided no other duties of Sunday are neglected thereby. Above all, let Sunday be a day of prayer. And during the whole week following show to all men by your actions that you sanctified the last Sunday and that you on that day were also sanctified, blessed, strengthened in faith and holiness.

What work may we do on Sunday? Only that work which *must* be done one day as well as the other. It is, therefore, no sin to cook, to dress, to sweep, to feed cattle. But don't do anything that may be done on Monday as well. If your neighbor is in danger, distress, or want, go and help him, though it be Sunday. You are serving God by helping your neighbor.

F. B.

The Gospel's Power.

The Rev. H. Nott, a missionary on the South Sea Islands, once read a passage of the Gospel according to St. John to a large number of heathen that had gathered around him. When he had read the 16th verse of the third chapter, one of the natives, who had listened with the greatest attention, cried out, "What words were those, that you read? Let me hear those words again!" The missionary again read the verse: "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The heathen jumped up and said, "Is that true? Can that be true? God loves the world, although the world does not love Him? He loves the world so that He gave His only-begotten Son, that He should die, in order that men may live? Can that be true?"

The missionary read the verse again and said that it was true indeed, and that this was the glad news which God had sent to them for their salvation, and that every sinner who believeth in that Son of God should not perish, but have everlasting life.

The astonished heathen was overpowered by this glad Gospel news. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he left the meeting in order to meditate upon that love of God which on that day had touched his heart. In this love he found perfect peace and rest for his soul.

ETERNAL life is a matter of divine testimony, not of human feeling. We do not get it by *feeling* something in ourselves, but by *believing* something about Christ; and that something we have on the authority of God's eternal word.

"God is our Refuge and Strength."

(Psalm 46.)

A mighty Fortress is our God,
A trusty Shield and Weapon;
He helps us free from every need
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The old bitter foe
Means us deadly woe:
Deep guilt and great might
Are his dread arms in flight,
On earth is not his equal.

With might of ours can naught be done,
Soon were our loss effected;
But for us fights the Valiant One
Whom God Himself elected.

Ask ye, Who is this?
Jesus Christ it is,
Of Sabaoth Lord,
And there's none other God,
He holds the field forever.

Though devils all the world should fill,
All watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They cannot overpower us.
This world's prince may still
Scowl fierce as he will,
He can harm us none,
He's judged, the deed is done,
One little word o'erthrows him.

The Word they still shall let remain,
And not a thank have for it,
He's by our side upon the plain,
With His good gifts and Spirit.
Take they then our life,
Goods, fame, child, and wife;
When their worst is done,
They yet have nothing won,
The Kingdom ours remaineth.

(Dr. M. Luther. 1529.)

Dr. Martin Luther.

A colored friend, who read the "Life of Luther" in our paper, lately said to us: "I never knew that Luther was such a great man, he was indeed a very great man." Our friend was right. Luther was a very great man. No one can deny this. He was highly gifted and endowed with the greatest powers of intellect and fitted by God Himself for the great work of the Reformation. He was "the most remarkable man known in Christendom since the days of the Apostles." Melancthon, Luther's learned friend, said of him: "Luther is too great, too wonderful for me to depict in words." And again: "If there be a man on earth I love with my whole heart, that man is Luther." And again: "One is an interpreter; one, a logician; another, an orator, affluent and beautiful in speech; but Luther is all in all—whatever he writes, whatever he utters, pierces to the soul, fixes itself like arrows in the heart—he is a miracle among men." Carlyle, a well-known English writer, says: "I will call this Luther a true great man: great in intellect, in

courage, affection, and integrity; one of our most loveable and precious men. Great, not as a hewn obelisk, but as an Alpine mountain,—so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting up to be great at all; there for quite another purpose than being great!" We could quote many expressions of friends and enemies, who all unite in the praise of Luther's gifts. But these natural gifts alone would not have made Luther the great man that he was. It is well said: "With all of Luther's gifts, he might have been a monster of wickedness, or a slave of the dominant superstition, helping to strengthen its chains, and forge new ones, had not the truth of God made him free, had not the Spirit

dispute with Luther afterwards said of him: "He has penetrating eyes, and wonderful thoughts revolve in his head."

God's cause, for which Luther fought, has triumphed. The victory was won, and we still enjoy its fruits and its blessings. Those that prize those blessings will at all times remember the humble instrument by which God carried out the glorious work of the Reformation, they will at all times honor the memory of that great and good man—Dr. Martin Luther.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Was Luther wrong?

It is said that Martin Luther did a great wrong when he wrote the Small Catechism by not giving the words of the commandments as we read them in the Bible, Exodus chapter 20. For instance, Exod. 20, 8. we read: "Remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy." Now, Luther, in the Catechism, makes this commandment read: "Thou shalt sanctify the holy-day." Martin Luther knew just what he was doing, and never wrote anything without a reason to justify him. In the first place, Christ and the apostles nowhere in the whole New Testament recite the commandments just as we read them Exodus, chapter 20. It matters not, therefore, in what words we recite the commandments, if we only bring out their true meaning. The difference will then be in the words. Christ and the apostles by their example show us that it is, at least, allowable, what Luther did. But Luther has also another reason for writing: "Thou shalt sanctify the holy-day". The words, "Remember the sabbath-day, to keep it holy" (Exodus 20, 8.), contain something that does not concern all mankind, but was

intended for the Jews only. The word "sabbath-day" there speaks of the Jewish sabbath-day, the seventh day of the week, or Saturday, which God commanded the Jews to keep holy according to the strict directions God gave them for that day. Now, as no man is obliged to keep the Jewish Sabbath ever since Christ abolished it, and God has appointed no other sabbath-day in its place, so that Christians are at liberty to choose whatever day and as many as they desire, therefore Luther wrote this commandment so that no one reading or learning his catechism might think that we Christians are still obliged to keep and sanctify the Jewish sabbath-day; or that God anywhere in the Bible appoints a certain day to be held sacred by all Christians as their Sabbath. The "holy-day" which we are to sanctify is Sunday, but we are to sanctify it only because as a matter of necessity it has become the Christian day of worship by the common choice and consent of all Christendom. Read the article on the third commandment in this number.

F. B.



Dr. Martin Luther.

of God in His Word made him an humble and earnest believer. Luther was first a Christian, and then the Reformer. "He believed, therefore he spoke." Yes, Luther was a true Christian, relying upon the Word of God alone in the great war with all the enemies of truth. This is the secret of his greatness, his courage, and his confidence. Read his mighty battle-hymn, which we print in this number of our paper, and you will see how the great hero finds no strength in himself or in any other man, but only in God and in His Word. His enemies were great and powerful, but Luther feared nothing. Why not? Because he knew that the cause for which he fought was God's cause, and that God was able to defend that cause and put all its opponents to shame. This gave him courage and made him the great hero in the war of the Reformation. That gentle man, who played with his children as a child in the room and in the garden, made the pope, and the emperor, and princes tremble. Those mild and winning eyes could flash fire whenever God's Word was attacked, so that the pope's Cardinal who was sent to Augsburg to

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Parochial Schools.

We are glad to learn that the cause of Parochial Schools is making progress in the English Lutheran Conference of Missouri. Rev. L. M. Wagner, shortly after taking charge of Zion congregation in Wayne county, in 1877, opened a Parochial School, and in connection with it also a High School for the accommodation of some more advanced classes, and also for the purpose of giving a preparatory education to some students for the ministry in our church, a few such being in prospect within the Conference.

Here it may be proper to say concerning the Parochial School, by way of correcting a wrong impression that was made on several minds, that the article from Prof. Selle on Parochial Schools, in the April number of the PIONEER, must not be understood as if Rev. Moser had stated that he were teacher &c. of the school, for such is not the case; but he had written to Prof. Selle for general instructions in regard to such schools, and received a personal reply, full of wholesome instructions, which, for the benefit of the other needy congregations, was published in the PIONEER. This statement is made only for the purpose of setting all things in their right light.

Rev. A. Rader, in speaking of the kindness shown by his friends, by which he was enabled to rebuild his church, that was destroyed by the storm, says: "I am able to say to our kind friends, that we have our church now finished, that it is paid for . . . and that I am teaching parochial school in it five days a week."

Rev. J. E. Rader, of Arkansas, is teaching four days of the week, and the people are highly pleased with their school. Surely, from these schools much good will result. May the other congregations of the English Conference follow suit very soon. Perhaps it would be wise in those congregations to select apt and suitable scholars from their schools, and send them to the High School, that our ministry may be replenished.

K.

The Only Way.

An elderly lady, but a short time resident of a Western village, became bewildered and uncertain of her way, and asked a young woman walking near if she were right. The person addressed answered courteously that she too was a stranger, and the two walked a little distance in company. The old lady had in early life taken refuge among infidel authors, and after God's Spirit showed her their sophistry, she felt that she could never do enough for her Saviour. Before parting from the stranger she asked: "Do you love the Saviour?" The woman looked surprised, hesitated a moment, and said: "I think my mother does; and I have been a church-goer all my life; but you are the first person who ever asked me such a question. I ought to love him." She carried the thought out to her new prairie home and

acted upon it, and when, a year later, she folded her hands to wait for the last great trumpet, she died in the triumph of a living faith.

Two friends had spent a pleasant hour together. At parting, the visitor, a young mother, said: "We may not stay in our present home, for we want our little boy to have just the right kind of surroundings. Whatever we may be, I want *him* to grow into a noble man." The hostess replied in a gentle but earnest tone: "The only way to insure his being brought up right anywhere, Mrs. Campbell, is for his parents to be genuine Christians." Mrs. Campbell afterwards told me that "the only way" sounded in her ears all the way home. She knew it was true. She knew, too, that nothing but her own indifference prevented her being a Christian mother. She had neither minister nor meeting, but she had the Bible and that Listener whose ear is never dull to the faintest yearning toward his warm heart. So stepping from the broad way she set her feet into the narrow path, her new heart joyful in the Saviour's love. Then, with an earnestness that would take no denial, she began to pray for her husband's conversion; to "pray without ceasing"—to use her own words. Within a fortnight of the time when that pebble of thought was dropped into the well of her soul, the family altar was set up in their home, and its fires kept alive by praying father and mother.

Selected.

The Woodsman's Family Prayer and the Infidel.

A young man, an infidel, was traveling in the western part of the United States with a very large sum of money upon him, and he was conveying it from one town to another, across a very desolate district. He was much in hopes of reaching a certain town before night; night came on when he was five miles away. He saw a light, and went to a log hut, and asked if he could find shelter for the night.

A woman came, and said she guessed he could; that her old man was away, but that if he would put his horse up on the lee-side of the cabin, he might come in. He came in, looked about him, was very suspicious—thought of his money—"What a place to rob me in!—what a place to murder me, and nobody the wiser of it." And he sat there very uneasily, till the man came in—a rough looking woodsman, a pioneer, or trapper. He gave him a sort of rough welcome; but looking, as these men will, furtively out of the corner of his eye, he seemed to take the measure of the young chap, and then talked with him, and gave him something to eat.

He ate in fear and trembling, kept his hand on his treasure, very nervous, very anxious, very tremulous. The man said to him, "I will show you where you can sleep, sir." He rose all timid and trembling; he did not like the looks of it. "What a place that would be to murder a man! Oh, dear!—my money and

my life are in danger." So he came and sat by the fire, and made up his mind that he would not go to bed that night. The man urged him to retire. "It's time to go to bed." "Ah!" he thought, "time for you, but not for me." He was going to sit up all night.

"Very well," said he, "young man, if you choose to sit here all night I shall not, and you certainly will have no objection to my doing that which I have been accustomed to do for many years, reading a psalm out of the best of all books, and asking God's blessing upon us." That very moment, infidel as he was, his fears were gone; he went to bed, and never thought of his money. And he was so impressed with it, that he wrote a letter to the newspapers renouncing his infidelity, because of the power of Christian example upon him on that occasion.

Simple Faith.

I was once called, said Mr. Jay, to attend the dying bed of a young female. In answer to my inquiries, she replied, "I have little to say as to my experience. I have been much tried and tempted; but this is my sheet-anchor:—Jesus hath said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' I know I came to Him, and I know He will be as good as His word. Poor and unworthy as I am, He will not trifle with me nor deceive me. It would be beneath His greatness as well as goodness."

THE Lord takes up none but the forsaken; makes none healthy but the sick; gives sight to none but the blind; makes none alive but the dead; sanctifies none but sinners, and to all these He is precious.—*Luther.*

WE often wish to pass on our way without trial, but this would bring great loss to us. The Lord's presence is never so sweet as in moments of great difficulty.

NOTICE.

We have come to the resolution to change the time of the opening of the volume of our "Pioneer". We shall open our new volume in January instead of in March, this arrangement being more convenient for our Publishing House and for many of our readers. By publishing this extra number in October and an extra Christmas number in December we will give our subscribers the twelve numbers of the second volume before Christmas, and then open our third volume with the new year. We hope all our readers will be satisfied with this arrangement, and that during the coming weeks they will try to increase the circulation of our little "Pioneer".

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(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Believe the Bible.

Luke 16, 31.

The man whom the Bible does not convince, will never be convinced. The Bible is so clear, perfect, complete, and has such great convincing power in its words, that one will never be convinced of the truth of what it says by anything else, if the Bible itself fail to convince him. Do you hear this? Perhaps you are an infidel and do not believe that the Bible is the Word of God and divine truth; though you read and studied it, you are not yet convinced of its truthfulness. But as you want to be fair, you say that you would accept the Bible as the word of God without further objection, if God would perform some great miracle for you, showing that there is a God and that the Bible is His word. Let me tell you that this will not be done. It is unnecessary and would be altogether useless. The prophets, Christ, and the apostles performed enough miracles that clearly and undeniably prove the Bible to be the Word of God. If you are not convinced by these, you will not be convinced, even if the dead of a whole cemetery rose from their graves. Besides, there is such convincing power in what the Bible says, that, if you fail to be convinced, the fault is with you and not with the Bible. You are determined not to believe. And nothing else will convince you. The greatest of miracles would have no effect on you. You would be the first one to call it a humbug.

Perhaps you are selfrighteous and trust in your own good heart and upright life to earn God's favor and heaven. The Bible has failed all this while to convince you that you are a wretched, hell-deserving sinner and that there is nothing good in you. It has failed to persuade you to throw away all selfrighteous thoughts and to give up the useless labor to win heaven yourself; to deceive yourself no more by thinking you must and can stand before God on your own merits. It has failed to convince you that in Christ alone there is hope for such sinners as you. What will convince you, since the Bible does not? Nothing. Not even a dead Pharisee returning from hell to earth, or a pardoned sinner returning from heaven and

begging you to believe in Christ and to cast away all dependence on yourself, would convince you. A man that does not believe his own conscience and the proofs of the Bible, will doubt and disbelieve everything else.

Perhaps you are one that would gladly believe in Christ, if you were convinced that He is also your Saviour and that God is willing for Jesus' sake to forgive also your sins; if you could with certainty know when your sins are forgiven. My friend, if the Bible fails to convince you that Christ redeemed all the world, you and all men; that God in His great mercy offers pardon and heaven to all men for nothing, merely asking them to take it, that is, to believe it; that as soon as you believe that Christ has redeemed you and that God forgives your sins for Christ's sake, you are pardoned, I say, if the Bible does not convince you of all this—you will be convinced by nothing else. The Bible tells you this and the Bible is the Word of God, as true and undeniable as God is the truth and cannot lie. Besides the Bible is the very thing by which God not only convinces us of sin, but also of our redemption by Christ; by the Word of God the Holy Spirit works true faith in Christ in our hearts; by the Word of God He testifies in our hearts that we are the children of God (Romans 8, 16.). We need nothing else to convince us. The forgiveness of sins is not a thing which we must wrestle for and of which we can not be certain and sure, until God does something to convince us. Our sins were forgiven over 1800 years ago, when Christ had suffered and died for them. Ever since, the pardon of our sins has been waiting for us. It is offered to us in the Bible. It is only necessary that we take it. And as we cannot take it with our hands, we must take it with our hearts, that is, believe what the Bible declares unto us, and rely on it. It is absurd and a sin to look for other proof than the Bible. I don't want to be convinced by dreams of what the Bible tells me already to be true. Nor need I go to a revival and there be made excited and then jump and shout like a mad man before I will believe. I will not faint away or fall into a trance and see all kinds of sights and visions to assure me of what already is told unto me in the Bible by Him that never

lies. I do not believe, because I *feel* so and so, but because my God tells me in His Word that I am saved and forgiven. In short, I will not be such a great fool and do so great a wrong as to believe other things first and God afterward.

F. B.

Foolish Infidelity.

Infidels of all ages found their strongest arguments against revealed religion upon what they regard as improbable. And yet our own existence is incomprehensible. We might with about the same degree of reason deny this fact as to refuse to believe in a future existence. We know that we live in this world. Is it unreasonable to believe that we shall live in another world? If we are to believe nothing but what we understand, we should go through life incredulous and aimless. We are ready enough to believe on information the things that relate to this world. But we are slow to believe in prophecy and revelation, though both are corroborated by observation, experience, and events. Infidelity, claiming superiority in 'reason' and common sense, asks us to believe that all of grandeur and sublimity, all of vastness and power in the beautiful heavens and upon the bountiful earth, comes by chance; that everything is self-created and self-existing, and that law, order, and harmony are accidents. Those who accept this theory would find its application to their business affairs anything but advantageous.—*Thurlow Weed.*

ABSENCE from worship without urgent cause is a sign that the heart is not intent as it should be upon the one thing needful, and there is great danger that the evil will grow upon us and prove our ruin. For the sake of our own souls we should not neglect the assembling of ourselves together.

Nor all that profess Christianity are true believers; hypocrites are in all churches. This is true. But it proves nothing against Christianity. Everything valuable gets debased. The richest fabrics have their imitations. Gold and silver coins are debased or counterfeited.

(For the „Lutheran Pioneer“.)

The Fourth Commandment.

“*Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.*”

What does this mean?

“We should fear and love God, that we may not despise our parents and masters, nor provoke them to anger; but give them honor, serve and obey them, and hold them in love and esteem.”

(Luther's Small Catechism.)

God does not care, whether you are but one day old or sixty years old; whether you are of age or a minor; whether you are married or not; whether you are at home or living a thousand miles away—He wants you to honor your parents all the same. Nor does it make any difference with God, if your parents are wicked instead of pious, cruel instead of kind, careless instead of attentive parents; if they are poor and ignorant while you, perhaps, are rich and educated. He wants you to honor them notwithstanding. They always remain your parents. You never cease to be their children. And, as children are to honor their parents, you cannot be mistaken as to what is your duty. Let me show it.

Honor thy father and thy mother *in thy heart*. Honor them by considering them to be such persons whom, next God, you should honor, respect and love most of all men. Think highly of them, whom God has given to rule over you and care for you in the days of your youth. Respect them and their wishes and commands. Love them dearly and fear them; hate and dread to do anything that might displease your parents, whom you so dearly love.

Honor thy father and thy mother *in all thy words*. In speaking to them, let none but respectful words pass your lips. Be silent when they speak. Answer their questions cheerfully and kindly. Speak no cross, angry, insulting, or mocking words to your parents. Never speak ill of your parents to others or tell their faults and sins.

Honor thy father and thy mother *in all thy actions*. Willingly and quickly do what they ask of you without waiting for coaxing, praise, or reward. Think, beforehand, of what will please them, or what they want done, and do it before they tell you. Never act against your parents' wishes, unless you know that their wishes are against the will of God. Give them no pains or trouble by your conduct. Do not arouse their anger by your obstinate wickedness. Do not make them ashamed of you by disgracing yourself and your parents by your bad behaviour at home and abroad. And as you grow older help to support them and your younger brothers and sisters. Try to repay them in their old age what they did for you when you were young. If you wish to marry, remember that you are not to form an engagement with any one unless the parents of both of you, if still living, have consented. Parents have a right to say who shall be their sons-in-law and their daughters-in-law. You owe them

honor, respect, and obedience; therefore you must ask and wait for their consent.

God shows us how earnestly he wants all children, be they young or old, to honor their parents by adding a special promise to this commandment, while the other nine commandments have but the general promise that God will show mercy unto thousands to them that love Him and keep His commandments. It shall be well with thee and thou shalt live long on the earth, if thou dost honor thy father and thy mother. It shall be well with thee in every way and in such a measure, as is good for thee and God sees fit. Thou shalt live as long, as is good for thee, and no less. But who deserves this reward? None! No, not one. God, however, in mercy rewards the efforts of Christian children, both the young and the grown, as if they had, in all respects, honored their parents. Jesus, the obedient and dutiful son of Mary and Joseph, makes up for all their shortcomings by His holy obedience, and His Blood removes the punishment. Therefore, the fourth commandment also cannot condemn true Christians before God and He gives them what He promised.—Let me tell you that you will never keep a particle of this commandment unless you are a true Christian. True Christians only truly fear and love God and that is necessary to keep the fourth commandment. Whosoever does not honor his parents for God's sake and because he loves God and loves to do His will, fearing to do anything that would displease God whom he truly loves, does not in the least honor his parents. Outwardly he may appear to do so, but what about his heart? If his heart is not right, nothing is right. F. B.

Aged Parents.

By some, aged parents are considered a burden, of which they would gladly rid themselves. We often see these persons treat their parents unkindly, apparently forgetting the debt of love and gratitude which they owe to their father and mother. Ah, how ungrateful is the human heart! How apt it is to become cold and hardened towards those whom it once loved with the tenderest affection! O heartless children! Was it not your mother who watched over you in the hours of infancy? Was it not she who spent so many sleepless nights by your side as you lay in your little bed, suffering from disease which she feared might take the loved one from her sight? And, when the danger was past, knelt and offered a prayer of thanksgiving to God for his great kindness in sparing the life of her darling? She has prayed for you all through bygone years, and she prays for you still. It was she who taught you to say your simple prayer each evening as you knelt beside her knee. Oh, how you loved her then! Every childish care and sorrow was poured into her listening ear, and you ever found in her a sympathizing friend and counselor.

And your father! Do you not remember when you used to stand at the window and

watch him coming from the field, or the workshop, where he had labored hard all day long, that you might not want? And, when the evening meal was over, then he took you on his knee, told you pretty stories and called you his precious child? And that, when you came to be of the proper age, he sent you to school that you might obtain an education and prepare yourself to become wise and useful, and be an honor to yourself and to the world? Have you forgotten all this? It cannot be.

Stop and think what you do when you pronounce your father and mother burdens, and treat them as though they were not your parents. Consider that the vigor of life is gone, that they have become weak and dependent, and their poor old hearts need cheering by kind words and pleasant smiles. The shadows of their lives are lengthening—their sun is about to set. Then be careful that you cause no cloud to settle and obscure the glory of that sunset.

Your father's growing old,
His sight is very dim;
He leans on his faithful staff,
For he's weak in every limb.
His years are well-nigh told,
His earthly hopes are fled;
He soon will slumber cold
Among the silent dead.

Your mother's old and weak,
Her locks are thin and gray;
Her aged form is bent,
She soon will pass away.
The one who loves you ever,
You soon shall see no more,
Until you cross the river,
And stand on the other shore.

Be kind to the old folks, then,
They've done enough for you;
They've braved the storms of life,
With spirits strong and true,
And now, when age has come,
And earthly hopes have fled,
Oh, share with them your home,
And cheer their dying bed.

T. C.

A Christian Son.

Richard Hurd, an eminent divine of England at the close of the last century, was a man of courtly manners, of great learning, who moved with distinction in the best society in the kingdom. King George III. pronounced him “the most naturally polite man he had ever known.” He, however, never failed to show the utmost respect for his mother, a farmer's wife, of no education, but of sterling character. When he had large companies at his Palace he led her to the head of the table, and paid her the greatest deference. The high born families who sat at the table revered his conduct, so becoming to a Christian son and gentleman.

Good is done by degrees as opportunity offers. Many who want to do a great deal of good *at once*, at some future time, will never do any.

THE opportunity to do good imposes the obligation to do it.

The Life of Dr. Martin Luther.

XX.

LUTHER'S BURIAL.

The sad tidings of Luther's death rapidly spread through the country and soon reached Wittenberg. Melancthon, in communicating the painful news to the students of the University, used the words of the prophet Elisha: "Alas! he has been taken from us, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof, by whom the Church was led in this last age of the world." The Elector of Saxony sent letters to Eisleben, expressing his wish that the body be brought to Wittenberg to be buried in the Castle Church, the same in which Luther regularly preached during his lifetime.

On February 19th the corpse was laid in a metallic coffin and taken to the parish church of Eisleben, princes and lords, and an immense number of people following it—all in tears. At the church Dr. Jonas preached a funeral sermon on 1 Thess. 4, 13—18. On the following day the minister at Eisleben, M. Coelius, delivered an excellent sermon on Isaiah 57, 1. 2., after which the corpse was with great solemnity removed from Eisleben. Hundreds and thousands of people, princes, nobles, counts, and lords accompanied it, weeping, and chanting a low funeral dirge as they moved along. On the way from Eisleben to Halle, the bells were tolled in all the villages, and the people came out and stood with tears and uncovered heads as the corpse of their beloved Luther was borne past them.

When the corpse, late in the evening, arrived at the gates of Halle, it was received with great honors and taken to the church while Luther's hymn: "From deep distress to Thee I cry", was sung by the people with voices broken by sobs and floods of tears. On the next day the corpse was taken further on its way, was everywhere received with great solemnity, and at last reached the city of Wittenberg on the 22d of February. And no one can describe the grief shown by the people of Wittenberg when the corpse reached that scene of his life-long labors, where he was revered and loved so dearly by all classes as a father. Amid singing and the tolling of all the bells, the mournful procession moved through the town to the Castle Church in the following order: First came the school choirs and the ministers, followed by the commissaries of the Elector and the Counts of Mansfeld with a train of 60 horsemen. Next came the hearse, drawn by four horses, covered with a large costly pall of black velvet. Then followed Luther's widow and his three children and other relatives; next the Rector of the University in his official robe, accompanied by princes and nobles. These were followed by the professors, the city council, the students and the citizens. When they reached the Castle Church, the corpse was set down before the pulpit, and the funeral services were conducted with great solemnity. A funeral sermon, in German, was preached by Dr.

Bugenhagen, who was frequently interrupted by his own tears and those of his hearers. Melancthon then delivered a funeral oration in Latin, after which the coffin was taken up by several distinguished members of the University and let down into the grave that had been opened near the pulpit where Luther, during his life, preached those powerful sermons that stirred the hearts of electors, princes and people as they never were stirred before. There his body found its last resting-place, awaiting the day of the resurrection when it will arise to eternal glory.

Luther's monuments are the many blessings of the glorious Reformation, and all that enjoy those blessings will at all times honor the memory of MARTIN LUTHER.—"Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation", Hebr. 13, 7.

Thurlow Weed on Ingersoll.

Thurlow Weed, a citizen of high standing in New York, says:

"Colonel Ingersoll, whom I do not know, has the reputation of being a gentleman of education, with a well stored mind, and attractive personal manners, who speaks fluently and eloquently. A man thus gifted can do much good, but much more evil, according to the principles espoused and the line of conduct marked out for himself. Colonel Ingersoll, it seems, upon his entrance into active life chose the left instead of the right pathway, and becomes a reviler of, instead of a believer in, a religion which has been making the world wiser, better, and happier, for almost nineteen centuries. . . . Is it not painful to see men richly endowed perverting their gifts, misusing their talents in presumptuous reviling and ribald jesting against a Creator and a Saviour from whom every earthly bounty and blessing emanate?

"No act of the Saviour's life and no word He ever uttered has been or can be construed or tortured into hostility to the welfare and happiness of every member of the human family. Human laws are founded upon the divine law. All that concerns our happiness here and our hopes of happiness hereafter is derived from the Scriptures. On the other hand, what has infidelity done for us? Who profits by its teachings? After depriving its followers of their belief in a future, how does it compensate them? What does it offer in exchange for a life of immortality? If, for example, Colonel Ingersoll should be summoned to the bedside of a dying friend or relative, what words of comfort or of hope could he offer? Of what service could he be to that stricken friend? Would he aggravate the sufferings of one whose last hours needed soothing by telling him there was nothing but the cold, dark grave awaiting him? The cruel theory is repelled not only by revelation, but by the laws of nature. . . .

"Civilization and its beneficent institutions abound by the religion which our Saviour instructed His apostles to preach to the heathen. Geographical lines are not more distinctly established than those that mark the progress of missionaries; and, while religious light brightens the Christian world, it rays down upon the darkest portion of the earth. What have the doctrines of Confucius, Mohammed and other false teachers done for their followers but to hold them for centuries in ignorance and barbarism?

"I invite Mr. Ingersoll or any of his followers to inform the public how and to what extent they have profited by his own missionary labors in this city, what salutary reforms he has inaugurated or even suggested, or in what manner and to what extent he has contributed to the general welfare or happiness of his fellow citizens."

Don't want to Grow up Bad.

Really, of all the spectacles of neglect and want in a "cold world," none is more pitiful than that of a child begging—not for charity, but for Christian care and moral training.

A case of this kind was recently given by the *New York Times*. A bright little boy, twelve years old, who said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went alone into the Jefferson Market Police Court last evening, and said to Justice Morgan, "Judge, your honor, I want to give myself up."

"Why, my boy?" asked the court.

"Because," replied the lad, "I haint got no home, and I dont want to live in the streets and become a bad boy."

"But where have you been living?"

"With my aunt. She lives in Fortyfirst street. But she gets drunk and she won't let me stay in doors. To-day she chased me out, and said if I ever came back she would do something awful to me. I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home. Father and mother are both dead. Nobody will take me in because I hain't got nice clothes, and don't look nice. I can't get any work, and I can't get any thing to eat unless I beg or steal it. Then the cops'll take me in; I don't want to get arrested. I don't want to steal or be a bad boy. Won't you please send me somewhere where I can learn something, and get to be a man? There is places like that, ain't there?"

The justice told the boy there were such places for good boys, and taking the little fellow under his protection, promised to find him a home in some good institution.—*Early Dev.*

A LADY was asked why she always came to church at the right time. "Because," she said, "it is a part of my religion never to disturb the religion of others."

RELIGION is not an easy-fitting glove, to be put on and off at pleasure, but its spirit must underlie all our whole being and all our doings.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

THE WESTERN DISTRICT of the Lutheran Missouri Synod lately held its sessions at Concordia, Mo. The Synod discussed Theses on Election, which were presented by the Rev. Prof. C. F. W. Walther, D. D., of the Lutheran University at St. Louis. The English Lutheran Conference of Missouri had sent a delegate, who presented a petition of Conference for aid in their mission out West. The synod joyfully promised to aid the brethren in their important mission work, and Mr. C. Lange, of St. Louis, was elected Treasurer to receive contributions for the English Lutheran mission.

THE PAPERS report a sad case of a man becoming insane by suddenly gaining great wealth. Mr. G. Haynes, together with several others, had bought a silver mine for a small sum of money, twenty miles from Leadville. The mine proved to be a very rich one, and a few weeks ago they sold it to a company in Boston. Mr. Haynes received \$70,000.00 for his share. This sudden and unexpected "luck" made him insane; he had to be taken to an Asylum. He has the idea that he will soon become richer than Vanderbilt and Astor, and that in a short time he will be able to buy up all the railroads in America. Poor man! His riches brought him no happiness. And oh! how many there are, outside of Asylums, who act as insane men by allowing their riches to take entire possession of their hearts and minds, and who care more for their money than for their souls' eternal welfare! Remember the Word of God: "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men into destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows" (1 Timothy 6, 6-10.).

THOSE whom God has blessed with riches should act as stewards who know that they must give account unto God for their stewardship. Rich men of the church ought to give richly. Anderson Taylor, a colored gentleman in Tennessee, lately gave \$11,000.00 for the erection of a church.

A PRESBYTERIAN congregation in New Orleans, with its pastor, came to the knowledge of the truth of our Lutheran Confessions and joined the Lutheran Church.

ROMISH PAPERS publish a letter which is said to have been written by the Turkish Sultan to the pope of Rome. The Sultan addresses the pope as his "noble, beloved friend." He informs him that he has received the pope's "friendly letter and precious gifts as a token of true friendship." He sends his best wishes for the pope's "glory and long life" and hopes that

he will "in the future, as in the past, give tokens of good friendship." The Turkish Sultan and the Romish Pope! A very nice team! Those two sweet friends are the two bitter enemies of Christ and His Gospel! And therefore the Lutheran Church still sings:

"Lord, keep us steadfast in Thy word,
And break the Pope's and Turk's fell sword,
Who fain would hurl from off Thy throne
Christ Jesus, Thy beloved Son."

THE LUTHERAN Joint Synod of Ohio lately held an important session at Dayton, O. There were 193 members present. The Rev. Prof. M. Loy, of Columbus, O., was elected President, the former President, Rev. Prof. Lehmann, being dangerously ill. In regard to the proposed plan of the Synodical Conference for the formation of State Synods and a General Seminary the Synod declared that it was "not at present prepared to enter upon the formation of State Synods or the establishment of a General Seminary." Great interest was shown for the institutions of the Synod at Columbus, O., and resolutions were passed for the improvement of the College and Seminary.

OUR THANKS are due and are herewith rendered to Mr. L. Lange, of St. Louis, the able publisher of an excellent Christian Illustrated Weekly. Out of love for our mission, Mr. Lange has allowed us the free use of several beautiful wood-cuts for our paper. May God bless him for his kindness!—We need such help in order to keep our PIONEER from becoming a burden to our mission-treasury. All the money that is sent to the treasury is needed for our mission, and our paper must therefore be self-sustaining.

AND here we wish to remind our readers of the new arrangement of which we informed them in our last number. Our third volume will be opened in January instead of in March, two extra numbers being published in order to give our subscribers the twelve numbers of the second volume for which they have paid. We hope all our friends will try to increase the circulation of our paper. How it would gladden the tender heart of our little PIONEER! But we will not say any more on this subject at present. No! We have two more numbers to publish before the new year comes, and so we shall have two more chances to do all the "squealing" we wish to. We now close our window.

A Martyr's Noble Answer.

At the time of persecution in the Netherlands a poor school-teacher was dragged into prison, because he had been found reading the Bible. He was soon taken before his Romish persecutors, and the pope's judge said to him: "Do you not love your wife and your children and your life, and will you not for all this forsake your faith?" The poor school-teacher answered, "God knows that if the earth were a lump of gold and all the stars were pearls, and if this all were mine, I would give all away

for the pleasure of having my wife and children with me, though I had nothing to live on but bread and water and were in chains; but neither for my wife, nor for my children, nor for the stars can I quit serving the beloved Jesus, my Redeemer." These words did not melt the cruel heart of the pope's judge. No! By his order the teacher was tortured until he died. He died a noble martyr's death.

DON'T borrow troubles from the morrow. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It is not only folly but sin to look gloomily into the future as if God would not take care of us. God rules, and He doeth all things well. In Him we should trust, and take no thoughts for the morrow.

Our Critic's Corner.

BIBLICAL HISTORY in the words of Holy Scripture, with Engravings, Maps, Questions and Notes, for Sunday and Week-Schools.—THE NEW TESTAMENT.—Reading, Pa.: Pilger Book Store.

We can just as heartily and joyfully recommend this Second Part of the Biblical History as we, some time ago, did with respect to the First Part. On 160 pages are given 52 stories, from the Annunciation of the Birth of John and of Jesus-Christ to the Apostle Paul taken to Rome a Prisoner. An Appendix contains a Brief Sketch of the Lives of the Apostles together with a Chronological Table of St. Paul's Life, Names of the Books in the New Testament, as also a Table of Time and Money. The Price is, in Paste-board cover, 30 cts., \$3.00 per dozen, \$20.00 per hundred; Cloth 35 cts., \$3.60 per dozen, \$25.00 per hundred. Beyond any doubt no father will regret having bought this really nice and valuable book as a Christmas or New Year's gift for his children. May a good man follow our friendly advice!—

No recommendation of ours is needed for TWO DISCOURSES against SECRET OATHBOUND SOCIETIES OR LODGES, delivered before his congregation by Rev. H. C. SCHWAN, the President of the General Synod of Missouri &c., Pastor at Cleveland, O., translated from the German, and published as Tract No. 7 by the Evangelical Lutheran Augustana Conference of Stark and other Counties of Ohio.

The little book contains 40 nicely printed pages, and costs 10 cts. a copy, \$1.00 per dozen, \$8.00 per hundred. Delivered in the happy, popular vein of the reverend author these discourses can not fail to instruct any candid reader, and to convince him of the folly and sinfulness of becoming or being a member of any lodge whatever. Would to God, they were read and considered as widely and as attentively as they ought and well deserve to be!

We have also received the following German Almanacs:

DER PILGER-KALENDER, published by the Pilger Book store, Reading, Pa., Price 10 cts.
DER LUTHERISCHE KALENDER, published by Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa., Price 10 cts.

CRITIC.

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Christ's Coming.

The four Sundays before Christmas are called the Sundays of Advent. Advent means coming; and in the season of Advent the Church dwells upon those three great facts: 1. That Christ has come; 2. That He is still coming; 3. That He will come in glory and in power.

Christ has come. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Gal. 4, 4. 5.). Such is the wonderful love of Christ. He, the Son of God, came into the world and became man, in order to save all lost and condemned sinners. He was made under the law and, in our stead, fulfilled that law of God perfectly. He took our place and suffered and died upon the cross, bearing the punishment of sin and the wrath of God, which we sinners deserved. He finished the work of our redemption. We are redeemed from sin, and death, and eternal damnation. But this redemption must be brought to us and we must take it. Christ and His merits are brought to us in the means of grace.

Christ is still coming. He comes to every sinner with all his blessings in the Gospel and in the Sacraments. The Gospel is not a mere sound of words. Oh, no! In the Gospel Christ Himself comes to us to enter our hearts in mercy and in love, and to give us forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. And the Holy Sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, are not mere signs and ceremonies. Oh, no! They are the means of God by which Christ and all His blessings are offered unto us. Whenever the Gospel is read or preached, and whenever the Sacraments are administered, Christ Himself comes to the hearts of sinners and says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me" (Rev. 3, 20.). Thus Christ, our dear Saviour, still comes to us in the means of grace. Oh, wonderful love! Christ has not only secured eternal salvation for us; but He also comes in His blessed Gospel with all His blessings to reign in our hearts as our merciful King and Lord. Will you re-

ject that loving Saviour? Oh, my dear reader, if you reject Him, you reject your own salvation, and the wrath of a just and holy God abideth on you. Receive the Saviour while the day of salvation lasts! Receive Him with the hand of faith! You will be happy and blessed. Jesus will be yours and you will be His. You then need not fear His coming at the end of time. The hope of His coming in the clouds of heaven will be a blessed hope to you.

Christ shall come. He shall come to judge the living and the dead. "They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory; and He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet" (Matt. 24, 30. 31.). That day will be a day of great terror to all unbelievers. Those that rejected Christ, their only Saviour, will then be rejected by Christ, their Judge, and will be sent into eternal woe. But it will be a day of joy to all believers; for it is the day of their redemption from earth and all its woes. They will be taken into the mansions of their Father's house to be forever with the Lord. O day of gladness and of joy! May we by true faith in our dear Saviour be prepared for that day of Christ's coming! May we as true Christians on every day of our life live in full expectance of the Lord, whose coming in the clouds of heaven every setting sun brings nearer! "Surely I come quickly. Even so come, Lord Jesus!"

Modern Culture.

Men often say that the education and culture of our times can take the place of Christianity and that the Gospel of Jesus is no longer needed. Such thoughts are foolish. The old Greeks and Romans were nations of high culture; but their culture did not save them from ruin. An eminent living divine says about our modern culture:

Alas! that professedly Christian nations find their models in the love of pleasure, the luxury, the divorces, the laxity of morals, the corruption of women, the vices that bore the gigantic government of Rome to the earth. Culture is no substitute for Christianity, and those who

insist that it is, are either giving expression to their own desire for a sensual life, or they are too shallow to have a thought on any subject. With the advance of culture we have sensational preaching that carefully excludes all gospel truth, "service of song" that prepares the way for operas and theatres, popular ministers boldly teaching the theories of "science falsely so-called", the exhibition in parlors and drawing rooms of indecent paintings, and other signs of "progress" which are too surely the forerunners of swiftly approaching ruin. Theatrical plays are popular precisely in proportion to their coarseness and lewdness, and the fashionable world is prepared to welcome an actress, who is a notorious prostitute. Society is but repeating the history of ancient culture, only with a more rapid march to certain and unsparing judgment.

A careful observer can readily see that under the burden of modern culture "Christendom" is tottering to its downfall. May the Lord Jesus give His "little flock" the spirit of separation from the whole defiled and defiling scene, and wisdom to heed the solemn exhortation of His word, "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest: because it is polluted, it shall destroy you, even with a sore destruction" (Micah 2, 10.).

THE LORD'S DEALINGS.—Let us not promise to explain *all* the Lord's dealings with us—His ways are past finding out (Rom. 11, 33.). Faith knows that He is leading us "by the right way" (Ps. 107, 7.), that *all* His paths are mercy and truth (Ps. 25, 10.), and that *all* things work together for good (Rom. 8, 28.). Faith interprets *all* by the cross of Christ—"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us *all* things?" (Rom. 8, 32.)

It is only when we begin, continue, and end our work at the Master's feet, that our service will be of the right kind.

MANY persons look upon themselves as struggling to benefit the world, when, in fact, the world looks upon them as struggling only to benefit themselves.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

The Fifth Commandment.*"Thou shalt not kill.*

What does this mean?

We should fear and love God, that we may not hurt nor harm our neighbor in his body, but help and befriend him in every bodily need."

(Luther's Small Catechism.)

What a terrible sin is murder! Take a man's money, property, cattle, servants, children, wife, good name, everything that is near and dear to him, he may live and get along without it still. Take his life, however, and you have stolen the greatest of all earthly gifts that God gave to man, something that cannot be replaced, if once taken. A murderer is a brute, considering his neighbor to be only an animal which he may kill at pleasure. A man staining his hands with the blood of a fellowman is capable of doing all other wicked things. His crime profits him no more than a rope around his neck. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Our courts and juries should hang everyone that takes the life of a fellowman, if the killing was not done in real self-defence or by accident. And eternal woe will come upon every murderer, unless he repent and obtain forgiveness by trusting in Him that was innocently murdered and died the death of a murderer on the cross. His blood and death satisfy for murder also, and remove the punishment for which the blood of the murdered man cries to God.

I hope, my dear reader, that you have not loaded the crime of murder on your conscience. Nevertheless let me tell you that if we look at the commandment, forbidding murder, in the right way, I, you, and all men are murderers according to that commandment. Our state laws call me a murderer if I willfully and without necessity take the life of another. Before God, however, it takes much less to make one a murderer. According to God's idea of murder, one may even commit murder with his heart. Jesus says: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murder." Now, what is not in the heart cannot come out, therefore murder must be in man's heart. And there is murder in the hearts of all men. From the day of their birth they are murderers before God. The murder that is committed in the heart is not only the intention to kill or the wish to see a certain one dead. Every angry thought, all spite, hate, envy, every intention to have revenge, in short, every thought of the heart with which we do not wish our neighbor well, is murder before God. Read Matthew 5, 21. 22. and 1 John 3, 15., also James 5, 9., and see for yourself that it is true. Now, who of us was never angry with any one; never had any spite or grudge against any one; never envied his neighbor, when he was successful in business; never thought of getting revenge? Did we always think kindly of our neighbor; were we always the friends of all men and the enemies of none; were we always glad when our neighbor succeeded better than we, was

richer, healthier, more respected than we; were we always patient, forgiving our neighbor all the wrongs he did against us and quickly forgetting them? No, indeed. We all have a heart that is inclined to all evil, hence also to all evil thoughts against our neighbor; a heart that is unwilling to think kindly of our neighbor, a murderous heart surely.—But when there is murder in the heart, it must and will show itself in fierce, hateful looks, threatening or mocking motions; or in spiteful, angry, stinging, abusing words. Such looks, motions, words are also murder before God. Read Jeremiah 18, 18. and Psalm 57, 4. Were we never guilty of them? Did we in every look, motion and word show to our neighbor that we loved him as ourselves? Did we always encourage him by our kind words, comfort him when he was sick or in distress, advice him when he needed advice or was going wrong?—If we do anything to damage the health or the limbs of our neighbor, it is murder. Fighting is murder. Careless attention to the sick by doctors and nurses is murder. Not giving to the poor that suffer for want of clothing, food, or medicine is murder. Have we instead done everything to keep our neighbor in good health, to keep him from sickness, hunger and want? Have we always helped and befriended him in every bodily need and danger? No, no. Let us confess our great wickedness to the Lord, fly to Jesus for relief and pardon, and then with God's help do better.

F. B.

Our Church.

From her earliest history our dear Lutheran Church has shown herself watchful and careful to have her people instructed in the pure truths of God's holy Word, so that their faith should not stand in "wisdom of men, but in the power of God", 1 Cor. 2, 5. In fact, it was just because men had forsaken the Word of God and were building their hopes of heaven upon some human device, that the man of God, Martin Luther, so vigorously protested, and so earnestly labored to restore the glorious Gospel, and to have it taught to men in all its simplicity and purity. Our Church instructs her members, carefully catechises them, in order that they may be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them; a reason, too, founded not upon their notions and feelings, but upon a more sure word of prophecy, even the doctrines of prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone. We are not asked by our Catechism or Confession to believe anything for which a "thus saith the Lord" cannot be given; but when it is given, we have no choice left—hold on to it we must. And thus having God's Word as the source whence all our distinctive doctrines emanate, and in which they are taught, we certainly do well to take heed to them. We dare not leave our Church for some other where these truths are not taught. We believe and teach that "Jesus is the saviour of all men, especially of them that believe", 1 Tim. 4, 10.

We believe and teach that holy Baptism is not merely a sign of God's great and boundless grace, but that by it we put on Christ, and are made the children of God; for "ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, for as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ", Gal. 3, 26. 27. We believe and teach that each participant of the holy Lord's Supper has given to him and receives the body and blood of Jesus, not only because the bread is the Communion of his blood (1 Cor. 10, 16.), but also because "He that eateth this bread, and drinketh this cup of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord", 1 Cor. 11, 27.—*Church Messenger.*

For the "Lutheran Pioneer".

Positive Men.

The world is full of negative men. They are creatures of very tender feelings. They are extremely liberal. But they are timid. They shrink back from their own shadows. They would sooner sacrifice a principle than to wound the feelings of any man. They are always in a stormy sea, and always afraid of being dashed to pieces on the rocks which lie on either hand. They have a well marked chart, and know just where the rocks lie, but they live in mortal dread of them. They are cowards.

Such men are of little value to the world. They skulk away from the battle, and leave others to meet the tempest of wrath and to gain victory. They carry no swords, and so bear no palms in their hands, and wear no crowns. Their aspirations do not rise above their heads. They are miserable dwarfs. This age needs positive men; men bold enough to take their stand on the right side of every great question—men of courage. A few such men are still living. They are not popular. Men hate them. They call them extremists. They withhold from them their love and fellowship; withhold honors and the praises of men. They try to put them down and crush them. Luther's record tells the history of their fierce hostility. Paul Gerhard could tell how the world hates positive men. But positive men have value. They do not live in vain. They make their impression on the race. And grateful men will perpetuate their memory in the world. There is a disposition to float with the current; a men-pleasing disposition. Whatever is popular passes as orthodox. Very few men have the courage to call in question generally accepted theories, or the popular opinions of the day. But these few men are the evangelists of heaven. They save the religious world from universal stagnation. Positive men, full of the spirit of Christ, are just now the need of the world. (*Adapted from "Voice of the people."*)

If infidelity succeeds in teaching a man that he will die like a beast, it will soon succeed in leading him to live like one.

A Warning.

1. There shall come a night of such wild affright,
As none besides shall know:
When the heaven shall shake, and the wide earth
quake
In its last and deepest woe.
2. What horrors shall roll o'er the Godless soul,
Waked from its death-like sleep;
Of all hope bereft, and to Judgment left,
For ever to wail and weep!
3. O worldling, give ear, while the saints are near!
Soon must the tie be riven,
And men, side by side, God's hand shall divide,
As far as hell's depths from heaven.
4. What an awful cry will rend the sky,
"Open to us, O Lord!"
O ye sinners, yet, ere the door be shut,
Let that cry in faith be heard.
5. Now poised on their wing, let the angels sing
Over your repenting soul;
In this little while, though never so vile,
CHRIST JESUS can make you whole.
6. And then, in that night of such wild affright,
As none beside shall know,
Ye shall calmly rest on His tender breast,
Far off from the world's last woe.

Selected.

Last Sunday Night.

A pastor, whom we know well as a lover of truth, relates the following sad incident, he himself being the minister of whom the story speaks:

On a cold and stormy night a pastor was aroused from his slumber between one and two o'clock and called to visit a dying man. It was not long before he came to the street and the house that had been pointed out, and was taken to an upper room. A single glance took in a sad scene. A man not more than twenty-five years of age was gasping for breath. The clammy sweat was on his face, his eyes were rolling wildly, and it could be clearly seen that he had only a few minutes to live. On one side of him was his young wife wearing an expression of deep grief and horror; on the other side was his mother with her head bowed in speechless sorrow. At the foot of the bed was a cradle with an infant quietly sleeping, and before the fire stood a doctor looking down, as if he knew that he was powerless in the presence of death.

The pastor took the hand, that felt like the hand of a corpse, in his own, and said, "My friend, you are dying, and I have come to tell you of Jesus." "Too late! too late!" hoarsely whispered the sufferer. "I was at your church last Sunday night, and was deeply impressed by the sermon. I knew I was a sinner and needed salvation, but as I went home I thought that I was young, and had just started into business, and made up my mind that I would put off the subject for a few years. Now I am dying, and I have sent for you, not to talk to me, but to pray that my wife and child may not go to the world of woe I am about to enter."

The pastor told him that it was Satan's voice that whispered unto him, "too late." But in vain was he told of the dying thief, of the blood that cleanseth from all sin, of the grace that saves the chief of sinners, of the welcome given to the prodigal, of the call of love sounding out at the eleventh hour. The only answer was a groan of despair, and in a little while lifting his hand as if waving back the shadows, he murmured, "Last Sunday night! last Sunday night!" he moved his head convulsively on the pillow, the death rattle was heard in his throat and he was gone. His young wife who had been bending over him fell upon the bed, and the minister said to the mother, "Look to your daughter; she has fainted." But after calling and shaking her, she suddenly started up with a scream to flee from the room—a raving maniac.

As the pastor went home along the silent streets, and facing the biting wind, he could only pray that God would spare him the agony of witnessing another such scene. But alas! what groups are gathered every day around Christless and hopeless death-beds. How many of those that have heard the Gospel die unbelieving and are therefore damned! For it is plainly written, "He that believeth not, shall be damned" (Mark 16, 16.); "and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3, 36.). Many who thus die in their sins did not expect to leave this world without faith in Christ's atoning sacrifice. But they put off their conversion from day to day, until they were suddenly taken away into an eternity of woe. How often does Satan, the great enemy of our souls, play his tricks with poor sinners! When they hear the Gospel call, then Satan paints sin and the sinful pleasures of the world in bright and beautiful colors, and whispers in men's ears, "Time enough!" And when conscience, perhaps on the dying-bed, is aroused, then he tells sinners that their sins are too many and too great, and that there is no grace for them, and whispers in their ears, "Too late! too late!" Oh, my dear reader, beware of the wiles and tricks of Satan! Do not listen to the devil's voice, but listen to the voice of your true and merciful God: "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation (2 Cor. 6, 2.)."

The Lord will Provide.

In a village near Warsaw, there lived a pious peasant, by name Dobry. Without any fault of his own, he had fallen into arrears with his rent, and the landlord determined to turn him out. It was winter and evening, and the next day he was to be turned out, with all his family. As they sat in their sorrow, Dobry knelt down in their midst, and they sang that sweet Lutheran hymn:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And wade into His hands."

Just as they came to the last verse—

"When Thou wouldst all our need supply,
Who then shall stay Thy hands?"

there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window; the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious stones. Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but again he thought that he would take and show it to his minister; and he, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him, and related the story. The King sent for Dobry and rewarded him so that he was no more in need; and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house-door there was an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the verse:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things show thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light!"

A Child's Prayer.

A little girl, about five years old, lived with her parents, who were very poor, in a small cottage in a village in Prussia. One day, when her father went out, little Rosa was sitting by her mother, who was just recovering from an attack of fever, which had weakened her very much. She was singing a little hymn, when the door opened suddenly, and six soldiers walked into the room. The poor child was so terrified at first that she fell from the bench on which she had been sitting. A few moments afterwards, however, she rose to her knees, and in her own simple, childlike words, while the big tears trembled in her eyes, she prayed that God would pity them and help them; that he would make the soldiers kind to her mother, and tell them to go away to some other house where they might get something to eat and drink, and ending with these words, "For thou knowest, Lord, that we are very poor." One of the soldiers patted the child's head kindly and said, "Who taught you to pray so nicely, little one?" "Jesus and mother", was her simple reply. The soldier, a tall, strong, rough looking man, turned aside his head, and brushed a tear from his cheek, then putting a piece of money in her lap, he kissed the little girl, and said to her kindly, "There is something for your mother, my child. Pray for us soldiers also sometimes, like a good little girl, for we need prayer very much."

It is not darkness the Christian goes to at death, for God is light. It is not loneliness, for Christ is with him. It is not an unknown country, for Jesus is there; and there the vast company of the just made perfect, who shall be one with Him in the fellowship and blessedness of heaven forever.—*Charles Kingsley.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

ON SUNDAY, Nov. 7, the Rev. J. N. Bakke was ordained for the ministry at St. Louis, Mo. He will take charge of the Colored Lutheran Church at New Orleans, La., and will carry on the mission work among the colored people at that place.—On Tuesday, Nov. 9, Rev. Bakke and Miss Concordia Guenther, daughter of Prof. Guenther of the Lutheran University at St. Louis, were joined in holy wedlock. Our little PIONEER makes his bow—and a very graceful bow it is—and sends his best wishes.

MR. CHARLES BERG, for some time past a teacher in our mission school at Little Rock, has accepted a call to New Orleans and will take charge of the Colored School there. Rev. Bakke will be glad to have secured such able help, while the school at Little Rock mourns over his departure.

A CHAPEL is to be built at New Orleans for the colored people in a better locality than where the present one is situated. This, we hope, will give the Colored Mission School a better chance to grow in numbers, and will secure much larger audiences on Sunday.

REV. L. WAHL, our missionary at Mobile, Ala., has asked the Mission-Board to build a chapel at Mobile to be used for school and church purposes.

THE ENGLISH DISTRICT of the Lutheran Joint Synod of Ohio and other States has resolved to carry on its English mission work with greater vigor. The Rev. O. S. Oglesbee, of Huntington, Ind., has been called as traveling missionary and has already entered upon his mission work. May God bless his labors!

THE LUTHERAN Orphans' Home at Richmond, Ind., is in a prosperous condition. The large and beautiful property is entirely free from debt. There are 58 children in the Home, besides 3 aged persons; and so far the means to feed and clothe so large a family have not been wanting.

THE new Lutheran hymn-book, lately published by the Joint Synod of Ohio, is welcomed as a great improvement over the old one. A missionary writes to us: "We all like the new book."

IN the Lutheran Seminary at Columbus, Ohio, there are, at present, 30 Students preparing for the ministry.

FORTY-THREE new students entered the Lutheran Seminary at Springfield, Ill. Whole number of Students: 95.

A TRAVELER IN NORWAY writes thus about the people of that country: "I like the Norwegians. I have seen much of them, having for that purpose traveled very slowly, and learned enough of their language to talk with them. They are the most honest people I have ever known. Doors are rarely locked, yet all property is safe. All can read and write. All are Lutherans; and I was told that ninety-nine hundredths, at least, of all adults belong to the Church. The Catholics go everywhere, but

there are only four small societies in Norway, and those mainly made up of foreigners."

BAD BOOKS and papers have poisoned the mind of many a boy. The St. Louis papers report the case of a boy being found in the freight car of the Iron Mountain R. R. He had a belt on with a large Colt Revolver and caps and powder. In his pockets three "Dime novels" were found. By reading those nasty, foolish books the boy had come to the idea to go out West and fight the "Injuns." He was taken to the police station, from whence his father took him home and laid the cowhide on that part of his body where it would do the most good. The boy than surely thought an Indian war broke out at the wrong place. We hope he was cured of reading bad and foolish books.

PAY UP!—We hate to "squeal" for money; but it must be done. Our agent at St. Louis informs us that many subscribers of the PIONEER have not yet paid their 25 cents. We cannot afford to lose the subscription money of a single copy and should be very sorry if the traveling expenses of our PIONEER were not paid at the end of the year. But we do not doubt that every one of our dear readers will send in their money before that time. If you have not done it already, do it now.

OUR NEXT NUMBER will be the Christmas number. It will be the last number of the second volume, and with the new year the third volume will open. We know that a great deal more could be done for the circulation of our little monthly than has been done in the past. If the PIONEER could no longer exist for want of subscribers, it would save us a great deal of trouble, yes. Still we sincerely hope that all our friends will exert themselves and send in new subscribers for our third volume. With this sweet hope we close our window.

All right one Way, but not the other.

Something may be very excellent for one purpose, but may serve very badly for another. A hand-saw is a very good thing, but not to shave with. Only a quack doctor has but one medicine for all diseases. If you do good works and are holy and pious, it is well and pleasing to God. It is just what God asks of you. But, mark you, though you can please and serve God by doing good works, they will never save you from your sins nor gain for you the right and title to heaven. That Jesus did completely for you, because you in a million years could not make up for a single sin of yours and deliver yourself from hell. Only "the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanses us from all sins." Therefore, believe in Him and you are saved, with the clear title for "the mansions in the skies." Then, knowing yourself to be pardoned and sure of heaven in Christ, be grateful, do all the good you can, be as holy and pious as possible.

F. B.

(For the „Lutheran Pioneer.“)

Daring Robbery—Stop thief!!!

A very daring robbery was committed last Sunday in one of the churches in—. Rev. Mr. —preached an excellent sermon, and more than five hundred impressions were distributed about in the house. But a large number were stolen almost immediately after coming into possession of the hearers. Some hearers were robbed of theirs before the benediction was pronounced, and others before they reached home. It is believed that of the large number of the impressions of that sermon, the greater portion have been irrecoverably lost. This is most deeply to be regretted, as the discourse was one of great value, and might have been of greater advantage to the owners, if retained, than any other species of property in their possession. And, what is more strange, there was no commotion made on the occasion. The thief managed the thing so cunningly, that he got clear off with his spoils without any cry of "stop thief!!"—being raised after him. The police, as far as I can find, have had no notice of the robbery, and the papers say nothing about it. Indeed, I have learned that the people robbed have said nothing to one another about their losses, and it seems doubtful whether many are aware yet of the greatness of their loss.—

Dear Reader, for the better understanding of this "daring robbery"—read the lesson, as you find it in the Gospel of St. Luke, Chapter 8, beginning at the 4th verse and ending at the 15th verse.—

Eccl. 5, 1.: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools; for they consider not that they do evil."

Luke 11, 28.: "Blessed are they that hear the word of God and KEEP it." OBE.

Cares.

Have you one anxious thought you do not bring to Jesus? Have you one care you deem too light, too small to lay before Him? It is then too small to give you one moment's concern. Either cast your care upon Him that careth for you, or cast it away from you altogether; if it be unfit for His sympathy, it is unworthy of you.—*Selected.*

SALVATION is a precious casket containing all that we want for time or eternity.

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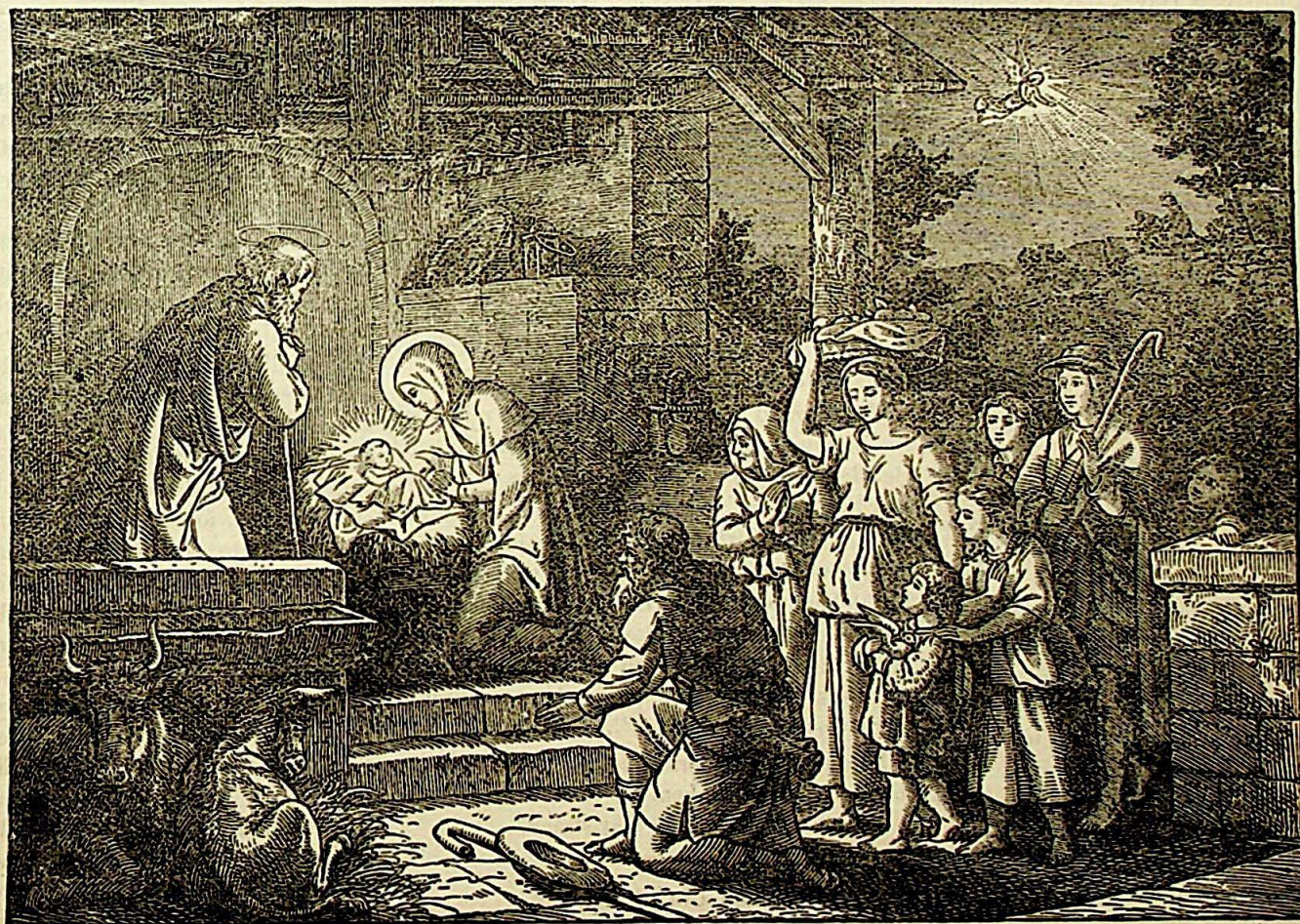
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No. 12.

CHRISTMAS.



1. O rejoice, ye Christians, loudly,
For your joy is now begun;
Wondrous things our God hath done;
Tell abroad His goodness proudly,
Who our race hath honored thus
That He deigns to dwell with us:
Joy, O joy, beyond all gladness!
Christ hath done away with sadness!
Hence! all sorrow and repining,
For the Sun of grace is shining.

2. See, my soul, Thy Saviour chooses
Weakness here and poverty,
In such love He comes to thee,
Nor the hardest couch refuses;

All He suffers for thy good,
To redeem thee by His blood:
Joy, then, joy beyond all gladness!
Christ hath done away with sadness!
Hence! all sorrow and repining,
For the Sun of grace is shining.

3. Lord, how shall I thank Thee rightly?
I acknowledge that from Thee
Every blessing flows to me.
Let me not forget it lightly,
But to Thee through all things cleave;
So shall heart and mind receive

Joy, yea, joy beyond all gladness!
Christ hath done away with sadness!
Hence! all sorrow and repining,
For the Sun of grace is shining.

4. Jesus, guard and guide Thy members,
Fill Thy brethren with Thy grace,
Hear their prayers in every place,
Quicken now life's faintest embers;
Grant all Christians, far and near,
Holy peace, a glad New Year!
Joy, O joy, beyond all gladness!
Christ hath done away with sadness!
Hence, all sorrow and repining,
For the Sun of grace is shining.

(Christian Keymann, † 1839.)

The Babe of Bethlehem.

In Luke 2, 1—14. we read the sweet story which fills our hearts with joy in the merry Christmas time. It tells us of a lowly birth, the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. When Joseph and the virgin Mary came to Bethlehem to have their names put into the tax-lists according to the decree of the Emperor Augustus, there was no room for them in the inn, and so they took refuge in a stable for the night. And in that stable Mary, a poor and unprovided stranger, brought forth the first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling-clothes, and laid him in a manger. What a lowly birth! There is no splendor of a king's palace, no brightness of flashing gems and jewels and gold. There is nothing but poverty and want. And yet the birth of that Babe of Bethlehem has for ages filled the hearts of millions with joy, and still makes every Christmas Day a day of gladness and rejoicing. For who is that Babe of Bethlehem? Let the angel tell you.

In that same night there were shepherds in the field, keeping watch over their flock. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. But "fear not," was the sweet message of the angel, "fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger." And, instantly, the sky was thronged with a multitude of angels who made the night-air ring with their song of praise: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

O wonderful birth! That Babe of Bethlehem is "Christ the Lord," the Lord of heaven and earth. He who created the universe and set the stars on high became a helpless babe without a star of glory on his brow. God's own Son took upon Him our human nature and became like unto us only without sin, having been conceived miraculously by the power of the Holy Ghost. And this God-man is our Saviour. By sin our human race had fallen under the curse and wrath of a just and holy God. Like a high wall our sins separated us from God and from all the joys of heaven. We could not break down that wall. No mere human being and no angel could satisfy the infinite justice of God and bear the punishment of man's sin. Our Saviour must be God; for God's own power was necessary to break down that wall of sin and to bear the great punishment of a sinful world. Our Saviour must also be a true man; for man had sinned and therefore man had to be punished, and, again, he had to be a true man in order to suffer and to die. And, behold, God in His wisdom and love gave us such a Saviour. "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not

perish but have everlasting life" (John 3, 16.). The Babe of Bethlehem is our Saviour—God and man in one Person. He was made under the law and took the place of all sinners and bore the punishment of all our sins, and therefore our redemption is offered to us in the Gospel as a finished fact. Well may we rejoice at the birth of this Saviour; for without this Saviour there is no salvation for us. That Babe of Bethlehem is our Prince of Peace—take it away, and we are plunged into a gulf of woe! That Babe of Bethlehem is our Salvation—take it away, and we are at once exposed to all the wrath of a just and holy God! That Babe of Bethlehem is our Sun of Righteousness—take it away, and we are left in the midnight darkness of despair! That Babe of Bethlehem is our Treasure—take it away, and we are beggars for ever! Rejoice then, dear reader, "for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour!" These good tidings of great joy are "to all people."

The chief of sinners can rejoice on the merry Christmas Day; for by faith in that Babe of Bethlehem, which is offered to him in the good Gospel-tidings, he can find forgiveness of all his sins and life everlasting.

The sorrowing and down-cast can rejoice on the merry Christmas Day; for the Babe of Bethlehem is come "to comfort all that mourn; to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" (Isaiah 61, 2, 3.).

The learned and the unlearned can rejoice on the merry Christmas Day; for in that Babe of Bethlehem "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge" (Coloss. 2, 3.).

The rich and the poor can rejoice on the merry Christmas Day; for in that Babe of Bethlehem we all have the eternal riches of heaven. "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich" (2 Cor. 8, 9.).

May all our readers welcome to their hearts the Babe of Bethlehem as their only Saviour, and thus enjoy a happy Christmas!

True Christmas Joy.

If the ends of Christ's birth be answered in our own experience, we have abundant cause for joy. But then it will not be the vain, frothy, carnal joy of the world. The manner in which some pretend to celebrate the birth of Christ at the season called Christmas, is a disgrace to a Christian. They contradict, as much as possible, the design of His coming. He came "to destroy the works of the devil;" they try to keep them up. What have cards, worldly dancing, gluttony, and drunkenness, to do with the birth of Jesus? He came to save men from their sins, not to keep them in their sins. O let young people guard against the temptation of such a season; for there is more sin committed at Christmas in a few days,

than in many weeks at other times. Such a carnal joy brings ruin to the souls of men.

Let us rather go to Bethlehem: let us, like Mary, "ponder these things in our hearts." No sooner did the shepherds hear of the Saviour's birth, than they ran to see Him. Let us also say, "We would see Jesus." And where shall we see Him but in His word which is preached in the Church of God? If we go there to see Him, we shall find that the Church of God is still a Bethlehem, "a house of bread." God will feed our souls with "the bread which came down from heaven, and which endureth to eternal life." Then we will experience true Christmas joy, and the Christmas season will be a season of true gladness and happiness to our souls.—*Selected.*

For the "Lutheran Pioneer".

Faith in the Bible.

We print the following letter as a Christmas greeting to the PIONEER:

DEAR PIONEER:—You are a welcome visitor to our family, and it is with delight and comfort that we read your precious Gospel-truths. You certainly have assumed the right name by calling yourself "The Lutheran Pioneer," for you strictly adhere to the precious doctrines of the Ev. Luth. Church. It is with special joy and delight that we read the articles of "F. B." Indeed, his article in the Nov. number under the heading: "Believe the Bible," is alone worth more than the cost of the PIONEER for a whole year. The truth that "our sins were forgiven over 1800 years ago, when Christ suffered and died for them," is full of unspeakable comfort, for it teaches us that God is reconciled unto the world long ago, that the atonement of the Son of God for the sins of the whole world is complete and perfect, and that there is no other offering or atonement necessary for sin. Jesus, the Son of God, has done it all, and done it perfectly, for He was "given for our offences and raised for our justification." "Justification of life has come upon all." Now pardon and salvation has been offered, and will be offered through the Gospel unto all poor sinners to the end of time. If poor sinners will not believe the Gospel, "the power of God unto salvation," they must simply do without pardon and salvation. In and through the Gospel the righteousness of Christ is revealed and offered to poor sinners, and faith must take it, or they must do without this treasure. We need not "ascend into heaven," nor need we "descend into the deep," for the Word is "nigh" us, even in our "mouth," and in our "heart": "that is the word of faith (the Gospel), which we preach: That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." See Rom. 10, 6—9.

S. B.

"EVERY song about Jesus, every church-bell that rings, echoes the music of Bethlehem."

The Sweetest Story.

"See, we are not sleepy, mother;
Look how wide awake we seem;
Tell us something sweet to think of,
Tell us something sweet to dream.

"Tell the very sweetest story
That you ever heard or read,
And you'll see that we remember
Every single word you've said."

Then I told them of a midnight
In the very long ago
When the sky was full of angels,
And from every shining row,

In voice of heavenly music,
Came a loving message, given
For the sake of one sweet baby
That had come that night from heaven;

That was born so poor, so lowly
In a stable far away,
And was laid into a manger
On a bed of straw and hay;

That had come to be the Saviour
Of all sinners here below,
To redeem them all from sorrow
And from hell's eternal woe.

Four blue eyes and two sweet voices
Waited till my tale was done—
Then they cried, "Why that was Jesus!
Christmas, Christmas time is come!"

Jessie's two Christmas Days.

I.

I went through Bow Street one Christmas morning. The snow had fallen thickly during the night. The sky was clear, but the wind was very cold, making me feel thankful to God for warm clothing and good food. As I walked along, my eyes rested on a little girl about nine years old. She was a scholar of a ragged school where I had the honor of being a teacher. She was standing by the police court and looking down the street. I stopped and said to the child: "Well, Jessie, dear, what are you doing here, standing alone in this place, your little face almost blue with cold?"

"Please, teacher," said Jessie, "I'm a-watching for the big wagon what brings 'em up here of a morning."

"Brings whom, Jessie?"

"Them prisoners, teacher, what's took up by the policemen in the streets of a night."

"But who is it you expect to see in the prisoner's wagon, my child?"

"It's mother," said Jessie, looking grave and sad.

"Oh, I am sorry to hear that, dear Jessie. How did your mother get there?"

"Taint the first time, teacher. Last night when I left school I was so happy, it was so nice. I was a-thinking of that sweet Christmas story you told us from the Bible of the love of God's Son who came from heaven to be our Saviour and was born in Bethlehem as a little child and was laid in a hard manger and took all our sins upon Himself; and of the many angels that sung to the shepherds on the field that sweet Christmas song about glory to God

and peace on earth and good will to all men. Oh, it was nice, teacher. 'I'll tell mother about it,' I thought. When I got home I ran up stairs, but the door was locked, and mother wasn't there. I knew then that she had gone out to get drunk. I sat up all of a heap across our door, thinkin' if I got to sleep and mother came home she would be sure to tumble over me and see that I was there. And I soon dreamt of the angels that sang in the Christmas night, and I dreamt of mother too. Mother ain't unkind, teacher; but after father died she took to drinkin'. I loves her and I pray to Jesus to take that wicked drink away from her."

"That's right, Jessie; I am glad you pray to Jesus. Tell Him everything. Did your mother come home at last?"

"No, teacher, she didn't. When it got daylight I went out of the house and went about the market and picked up bits of orange peel to eat. I didn't have no supper last night, and no breakfast this morning. I'm so hungry and so cold."

I went over to a shop and came back with something to eat. "Here, Jessie, here is a little Christmas gift for you." A smile crossed her little white face as she said thanks and began to eat, whilst her eyes were still eagerly looking down the street. Suddenly she cried out to me, "'Tis a-comin', teacher, 'tis a-comin'." She was right. The prisoners' wagon drove up and stopped close by where we were standing. The last that came out of the wagon was a most wretched looking woman. Jessie pushed through the crowd and cried out, "Mother, mother, look at me; I am here, your little girl!" The mother looked confused at seeing her child there.

Jessie went into the court, and I went on my way, thinking of the dreadful account which many parents must give unto God for their children and of little Jessie's sad Christmas Day and how happy she still was by faith in her dear Saviour, and I prayed to Jesus to take care of little Jessie in her early sorrows.

II.

Four years have passed by. It is Christmas Day again—a cold winter afternoon. The day is fine, and the sun is peeping out for a little while, just to cheer the ward in the infirmary, where many poor women and children are lying very ill. In a corner of the room by the window, on a little hard bed, is a young girl. She looks about thirteen years of age. Her face, though thin, is very sweet and pretty. I pass on softly by each bed, giving a nod and a smile to the suffering. The nurse came up to me and said—

"Your Jessie is dying, ma'am."

"Hush, hush, nurse!" I said; "don't speak so loud; the child will hear you."

"My Jessie" did hear the remark, and said to me: "Never mind, teacher; it's all right. I am very, very happy."

"My darling, if I had a home I would take you to it: you should not die here."

"Come closer to me, teacher dear; my eyes are getting so dim. I can't see you, but I know your voice so well. I know 'tis you. I want to tell you something. There are lots of women here, and they are very ill, but they don't love Jesus. They swear, and it frightens me. I have talked to them when I could, and told them about the loving Saviour who came into the world to save all sinners—you know that sweet Christmas story, teacher, I told them all about it, and that I believed in that Saviour, and that He had taken away all my sins, and that I was going to heaven to be with Jesus for ever. Dear teacher, I don't fret that I am here. There was no room for the little Jesus in the inn, and He was laid in a hard manger in a stable. You won't leave me?"

"No, darling," I said, "I will not leave you." She seemed to be dozing a little. And as I looked at her, my thoughts ran back to that snowy Christmas morning four years before, when I had found little Jessie shivering in the cold, watching for the prisoners' wagon in Bow Street.

She soon opened her eyes and said—
"'Tis a-comin', teacher, 'tis a-comin'!"
"What, dear?"

"A beautiful gold carriage, Jesus is sendin' for His little Jessie. My Jesus, here am I—lots of angels that sang at Bethlehem—I see—teacher, kiss me. Tell Polly Bruce my favorite text for a keepsake. There—remaineth—therefore—a rest—to the people—of God. Jesus lay in a manger—and I—shall lie on His bosom—and wear—a crown of gold."

She ceased to speak. I thought she was sleeping. The daylight had gone away; the room was dark; but when they had lit up the gas, I saw that my Jessie's happy spirit had left her suffering body. Oh! I gladly would have gone with my dear Jessie on that Christmas Day to the eternal joys of heaven. "There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." Yes, it was a happy, a happy Christmas Day for my dear little Jessie.

"Unto You is Born a Saviour."

These words should melt heaven and earth, and change, for us, death into sugar, and all misfortunes, of which there are here more than can be told, into pure, sweet wine. For what man is there who can properly conceive of this, that the Son of God is born man, a Saviour for us? Such treasure the angel gives not only to His mother, the virgin Mary, but to all of us men; "unto you," he says, "is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—*Luther.*

Christmas.

"What season is better of all the whole year,
Thy needy, poor neighbor to comfort and cheer?"

"Come, Jesus, glorious, heavenly Guest,
Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast."

Christmas-Eve Celebration of the Little Rock Colored Lutheran Sunday School.

1.

Come hither, ye faithful, joyously shouting,
Come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
See ye the Christ-child born for us to save us.
O let us, let us worship the great king.
Come praise ye the Lord and join the glad chorus,
Shout for great joy all who are children.
Glory to God in heaven and upon earth.
O let us, let us worship the great king.

SUNG:

Minister: Lord, open Thou our lips.
School: And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be; world without end. Amen.

Minister: Unto us a child is born.

School: Unto us a Son is given.

2.

Let us all with gladsome voice
Praise the God of heaven,
Who, to bit our heart rejoice,
His own Son has given.

Down to this sad earth he comes,
Here to serve us deigning,
That with Him in yon fair homes
We may once be reigning.

We are rich, for He was poor,
Gaze upon this wonder.
Let us praise God evermore,
Here on earth and yonder.

Look on all who sorrow here,
Lord in pity bending.
Grant us all a glad "New Year",
And a blessed ending.

PRAYER.—ADDRESS.—QUESTIONING.

3.

DUETT.

QUESTIONING.

4.

Come hither, ye children, triumphantly sing.
Come see in the manger the angels' dread king!
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!
True Son of the Father He comes from the skies,
To be born of a virgin He does not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!
Hark, hark, to the angels all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest all glory be given."
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!
To Thee then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor on heaven and earth.
True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord!

QUESTIONING.

5.

1. Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright,
Round you virgin, mother and child,
Holy infant tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

2. Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar;
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluja.
Christ, the Saviour, is born.

3. Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, loves pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy Face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, at Thy birth.

QUESTIONING.

6.

1. Good news from heaven the angels bring,
Glad tidings to the earth they bring:
To us this day a child is given,
To crown us with the joy of heaven.

2. This is the Christ, our God and Lord,
Who in all need can aid afford;
He will Himself our Saviour be,
From all our sins to set us free.

3. To us that blessedness He brings,
Which from the Father's bounty springs;
That in the heavenly realm we may
With Him enjoy eternal day.

4. All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose love did not the sinner scorn;
In my distress Thou comest to me;
What thanks shall I return to Thee?

5. Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

QUESTIONING.

7.

1. Thou most joyful, thou most blissful
Mercy us bringing birth of Christ!
See its great purpose;
He came to save us.
Rejoice, O rejoice all Christendom!

2. Thou most joyful, thou most blissful
Peace to us bringing birth of Christ!
He turned God's wrath away,
Died for our sins to pay.
Rejoice, O rejoice all Christendom!

3. Thou most joyful, thou most blissful
Life to us bringing birth of Christ!
Christ, King of Glory,
We now adore Thee.
Rejoice, O rejoice all Christendom!

DISTRIBUTION.—REMARKS.

SCHOOL SONG: GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

WE should well learn and earnestly consider what honor was conferred upon us, in that Christ, the Son of God, became man. For it is such an honor, that if one were an angel, he might wish he were a man, in order that he might boast: My flesh and blood are exalted above all angels. Wherefore we men ought truly to count ourselves blessed. God grant that we may understand it, take it to heart, and thank Him for it.—*Luther*.

Christmas Gift for the "Pioneer".

How happy the little folks are at the coming of Christmas! Our little PIONEER belongs to the little folks, and he also wishes a Christmas gift. You ought to have seen his little blue eyes beam with joy as he whispered his wish into our editorial ears. He is a very sensible little fellow and always has very sensible wishes. We shall tell you what he wishes for Christmas. He wishes that in the merry Christmas time many new homes may be opened to him for his monthly visits in the coming year. That is a very sensible wish, is it not? You can help to fulfill this wish by sending in the names of new subscribers for our third volume, which opens with the next number. Now, don't disappoint the little fellow. May many doors fly open to our well-dressed and well-behaving little PIONEER as he enters upon the third year of his journey!

"Unto You."

The words *unto you* should make us joyful. For to whom, or of whom, does the angel speak? Of course, not to wood or stones; no, but to men; and not to one or two alone, but, as he says, to "all people," that is, all who are men. For he says, *unto you*, not unto us angels, but "unto you is born a Saviour," that is, He has become a man like unto you. Now whoever is born a man, may and should comfort himself with this Saviour who is born. But what shall we make of this? Shall we still doubt God's grace and say: St. Peter or St. Paul may indeed rejoice in this Saviour; but I am a poor sinner, I dare not do it; this noble precious treasure is not intended for me? My dear friend, if you will say it is not for me, to whom, then, does it belong? Did He come for the sake of geese, ducks, or cows? For you must notice what He is. Had He wished to help another creature, He would have become that creature. Had He not become man for the sake of us poor, sinful, lost men, He would not be called our Saviour. Now see, what are you? What am I? Are we not all men? Yes. Who then is to receive this Child, but just we men? The angels do not need Him; the devils do not want Him; but we need Him, and for our sake He became man. Therefore, it becomes us men to receive Him with joy, as the angel says: "Unto you is born a Saviour;" and shortly before: "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."—*Luther*.

Handsome Gift-Books.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. In 42 Pictures for dear Children. Single copy, 15 cents; per dozen \$1.20; per hundred \$8.00.

THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH with Illustrations. A Christmas Book for dear Children. Single copy, 10 cents; per dozen, \$1.00; per hundred \$7.00. Address: "Pilger Book Store," Reading, Pa.

CHANGE OF CLUB RATES.

The price for a single copy of the "Pioneer" will, in the future, be the same as in the past, namely 25 cents. Our club rates, however, will be as follows:

10 Copies	-	-	-	\$2.00.
25 Copies	-	-	-	\$5.00.
50 Copies	-	-	-	\$9.00.