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The Lutheran Pioneer.

A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SYNODICAL CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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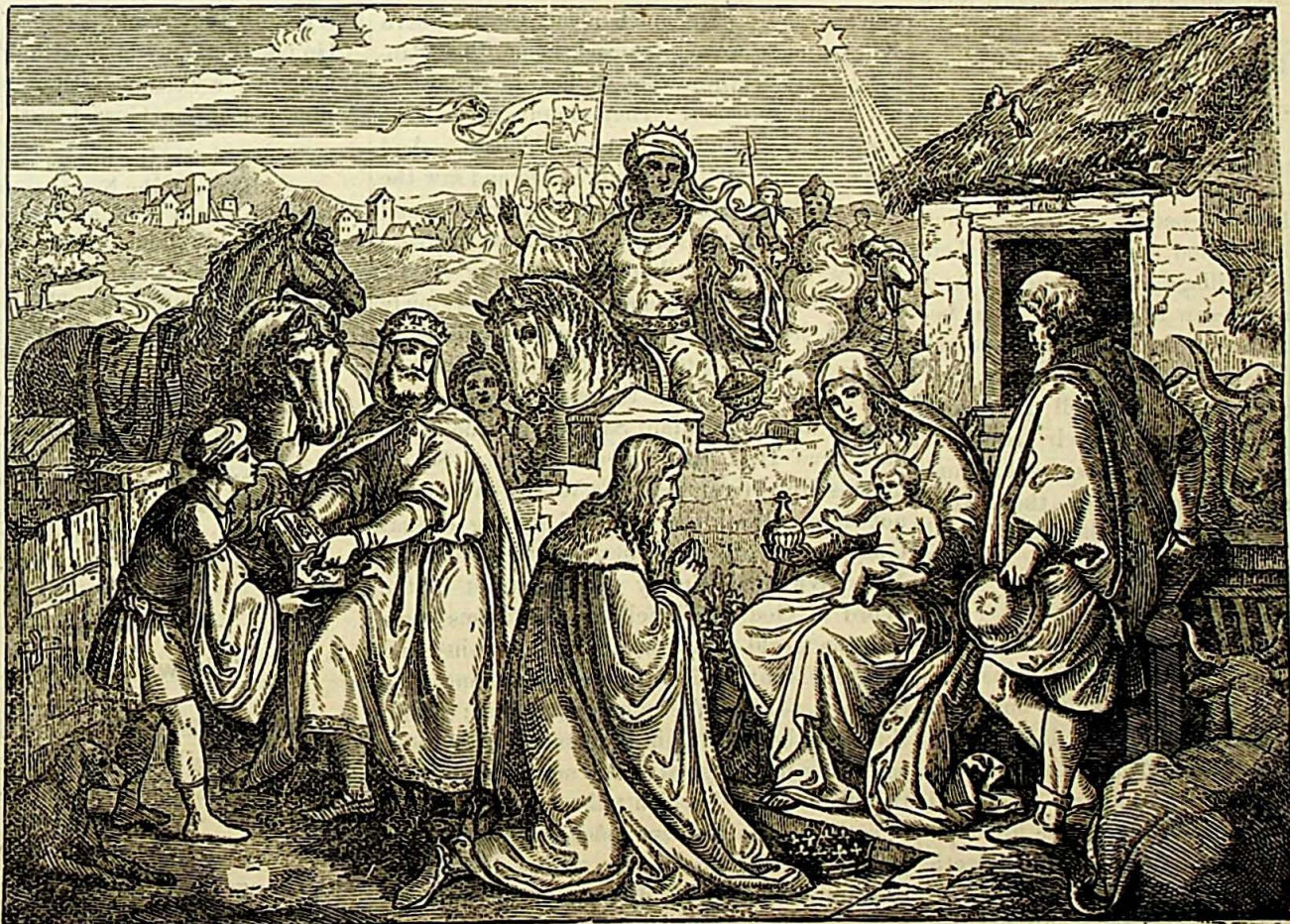
Vol. III.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1881.

No. 1.

EPIPHANY.

"They presented unto Him: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." Matthew 2, 11.



Jesus! great and wondrous Star,
Both from Jacob's line and heaven,
Festive gifts from near and far
On this day to Thee are given:
Oh! accept most graciously
What I humbly offer Thee.

Saba bringeth gold to Thee.
Lord, I give what Thou hast given:

Gold of Faith receive from me —
Precious gold that counts in heaven!
Prove it, purge it free from dross
In the furnace of the cross.

Take the frankincense of Prayer;
May it prove a sweet oblation!
Heart and lips shall everywhere
Strive to meet Thy approbation;

Hear and heed my prayer, and then
Seal it with Thy "Yea: Amen!"

Take contrition, bitter myrrh.
Oh, how sorely my sins grieve me!
Pardon, healing, peace restore;
Thou art true, and wilt relieve me.
Lord, I praise Thee, and believe
Thou my offering dost receive.

(From the German of Erdmann Neumeister, 1718.)

The Wise Men of the East.

THE STORY.

Our picture shows us the wise men that came from the East to worship the Babe of Bethlehem and to lay their precious gifts at the feet of the infant Saviour. It is a most beautiful picture. When one of our little boys saw it, he said, "Papa, there is a colored man there too, and so *all* people should come to Jesus." "Yes, when the angel brought the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth to the shepherds at Bethlehem, he said that those tidings are 'to *all* people.'" This we also learn from the story of the wise men from the East. You can read the story in Matthew 2, 1—12. The wise men lived in a distant land. By a wonderful star God let them know that there was born in Judea the King of the Jews, the Saviour of sinners. The wise men thought they would find this King in the great city of Jerusalem, in the king's palace. So they went to that city, but they did not find the new-born King there. They were told, however, from the Word of God that the Saviour should be born in Bethlehem. "For thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel." They trusted this word of God and started on their way to the humble village of Bethlehem. And the star, which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. And when they had thus found the Saviour, they fell down and worshipped Him, and opened their treasures, and presented unto Him gifts: gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. They then went home with happy hearts; for they had found the Saviour.

THE LESSON.

Dear reader, have you found the Saviour? This is an important question for you as you enter a new year; for this Saviour only can render the new year happy. As long as we travel through this world without the Saviour, we as lost sinners are on the road to eternal damnation, yea, we are condemned already; for it is plainly written: "He that believeth not is condemned already" (John 3, 18.); "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3, 36.). How can there be any happiness as long as we are under the wrath and curse of God? You may expect to be made happy in the new year by the wealth and joys and pleasures of this world, but these things cannot give you any true happiness; they cannot take away your sins; they cannot take away the wrath and curse of God; they cannot save you from hell; they cannot give you the sure hope of eternal life in the hour of death. True happiness and salvation can only be found in Jesus. He came into this world as the Saviour of *all* sinners. The poor Jewish shepherds

from the fields of Bethlehem and the rich wise men from the distant heathen land found their happiness and salvation in Him. And for ages kings and beggars, wise men and unlearned men, have found salvation in this Saviour. He has brought true happiness into the palace of the rich and into the cabin of the poor. He comes to you in the Gospel, and you find Him there by simply trusting in this Gospel. Men often, in looking for salvation and happiness, follow their own thoughts. They resolve to do better in the coming year by their own strength; they want to turn over a new leaf; they trust in their own works, in their own good feelings, in their excitement; but they cannot find true happiness by thus following their own thoughts. When the wise men followed their own thoughts, they went to Jerusalem to find the Saviour there; but they did not find Him. But when they heard the word of God, they simply trusted this word which directed them to Bethlehem. They did not think: Well, these folks here in Jerusalem don't seem to care much about the new-born King, and so we may go back home, there cannot be any truth in what we heard. They did not think so. No! They simply trusted the word of God and went to Bethlehem. And when they came to the lowly stable and saw the Babe in the manger surrounded by poverty and want, they did not think: Well, now, this cannot be the new-born King, the Saviour of sinners; everything looks so poor and lowly around here; we surely must be mistaken. No! They did not follow their own thoughts, but simply trusted in the word of God, and looked upon the infant Saviour in true faith, and gave Him their precious gifts. So we must simply trust in God's Word. We must not think: Well, there can be nothing in that Gospel-news; it is a mere sound of words. No! We must simply put our trust in the Word of God which tells us that Jesus came into the world to save us from all our sins, and that "he that believeth *hath* everlasting life" (John 6, 47.). We must not think: Well, there can be nothing in Baptism; a little water can bring me no good. We must simply trust the Word of God which tells us, "He that believeth, and is baptized, *shall be saved*" (Mark 16, 16.). We must not think: Well, the bread and wine in the Lord's Supper can bring me no good. We must simply trust the Word of God which tells us that with the bread Christ gives us His body which was *given for us*, and with the wine His blood which was *shed for us, for the remission of our sins* (Matthew 26, 26—28.). So we, not by following our own reason and our own thoughts, but by simply trusting in God's Word find the Saviour, and in Him we have true happiness and eternal salvation. We can then joyfully enter the new year; for we know that we are God's children by faith in Jesus, and that our Father will take care of us, and that all things that will happen to us will be for our own good. To all our readers we wish such a happy new year!

Our Third Volume.

As we begin our third volume we give thanks to God for blessing our little service for the Master. We know from letters received in the past year that our work has not been done in vain. Our little PIONEER has brought words of comfort to the lonely chamber of the sick, words of salvation to sinful souls, leading some to the Lord Jesus, and causing "joy in the presence of the angels of God." Thanks be to God for all his blessings!

Our PIONEER will in the new year continue to speak his simple words for Jesus. He will bear testimony to the truth confessed by our dear Lutheran Church, holding fast "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." He will not try to gain success by compromising the least particle of the truth or by becoming in the least disloyal to the Master; for we know that success gained in this way will not prove a success in the day of reckoning when editors, too, must give account unto God for every word they wrote.

Go on, then, my dear little PIONEER! May you become a welcome visitor in many a home! A preacher of pure Gospel-truth to sinful souls!

"Go where the hunter rovetth,
Beneath the Northern pines—
Go where the summer loveth
To dwell mid Southern vines—
Far o'er the Western prairie,
To hill, and vale, and plain,
The glorious Gospel carry;
Redeeming love proclaim.

"Go o'er the Rocky Mountains,
Where parting daylight shines,
Where California's fountains
Sparkle o'er golden mines;
Or seek the lowly dwelling,
The cabin dark and lone,
Redemption's story telling
To freedmen in their home."

"He will pick me up."

An English lady saw an old German farmer, stooping in his little patch of ground, to pick up the pears which fell from its one tree, and said to him: "You must grow tired in such labor, at your time of life, so bent and weak with old age?" His answer showed his child-like faith, for he said: "No, madam! I have been in my time God's *working* servant; He has now made me to be His *waiting* servant. One of these days, when I fall as these pears are falling, *He will pick me up.*"

A few more Years.

"A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away."

A New Year's Story.

In the year 1846, on St. Kilda, one of the islands of Western Scotland, there lived a poor widow and her son. She brought him up in the fear of the Lord, and well did he repay her care. He was a great help to her, though only sixteen years of age. They were very poor, and to help their scanty meals, Ronald, her son, used to get seabirds' eggs upon the near cliffs. This was very dangerous, for the birds used often to attack him.

One day, having received his mother's blessing, Ronald set off to the cliffs with a strong rope, by which to get down, and a knife to strike the bird, should he be attacked. The cliff rose several hundred feet above the sea, wild waves lashed madly against it, dashing the glittering spray far and near.

Ronald fastened one end of the rope upon the top of the cliff, and the other round his waist, and was then let down until he got to one of those clefts of the rock in which the birds build, when he gave the signal to his companions not to let him down any further. He planted his foot on a projecting point of the rock, grasped with one hand his knife, and with the other tried to take the eggs. Just then a bird flew at him. He made a blow with the knife; but, oh! in place of striking the bird, he struck the rope, and, having cut some of the strands of the rope, he hung over the wild, raging waves by only a few threads of hemp. His piercing cry was heard by his companions above, who saw his danger, and gently tried to draw him up. Awful moment! As they drew in each coil, Ronald felt thread after thread giving way. "O Lord! save me," was his first cry; and then, "O Lord! comfort my dear mother." He closed his eyes on the awful scene as he felt the rope breaking. He nears the top; but, oh! the rope is breaking. Another and another pull; then a snap, and now there is but one strand holding him. He nears the top; his friends reach over to grasp him; he is not yet within their reach. One more haul of the rope; it strains; it unravels under his weight. He looks below at the dark waste of boiling water, and then above to the glorious heavens. He feels he is going. He hears the wild cry of his companions, the frantic shriek of his fond mother, as they hold her back from rushing to try to save her child. He knows no more; reason yields; he becomes insensible. But just as the rope is giving way, a friend stretches forward at the risk of being dragged over the cliff—a strong hand grasps him, and Ronald—is saved.

Dear reader, from this true and simple story you may learn an important lesson for the new year, and therefore we have named it a New Year's story. As the year 1880 passes by, another strand of your rope of life is breaking. Strand after strand snaps as the knell of each departing year tolls its mournful notes. How many threads are now left? Can you tell? Perhaps ere the year 1881 passes by the

last thread may snap, and if you die in your sins, rejecting your Saviour, it will send you into the burning waves of eternal Hell. Do you realize your position? Ronald realized his position when the last strand was giving way, thread by thread, and when a strong hand was stretched out to save him, which brought him safely beyond the reach of further danger, and placed him in the loving arms of his parent! If you are still an unbeliever, may you then by the grace of God learn to know your danger and flee at once to the Saviour of sinners. In the Gospel He stretches out His hand to "pluck you as a brand out of the fire," to save you from falling down into hell when the last strand of your rope of life is breaking and to place you for ever beyond the reach of danger, safe in the arms of a loving and almighty Father. Jesus "came to seek and to save the lost;" He came to save *you*. All your sins were laid on Him, and He finished the work of your redemption, so that you are now as welcome to come to Christ as if you had never sinned a sin. The moment you take God at His word, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as the one who loved *you* and gave Himself for *you*—a lost sinner—*you are saved*. God says it. "All that believe are justified from all things" (Acts 13, 39.). Believe, "and thou shalt be saved" from everlasting destruction—saved to be holy and happy in the coming years and in eternity—saved for heaven—saved for glory—saved for God! Then let the year 1881 be the last strand of the rope—let it snap—let it break—you will fall into the strong arms of the loving Jesus—*you are saved!*

Old Nancy.

Christians who are so troubled with anxious thoughts about the future as to be unhappy in the present, may learn a good New Year's lesson from Old Nancy. She was a poor colored woman and made her living by washing. But she was always happy, trusting in God with the simple faith of a child. One day one of those anxious Christians who are "taking thought" about the morrow, said to her: "Ah, Nancy, it is well enough to be happy now, but I should think your thoughts of the future would sober you. Suppose, for instance, that you should be sick and unable to work; or suppose your present employers should move away, and no one else should give you anything else to do; or suppose"—"Stop!" cried Nancy. "I neber supposes. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I knows I shall not want. And, honey," she added to her gloomy friend, "it's all dem supposes as is making you so mis'able. You orter give dem all up, child, an' jes trus' in de Lord."

And now we will tell our readers another story. It is an editorial secret. As we got the manuscript ready for this first number of our third volume, we were troubled with all sorts of "supposes". Our thoughts ran thus:

Well, now suppose you could find no time to fill every number in the coming year—and suppose those few that have helped you along by their contributions and have made the paper interesting and instructive, would forsake you as others have done—and suppose you could find no suitable story for the third page of every number—and suppose you could find nothing to put into the Outlook—and suppose the readers would all by and by "stop the paper."—We went on supposing, and the twelve numbers of the third volume rose up before our mind—every number with its twelve columns—all white and waiting to be filled—it was a horrible sight for an editor! But when we read the story of Old Nancy we were ashamed of our "supposes," and we learned to hope firmly that God would help us along from number to number. May all our Christian readers learn from Old Nancy to trust more fully in the Lord and to give up "dem supposes as is making dem so mis'able."

The English Lutheran Conference of Missouri

held its last session from the 22d to the 25th of October in Barton Co., Mo. St. Peters Lutheran congregation in Cherokee Co., Kans., was admitted to membership. The President, Rev. J. E. Rader, who, with the appointed Delegate, Rev. A. Rader, had attended the meeting of the Western District of the Missouri Synod, presented his Report, viz., that the Western District was willing to send a delegate to the annual sessions of Conference, who should also visit the congregations near the place of meeting, and to appoint an English missionary for the West. It was

"Resolved, that we return our most hearty thanks to the brethren of the Western District for the kindness extended to our Delegate and President at that meeting and for the favorable disposition of things in our behalf."

Rev. A. Rader expressing a willingness to give up his two youngest sons as students for the ministry, it was

"Resolved, that the President of our Conference as one of the Joint Committee of the Western District, see to this matter and with that Committee, if practicable, make the best arrangements for their literary and theological training."

It was further

"Resolved, that we return our most sincere and heartfelt thanks to our kind friends and brethren in the Lord, of the Missouri Synod, for their liberal and kind help in our distress and want during the past year."

The next meeting will be held in Salem Congregation, Washington Co., Ark., Rev. J. E. Rader's charge.

The readers of the PIONEER are no doubt interested in this English Lutheran Mission. A report of its progress will be given them from time to time. Up to this date it was impossible to appoint a missionary. The Treasurer (Mr. C. F. Lange, 509 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.) has as yet received only a few dollars. Will not the readers of the PIONEER aid our Church in this important mission-work?

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

THE LAST MONTH of the year brought us the sad news of the death of Rev. Prof. W. F. Lehmann, President of the Lutheran University at Columbus, Ohio, and of the Ev. Lutheran Synodical Conference. He fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of Dec. 1, at the age of 60 years, 1 month, and 14 days, after a painful illness of several months, during which he found comfort in the sweet promises of the Gospel and rested solely on the finished work of his Redeemer. The funeral services were held on Dec. 3. Telegrams of condolence were received from the Lutheran Seminaries and Colleges of the Synodical Conference, and over 50 pastors from abroad and a large multitude of people followed the mortal remains of their beloved teacher, pastor, and friend to their quiet resting-place in Green Lawn Cemetery.—The sainted Professor, for over 30 years, faithfully served the Church in the different positions to which the Master called him. By faith in his dear Saviour he was also ready to meet his God when the hour of death came. Our loss is his gain. The year 1880 was to him the year of jubilee, the year in which the Master called him from labor to sweet rest and to the eternal joys of heaven. May God make us all ready for the Master's call!

THE ALMANACS give the following statistics of the Lutheran Church in this country, embracing all the churches that bear the Lutheran name: Synods, 56; ministers, 3174; churches, 5683; communicants, 750,000; Seminaries, 20; Colleges, 25; High Schools and Academies, 28; Orphans' Homes, 19; Asylums for the Aged, 3; Hospitals, 4; Deaf and Dumb Institution, 1; Church papers published in five different languages, 72; Book Agencies, 25; Missionary Societies, 7; Agencies for Immigrants, 6. There are four General Bodies to which the different synods mostly belong, and of these the Lutheran Synodical Conference is the largest, having 1206 ministers.

OUR LUTHERAN SCHOOLS in Chicago have grown remarkably from year to year. In 1856 there was but one Lutheran school there attended by 58 scholars. There are now 4801 pupils under the care of 49 teachers, who not only teach the children all that is necessary for this life, but also educate them for heaven and lead them to Jesus, the great Friend of children.

OUR MISSIONARY in California has published a very interesting report of his travels in that state. Invitations to preach came to him from all directions, and at many a place the people listened with joy to the pure Gospel truth which they had not heard for many a year. In one family especially there was great joy at the arrival of the missionary. They had formerly belonged to a Lutheran congregation in Missouri, but since their removal to the Pacific coast they had had no opportunity to attend services in God's house. They had, however, not forgotten the sweet consolations of God's word. At bed-time the lady of the

house brought out the hymn books and requested the missionary to sing and pray with them. With tears of joy they united in singing one of those sweet Lutheran hymns that had so often comforted their hearts in times past.

THE KING OF SWEDEN, Oskar II, has called upon all the churches of Sweden to take up a collection before the 1st of May, 1881, for the benefit of the Swedish Lutheran Church in Philadelphia.

OUR PUBLISHING HOUSE at St. Louis has begun to publish a new edition of Luther's Works in 24 large volumes. The first volume has already appeared. It is a great undertaking and will surely prove a great blessing to our church in this country; for among all human writings there are none equal to the writings of the great Reformer. When we were yet a student we once visited a Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity, and as we looked at the books in his study, he asked us whether we could find the book which, next to the Bible, was dearest to him. We were at a loss to find the volume among the many books that lined the walls of the study. He at last pointed it out to us. It was a translation of Luther's Commentary on the Epistle of St. Paul to the Galatians. "That is my favorite book," the Doctor said, "I read it daily. Luther lays down the great doctrine of Justification so well. Other commentaries are as clear as mud, but Luther's is as clear as sunlight. And then I like Luther, because he never handles any one with kid gloves." As we listened to the eloquent Doctor we thought there was more Lutheranism in him than in many a so-called Lutheran minister whose library contains not a single work of Luther's.

IN THE PAST WEEKS we received letters from many readers of the PIONEER which our time will not allow us to answer separately. Our friends may rest assured that their comforting letters are appreciated, and we heartily thank them all for their kind words of encouragement.

As we get ready to close our window, our little PIONEER comes forward. He has something to say yet. Here it is:

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL!

(For the „Lutheran Pioneer“.)

He Mistook the Light!—Great Loss of Life!

He mistook the light, and what was the consequence? Why, one of the largest ships in the world, with a rich cargo, and a company of three hundred souls and more on board, was wrecked, in a dark and stormy night, on the coast of Ireland! The noble ship left her port in fine trim, and with every prospect of a safe and speedy voyage—but alas!—not many hours after she was thumping upon the rocks—the sea breaking over her with terrific violence, and threatening to send people, ship, and cargo, to instant destruction!—But how could they mistake the light? Were the captain and his officers on the look-out? Yes. Was the chart (or map of the coast) closely examined? Yes. Was the compass all right? Yes. And were the common precautions taken to keep the ship on her proper course? Yes; all this was done.

How then could she have met such a sad disaster?—Why, because a light appeared which was not noted on the chart, and the captain was deceived by it! He mistook it for another light that was on the chart, and so, when he supposed he was running out to sea, he was really running in upon the breakers! How great a mistake, and how terrible the consequences?—Every reader of these lines is sailing on a more hazardous voyage than this ship attempted, and has the command of a nobler vessel and a richer freight than hers; yes, richer than all the treasures of the world! Thousands of plans are laid to mislead and divert him from his course. False lights are purposely held out to betray him, and tides and currents, of almost resistless power, set against him from every point of the compass. Will he steer clear of them all? Shall we see him push out into the broad sea, with a bright sky, a fair wind, and sails all set for the desired haven? Will he accomplish the voyage, and his fears and perils be all exchanged for the tranquillity and joy of a happy home?—It will depend on *two* things.—1st, Whether he has the true chart, and takes good heed to it. It is known as the *Holy Scriptures*, and it lays down the position of every light on the voyage; and he may be sure that any light that is not found on that chart is to be shunned.—2nd, Whether he commits himself and the whole direction of his voyage to *Him* whose footsteps are on the sea, and who rides upon the wings of the wind—*Jesus*—the best pilot. He who sends the storm, steers the vessel.—No one ever put his trust in *Him* and was confounded.—Farewell, then—dear voyager—young and old! I wish you a safe and happy voyage in the year 1881!! Be sober—be vigilant—keep your chart always spread before you, and daily ask *Him*, to whose direction you have committed the voyage, what course he would have you, this day, to steer.—

OBE.

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SCHUL-PREDIGT. By Rev. G. F. H. Meiser. Single copies, 5 cents; per dozen, 50 cents; per hundred, \$4.00.

Address: Rev. D. Simon,
23 Armstrong Str., Columbus, Ohio.

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A MISSIONARY MONTHLY.

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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Vol. III.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1881.

No. 2.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

The Way to Heaven.

We all have read about the ladder that Jacob saw in a dream. It reached from the ground to heaven. Heaven was open, and God stood at the top of the ladder and spoke to Jacob, while angels went up and down on it. (Gen. 28, 12, 13.) A ladder from earth to heaven! Does not this make us wish for a ladder on which we might climb to heaven and be with God? There is such a ladder, my dear reader. God made it, and it has only ten rounds, or steps. That is, God gave all men ten commandments to keep and made a contract with them, saying that, if they kept these commandments, He would willingly take them into heaven. Now, very many people think that they are climbing this ladder, or, in other words, that they are keeping the commandments and on that account will unfaillingly get to heaven. But they are sadly mistaken. To climb this ladder, means to keep every commandment perfectly with heart, soul, body, in thought, word, and deed. And the ladder itself tells us that it is foolish and useless to try to get to heaven by it; that we constantly do wrong and, if we should be judged according to our thoughts, words, and actions, we should be forever lost. By that ladder, therefore, we cannot get to heaven. But, if this ladder that God built will not answer, what are we to think of all those ladders that men make themselves, and on which they propose to reach heaven? One thinks he will get to heaven, because he is a church-member. Another hopes to get there, because he attends church so regularly. Still another is sure of heaven, because he prays so much and reads the Bible. Then another thinks he cannot miss heaven, because he gives to the poor, or because he does not lie, cheat, swear, kill, like other people. Let me tell you, all these ladders will not answer. All these things are good, but not sufficient to earn heaven with. If you want to gain heaven by your own good works and for what you are worth you must climb the entire ladder that God made, you must keep all the commandments perfectly. Nothing less will do. And now try the first round of God's ladder, and it

will snap, break and throw you to the ground. That is, you break the first commandment, instead of keeping it. You'll not even reach the second round. Do not try to get to heaven by this ladder!

There is one ladder, however, on which all men may ascend to heaven. It was made by God alongside of the other, but entirely different from it. The other has ten rounds, this one only two. The other requires climbing, hard work, to get up, this one requires no work at all. All men fail to climb the other, all may climb this one. Let me explain. The two rounds of this blessed ladder are, 1st, God's mercy, 2nd, Jesus Christ. It is, in the first place, only through God's mercy that we may get to heaven. As we are by nature, as we live, speak, think, or do, we don't belong to heaven, do not deserve heaven, but belong to hell, having justly deserved eternal punishment. If then we may, shall, and do get to heaven, it can be only because God has taken pity on us and lets mercy take the place of justice, by forgiving and covering our sins, instead of punishing them eternally. God, however, could not and would not be so merciful and forgive sin, if it were not for Jesus Christ. Therefore, Jesus Christ is the second round of this ladder. Jesus was the only one that ever climbed the ladder of God to heaven, step by step, that is, He fulfilled the whole law, all the commandments, perfectly for us all. This saves us the climbing of the ladder, which we could never do. We can go to heaven without climbing it, for what Jesus did, is the same as if we did it. If Jesus climbed the ladder, it is *our* climbing. So God must keep his contract and promise all the same and take us to heaven. Jesus also suffered and died for our sins, so that God should not punish us; for the punishment that was laid on Jesus, was our punishment. It is the same as if we had been in hell forever. Therefore, God can ask no more. Full payment has been made for sinners by Christ. And God willingly and mercifully forgives our sins for Christ's sake. But who are they that are pardoned and become children of God? Who are they that accept God's mercy in Christ and go to heaven by that ladder? Those that truly believe in Christ

Jesus. None else. Let us believe in Christ. Let us believe that we are really such great, lost and condemned sinners, as the Bible describes us. Let us despair of saving ourselves by our own good works and worth. Let us hope for pardon from the mercy of God alone, as a gift to beggared sinners. Let us then believe that Jesus saved us too, and that through Him we may have pardon from God, and that as surely as we trust in Christ, so surely are our sins forgiven. The moment we begin to believe in Christ and trust that God is merciful unto us poor sinners for Christ's sake, we will have full pardon. Faith is the hand that takes the pardon bought for every sinner so long ago and offered to all the world in the Gospel. What holds men in their sins still is their failure to take what is offered them, their failure to believe the Gospel and trust in Christ, and thus be forgiven. Consequently, if men fail to reach heaven, it will not be on account of their failure to keep the commandments, but their neglect to believe. F. B.

—**"CONSIDER HIM."**—Looking at the natural sun weakens the eye; but the more we look at Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, the stronger and clearer will the eye of faith be. Look but at Christ, then you will love Him, and live *on* Him and *for* Him. Are you tempted to sin? remember that He gave Himself for you, that you may be saved not only from the guilt of sin, but also from its *present power* over you. Think how much he loved you—how much He suffered for you, and you will loathe sin in every form. Love to read the Scriptures—they testify of Christ. Are you in danger of being carried about "with every wind of doctrine"? Be occupied with Christ—the "Rock of ages" is a sure foundation—"the same yesterday, today, and for ever." Do the trials of life weary you, and its cares threaten to overwhelm, look unto Him who says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Selected.*

As soon as God makes a man a Christian by faith, Satan loses a subject and finds an enemy.

Slow Pay—Poor Pay—No Pay.

Slow pay—poor pay—no pay—what is it? In many cases it is the minister's salary. We know this is a very delicate subject to write upon, and if we were a pastor we might lay down our pen for fear that our congregation might think we were not satisfied with our salary. But we have no congregation that could think anything of the kind, and so we may just as well say something on this subject. We were reminded of it lately when reading in one of our exchanges that an Eastern editor was asked the following question: "Mr. Editor, since editors 'know everything,' please tell us why so many Christian people don't pay their pastors as promptly, as they pay debts contracted with other men." Yes, why such slow pay?

But slow pay is perhaps better than *poor pay*. A Southern paper says that in one of the States "the ministry is not properly supported. There is scarcely a pastor in the State who is getting a fair living. Living is becoming more and more dear, while in many instances salaries are steadily falling off. There is consequently a feeling of uneasiness among the ministers that is hurtful to the cause of religion. The charges are as able to live well, to dress, to buy and sell as they ever were—able in every thing except the Church." There must be something foul in such congregations.

But in some cases the minister's salary is—*no pay*. That is a queer salary, is it not? We heard of such a salary some years ago down in Virginia. An excellent old Christian lady, a pastor's widow, told us that in the first years of her married life her husband had charge of a large country congregation. "The congregation," the lady said, "had promised a salary, but after we had been there a short time we found out that the salary was—no pay. The people thought we could get our living from the little farm that belonged to the parsonage. We suffered a great deal in those years, but my husband bore it all with great patience. I many a time wished I could give those people a piece of my mind." "Not a piece of your mind," we said, "but the plain word of God. The people perhaps knew no better, and they ought to have been instructed from God's Word in regard to the duty of every Christian congregation."

A pastor should devote his time entirely to the duties of his calling. He should not "entangle himself with the affairs of this life" (2 Tim. 2, 4.), but he should "give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine." (1 Tim. 4, 13.) Therefore "hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." (1 Cor. 9, 14.) "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?" says the Apostle. (1 Cor. 9, 7.) From these and other passages of God's Word we learn that it is the plain duty of all the members of the congregation to give something towards the minister's salary according to their means.

Dr. Luther therefore says: "There is no doubt that it is our duty to support the pastors and ministers of the Church, and if we give nothing towards their support, God's Word will condemn us, and we will bring shame upon ourselves. It is God's will that 'he that is taught in the Word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.' Gal. 6, 6. And to this St. Paul adds in the 7th verse: 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked.' In like manner Christ says to His apostles in Luke 10, 7.: 'And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give; for *the laborer is worthy of his hire*.'"

Again Luther says: "It is impossible that true Christians should let their pastors live in need and want. But since some even laugh and rejoice when their pastors suffer, and withhold from them their living, or give it not with such faithfulness as they ought, it is a plain token they are worse than the heathen."

And again Luther says: "The people must be admonished of their duty, that they may know that they ought to yield unto their pastors both reverence and a necessary living. Our Saviour Christ teacheth the same thing in the tenth chapter of Luke: 'Eating and drinking such things as they have, for the laborer is worthy of his hire.' And Paul saith, 'Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things live of the things of the temple? and they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar? Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel,' 1 Cor. 9, 13, 14."

Is it not wrong to think the minister's salary must be slow pay—poor pay—no pay?

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Take, eat, this is my Body.—Drink ye all of it, this is my Blood.

Matth. 26, 26, 28.

DEAR READER:—Perhaps you are in a strait as to the proper meaning of these words, your soul being darkened by the error of sectarians who say that our Saviour did not mean His body and blood, but instituted the Holy Supper only as a memorial of His death. To make this seem clear they direct you to John 6, 63.: "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." Now, that in these words our Saviour did not mean His flesh but ours can be clearly seen from the context; but I will also direct you to Rom. 8, 1.: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the *flesh*, but after the Spirit"; and to Gal. 5, 16.: "This I say then, walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the *flesh*." There is nothing in our sinful flesh that profiteth anything, nothing that would merit salvation; no, we must wholly rely on the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Verily, His flesh and blood profiteth us much. X.

Under his Wings.

Under his wings shalt thou trust.—Ps. 91, 4.

That means to-day, not some other time! Under his wings, the shadowing wings of the Most High, you, poor little helpless one, are to trust to-day.

When the little eaglets, that have not yet a feather to fly with, are under the great wings of the parent eagle, how safe they are! Who would dare touch them? If a bold climber put his hand into the nest then, those powerful wings would beat him in a minute from his hold, and he would fall down on the rocks and be dashed to pieces. So safe shall you be "under his wings," "nothing shall by any means hurt you" there.

When the wild snow-storms rage round the eyrie, and the mountain cold is felt, that is death to an unprotected sleeper, how warm the little eaglets are kept! Not an arrow of the keen blast reaches them, poor little featherless things, not a snowflake touches them. So warm shall you be kept "under his wings," when any cold and dark day of trouble comes, or even any sudden little blast of unkindness or loneliness.

"Under his wings shalt thou trust!" Not "shalt thou see!" If one of the eaglets wanted to see for itself what was going on, and thought it could take care of itself for a little while, and hopped from under the shadow of the wings, it would be neither safe nor warm. The sharp wind would chill it, and the cruel hand might seize it then. So you are to trust, rest quietly and peacefully, "under his wings;" stay there, not be peeping out and wondering whether God really is taking care of you! You may be always safe and happy there. Safe, for "in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge." Happy, for "in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice."

Remember, too, that it is a command as well as a promise; it is what you are to do to-day, all day long: "Under his wings shalt thou trust!"

"I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only thee!
Trusting thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

"I am trusting thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead!
Every day and hour supplying
All my need."

F. R. Havergal.

"GOOD works do not make a Christian; but one must be a Christian to do good works. The tree bringeth forth the fruit, not the fruit the tree. None is made a Christian by works, but by Christ; and being in Christ, he brings forth fruit for Him."—Luther.

A TRUE Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So the world with its love of pleasure getting into the hearts of Christians has ruined its millions.

In God's Care.

One night, when Mr. Hansen, a rich Swedish merchant, was visiting Pomerania with his son, he took lodgings at a neat looking inn, where many years before he had passed three days. It had been pleasant weather then, but now the wind raged fiercely, and the sea lashed itself into fury. The hardiest of men had left the coast, and shivering with the cold had gone to their homes. Edmund, the son of the merchant Hansen, went out to look about him, wrapped in a great woolen cloak, but soon came in, and said to the white-haired landlady: "What fearful weather, Mother Martens! No one in his senses would dare to go out on the sea just now."

"That is true enough, young man; no good would come of it," said the old woman.

"You could very easily weather such a storm," said Edmund smiling. "Such a voyage as you once made is not taken very often. My father has told me about it. You are shielded from wind and wave." "Hush!" said the old woman, "we are everywhere under the eye of God. Those whom He keeps are well kept."

"That is true, Mother Martens," said the merchant. "You have had proof of God's power and goodness. The storm is still raging; let us close the shutters, and hear the story from beginning to end. Edmund will be pleased to know all about it."

"I do not like to speak of myself," said the woman; one should leave that to others. However, you are right, sir; this story may be useful to the young gentleman, and, as there is nothing more to be done outside, I will tell you how God gave me proof of His watchful care."

At these words the good old woman closed the shutters, put the kettle on the fire, and when the water was hot and the tea served, she began:

"You see, sir, I am an old woman. I have lived many long years in this strange country; but the day I left my own land is as distinct in my memory as if it were yesterday. The cabin of my parents was on the seacoast in the southern part of Sweden. I have never had riches. Our greatest treasure was a cow, spotted black and white. We had raised her and she was dear to us. It was my business to lead her every day to pasture. In Summer it was very pleasant, but not so in Winter. My father was a fisherman, and when the snow covered the country, and the sea was frozen over, we suffered much. Once we might have died of hunger if it had not been for the cow. The poor creature was the object of all our care.

"One time the Winter was more severe than usual, the snow was piled up in heaps all around our cabin, and I, scarcely sixteen years old, longed for the Spring as the bird for the sun. At last, one cold, misty day, the sun drew me to the door, and I led our cow along the shore, where, here and there, at the foot of the banks of sand, were some tufts of grass. The cow

bounded with joy, and I was truly happy. Suddenly she ran toward the sea, which was covered with thick ice that cracked and broke as she moved over it. She reached a large cake of ice, and standing on it, tried to drink. I had gone with her. I kept close to her side, and saw in the distance great blocks of ice carried away by the tide. I felt the ice under us move. I called to the cow and tried to drive her to the shore, but she had not drunk enough and would not stir; I cried aloud, I seized the cow and drew her with all my strength, and, I shudder to think of it, the ice on which we were broke loose from the shore and began to drift out toward the open sea!

"To right and left, before and behind, the ice was carried away. I looked around. I was going farther and farther from the land. I was numb with fear. The ice on which we were floated on as a small boat. The cow shook with cold. The swift tide pressed on us and drove us ahead; darkness came on; the sun had set long ago, and now it was black night. The waves broke on our ice cake—I fell on my knees—I prayed. The cow had lain down. I stretched myself close to her; this warmed me. Then I thought of my father, my mother, who would look for me so anxiously. I was filled with grief and I slept, weak and tired.

"In the middle of the night, I awoke, shivering and my teeth chattering. Oh, what a spectacle was before me! On all sides nothing but the water, nothing but the dreadful sea! The stories about water fairies that I had heard told by sailors came to my mind; I seemed to see strange figures rising from the sea and coming like clouds towards me. Then I shut my eyes and prayed again. When I opened them I saw a bright star ahead. I looked again. It was a light and it surely moved. A boat with men is coming towards us. "Oh, Nanette!" I cried, "stand up." It seemed to me the cow ought to shout for joy; but the poor shivering creature did not move.

"My fingers were numb and stiff, but I tore off my apron and waved it in the air, then, then—"

"Then," said Edmund, with glowing eagerness, "they reached you and took you home—you and Nanette?"

"I do not know how it was," said the old woman whose eyes were filled with tears. "I remember only voices, and then finding myself on a big ship, and then being home again in the dear old cabin, and father thanking the blessed God and rubbing Nanette, and then the happiest moment when father said, 'Oh! my daughter, I felt sure you would pray, and God would hear you.' My young friend, with God to help me, I was as safe on that open sea as I am now by this bright warm fire."

"Ay, ay!" said the merchant, quietly; and the son, looking at the dancing flames, said: "I thank you, Madam Martens. You have taught me a lesson that I shall remember for many a day."

Selected.

DEAR PIONEER:

I have a nice story for you. I knew a little boy and I loved him too. He was nearly four years old when he went home to his Saviour. He had learned to say a little prayer: "Dear Saviour, a child of faith make Thou of me, that I to heaven come to Thee." It was his custom to kneel down and to fold his hands, whenever he prayed. But in his illness he grew very weak and became also paralyzed on one side by spasms. When I told him to say his prayer, he would answer: "I cannot,"—meaning of course that he was not able to kneel down, which he seemed to consider necessary for praying. But I cannot help thinking that shortly before his peaceful departure the Holy Spirit enlightened him on this point. Listen, what happened. I was sitting near his bed and, seeing that he suffered so much, I began saying by myself in a low voice: "Dear Saviour!" and—little Alfred spoke after me: "Dear Saviour, dear Saviour! help! Dear Saviour! a child of faith make Thou of me, that I to heaven come to Thee. Amen." And on that day he went to see his dear Saviour and joined the heavenly hosts to praise Him forever. F.

The Irishman's New Testament.

A farm laborer in the county of Cork, Ireland, understanding that a gentleman had a copy of the Scriptures in the Irish language, begged to see it. He asked whether he might borrow the New Testament in his own tongue, that he might take a copy from it. The gentleman said he could not obtain another of the books, and he was afraid to trust him to take a copy in writing.

"Where will you get the paper?" he asked.

"I will buy it."

"And the pens and ink?"

"I will buy them."

"Where will you find a place to copy it?"

"If your honor will allow me your hall, I will come after I have done my work in the day and take a copy by portions in the evening."

The gentleman was so struck with his zeal that he gave him the use of the hall and a light in order to carry out his wish. The man was firm to his purpose, finished the work, and produced a copy of the New Testament in writing by his own hand. A printed volume was given to him in exchange, and the written one was placed in the hands of the late noble President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as a monument of the desire of the Irish to know the Scriptures.

"It is a welcome thought to the true child of God, that with every year which passes that last day comes nearer when time shall be no longer, that last day when all true children of God shall go into an eternity of bliss and happiness. There the light of the Lamb will be in the place of the sun, and that light will cast no shadow."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

OUR MISSIONARY at New Orleans has begun his mission work among the colored people of that place. The services are well attended, and the school is steadily growing in numbers. Another Day School is to be opened for the colored people in Claiborne Chapel, under the care of Mr. C. Berg, a cousin of our faithful missionary at Little Rock.

THE *Church Messenger* publishes the following letter from a Lutheran family in Kansas: "How glad we are that a Lutheran minister is coming out here. Our hearts long and are hungry for the preached word and the voice of a Lutheran pastor. We wish two of our children to attend Catechetical instruction, and there are several others who would be glad to enter the Catechetical class. A class could be begun with at least seven, and doubtless others would enter after the work was once begun. There are a goodly number of our Lutheran people in this vicinity, and if the man who is sent out here is a Lutheran Christian, and could preach some German, we have no doubt but that he would, by the grace of God, gather a flourishing congregation in a few years. Tell the missionary to bring some Catechisms with him and come right here to our house. If he is an unmarried man he can board and lodge with us; if he is a man of family, we have a house into which we will let him move. Just have him come here to our place."

THIS reminds us of an address. Of an address? Yes. Here it is: Mr. C. F. Lange, 509 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo. It is the address of our Treasurer who has been appointed to receive contributions for the support of an English missionary in the West. Lutherans that enjoy the great blessings of God's pure Word should gladly pray and pay for the spread of the Gospel in our Western States.

A WOMAN, who had for some time heard her husband pray "Thy Kingdom cometh," but had seen no cash going in that direction, once said to him, "Now, John, I think it is about time to help the kingdom of God to come by the expenditure of a little cash, or dry up on the subject altogether."

Two burglars lately broke into St. Matthew's Lutheran Church in New York, and were operating on an iron safe in the secretary's room when they were surprised by the sexton, who went in to light a fire. They had already broken off the knob of the safe and were about blowing it open with powder when disturbed.

THE installation of Rev. C. A. Frank as Professor of Theology, and Rev. G. H. Schodde, Ph. D., as Professor of the Latin language and literature, took place in the college chapel of the Lutheran University at Columbus, Ohio, on the 13th of January.

EX-GOV. RICE, of Massachusetts, has presented to the Library of Roanoke College, Virginia, a rare old Latin Bible, printed in the year 1477.

A NUMBER of Lutheran pastors of New York city, at a conference held on the 7th of January, discussed and adopted a plan for the establishment of a Lutheran hospital in that great city. The plan will be laid before the congregations for their approval.

IN GERMANY preparations are already being made for the celebration of the 400th anniversary of Luther's birthday in the year 1883.

IN South Africa the Lutheran Church is growing steadily. There are also many German Lutheran congregations there, whose pastors have now formed a synod.

THE Lutheran Swedes have at all times shown a great interest in the mission work in Lapland. Princess Eugenie, sister of the reigning Swedish King, is said to be taking a leading and effective part in the work, in personal labor and by means of self-sacrificing gifts, even to the selling of the greater part of her jewels, in order to support it.

THE officers of the great railways, such as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, have ordered the "flash" literature out of their stations, and forbidden its sale on their trains. Well done!

THE creditors of the bankrupt Romish Archbishop of Cincinnati have not yet been paid one cent. The failure occurred two years ago, and the liabilities are about four million dollars. We wonder there are no "Sisters" with white bonnets going about and begging gifts for the "poor" Bishop from kind-hearted Protestants.

THE Irish Catholics who have been persuaded by several Romish Bishops to form a colony in Minnesota, have suffered greatly this winter. A reporter found them starving and without any means to protect themselves against the severe cold.

THE Lutheran Almanac, published in Baltimore, gives the following statistics of the Ev. Lutheran Synodical Conference: Pastors, 1176; congregations, 1990; parochial schools, 1064; number of souls, 554,505.

THE HON. SIMON CAMERON, formerly United States Senator from Pennsylvania, donated the house in which he was born in Lancaster Co., Pa., to the Lutheran church at that place, in memory of his deceased wife, who was a member of a Lutheran congregation.

As we go to press the sad news reaches us of the death of Rev. Theodor Biltz, pastor of the Lutheran Church at Morris, Ill. He departed this life on the 17th of January, aged 24 years. The deceased was a graduate of our Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis and a son of the Rev. F. J. Biltz, President of the Western District of the Missouri Synod.

THE wealthy miser lives as a poor man here: but he must give account as a rich man in the day of judgment.

A BELIEVER'S dying day is his crowning day.

"It's Better Higher Up."

There is a story of a poor old woman, who was sick and near unto death. She lived in a garret five stories up. There was a Christian lady who often visited her, and always found her very cheerful. This visitor had a lady friend of wealth who constantly looked on the dark side of things, and was always cast down, although she was a professed Christian. She thought it would do this lady good to see the bed-ridden saint, so she took her down to the house. When they got to the first story the lady drew up her dress and said, "How dark and filthy it is!" "It's better higher up", said her friend. They got to the next story, and it was no better, the lady complained again, but her friend replied, "It's better higher up." At the third floor it seemed still worse, and the lady kept complaining, but her friend kept saying, "It's better higher up." At last they got to the fifth story, and when they went into the sick-room there was a nice carpet on the floor, there were flowering plants in the window and little birds singing. And there they found this bed-ridden saint—one of those saints whom God is polishing for His own temple—just beaming with joy. The lady said to her, "It must be very hard for you to lie here." She smiled and said, "It's better higher up!" Yes, and if things go against us, my friends, let us remember that "It's better higher up." The soul that is filled with this hope sees a bright side to every cloud, and hears a cheerful song above all storms and all sorrow.

DIED,

On November 29th, 1880, after a lingering illness, Catharina, beloved wife of Alex. Einwaechter, in the 71st year of her age.

She emigrated to this country from Baden in 1829, and shortly afterward connected herself with the first German Lutheran congregation of Baltimore. In 1834, she was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Alex. Einwaechter, and attended the above congregation so long as the truth was taught. With her husband and others she afterwards founded the second Lutheran Church of Baltimore, of which Rev. Hespert was the first pastor, succeeded by Fathers Wyncken and Keyl. In 1867, when a separation took place in said congregation, she became a member of Rev. C. Frincke's congregation, and remained a faithful member of the Lutheran Church until her death. She had selected as her text Hebrews 10, 39., on which Rev. C. Frincke preached in German. Rev. E. L. S. Tressel preached in English on Job 19, 25. She was one of the pioneers of the Lutheran Church in Baltimore.

Money - Box.

Received for our Mission among the Colored People from P. Schlesinger \$1.00. R. A. B.

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No. 3.

Whosoever.

God's Word comes to every one with the solemn words, "Thou art the man;" and in its great WHOSOEVER leaves no room for any man to doubt that he is meant. It condemns you and every sinner with those solemn words: "WHOSOEVER committeth sin is the servant of sin" (John 8, 34.); "WHOSOEVER shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all" (James 2, 10.); "WHOSOEVER committeth sin transgresseth also the law; for sin is the transgression of the law." (1 John 3, 4.) Thus the law of God condemns *you*. Your name is not found there. It does not say, "Mr. Jones," or "Mrs. Smith." If it did, there might be some doubt, which Mr. Jones and which Mrs. Smith is meant. So you see there is something far better there than your name. No matter what your name is, it is wrapt up in that great WHOSOEVER. Thou art the man; the law condemns *you*. This is the "WHOSOEVER" of God's law. It is a terrible "WHOSOEVER," more terrible than all the cries and groans of the lost in hell!

How, then, can I hope to be saved?

Your hope must be in the *mercy* of God through Christ Jesus. Salvation is of *pure grace*. No mortal deserves it.

But God is a holy and righteous Judge, and He is angry with sin.

Yes; but He loves the sinner; and in order that the sinner might be saved, He has sent His only-begotten Son into the world to die, "the just for the unjust." God has judged, condemned, and punished sin in the person of our Substitute, who has fully redeemed us from the curse of the law and the punishment of sin. And in the Gospel God stretches forth His hand of love, and offers pardon and eternal salvation to all sinners, and is ready to receive every sinner. Believe, that is, simply trust with all your heart in that Gospel and you *are* saved.

But how may I know that God will receive *me*? My name is not there.

Ah, my friend, there is something far better there than your name. It is the great WHOSOEVER of the Gospel. Listen to it: "God so loveth the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER believeth in him should

not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3, 16.); "WHOSOEVER believeth in him shall receive remission of sins (Acts 10, 43.); "WHOSOEVER believeth on him shall not be ashamed" (Romans 10, 11.); "WHOSOEVER will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. 22, 17.) Does not that "*whosoever*" of the Gospel take in *your* case? Can you receive the word, "WHOSOEVER," and shut *yourself* out? You cannot, my friend. Your name is wrapt up in that great "WHOSOEVER," and by trusting in that Gospel-word you can be surer of your salvation than if your name were written plainly in flashing letters across the sky, as one whom Jesus will receive. How sweet is that "WHOSOEVER" of the Gospel! Sweeter, far sweeter than all the songs of angels! In it God throws His arms wide open, and welcomes any, every sinner, that will take eternal life at His hands as a free gift. He welcomes *you*, for He speaks to *you* in that great "WHOSOEVER."

Mr. Gold.

At a missionary meeting at Hamilton, Ontario, John Sunday, an Indian preacher, in closing an address, spoke as follows: "There is a gentleman who, I suppose, is now in this house. He is a very fine gentleman, but a very modest one. He does not like to show himself at these meetings. I do not know how long it is since I have seen him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid that he sleeps a good deal of his time when he ought to be out doing good. His name is Gold. Mr. Gold, are you here to-night, or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold; come out and help us do this great work, to preach the gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold! you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look at your white brother, Mr. Silver; he does a great deal of good while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold. Look, too, at your brown little brother, Mr. Copper; he is everywhere. Your poor little brown brother is running about, doing all that he can to help us. Why don't you come out, Mr. Gold? Well, if you won't show yourself, send us your shirt, that is a bank note. That is all I have to say." John Sun-

day's call is very timely and may well be echoed in the hope that it may reach the ears of Mr. Gold or those who have him in custody. "The silver and the gold are mine, saith the Lord of Hosts," but the gold seems to be obtained with much more difficulty than the silver or the copper.

"Pardon for Nothing."

Some time since, when visiting an old man who seemed anxious about salvation, I found great difficulty in making him understand that pardon is the free gift of God, through the precious blood of Christ.

At last I said to him: "Now, suppose I were to go to a shop, and buy something for you, and pay for it, and send it to you, need you pay any money for it?"

"No," said the old man, brightening up; "it would be paid for."

"Need you make any promise to pay at some future time?" I then asked.

"No," he replied; "I should have it for nothing."

"So," I continued, "it is with forgiveness of sins—the Lord Jesus has paid the full price for it. He has had the groans, the sighs, the tears, the wrath, the pain, the punishment; yea, all that sin deserved. He bore it all. He paid the whole. Yes, He bought forgiveness with his precious blood, and now He gives it as a gift to all who will accept it."

"Yes," said the old man, as his eyes filled with tears, "I see it now; it is pardon for nothing! pardon for nothing! Christ has bought it, and gives it to me."

Dear reader, you may also believe that Christ alone saves; that neither your tears nor groans, nor prayers nor works, can secure forgiveness for you. Christ alone has secured that, by the shedding of his blood, and you must accept it in faith. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." X.

A REMARK of an old minister is commended to all preachers who are tempted to complain of a small congregation:—"It is as large a congregation, perhaps, as you will want to account for at the day of judgment."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

The Sixth Commandment.*"Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

What does this mean?

We should fear and love God, that we may lead a chaste and decent life in word and deed, and each love and honor his spouse."

(Luther's Small Catechism.)

This commandment demands of everybody, of every man, woman and child, that they "lead a chaste and decent life in words and deeds." Of the married people it asks that they "love and honor" each other. Let us learn what it demands of us all. We should lead a chaste and decent life in "words." That is, not a word, expression, or sentence should be uttered by our tongue, about which there is anything unchaste or indecent. It is unnecessary to mention and describe here the nasty, filthy language that is said or sung by so many old and young people. Surely God is patient, or else He would strike dumb the tongue that utters unchaste and indecent words. Furthermore, we should not take pleasure in the foul, indecent talk of others; we should not be silent when others use such language, but rebuke it; we should not seek nor remain in the company of those that will not listen to our warning, and protest against such language—otherwise we become partners to their sin, just as guilty of unchaste, indecent conversation as they that use it. We must, therefore, not only avoid all indecent and unchaste words ourselves, but also shun those that utter them.

A chaste and decent life in "deeds," is what this commandment next requires of everybody. We should commit none of those beastly acts which make women harlots, rob maidens of their virtue, ruin men, and destroy body and soul. We should also avoid every unchaste and indecent motion, sign, arrangement of dress, embracing, flirting, indeed everything that has but a shade of indecency in it. We should not take pleasure in the unchaste and indecent actions of others, nor keep the company of such people. We should, in short, avoid all unchaste and indecent deeds on our part, and also flee from those that do them.

We must remember, however, that, when we avoid unchaste and indecent words and deeds, then we only lead a chaste and decent life *outwardly*. But is that enough? Certainly not. We must also *inwardly* lead such a life. The inner life of man also consists of words and deeds. The words are unspoken, namely the thoughts. The deeds are the desires and intentions of the heart. We must, therefore, in order to make up a wholly decent and chaste life, be chaste and decent in our thoughts and desires also. Do not be content with being chaste outwardly before men, while inwardly your heart is full of unchaste thoughts and desires, which, though known only to God, bring the same condemnation upon you as unchaste words and deeds. Herein all have violated this commandment. Though chaste in words

and deeds, no man can say that his sinful heart did not, at times, call up within him unclean, indecent thoughts and desires. The heart of man is given to all sins, therefore also to this. It must be checked and ruled. Above all, every occasion must be avoided, that will cause such wicked thoughts and desires to rise in us. Keep out of bad company. Their talk and manners will surely tempt your heart to give way to bad thoughts. Do not read bad books. If you do so, the consequence will be that your heart and mind will not despise unchaste things as you ought, or even be filled with the deadly poison of unclean thoughts. Turn your eyes away from all unchaste indecent pictures and sights, lest they by way of the eyes come into your heart. Avoid dance-houses and balls. Dancing is one of the greatest temptations to unchaste thoughts and, but too often, to unchaste filthy actions. Perhaps over one half of the people that dance attend balls for no other reason than to experience the abominable pleasure caused by the unchaste thoughts and desires which are awakened in them by the embracing of the other sex, the unchaste dress of dancers and the excitement of the dance. Avoid also intemperance. Drunkenness makes man a beast, and a beast will have beastly thoughts and desires. In short, let us not only crush out of heart all that is unchaste in thought and desire, but also shun, flee, hate everything that will give our heart a chance to break away from control and to soil itself. God help us to keep body, tongue, all our acts, heart and soul free and unsoiled from all uncleanness. What this commandment asks of all married people, a few words will suffice to state. They should "love and honor" each other. That will keep them, with God's help, from that adultery, which even the laws of our state forbid and which would be a good (and the only) cause for divorce. To love and honor each other means that they be patient with each other, peaceful, gently reproving each other's faults. It means that they keep to the very letter those vows made at their marriage before God. Let the husband do as he promised, namely love, comfort, honor, support and keep his wife as a Christian husband is bound to do, and all this in health and in sickness, in prosperity and in adversity. Let the wife do as she promised, namely love, obey, comfort, honor and keep her husband as a Christian wife is bound to do, at all times and in all circumstances of life. Read 1 Peter 3, 7. Col. 3, 19. Ephesians 5, 22. 1 Peter 3, 5. 6.

F. B.

On Dancing.

The Chief of Police, of New York, says, that three-fourths of the abandoned girls in that city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing for which, if taken under any other circumstances, these gentlemen would be reported as improper persons. It requires neither brain, good morals, nor religion to be a good dancer. . . Dancing

will not mix with religion any more than oil will mix with water. As the love of one increases, the love of the other decreases. How many distinguished Christians are eminent dancers? As certainly as the atmosphere around the thermometer at zero will freeze things, as certainly as the wind that is swelling the sail will drive the boat, so certainly will dancing freeze the religious sentiments out of the soul. It will drive its devotee out of the church; it is a wind that blows in that direction. In old times the sexes danced separately. Now, sex is the spirit of the dance. Take it away and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would shortly be out of fashion. Parlor dancing is dangerous too. It leads to ungodly balls. It sows to the wind and will reap the whirlwind.

Sincerity Not Enough.

The popular saying is: "It makes no difference what a man believes, just so he is sincere." Solomon had a different saying. He says, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death." The words of the wise man hold the truth; the popular saying teaches a hurtful lie. A man's sincerity will not save him from the evil consequences of believing a falsehood. To believe in a lie in moral and spiritual things is hurtful to my soul's interest, however sincere I may be. It is *truth* that saves, not *sincerity*. Christ's prayer was that men might be sanctified through the *truth*, not *sincerity*. The *truth* blesses; falsehood damns. The *truth* makes free; falsehood brings bonds and shackles. Away with the hateful error—that sincerity will answer for truth! God has not so spoken.

An empty sack cannot stand upright.

All hope of salvation by our own good works is a foolish attempt to make an empty sack stand upright. We are undeserving, ill-deserving, hell-deserving sinners at the best. The law of God must be kept without a single failure if we hope to be accepted by it; but there is not one among us who has lived a day without sin. No, we are a lot of empty sacks, and unless the merits of Christ are put into us to fill us up, we cannot stand in the sight of God. The law condemns us already, and to hope for salvation by it is to run to the gallows to prolong our lives. There is a full Christ for empty sinners, but those who hope to fill themselves will find their hopes fail them. c. w. s.

Costly, but not Dear.

An Englishman visiting Lutheran Sweden, and noticing the care in educating children, inquired if it was not costly. He received the suggestive answer: "Yes, it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance, misery and crime, to become a scourge to society as well as a disgrace to himself."

"Thine, Jesus, Thine."

"I am Thine."—Psalm 119, 91.

FOR CONFIRMATION DAY.

Thine, Jesus, Thine,
No more this heart of mine
Shall seek its joy apart from Thee;
The world is crucified to me,
And I am Thine.

Thine, Thine alone,
My joy, my hope, my crown;
Now earthly things may fade and die,
They charm my soul no more, for I
Am Thine alone.

Thine, ever Thine,
For ever to recline
On love eternal, fixed, and sure,—
Yes, I am Thine for evermore,
Lord Jesus, Thine.

Then let me live,
Continual praise to give
To Thy dear name, my precious Lord,
Henceforth alone, beloved, adored,
So let me live—

Till Thou shalt come,
And bear me to Thy home,
For ever freed from earthly care,
Eternally Thy love to share,—
Lord Jesus, come.

(Selected.)

Old Aunt Judy.

That was her name. If she had any other, the folks never heard it. They all called her "Aunt Judy." She was a poor old colored woman. She lived in a small and low cabin of rough boards, scarcely high enough for a tall man to stand in it erect, and the only floor was the ground, worn bare and smooth. And there was some furniture in the cabin, yes. There was a box, a cheap pine table, two or three broken chairs, a cooking stove, and a rude bed. That was the furniture, worth less than five dollars put together. Old Aunt Judy was poor, yes, she was very poor in this world's goods. But she was rich in faith. As a poor lost and condemned sinner she clung firmly to the Gospel of Jesus which at all times filled her heart with joy and happiness. In that Gospel she found all her riches, and never wished to be anything else but "a poor sinner saved by grace." Her strong faith and unclouded joy reminded one of that verse in the Bible which says, "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he had promised to them that love him?" (James 2, 5.)

Aunt Judy was taken sick—very sick. There was no hope of her getting well again. A young student of theology, who often visited the colored folks in their cabins, came to see her on her dying-bed. He found her quite happy at the thought that she would soon be with her "blessed Lord," and bright "in full assurance of faith." So he thought he would try her thoroughly, and said to her, "Aunt Judy, you will not think it unkind in me to say that you are a poor, ignorant, old creature, and nobody

cares whether you live or die. When you are gone, the overseer of the poor will place your body in an unpainted coffin, and bury it in the pauper's corner of the grave yard, and there will not be even a plank to mark where you lie. But God is a very great God: He made the world, and the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and all that is in the world; and He has millions of people to look after; some of them rich and mighty. You tell me you are sure He has saved *your* soul; but what good could it do this great God to save a worthless old sinner like you?"

Aunt Judy understood the meaning of the question in a moment, and looking up with a smile that made her black and wrinkled features almost beautiful, she raised her hand, and answered eagerly, "Ah, my boy, God is goin' to pint de angels to me, and tell 'em to see *what His grace can do.*" The student learned a good deal of theology that day, and sat with bowed head beside the dear old saint, as her soul passed away to her heavenly home to bask forever in the smiles of her dear Saviour. How well she had learned the purpose of God in our salvation as given by the apostle Paul: "that in the ages to come he might show *the exceeding riches of his grace*, in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." (Eph. 2, 7.)

May all Christians look away from their own miserable, doubting self, and rejoice in remembering that "God is going to point the angels to them, and tell them to see what His grace can do." For the end of our salvation is God's glory. It is not that man may be exalted, but that in the ages to come God may show the exceeding riches of His grace. He who is the whole way, the whole truth, and the whole life, has said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matth. 18, 3.) Many a great and learned man who has failed to learn the lesson of becoming a little child, the lesson of simply trusting in the exceeding riches of God's grace in Jesus, will not be such an object of delight to the angels as dear old Aunt Judy.

Luther's Snow Song.

On a cold dark night, when the wind was blowing hard and the snow was falling fast, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside—

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather!"

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to take pity on the little wanderer.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said:

"Charity, good sir, for Christ's sake!"

"Come in, my little one," said he. "You shall rest with me for the night."

The boy said "Thank God" and entered.

The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them that he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and sang and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends would not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asleep, they looked in upon him, and were so well pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him, if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain with them.

They sent him to school, and afterward he entered the University. There he found a Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little singer became the strong echo of the good news—"Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street-singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther! Be not forgetful to entertain strangers.

The following is said to be the song which Luther sang on that memorable night:

Lord of heaven! lone and sad,
I would lift my heart to Thee;
Pilgrim in a foreign land,
Gracious Father, look on me.
I shall neither faint nor die,
While I walk beneath Thine eye.

I will stay my faith on Thee,
And will never fear to tread
Where the Saviour-Master leads;
He will give me daily bread.
Christ was hungry, Christ was poor—
He will feed me from his store.

Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest.
Yet I neither faint nor fear,
For the Saviour Christ is here.

If I live, He'll be with me;
If I die, to Him I go.
He'll not leave me, I will trust Him,
And my heart no fear shall know.
Sin and sorrow I defy,
For on Jesus I rely.

You may think to live very well without Christ, but you cannot afford to die without Him. You can stand very securely at present, but death will shake your confidence. Your tree may be fair now, but when the wind comes, if it has not its roots in the Rock of Ages, down it must come. You may think your worldly pleasures good, but they will then turn bitter as worm wood in your taste: worse than gall shall be the daintiest of your drinks, when you shall come to the bottom of your poisoned bowl.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

THE Lutheran Joint Synod of Ohio intends to enlarge its Book Concern. The President of the Publication Board (Rev. R. Herbst, 55 E. Fulton Str., Columbus, Ohio) calls upon all the members of Synod to send in loans of \$5.00, for which satisfactory notes will be given, payable two years after date.

FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT of the Treasurer of the Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other states we learn that the receipts of the general treasury were from the congregations \$9877.27, and from the profits of the Publishing House at St. Louis, \$33,811.68, balance on hand from last year, \$2705.64; total \$46,394.59. The expenses of the year were \$32,971.50. So there are over thirteen thousand dollars in the treasury.—Out of the Mission Treasury \$2,980 were paid for mission work among the colored people, and \$4,229 for Home Missions, chiefly in the Western States.

THE EV. LUTH. ZION'S CONGREGATION, which lost its pastor by yellow fever in 1879, has been supplied in the person of Rev. P. Roenser, of Rose Hill, Texas.

THE TOTAL SUM given by Christians for the carrying on of their missions throughout the world during 1880 is estimated at \$8,000,000.

It is said that during the present century the Lutheran population of our country has increased as that of no other Protestant denomination, though the membership of the Church has by no means increased in proportion. In 1833 the Lutheran population in the United States was estimated to be 750,000. In 1852 it was estimated to be two millions. And now it is estimated to be over three millions.

PROF. DR. G. SEYFFARTH, who is now in his 85th year, has published a new book on the "Universality of the Deluge." The entire profits of the book will be given to the Lutheran Wartburg Orphans' Home, near New York city. It can be had for 20 cents by addressing "Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa."

THE same Lutheran divine has also sent a communication to the American Philological Society, in which he gives the interpretation of the hieroglyphics on the New York obelisk, lately brought over from Egypt and placed in Central Park. He reads one of the sentences: "The man who perished in the Red Sea," and thus finds in the old stone a witness to God's Word come to America after 3747 years to rebuke infidelity.

INGERSOLL, the infidel lecturer, lately delivered one of his blasphemous harangues in Delaware. The judge of the criminal court attended the lecture, and a few days afterward informed the grand jury that, in the state of Delaware, there is a law to punish the sin of blasphemy, which provides that the blasphemer shall be bound to the whipping-post, and publicly flogged. He therefore charged them to diligently inquire and make true presentment respecting the blasphemous discourse of one

Robert G. Ingersoll.—If the grand jury acts according to the instructions of the judge, Mr. Ingersoll may find out that he made a mistake in going to Delaware with his rehash of old arguments against Christianity.

IN THE YEAR 1831, Mr. Girard, of Philadelphia, bequeathed two and a half million dollars to build the Girard college for the education of white male children. One of the provisions in Girard's will is that no clergyman shall be permitted to enter the building or tread the grounds of the institution. Any infidel can enter its walls and talk to its students, but no messenger of Christ can tread there. And what has been the result? An Eastern paper says, "The Girard College education has proved a great failure and all admit it. After the young men are through with their book education, and are wanting places to learn trades, no one wants them in his shop. Their habits have become lazy and idle and no one is willing to have anything to do with them. The ghastly walls of the institution stand as a monument of confessed failure. The curse which Stephen Girard meant should fall on Christianity, has fallen on his own will and purpose."

OUR LUTHERAN IMMIGRANT MISSION at New York distributed over 40,000 tracts and 2080 almanacs, besides many church papers, during the year 1880. \$41,723.11 passed through the missionary's hands. 1829 persons were assisted on their westward journey, and employment was obtained for 71 persons. \$421.20 were given to the entirely destitute and \$4240.99 loaned to those in temporary need. 2830 letters and postal cards were received, and 2032 were written by the missionary.

MONUMENTS have been erected in the Lutheran grave yard at Addison, Ill., in memory of the Rev. A. G. G. Francke, late President of our School Teachers' Seminary, and the Rev. Prof. J. C. W. Lindemann, late Director of the same institution.

REV. C. OPPEN, of the Lutheran Wisconsin Synod, has opened a new Lutheran Orphans' Home at Green Bay, Wis.

OUR LUTHERAN PRINTING HOUSE at St. Louis has published a Reader for the higher classes of our Parochial Schools. This reader completes the series of German Readers.—A series of English Readers is being prepared and will soon be published.

AND now we will tell our readers where we live. This seems to be necessary. Letters intended for the editor of this paper have been sent to St. Louis and even to Buffalo, N. Y. Our paper is printed at St. Louis; but from this it does not follow that we live there. In our times of rail roads and telegraphs an editor may live thousands of miles away from the place where the paper is printed. And we did receive a call from a Lutheran congregation in Buffalo; but from this it does not follow that we accepted the call and moved to that city. No! We live in the beautiful city of FORT WAYNE, in the good old State of INDIANA. Here we close our window.

Little Arlette.

Nearly seven hundred years ago, on a cold, rainy evening, five persons stood together in a little room in one of the poorest streets in the German city of Cologne. There were four men and a little girl. It was plain they were hiding, for chilly as it was, they dared not light a fire. At last the bitter cold was more than they could bear, so they ventured to make a small fire. They had scarcely begun to warm themselves, when soldiers burst in and seized them all. They were taken to prison and soon brought before the judges. Then it was found that their only crime was that they worshipped God, and would not pray to the virgin Mary or the saints. They were condemned to be burnt to death, but a pardon was offered them, if they would forsake Christ. Three of the men said at once they could die, but they could not be unfaithful to their Lord. The fourth, named Robert, hesitated; he was the father of the little girl, Arlette, and her mother had not been dead many weeks. But soon he decided like the rest. The judges coaxed and threatened Arlette. They told her they could not save her from being burnt alive, unless she promised to leave her father's religion. She told the pope's people steadily, "I cannot forsake the faith." In less than a week the five were led to the place of execution. The four men were tied each to a stake, and the fagots heaped around them. They placed Arlette against a stake, but did not tie her. Then they set fire to the fagots, and some kind-hearted man pulled the little girl away, and said he would save her from the dreadful death, and bring her up not to serve her father's God. "I cannot forsake the faith", said Arlette again. And before they could stop her, she ran to her father and caught hold of his hand and stood by him in the flames. In a few moments Arlette and her father were in heaven together. You and I may be thankful that we have not to bear a cross like little Arlette, but we can love the Saviour as well as she did, and be as firm as she was in refusing to do anything that will grieve Him.— E. D.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Chapel on corner of 12th & Rock Strs.

Sunday-school meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock.

Divine services at 3 o'clock and 7 o'clock.

During the season of Lent, extra services will be held on Thursday nights.

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No. 4.

The Crucifixion.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is *He?*—
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow:
Son of Man! 't is Thou! 't is Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is *He?*—
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth's trembling at His doom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
By the promise, ere He died,
To the felon at His side:
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow;
Son of God! 't is Thou! 't is Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is *He?*—
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony,
By the lifeless body laid
In the chambers of the dead,
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified! we know Thee now;
Son of Man! 't is Thou! 't is Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is *He?*—
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow:
Son of God! 't is Thou! 't is Thou!

(Milman.)

It is Finished!

The work of our redemption is finished! This is the glad Gospel news which comes to us from Calvary, and from the empty grave in the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. Glad news for miserable, lost, helpless sinners! We are all such sinners by nature, no matter what our standing in this world may be. "For there is *no difference*; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," says the Bible (Rom. 3, 22, 23.). So we all need redemption from sin, and death, and hell, and the curse of a just and holy God. No mere human being, and no angel in heaven could do this great work of redemption. But God in His great wisdom and love found One who could under-

take and finish this work. God "spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for all" (Rom. 8, 32.). The Son of God became man, and this God-man is our Redeemer. He took the place of all sinners under the law, and at every step of His sorrowful path from Bethlehem to the cross of Calvary He, in our stead, perfectly fulfilled all the demands of the law which we could not keep. He also took upon Himself the punishment of our transgression. All our sins were laid on Him, and in the darkness of Gethsemane, in the darkness that gathered around the cross, the sin-hating God met His sin-bearing Son and poured upon Him as upon our representative all the wrath which we deserved. Our sins caused that deep agony in the garden, our sins dragged the Son of God from one tribunal to another, our sins scourged His holy body, our sins crowned His holy brow with a crown of thorns, our sins nailed Him to the cross, our sins drove Him into that awful abyss of wrath and gloom, out of which arose such a cry of distress as never shook the earth before, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matthew 27, 46.) "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities" (Isaiah 53, 5.). And when He had borne all the punishment, when He had taken the last drop out of the cup of God's wrath, He cried out, "It is finished," and commending His spirit into His Father's hands, He gave up the ghost. And then the work of our redemption was finished. Our enemies indeed thought they had won the victory. Christ's body was laid into the grave, a large stone was placed over the mouth of the tomb, the Roman seal was put upon the stone, and Roman soldiers watched the sepulchre, but—behold!—in the early dawn of Sunday morning our substitute rose triumphantly from the grave. He won the victory over all our enemies, and He being our representative, His victory is our victory. He was "raised again for our justification," says the apostle (Rom. 4, 25.). By raising Christ from the dead God proved to angels, men, and devils that He is perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son, that our redemption is finished. Nothing can be added to make that finished work more complete. No! Any attempt to add some-

thing of our own is an insult to God, a dishonor to our Saviour.

"IT IS FINISHED! yes, indeed—
Finish'd every jot,
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?"

Then take that redemption which was finished long, long ago, and which God offers to you in the Gospel. The very moment you take it with the simple faith of your heart, you have it, it is yours. You are then complete in Christ, "who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification" (Rom. 4, 25.).

Trust in Christ's Work.

We must rest entirely in the finished work of Christ. Not in Christ's work and in some work of our own. No! Not in Christ's work and in our feelings or in anything that we find in our own self. No! But in Christ's finished work alone as it is offered to us in the Gospel. Jesus is the only Saviour. Not Jesus and somebody else. He alone has redeemed us with His own precious blood, and no man can add the least to the value of that blood by which heaven has been opened to us. Surely those that are in heaven know how they got there, and through the opened door which the apostle John saw there floats down to us the song of the redeemed: "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." (Rev. 5, 9.) That is the song of the redeemed in heaven, and every voice in the glory joins in that song. You cannot expect to sit in some corner of heaven with a little harp of your own, singing, "I saved myself, I saved myself." No! There is no such song in heaven. Then do not try to add anything to the finished work of Christ, but simply trust in it for salvation. By raising Christ from the dead God declared himself perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son. Why cannot you be satisfied with it? "Can you tell me," said an unhappy skeptic to a happy old saint, "just what is the gospel you believe, and how you believe it?" She quietly said, "God is satisfied with the work of His Son—this is the gospel I believe; and I am satisfied with it—this is how I believe it."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")
Eternal Redemption.

"Christ being come a high priest of good things to come—entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption." These inspired words, written by the Apostle, Heb. 9, 11., not only look forward to what redemption shall prove to be, but also back unto the time when provision for it was made, which provision was made in Christ before time began to be; for Christ, as Redeemer, was set up from everlasting. Hence St. Peter tells us that Christ as the Savior of His people was verily fore-ordained before the foundation of the world, 1 Pet. 1, 20., that is to say, He was by the Father appointed or fixed on to fill the glorious office of a Savior in order to perform the great work of man's redemption, which work He effectually accomplished in the fulness of time. Of this work the Apostle is speaking, saying that Christ, our High-priest, has obtained *eternal* redemption. Redemption may be said to be eternal for two reasons. First, because the appointment of Christ to be the Redeemer of lost mankind, was before the foundation of the world, from all eternity. Thus provision for such redemption was made by the Father before time. Moreover, the Son of God, as Redeemer, was infinitely approved by Divine justice from eternity. Inasmuch as Christ is the fore-ordained Lamb of God, He is also the fore-approved Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world. Hence St. Paul tells us, that grace was given us in Christ before the world began, and St. John Rev. 13, 8. proclaims Christ "the Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world." Being appointed in the Divine purpose to redeem man by His blood, and approved by Divine justice before the creation of the world, Christ was the Savior before time commenced. And for this reason, redemption may be called eternal: the appointment and approvement of Christ as Redeemer is from eternity, the Savior was provided before sin was committed, the plan of man's recovery was appointed before his ruin took place, and the Gospel which proclaims grace and peace in Christ Jesus was ordained before the world for our glory.

The second reason why the redemption is eternal is, because it is everlasting in its merits and efficacy. By His blood Christ entered in *once* into the holy of holies. "Once," that is to say, once for all. The price once offered is good for ever, there is no other sacrifice needed for the pardon of sin and reconciliation of God; our Lord's once suffering is sufficient proof that it was complete and that it shall last forever, Heb. 10, 12, 14.

The price once paid and once *accepted* never can, never will be declared void or insufficient; once offered, once received from the hands of the bondsman—it stands good to all eternity. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday and to-day and for ever,"—the redemption, obtained by Him, the same yesterday and to-day and for-

ever! Precious truth! Glorious Gospel! Lord, give us faith and make us partakers of Thy salvation!

G. R.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)
Luther in the Pulpit.

The editor of the LUTHERAN PIONEER tells us in a late number that "a colored friend, who read the 'Life of Luther' in the PIONEER, lately said to him: 'I never knew that Luther was such a great man'" &c. &c. There are a great many people, colored and white, who are ignorant of the fact that Dr. M. Luther was a great man—and also a *great and powerful preacher*.—We shall not detain the reader by any general observations of our own upon the characteristics of Luther's preaching, but proceed at once to give him specimens, from which he may form a judgment for himself. The first specimen, which represents the great Reformer in one of his more vehement moods, is a passage in which he denounces the popish idea of good works:

"O for a voice louder than thunder, that I might make myself heard through the whole world, and at once banish this word GOOD WORKS from the hearts, the lips, the ears, and the writings of all men; or succeed at last in convincing them what it means! The universal world thinks, speaks, sings, writes of *good works*. Not a sermon is delivered, but the theme of commendation must be good works. All our halls and all our universities boast of nothing else than good works. In every man's mouth we shall find this word, *good works*. And yet nowhere are good works done; nor is there a man who knows what good works really are. Would to God, that all the pulpits throughout the world were burned with fire and reduced to ashes, that a wretched population might no more be deceived and ruined, in a manner which one shudders to contemplate, by these good works! They give that name to works which God never prescribed: going pilgrimage to the places of their canonized saints; fasting in honor to them; building and decorating temples; bargaining for masses and vigils, as they call them; endless mutterings and unseemly vociferations within their shrines; . . . observing distinctions of food and raiment . . . —but I despair of enumerating all their detestable abominations—their foul and most pernicious impostures. And this, forsooth, is that authority of the pope which we must tremble to reject—that sanctity which we must fall down and adore!! Is there an individual whom I now address, who has an ear to hear, and a heart to understand?—then I adjure him by the living God to hear me when I tell him what works alone are entitled to the name of good works. That, then, is a good work which is of use, and profits the person for whom it is done. Otherwise why give it the designation? Good works are not splendid, dazzling, and imposing works. If I pitch a heavy stone to a distance, that is a great work; but where is

the use of it? Or say that I excel in leaping, in the race, or in the tournament; these may be fine and graceful exercises, but what practical benefit do they confer? I parade a rich vestment, or rear a magnificent chapel, and who is the better of it? To bring the point home, I line the walls of our temples, and the statues, stones, or beams of this building, in which we are now met, with silver and gold; but who benefits by the action when it is done? . . . Who is the better of your fasting to St. Catharine or St. Martin? Of what earthly consequence is it whether you be whole shaven or half—whether you be clothed in black or white? Tell me of what use it were that all men should join in celebrating mass every hour in succession. . . . Mere dreams are all such works together, and unspeakably pernicious impostures! One and all of them we owe to men's lying inventions. They forge them, then they call them good works, and preach that they merit divine favor and procure the remission of sins. Just as if God cared for such works, or the saints needed them! Stocks and stones are not so senseless and stupid as we are. May I not say, rather, that the very trees of the field teach us what good works are? They bear fruit, not for themselves, but for man and beast. And these are their good works. O stupidity! O frenzy! O inconceivable madness! Ay, and bishops and princes, who should countermand such mad follies, are the first to run into them! Blind, and leaders of the blind! What shall I compare them to? Girls playing with puppy dogs, and boys riding upon a stick? Truly they are nothing better than players with puppy dogs and riders upon a stick. The maid-servant who waits upon the mill, if she have faith, does more good, when she but takes the corn from the beast's back, or does some like servile work, than all the clergy and monks taken together, though they should even chant whole days and months, and mangle themselves till they vomited blood. O your starkfolly, ye Papists!—your absolute madness! Ye, then, will save men by your ceremonies! ye will give to others of your merits, and your spiritual benefits! when there is not in the wide world a more miserable set of men—more devoid of the Spirit—more destitute of all that is spiritually good!—Then steps forward the pope, and sells you his parchments and carries you right to heaven—not God's heaven, but his own—that is the deepest hell! . . . This is the reward we have earned for having the Gospel, and suffering it to lie hid under the benches, while we give prominence to the doctrines of men."

OBE.

I HEARD of a very old man like myself, who was asked what his age was. He answered, "The right side of eighty." "I thought you were more than eighty," said the inquirer. "Yes, I am beyond it," he replied, "and that is the right side, for I'm nearer to my eternal rest."—Rowland Hill.

Little Annie's Easter Joy.

The Easter sun shone brightly into the room where little Annie lay on her sick-bed. How gladly she would have gone to the house of God! The day seemed so long to her, and she wished the hours would pass by quicker; for her pastor had promised to come and see her after services. And she had something on her mind which she longed to tell him. He had spoken to her on Good Friday about the sufferings and death of the Saviour of sinners. She knew she was a sinner; but whenever she thought of the sufferings of Christ, she was troubled with the doubt whether her sins were all taken away. It was Easter Day, but there was no Easter joy in Annie's heart. At last the pastor's foot-steps were heard. When he was seated by her side, she said to him, thinking only of what she had heard on Good Friday: "So Jesus died for me, and are then all my sins taken away?"

"Certainly, my child," said the pastor. "Why did the Lord Jesus die for you?"

"To save me," was her prompt reply.

"But why must He have died to save you?"

She thought a moment, and then said, "Because He bore my sins on the cross."

"Where were your sins, then, when Jesus hung on the cross?"

"On Him."

"Yes," said the pastor, "for 'the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all,' and where are they now?"

She had almost said, "On Him still," but checked herself and was silent.

"This is Easter Day, my child," said the pastor; "you know Christ did not stay in the grave, just think of where Christ is now."

She answered at once, "He has risen from the grave and gone into heaven."

"Where then are your sins?"

"Left behind in His grave," was the dear child's happy answer.

"Yes," said the pastor, "they are no longer on Christ; and this Christ, who left all your sins behind Him in the grave, you have put on in Baptism; for the apostle says, 'As many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.' Since you, then, are in Christ, God sees no sins; for there are no sins on Christ. He left all your sins in the grave."

Annie's difficulty was gone now, as the glad Easter news entered her heart. Her eyes beamed with the joy of Easter, and when her mother came to her bed that evening, Annie threw her arms around her neck, saying, "I shall go to be with Jesus, mamma. My sins are all gone. Jesus, who bore them on the cross, rose again from the grave, and don't you

see, mamma, they could not be on Him. He has left them all behind in His grave, and when I was baptized I put on Christ, on whom not a single sin can be seen."

Many weeks passed by after that Easter Day, but the Easter joy which filled Annie's heart did not pass away. The risen Christ was the ground of a peace for her that could not be disturbed in the hour of death.

A Story for the Redeemed.

Many years ago a young man, during the gold fever, went out from New York to the Pacific, and left his wife and little boy. Just as soon as he was successful he was going to send money. A long time elapsed, but at last a letter came enclosing a draft, and telling his

heard, and all was buried in the ocean. Now, suppose, dear reader, you met that young man and spoke to him about the act of his mother, and he turned round and scoffed at it. "Why," you would say, "that ungrateful wretch don't deserve to live," and this is what all those are doing that scoff at the sufferings and the death of Christ by which they were redeemed. Yea, they are far more ungrateful than that boy would be. Christ laid down His life for you. Now, will you speak contemptuously about Him? Will you speak lightly of the blood laid down on Calvary for you? Oh, rather fall down upon your knees, and thank God that you have such a Saviour! Live for Him who died for you!



The Lord is Risen, He is Risen indeed.

wife to come on. The woman took a passage in one of the fine steamers of the Pacific line, full of hope and joy at the prospect of soon being united to her husband. They had not been out many days when a voice went ringing through the ship, "Fire! fire!" The pumps were set to work, but the fire gained upon them. There was a powder magazine on board, and the captain ordered all the boats to be instantly lowered. He knew whenever the fire reached the powder they would all be lost. The people scrambled into the boats and the mother and boy were left on deck. As the last boat was being pushed off the woman begged to be taken in. The majority thought only of their own safety and insisted the boat was too full, and wanted to push off, but one man put in a word for her, and they said they could allow one more on board, but no more. What did the mother do? Did she go on board and leave her son? No. She put her boy into that lifeboat and told him if he ever lived to see his father to tell him, "I died to save you." And the boat pulled away from that ship, and left the mother standing there. The vessel went on burning. Presently an explosion was

your orders," said the Duke; "your only duty is to obey."

—SOME PEOPLE have a very handsome Bible on the drawing-room table, yes. But do they read it? Do they study it? That is the question. A young-lady writes, "Making a call the other day, I opened a Bible on the drawing-room table while waiting for my friend. There was a folded piece of paper inside, and it was marked, I couldn't help seeing it, 'recipe for mince pies'. My friend came in at the moment and I handed it to her. 'Why, where in the world did you get that?' she asked, 'I've been looking for it for six months'."

Short Stops.

—WHITEFIELD was once preaching at Exeter, on Psalm 51, 17., "A broken and a contrite heart." He says that after the service a man came up to him with a pocketful of stones, and a big one in his hand, and told him in tears, "Sir, I came here to hear you this day with a view to break your head, but by the grace of God you have broken my heart."

—IT IS RELATED of the Duke of Wellington that when a certain minister asked him whether he thought it worth while to preach the Gospel to the Hindoos, the old General asked, "What are your marching orders, sir?" The minister said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." "Then follow

An Easter Egg of Rhymes.

[From the Danish.]

Now Easter comes, full bright and fair,
The end of mourning and despair,
When all things wake to sing and play,
Because the stone is rolled away
From earth's cold grave, and every one
Grows blithe and free; the very sun,
For joy of ransomed earth, they say,
Must dance at dawn of Easter day.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

THE tidings-man of the *Lutheran and Missionary* publishes the following under the heading "The Lutheran Evangelist": "This paper, published at Bellefontaine, O., and Fort Wayne, Ind., is about to change editors." This certainly is news to our readers. There is a mixing up of names and editors. And it is not very pleasant. The Evangelist, published in Ohio, may be about to change editors, but this has nothing to do with our *Lutheran Pioneer* edited at Fort Wayne, Ind. Please, don't destroy our very existence.

MR. JOHN GOODMAN, a faithful member of the Lutheran Church in Mahoning County, Ohio, bequeathed the half of his property to the Church for missionary purposes. Two thousand dollars have already been paid into the treasury of the Lutheran Ohio Synod, and about \$1200.00 more will be paid when the estate is finally settled up. Mr. Goodman indeed set a good example for others to follow.

THERE were more Lutheran churches built in this country in the year 1880 than in the two preceding years. One of the church papers states the number to be 152.

HEBRON CHURCH, in Madison county, Virginia, is said to be the oldest Lutheran church in the South. The congregation's existence can be traced to the year 1714. The silver baptismal basin, presented to the congregation by Mr. Giffon, of London, in the year 1727, and the old organ, a present of the Lutheran king of Sweden, are still in use. Does the congregation adhere to the good old Gospel-doctrines of our Lutheran forefathers? We do not know.

AN ACCOUNT of the life of the Rev. H. M. Muhlenberg, "the patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America," written by himself, has lately been found in the University library of Halle, Germany, and will soon be published by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., of Philadelphia.

"LUTHER AND LUTHER'S GERMANY." On this topic the Rev. Dr. Krauth will deliver a lecture in Philadelphia, April 22nd. The Doctor is at present occupied with writing a Life of Luther and the lecture will give the most interesting results of his studies and of his recent visit to the home of Luther.

THE SWEDISH PASTOR, Reorius Torkellus, who labored along the Delaware river in the year 1638, is said to have been the first Lutheran pastor in America.

A HEBREW TRANSLATION of Luther's Smaller Catechism has lately been published in Germany.

PROF. G. SCHICK, the honored and beloved Rector of Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind., will celebrate his 25th anniversary as Professor of the ancient languages and literature on the 31st of March.

A BEAUTIFUL MONUMENT will soon be erected in Green Lawn Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio, in memory of the lamented Prof. F. W. Lehmann.

ALL LUTHERANS will be glad to hear that Prof. Dr. Jacobs, of Gettysburg, Pa., has now

finished his English translation of our Symbolical Books. We hope this important work will soon be published.

A MEMBER of St. John's congregation in Philadelphia lately bequeathed \$7000.00 to the Seminary of that city.

PROF. F. W. STELLHORN in Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind., has been called as Professor of Theology by the Board of Directors of the Lutheran Seminary at Columbus, Ohio. The call has been accepted.

AMONG "GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS" the want of missionaries is sadly felt by the people. Two natives were lately sent to Denmark to prepare themselves for the ministry, and it is hoped that a deeper interest for that important mission will be awakened among the Lutherans of that country.

THERE ARE REPORTED to be one hundred and seventeen Protestant missionaries laboring in Japan. The sale of the New Testament in Japanese indicates unusual interest among the people. One distributor is reported to have sold five thousand five hundred copies in about a month.

THE WORKMAN, a new paper, published by the Rev. Dr. Passavant, of Pittsburg, Pa., has been sent to us. The paper has been started in order to awaken a greater interest in all our Church operations. We were glad to read in the Editor's Introductory that "a heartfelt and justifying faith in Christ as the Son of God, will be unceasingly set forth as the only factor of a true Christian life," and we hope the paper will be kept from falling into the miserable legalism so prevalent in our day.

SHORT ARTICLES are always welcomed by the editor of this paper. But a long article—oh!—a long article, you know, is so heavy that our dear little PIONEER might break down with it on the road. May all our dear contributors remember this. A friend, to whom we returned one of those long articles which would have covered a whole page of the PIONEER, lately sent us a very short article. Here it is: "Nothing should be done hastily." Our friend is a philosopher, and his philosophy, contained in that short article, is good in most cases; but let him take hold of a hot poker, and he will realize that his philosophy is wrong. We close our window—not hastily, but very, very slowly.

The Agony in the Garden.

Dr. Luther was once asked at table concerning the "bloody sweat" and the other deep spiritual sufferings which Christ endured in the garden (of Gethsemane). Then he said—"No man can know or conceive what that anguish must have been. If any man began even to experience such suffering, he must die. You know many do die of sickness of heart; for heart-anguish is indeed death. If a man could feel such anguish and distress as Christ felt, it would be impossible for him to endure it and for his soul to remain in his body. Soul and body would part. To Christ alone was this agony possible, and it wrung from Him 'sweat which was as great drops of blood'."

—Watchwords.

A Letter on Books.

DEAR "PIONEER"!

We all know you are working for the cause of our Saviour, and you know, that many are engaged in the same blessed work. They assist you, and you assist them, and God giveth the increase to all. We rejoice at all success, with which the Lord crowns your work, and no doubt, you will gladly inform your readers also of all work, that is undertaken by others to the honor of our Lord and the salvation of His people. I wish to tell you of such a work, although I am under the impression that you took notice of it before.—

There is a *Book Store* in Reading, Pa., from which, under the able management of Mr. A. Bendel, many a good book has already gone forth. It is striving to supply the spiritual wants not only of Christians in general, but also those of teachers and schools in particular. For the special benefit of the latter the proprietor of that Book Store has, together with Rev. F. W. Weiskotten, published a book, which will greatly aid teachers in their work in Sunday- and Weekday-Schools. The title of the book is, "*Biblical History*" of the Old and New Testament, given "in the words of the Holy Scripture." After each lesson the student will find short passages from other books of the Bible—one or two verses—adapted to illustrate or to apply the lesson just read or learned, and very often words from the Lutheran catechism pertaining thereto. Then follow *questions*, which will aid the scholar in committing the contents of the lesson to memory, and will also facilitate the rehearsing by the teacher. Besides, this book contains several *Maps* and numerous *Engravings*, splendidly executed. In an *Appendix* we find "Prophecies concerning the Saviour," "The History of the Jews under the Greek, Syrian and Roman Supremacies," "A brief sketch of the Lives of the Apostles," and "A Table of Time and Money." This valuable book is neatly bound in cloth, and is sold at the very low price of 60 cents per copy, \$5.00 per dozen, and but \$38.00 per hundred.

Another valuable publication of the same house is "*The Life of Jesus Christ, the Son of God*," portrayed in 42 pictures for dear Christian children." This little book contains 42 beautiful pictures from the New Testament, without text, sold at @ 15 cents, \$1.20 per dozen, and \$8.00 per hundred.

All orders should be addressed to: *Pilger Book-Store, Reading, Pa.*

Died,

in St. Louis, on Febr. 28th, Mr. Louis H. Zoell. The deceased, after having finished a regular course of studies in our Teacher's Seminary at Addison, Ills., accepted a call to the Lutheran Parochial School in Geneseo, Ills., where he labored for three years with good success. By a lingering sickness, however, he was obliged to give up teaching school for the present, and went to Chicago, hoping that he would soon recover and again be able to feed the lambs of Jesus, which was to him the most precious work. During his stay in that city he also assisted in Rev. Wagner's Parochial School for some time. Finding that the climate of that place did not agree with him, he removed to Atchison, Kansas, upon the advice of some of his friends. Always ready to work for the Lord and His cause, He there organized a Lutheran Young Men's Association and also played the organ in Rev. Zschecho's congregation. His health, however, did not improve in the climate of Kansas, and having become very weak, he left for St. Louis shortly after New Year. In that city his bride and some near relatives were living, and in their midst he spent the last few weeks of his life on earth, beloved and respected by all. He gladly would have labored longer in the Lord's vineyard, but by faith in his dear Saviour he was also ready when the Lord called him to the sweet rest and joys of heaven.—His remains were taken to Jackson, Ills., where he had been born on Oct. 1st, 1857. He was there buried on March 2nd, the Rev. E. Beck conducting the funeral services. May our risen Lord, who has said, "Because I live, ye shall live also," comfort all the sorrowing.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Chapel on corner of 12th & Rock Strs.

Sunday-school meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock.

Divine services at 8 o'clock and 7 o'clock.

During the season of Lent, extra services will be held on Thursday nights.

The Lutheran Pioneer.

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No. 5.

Thou art gone up on high.

Thou art gone up on high,
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise:
But we are lingering here
With sin and care oppressed;
Lord! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest!

Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown:
And girt with grief and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee!

Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high!

Heavenly Minded.

In the castle-church of Wittenberg there was a memorial tablet fastened against the wall, and put there in honor of the old Lutheran theologian, George Major. The picture represents the ascension of Christ. The disciples are seen standing around the spot from which the Saviour had just ascended, and directing their eyes up to their Lord. But around the disciples a still wider circle of 54 persons is formed, all of them looking up to heaven and beholding the wonder of their Lord's ascension with anxious yet hopeful eyes. These fifty-four persons all belong to the family of Dr. Major. It is a beautiful picture and has a deep and beautiful meaning. It teaches us what the condition of every Christian family should be. The eyes of all its members should be directed to Him who went before us to prepare a place for His own in His Father's house, and the hearts of all should be set upon things that are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. The natural man cannot

but be worldly-minded, seeking the pleasures, and honors, and riches of this world; but Christians, true Christians are heavenly-minded. By faith in Jesus they are on the way to heaven which has been opened to sinners by the Saviour. Heaven is their home—and a beautiful home it is—and they pass through this world as pilgrims and strangers, their affections being set upon the treasures and beauties of heaven, and their hearts longing to be at home with the Lord. Look up, dear Christian reader, look up to Jesus, our ascended Saviour! And teach your family to look up to the mansions in our Father's house!

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Salvation only in Jesus.

God teaches us in His Word in the clearest language that Jesus alone is our Savior: "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. We are saved through Jesus, the Son of God, alone, because He alone is the "propitiation for our sins and for the sins of the whole world." We are pardoned and saved through Jesus, when we believe in Him. "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth upon him." John 3, 36.—O how foolish thousands of people are, who are continually seeking after other Saviors. Many think they can please God, and be saved from their sins, through their works. But God says: "Not of works, lest any man should boast." "By the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." No one can fulfill God's law, for it demands perfect holiness and righteousness. Jesus fulfilled the law of God perfectly and died for all our sins. No one can do good works but the believer in Jesus, and his works, although imperfect, are only pleasing to God, because he is justified by faith in his Savior. The believer in Jesus leads a godly life, and is continually engaged in doing good works, but not to attain pardon and to be saved thereby, but only to praise God and to benefit mankind. The believer knows

that he is pardoned continually only by faith in Jesus, whose righteousness is imputed unto him. Such faith alone in Jesus makes us sure of our pardon and salvation.

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

S. B.

Saving Lost Sheep.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." I once asked a shepherd, "how do you find sheep that are lost in the snow?" "Oh," he said, "we go down into the deep ravines, where the sheep go in the storms; there we find the sheep huddled together beneath the snow." "And are they able to come out when you take away the snow?" "Oh, no! if they had a single step to save their lives they could not do it. So we just go in and carry them out." Ah! this is the very way Jesus saves lost sheep. He finds us frozen and dead in the deep pit of sin. If we had to take a single step to save our souls we could not do it. But He reaches down his arms and carries us out. This He does for every sheep He saves. Glory, glory, glory be to Jesus, the Shepherd of our souls! Oh! let Jesus gather you.

Jesus.

"Talk to me of Jesus," said an aged Christian, when on the banks of the river that was soon to bear him away. "Tell me of Him whom my soul loveth, and of the many mansions 'where He dwells with his own' in glory, and where I shall 'soon see Him as He is.' It is the news of the Master's household, I long to hear; advancement of His cause, and the progress of His kingdom. Do not tell me of things that are passing away. I care not for them. This world and all its possessions must soon be burned up, and wherefore should they dwell in my affection? I have a home that fire cannot touch; a kingdom and a crown that fade not away; and why should I be concerned about affairs of the day?"

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

Thou shalt not steal.

What does this mean?

We should fear and love God, that we may not take our neighbor's money or goods, nor get it by false ware or dealing; but help him to improve and protect his property and business.

(Luther's Small Catechism.)

Everybody knows or ought to know that burglars, robbers and pickpockets are thieves. So I need not say anything about such people as we all know they do a great sin. But are those persons the only ones that steal? Let me show you how a great many people steal though they are not like the stealing people I just named. A merchant, storekeeper or clerk steals by charging too high profits, or by not giving full weight and full measure to the costumers, or by passing off damaged and worthless goods on the unsuspecting buyer.—Anyone employing servants or laborers becomes a wicked thief, if he pays his workmen too small wages, or does not pay promptly and holds the pay back so long that the workman and his family must suffer. Read James 5, 4., Jeremiah 22, 13., Leviticus 19, 3.—A laborer or a servant becomes a thief not only when he takes and carries away what belongs to his employer, but also when he willfully damages or wastes his employer's tools or materials or other property; if he or she stops work or works but lazily, whenever the eye of the employer or overseer is not on them.—To borrow and not return, to buy and not to pay, is plain theft. Psalm 37, 21. To damage borrowed things and make no offer to pay for or to repair the damage, is stealing.—Beggars steal what they beg unnecessarily. Gamblers steal what they win. He that refuses to pay taxes or pays less than he ought, steals from his government. Everything found and not returned to the owner is stolen. Read Exodus 23, 4. 5. and Deuteronomy 22, 3. If you see your neighbor's property or goods going to waste, or being damaged or carried away or destroyed, and you fail to advise him of it and do not help him to prevent damage and loss, you have stolen the amount of the loss. If you cause anyone to lose his situation, work, or contract, you steal his daily bread from him. To set your fences over the line, thus taking from your neighbor's ground, is stealing. The most shameless and most wicked kind of stealing is to rob widows and orphans either by stealing their own outright or cheating them out of it. To disturb anyone while at work, to make anyone unable to do his work and duty, to cause anyone unnecessary labor and loss of time, is stealing money and time, for "time is money", and time is a gift more precious than gold. To be lazy and idle, is stealing. The idler steals the bread he eats because he does not deserve it. Read 2 Thessalonians 3, 10—12. To conceal stolen goods or to know of anyone having stolen and not report it, is stealing. "Whoso is partner with a thief hateth his own soul."

Would to God I were done now, but I am not. I must say something of those that *steal with their hearts*. To be jealous of our neighbor, because he owns this or that which we have not, is stealing. The mere thought and intention to steal, is theft. And though no police will trouble us, if we steal thus with our hearts, yet there is One who knows and *does* care. He says: Thou shalt not steal, not even with thine heart.

People steal *with their eyes*. That greedy and covetous look, which shows the longing of the heart to have that which the eye sees, is in itself stealing. It is through the eyes, too, that the develish thought to steal creeps into man's heart. Read about Achan and notice how he was led to steal by what he saw, Joshua 7, 21. Do not steal! Thieves shall not inherit the kingdom of God! 1 Corinthians 6, 9. 10. But help your neighbor "to improve and protect his property and business." That is, give him your best, unselfish advice. Speak a kind word for him and recommend him to others. Assist him with loans, with presents, with work and in any other way, that may help to increase, better, and protect his property and business.

F. B.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Christ, the Model of a true Pastor.

BY REV. H. HANSER.

I.

HOW THE OFFICE OF A PASTOR IS TO BE REGARDED.

If we look upon the model which Christ has given us, in order to learn, first of all, how the office of a pastor is to be regarded, we find that our dear Lord Jesus, although He is and was a Lord of lords and of all things, nevertheless acted as a servant; His whole life here on earth was a *service*, and upon this service He bestowed all, finally even His body and His life. To this, His example, He also refers His under-shepherds, the Apostles, when in Mark 10. He says to them: "For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." Yes, in order to make this still more impressive to His Apostles, He once girded himself with an apron, took a basin in His hands, and in turn washed and wiped the feet of the disciples, and said to them: "Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well: for so I am. If I then your Lord and Master have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you." John 13.

It is then, according to the model of Christ, above all certain that a pastor has no right to exercise ruling power, but is called to serve. That which in a temporal kingdom is entirely in order, namely that those who stand at the head govern, but the rest obey, is in Christ's kingdom nothing but disorder. The Lord also

distinctly shows this difference when, on one occasion, He assembled all His disciples about Him and said to them: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. *But it shall not be so among you: but whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.*" Matt. 20. Although then, the Apostles were just those who were to gather, build, and lead the Church, He nevertheless gave no one any authority or an office, which would have made a master over the rest, and would have empowered him to order or to say anything officially, which the rest must obey.

He likewise does not even establish any superiority or subordination among the Apostles, but says to them: "But be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your master, even Christ; and all ye are *brethren.*"

He who wishes to be or to become a shepherd in Christ's kingdom, must then not desire to govern, but to serve and only to serve. But let him who does not wish to do this, rather remain away from this office, for he would only perform the duties with great injury to himself and the congregation, even if his intentions were ever so good. O let pastors remember that it is great, unmerited grace that the Lord calls them into the service of His Church. And should pastors then wish to govern there, where the Arch-shepherd Himself has served with His blood? Should they not gladly wish to *serve* there, where the King of heaven and of earth did not disdain to perform hard service?

The Lord Looketh on the Heart.

On or into the heart, God looks. Thou, God, seest me. He seeth not as man seeth. This must be frightful news to a bad man. The fact that there is no place in the heart—no thoughts in the heart—no secret thing in the heart—from which the lightning-piercing eye of God is excluded. It even sees all the heart's motives. In view of this, how terrible the day of exposure in which the heart shall be laid bare. The light of an eternal day is to stream upon it. The hand of God is to tear away every rag which covers it. We are to be seen just as we are. Deceptions, subterfuges, lies, are not current things then.

How constant and complete ought to be our preparations to meet our God! How near we are to the eternal world and how ceaseless ought we to be to keep our lamps trimmed and burning, waiting for the coming of our Lord! Oh, unspeakable blessing, to be ready to go in with Jesus when He calls us! Thus let us live, with our hearts ever fixed on Christ; and then, whoever of us is called first—for we must go alone—it matters but little, for we will meet in heaven and spend eternity together.

Squire Jack and the Parson.

I.

Squire Jack read his Bible; and there were one or two chapters which had a peculiar fascination for him. These were the tenth of St. Matthew and the tenth of St. Luke. Of reading and expounding these, especially in the presence of a new parson, he never wearied. A self-made theologian was Squire Jack, and great indeed was he in the department of Exegesis; especially in so far as it concerned our Lord's instructions to the apostles as to the manner in which they should go forth into the world, and the means by which they should be supported. He was "dead sot agin preachers hev'n a Selery. Let 'em work like Paul did, an' earn their own livin'."

Some ten years back the Hickorytown Church had been about to take steps to buy a parsonage, but Squire Jack threw the whole meeting into helpless confusion by a powerful speech, in which he challenged any man in Hickorytown to give the Scriptural authority, chapter and verse, "fer preachers hev'n personages. He'd like to know whether Peter ever hed a personage?" The "personage" was never got.

"No, my friends"—thus would he, time and again, begin his harangue in the village store of winter nights, and in none the lower tone because the Parson was by—"No, my friends, I ain't agin the preachers. Preachers is all good enough in their place. What I *am* agin, is this thing of preachers gettin' personages, an' wearin' shiny black coats, an' hev'n white hands like a woman, an' gettin' from four to six hundred dollars a year. I'd like jest once in my life to see the Scriptor authority fer that. Did Paul hev a personage? Did Peter have a shiny black coat? Did Thomas or Philip or any of the rest of 'em ever hev any selery? No, sir! they hed nothin', an' the Lord told 'em they shouldn't take nothin'; not two coats, nor a purse, nor money, nothin' at all, but maybe a staff. That's the way they was to go out, with their lives in their hands, an' trust in the Lord to keep 'em. An' now, what I want to know, an' what I've been askin' every preacher we've hed here in Hickorytown fer the last twenty year—an' we've hed right smart of 'em in that time—is *this*: is preachers now-a-days better'n the apostles was?"

It was a telling speech. It was a knockdown argument. In vain did the preachers argue with Squire Jack. He was a plain man, and could understand plain words, and there it was in the Bible, in black and white, and as plain as the nose on your face, and you couldn't and shouldn't get out of it, twist how you might. "Was preachers now-a-days better'n the apostles was?"—that's what he'd like to know!

II.

It happened about this time, that there moved into Hickorytown a new pastor of Hickorytown Church—the Rev. Solomon Sly. With wife and three children he moved into—the parsonage, for Squire Jack had set his

foot on that—but into the last house in the village street, which was to be had at a low rent, partly because it was in a dreary and unhealthy locality, and partly because it was commonly reported to be a favorite resort of "spooks." Here the Rev. Solomon and family lived, or tried to live. They all came very near dying of fevers before all was over: and though they saw no ghosts, they got much ghostly advice and counsel during their afflictions, and from no one more than from Squire Jack himself.

It was in the village store that the Rev. Solomon was again assailed by the usual battery of Squire Jack, winding up with—"now, what I'd like to know is, is preachers now-a-days better'n the apostles was?"

The Rev. Solomon said he did not think they were: acknowledged there was great force and much truth in what the Squire had said. It was a subject which he had never thought much about before coming to Hickorytown, and which he had never seen in this strong light before meeting with his good friend Squire Jack. He promised the good company to examine the subject carefully, and let them know the result.

A few days thereafter, all early in the morning while Squire Jack was yet lingering over his pipe in the kitchen, there was a loud, sharp rap at the front door; on opening which the Squire beheld standing on the porch the Rev. Solomon Sly with his wife and three children. Before the Squire could say 'good morning,' the Rev. Solomon said, in a grave and impressive voice—"Peace be unto this house!"—and walked in, followed by wife and children. Now, although the Squire could not help but notice something unusual in the manner of his reverend guest, still he regarded this visit of the reverend family as only a pastoral visit, as it were, on a large scale. And such, indeed, it turned out to be. Only, before all was over, the whole occurrence presented itself to the mind of the Squire rather in the light of a pastoral visitation than of a pastoral visit.

For the Rev. Solomon and family had evidently come to spend the day. The morning was spent in pleasant conversation by the old folks, while the children played and romped on the lawn. Dinner came, and a right royal dinner it was, to be sure; for the good Squire, however he might praise fasting as a pious practice befitting the successors of the apostles, believed in good beef as profoundly as the best Englishman that ever carved a roast. After dinner, the Rev. Solomon, excusing himself on the plea of pastoral work to be done in the parish, left wife and children to the care of Squire Jack and family, remarking as he put on his hat in the hall, that he would be back to tea at five o'clock. After tea, they stayed and stayed, and stayed, until it became evident that the whole Parson's family had come to spend not only the day, but also the night!

Prayers and breakfast over the next morning, Rev. Solomon asked to be shown to some quiet room, some "prophetic upper chamber,"

where he might devote the morning hours to meditation and study. "To be sure," said he, "I have no books or library with me. I have arrived at your conclusion, Squire Jack, that preachers now-a-days are not a whit better than the apostles were: and it is now my fixed and settled purpose to follow their example to the very last letter." With which words the Rev. Solomon ascended, with slow and solemn tread, to the upper chamber of the prophet.

Squire Jack began to suspect, as he remarked to Mrs. Jack, "that this here pastor of our'n ain't got his name of Sly fer nothin'!" and so, wondering what all this might mean, and when and where it was all going to end, he determined at last to ask an explanation from the Rev. Solomon himself.

Which, accordingly, came off on the front porch, on the morning of the sixth day; when and where the worthy Squire managed after much clearing of the throat, to ask in plain English how long the Rev. Solomon and family were going to tarry at this house? To which honest inquiry the Rev. Solomon replied with a merry twinkle of the eye, that he purposed to abide under the shelter of good Squire Jack's mansion until he took his journey hence—in short, so long as he remained pastor of the Hickorytown Church. "What! hev ye giv up livin' in the parsonage?" said Squire Jack, Yes: the Rev. Solomon had given up the parsonage, and would never occupy it again, for he intended to adhere rigidly to the practice of the apostles, "none of whom, you know," said he, "ever had any parsonage." At which, when Squire Jack expressed his wonder, and asked whether his salary was not sufficient to enable him to live without going around in this way, the parson interrupted him, with "Salary, Sir! I have given up my salary. For none of the apostles ever had any salary, and ministers now-a-days are not one whit better than the apostles were. I am about to sell off all my little household furniture, and mean, so long as I remain here in Hickorytown, to do precisely as the apostles did."

"Well," said the Squire, "to be sure, that was all right. But ef he was goin' to take to boardin' round, he would see Deacon Smith and neighbor Boggs whether they wouldn't keep 'em a week or so." "Alas! good Squire," said Parson Sly, "on this point my instructions are very positive and plain. I am not to go from house to house. *Into whatsoever city or town ye enter, inquire who in it is worthy, and there abide till ye go hence. That is Matthew. And Luke says: 'and in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give * * * go not from house to house.'* My instructions on this point are clear; their sense is plain; board around I cannot; here, under your ample and hospitable roof I must remain till I go hence!"

What was to be said or done? Turn the parson out of doors he could not and dare not. He was caught in his trap, and twist how he might, and grit his teeth as he would, he could not escape. He had found a practical, and quite uncomfortable application of his own doctrine which he had preached for twenty years past, that "Preachers now-a-days wasn't a bit better'n the apostles was."

The Rev. Solomon shortly left Hickorytown for good and all. People often wondered, but never quite discovered why Squire Jack never again preached in the village store from his favorite text that "he'd like to know whether preachers now-a-days was better'n the apostles was?"—*Selected.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

WE are sorry to have to record the death of a dear class-mate of ours. The Rev. J. D. Jacobson, Professor in the Norwegian Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, fell asleep in Jesus on the 1st of April. He was well known for his great learning, his earnest piety and his rare modesty. "His attainments," says one of his brethren, "were so remarkable that he was often called 'The walking encyclopedia.'" The Lutheran Church has lost in him a faithful laborer. He is now "with the Lord," and our loss is his gain.

THE Revs. T. A. Torgersen, of Worth Co., Iowa, and K. Bjorgo, of Becker Co., Minn., have been called to professorships in the Norwegian Lutheran Seminary, Madison, Wis. Professors H. G. Stub and J. Ylvisaker have resigned. The former, we regret to learn, suffers from a painful nervous prostration, and is obliged to seek rest. May God soon restore our dear friend and preserve him for further work in the Church where the laborers are so few.

OUR LUTHERAN COLORED SCHOOLS in the South are in a prosperous condition. In Little Rock, Ark., the number of scholars has become so large that another teacher should be sent there.—In New Orleans the school in "Sailors' Home" numbers 150 scholars. It is divided into two classes, the higher class being taught by the missionary, Rev. Bakke, and the lower class by Miss Watson. Mr. C. Berg has taken charge of the School in Claiborne Chapel, which numbers 70 scholars.—In Mobile, Ala., the number of pupils, under the care of Rev. Wahl, is steadily increasing. In February 60 colored children attended school regularly.

IN PRINCE EDWARDS COUNTY, Virginia, the Lord has opened a new field for our mission. The Rev. W. R. Buehler, who was formerly missionary in Africa, found a large number of colored people in that county who desired a school for their children, and the preaching of God's Word. Rev. Buehler has already been appointed missionary by our Mission-Board. Mrs. Buehler has kindly presented a piece of land to our mission, on which a building is now being erected. The colored children and the grown people joyfully look forward to the time when the Lutheran school will be opened and services be held regularly. May the Lord give us a rich harvest!

BY THE WAY, would it not be interesting to read a short letter from our missionaries now and then in the PIONEER? We could have an Arkansas Letter one month, and the next month a Louisiana Letter, and then an Alabama Letter, and then a Virginia Letter. As it is now, the editor sits here at his window in Indiana, straining his eyes to see what is going on down South. And people can't see so far, not even here in Fort Wayne. Well, my dear little PIONEER, if you meet the missionaries, give them our brotherly greetings and tell them what we wish. But you must speak in a friendly

and coaxing way, you know, and say "please, sir," like a good little boy.

ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES in Kansas publishes a very interesting report of his work. He travels over 800 miles in making the circuit of his large field and preaches at twenty places, having prospects of adding six or eight more. The missionary often preached four times in a week and found the people always willing to leave their work to listen to the word of God. The great drought through which they passed made them thirst after the Waters of Life, and after hearing the Gospel, they many a time came to the missionary with tears in their eyes saying, that the comfort of the preached Word made them forget all their hardships and inspired them with fresh courage.

IN THE LUTHERAN ORPHANS' HOME at Germantown, Philadelphia, there are 77 orphans. In the Asylum for the Aged there are 33 inmates. Seven of the inmates are between 80 and 90 years of age, 2 are over 90, and one is 97 years old. \$21,757.50 were paid for the building of the Asylum, and \$1413.50 for furnishing the rooms.

THE EV. LUTHERAN ST. PETER'S congregation of Baltimore has begun mission work in another part of that great city. Its faithful pastor, the Rev. E. L. S. Tressel, has also organized two congregations in Harford county, Md., which have resolved to call a pastor this summer.

THE REV. O. S. OGLESBEE, missionary of the English District of the Lutheran Joint Synod of Ohio, is meeting with success in his mission work. At Dayton an English Lutheran congregation has been organized, and the missionary has now begun work at Franklin, Ohio.

THE ANNUAL FESTIVAL of the Lutheran Orphans' Home at Richmond, Ind., will take place on the first Sunday in May. English and German addresses will be made, and the Board of Trustees extends a cordial invitation to all friends of the orphans.

THE LUTHERAN MISSIONS in South Africa suffered severely through the wars raging there during the past years. Since the war with the Boers has now come to an end, the missionaries hope that they will be able to carry on their Gospel work in peace.

ON THE 4TH OF MARCH a Romish mob broke into the Protestant Church at Marsala, Italy, took out the pews and burned them in the street. The mob then went into the Romish church and received the blessings of the priests. Such are the doings of the Romish church in the country where the pope lives!

IS HOMOEOPATHY considered a heresy in the pope's church? A Romish priest at Scudoni, Spain, has declared from the pulpit that any sick person belonging to his parish who has tried to cure himself by homoeopathy will, in the event of death, be refused the rites of the church. But suppose a man dies who has tried to cure himself with the "holy water of Lourdes." What then?

THE WATER of Lourdes, France, you know, is said by the Romish people to cure all kinds of diseases, it being "blessed by the virgin Mary." It is therefore sent into all parts of the world as a patent medicine, and there are superstitious people in the pope's church who try it and—get worse. Dr. Hammond, a well-known physician of New York, says that he gave water of Lourdes to a Catholic patient, calling it Croton water, and she became worse; but when he used common water, telling her it was from the miraculous spring of Lourdes, she was quickly improved. Well, if the miraculous power lies only in the name, then our new water works here in Fort Wayne can give us all the water of Lourdes we want.

BOOK-TABLE.

MEMORIAL OF REV. PROF. W. F. LEHMANN, late President of Capital University, who died Wednesday, Dec. 1st, 1880. Ohio Synodical Printing House. 1881.

This pamphlet, containing a biographical sketch of the departed and the sermons delivered at his funeral by Professors Loy and Schmid, is a most beautiful tribute of love to the memory of the lamented Prof. Lehmann, and will, we doubt not, be widely circulated among the many friends and acquaintances of the sainted Professor. The price of the pamphlet is 25 cents per copy, \$2.50 per dozen, \$20.00 per hundred. Address J. L. Trauger, Agent, Lutheran Book Concern, Columbus, Ohio.

LONGING IN AFFLICTION—COMFORT IN AFFLICTION. Composed by C. Wonnberger for Family and Public Entertainment. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price 50 cents.

LIEDERGESCHICHTEN. No. III. IV. V. Price per number 5 cents, postage 1 cent; per dozen 50 cents; per hundred \$3.00. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa.

These pamphlets give us most interesting and instructive reading. Our dear Lutheran hymns become dearer to us as we read of the many instances in which God used them to arrest sinners on their way to perdition or to bring sweet comfort to sorrowing and troubled Christians. Parents and teachers can make the learning of our hymns "easier" to the little ones by telling them some of the stories found in those pamphlets.

THE HYGIENE OF CATARRH with sixteen Illustrations. By Thos. F. Rumbold, M. D. St. Louis, Mo.

This is an excellent book, full of wholesome advice. Its author has, during the last twenty years, made the Hygiene of Catarrh a constant study, and is well known for his great success in treating the troublesome disease. The book contains 19 chapters treating of such subjects as Protection of the Head, Clothing, Protection of the Feet, Temperature, Ventilation, The Mental and Physical Effects of Tobacco, &c. &c.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Chapel on corner of 12th & Rock Strs.
Sunday-school meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock.
Divine services at 3 o'clock and 7 o'clock.

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No. 6.

The Murderer.

In the land of Brazil, says a well-known traveler, there is a plant familiarly called "the murderer." When it first comes forth it is a tender shoot, which the foot of a child can destroy. But if left to itself it will creep along the earth until it reaches a tree, and up the trunk it will climb, and up still higher among the limbs and branches, mounting to the top of the tallest giant of the forest, and there wave as in triumph over the desolation it has wrought; for it has choked the very life out of the great body of its victim. Many a stately palm that lifted its head for years in the face of the storm, standing in its glory and beauty, and that might have yielded its oil and its leaves for the benefit of man, has been folded in the fatal embrace of "the murderer," and has been left as a monument of death.

But, my dear reader, there is a far sadder sight than this. I know of a murderer that sneaks about among Christians and murders the souls of many belonging to the church. Ah, many of those that, on their Confirmation day, confessed the name of Jesus as their Lord and Saviour, and who gave noble promise of great usefulness, have been clasped in the poisonous arms of a terrible murderer, and the name of that murderer—what is it? It is *worldliness*—**WORLDLINESS!**

In the worldly pleasure-gardens, in the dancing-hall, in the theatre, in the saloon, and at other places where food is given to the sinful flesh, that murderer is killing the spiritual life of many a Christian. "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world," says St. Paul, and every pastor must join in this sad saying, when thinking of many that once promised faithfulness to the Saviour. Oh, may all Christians beware of that murderer, and heed the tender beseeching by the mercies of God. "Be not conformed to this world" (Rom. 12, 2.). "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Tit. 2,

11—13.). This world is not our home. The whole defiling scene resounding now with music and mirth, shall be swept with fiery judgments. We are pilgrims, we are strangers, walking in the way of faith and of holiness to our eternal home above. We cannot seek the transient pleasures and joys of this world whilst crowns of eternal glory are already flashing above our heads. Whilst we behold Jesus standing ready with outstretched arms to welcome His pilgrims to their heavenly home of eternal bliss, we cannot turn away and throw ourselves into the arms of that great murderer—worldliness. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever," 1 John 2, 15—17.

Yes, He Means You.

He does, He does, doubting one. Yes, Jesus means that even you shall come to Him. Certainly He does—you as much as anybody. Had He not loved you and died for you, then you might not come to Him. But having done this you may come, saying:

"I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me."

But do you still say, "If I only knew He meant me?" He does mean you. He has Himself said so. Hear His invitation: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." These blessed words should drive away all your doubts and fears, and make you hasten to His open arms. His very heart is in those words. He will receive you. He will, He will. He is the willing and mighty Jesus—willing and perfectly able to save all who come to Him. To "him that cometh" is the promise given, that he will not be cast out. The very heavens will fall before that word fails. He says, "I will in no wise cast out." He knows your doubts, and therefore uses such strong language. Oh, how it ought to put to flight all your fears!

You may safely put your trust in that glorious promise. It is broad enough for all the world, and is for all the world; therefore it is for *you*.

"Just as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come, oh! come."

S. S.

A True Incident.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." Isaiah 1, 3. A farmer who had recently listened to an exposition from this text was giving food to his stock, when one of his oxen, evidently grateful for his care, fell to licking his bare arm. Instantly, with this simple incident, the Holy Spirit flashed conviction on the farmer's mind. He burst into tears and exclaimed, "Yes, it is all true. How wonderful is God's word! This poor, dumb brute is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to Him for every thing. What a sinner I am!" The lesson had found way to his heart and led him to Christ.—*Messenger*.

The Old Cobbler.

He lived in Vermont and was a happy old Christian, known by all the folks in town for the simple and joyous earnestness of his religion. One day a customer came into his little shop and said, "Well, have you any religion to-day?" "Just enough to make good shoes, glory to God!" said the shoemaker, as with an extra pull he drew his thread firmly to its place. His religion was no sham. It was a religion that makes each one faithful to his work; that rules behind the counter as well as in the church; that guides the cobbler as he patches the old shoe of his customer, as truly as the visitor of the "sick and in prison," and that never puts the big potatoes only on top!

FAITH in Jesus Christ will give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
Faith in Jesus must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

The Eighth Commandment.*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*

What does this mean?

We should fear and love God, that we may not deceitfully belie, betray, slander, nor defame our neighbor; but defend him, speak well of him, and put the best construction on everything.

(Luther's Small Catechism.)

More precious than all the gold and silver and jewels of the world is a good name before men. Though I own but the clothes on my back, if even the last crust of bread is stolen from me, I am still fortunate and blessed if my good name is left me. Again, though I were the owner of the whole world and bore a bad name and reputation before men, I should be most miserable. Very often, it is true, persons having a bad name prosper for a time. Lewd and loose women flourish as long as their beauty and charms last. Dishonest, licentious, gambling, drunken men flourish as long as their money holds out. Then all is over. Despised and avoided by all respectable people, they sink lower and lower, until they have become beasts. A good name when kept will follow a person all through life's circumstances, yea live on after death and benefit the family of its bearer. It is easy to see what a great crime it is to wilfully throw away one's good name by caring not for the respect and opinion of others and doing what no honest, decent, sober person would do. It is also a crime for anyone to so live that one must doubt his honesty and good morals, thus placing his good name in danger. But a greater crime still is the stealing of another's good name. It is worse than the robbery of silver, of gold, houses and lands. This crime of stealing or causing one to lose his good name is forbidden in the commandment which we are to consider in the present article.

"Thou shalt bear no false witness against thy neighbor", says the Lord. This forbids all lying. We should "not deceitfully belie" our neighbor. A lie is a wilful falsehood told with the intention to deceive. Not every falsehood is a lie, because the one uttering it may believe it to be true and not intend to deceive others; or he may have it from hearsay and only say what he heard, not to deceive his listeners. But when one knowingly utters a falsehood to impose on others and deceive them, it is lying. And *all* lying is wrong. There are no such things as "innocent falsehoods", or "lies of emergency". Outside of those lies by which men try to deceive God and the lies of those who preach false doctrine and deceive souls, the worst lies are those by which the good name of anyone is damaged or destroyed. If we say anything about our neighbor let it be the truth, the truth in all things. We should not "slander" our neighbor. That is, we should not falsely accuse our neighbor of wrongdoing neither publicly nor privately, neither as witnesses in court or as the accusers, neither in writing nor in print—in no way! Nor should

we seek to spread all evil reports we hear about our neighbor. Some people take pleasure in such evil reports, eagerly take them up and spread them abroad, perhaps adding a few lies ere they send them through the town.—We should not "defame" our neighbor, nor help to do it, by creating a scandal to the damage of our neighbor's good name. We should not in certain cases even speak what we know is true concerning our neighbor, namely when it would disgrace him and give him a bad name, while he, at the time, enjoys a good name. For instance, if I and perhaps only a few others knew of a crime or a wrong that our neighbor had done, or of his faults and failings, I should not "betray" him nor make it known to any one. I should keep the secret buried in my heart. Only when asked on oath by my government, or if I surely know that damage will surely come to some one if I further conceal it, then I may speak. Otherwise I bear false witness against my neighbor when revealing secrets about him. To condemn our neighbor without cause, without giving him a hearing, or without giving him a chance to defend himself and show his innocence, is all wrong and forbidden in this commandment.

Instead of tearing down our neighbor's good name we should help to build it up. We should "defend" him. Defend him when you are told something evil about him, as far as you truthfully can. Say that you don't believe it, you can't believe it, never can believe that he did so, because he also did so and so as you well knew. We should "speak well" of our neighbor to all. Kind words and even some praise we should always use when speaking of the neighbor. Never mention the bad points, the faults, failings, wrongs of the neighbor, but only the good points. We should furthermore "put the best construction" upon all that our neighbor says or does. Don't let us rightaway think the worst of him, whenever his words or actions do not seem right. Let us think that he spoke or acted thoughtlessly or in haste. Whenever he says or does anything actually bad and sinful, we should think, that he was in such circumstances that better men than he would have fallen. And, above all, remember, that we would have done the same sins, if the mercy and grace of God had not kept us.

F. B.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Christ, the Model of a true Pastor.

BY REV. H. HANSEN.

II.

HOW A CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION IS TO BE GATHERED.

We learn from Christ, the good Shepherd, how a Christian congregation is to be gathered. In what manner did Christ then gather His congregation? In no other way than through the Word and the Sacraments. The Lord comes forth with the sermon: "The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand:

repent ye, and believe the gospel," and He continued this sermon, and him, who believed it, He took into His fold; besides, He baptized through His disciples. It is, therefore, the Word of God, the Word of repentance and of faith, by means of which, according to the model of Christ, we are to gather His Church. And, indeed, through the Word and the Sacraments *alone*, not also through human or worldly means. It would have been a trifle for the Lord to have drawn the whole people to His side, had He yielded to their fleshly desires.

On one occasion, for instance, when He had miraculously fed them in the desert, they wanted to make Him their king at once; but He does not feed them again the next day, on the contrary, He rebukes them on account of their worldly thoughts, and continues the sermon about repentance and faith, which was so disagreeable to them; He continues His hard words about the many who are called, and the few who are chosen; continues the command so disagreeable to the flesh: "Whosoever forsaketh not all that he hath, can not be my disciple." He refers those who want to follow Him inconsiderately, to the fact, that no worldly advantage is to be found with Him; that He had not where to rest His head. Him who would not believe the word, He cast off, and sought to catch no one through cunning and temporal gain. At no time did He seek to put His doctrine and His kingdom in such a light, that it could seem advantageous to the carnally and worldly-minded to follow Him. Never did He seek the friendship of the world, nor the advancement of His cause from those, who were inwardly hostile to Him. The Pharisees would have held friendship with Him, if He had only somewhat favorably looked upon them, and had attempted to please them; but He told them in plain terms: "But 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."

So there remains for us, according to the model of Christ, no other means of gathering and building the church of the Lord, than the Word of the Kingdom. He who will not be brought to faith through the Word and baptism, and who, therefore, will not enter into the kingdom of God through the right door, which is Christ, him we must leave outside, for such a manifest, impenitent and unbelieving person will neither be of any true benefit to the congregation, nor have such a benefit for himself; on the contrary he will thereby only be lulled into security as if he already were a Christian and a disciple of the Lord, whereas he is just as far away from Him, as before.

According to the model of Christ, a pastor, therefore, dare not place the prospect of temporal, worldly advantage by joining the congregation, before any one, he must rather represent the congregation of Christ as the poor despised little flock, with which no temporal profit, but only spiritual, celestial treasures are to be sought. With all our eagerness to increase the congregation of the Lord, the pastor must also be able to wait patiently until the Gospel has brought fruit in the heart of a person; no spiritual chase must be made upon souls as the fanatics do; that which can not be gathered through the simple pure Word of God, must be relinquished; but we must not impatiently make use of various other means which have no promise.

Beautiful Saviour.*"Schanster Herr Jesu."*

Beautiful Saviour! King of creation!
 Son of God and Son of man!
 Truly I'd love Thee, truly I'd serve Thee,
 Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.

Fair are the meadows, fairer the woodlands,
 Robed in flowers of blooming Spring:
 Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer;
 He makes the sorrowing spirit sing.

Fair is the sunshine, fairer the moonlight,
 With the sparkling stars on high:
 Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
 Than all the angels of the sky.

Beautiful Saviour! Lord of the nations!
 Son of God and son of man!
 Glory and honor, praise, adoration,
 Now and for evermore be Thine.

A Youthful Martyr.

In the first ages of the Church of Christ, in the city of Antioch, a believer was carried forth to die as a martyr. "Ask any little child," said he, "whether it were better to worship one God, the maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour, who is able to save us, or to worship the many false gods whom the heathen serve?"

Now, it was so that a Christian mother had come to the spot, holding in her hand a little son, of about nine or ten years old, named Cyril. The heathen judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eyes rested on the child, and he desired the question to be put to him.

The question was asked: and, to the surprise of those who heard it, the boy replied, "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The judge was filled with rage. "Oh, base Christian!" he cried, "thou hast taught that child to answer thus." Then turning to the boy, he said more mildly, "Tell me, child, how did you learn this faith?"

The boy looked lovingly in his mother's face, and replied, "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother, and she taught it to me."

"Let us now see what the love of Christ can do for you," cried the cruel judge; and at a sign from him, the officers who stood ready with their wooden rods, of the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the boy. Gladly would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the cost of her own life, but she could not do so; yet she did whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ, and to speak the truth.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all," was the reply. And again they smote the child.

"What can the love of Christ do for him?" And tears fell even from the eyes of the heathen, as that mother, as much tortured as her son, answered, "It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

The boy watched his mother's eyes as they rose up to heaven for him; and when his tormentors asked whether he would not now acknowledge the gods they served, and deny Christ, he still said, "No; there is no other God but one; and Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love Him for His love."

The poor boy now fainted beneath the repeated strokes, and they cast the bruised body into the mother's arms, crying, "See what the love of your Christ can do for him now!"

As the mother pressed her child gently to her own crushed heart, she answered, "That love will take him from the wrath of man to the rest of heaven."

"Mother," cried the dying boy, "give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue."

The mother said, "Already, dearest, thou hast tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life—the grace which Christ gives to his little ones. Thou hast spoken the truth in love; arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for thee. May he grant thy poor mother grace to follow in the bright path!"

The little martyr faintly raised his eyes, and said again, "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent;" and so saying he gave up his life.—*Golden Sayings.*

God's Hiding Place.

In the days of the Reformation there lived a learned divine in Germany named Brentius, of Wurtemberg. His godly zeal had at last aroused his enemies, who one day sent a band of soldiers to seize him when they thought he would be off his guard. The soldiers entered the town, but Brentius had time to flee; not, however, without their perceiving him, and they chased him through several streets. He was enabled to outstrip them a little; and then turning quickly into a lane, he found his way up a flight of stairs, at the top of which was a rickety ladder leading up to a hay-loft. He was soon among the hay, concealed and still. The soldiers ran hither and thither, and on coming to the stairs, sought for him, even poking up the points of their bayonets through the boards of the hay-loft, to see if any one moved. Brentius kept still, only shrinking back to escape the touch of the bayonets, till the soldiers turned away, concluding that no one was there.

So far, this was a good hiding-place; but how was he to live if he continued here? The same Lord who had guided his servant to this retreat, sent him food; for every morning, during fourteen days, a hen came to the hay-loft and laid an egg in the hay, which furnished Brentius with sustenance sufficient to keep him alive.

After the fourteenth day the supply failed, and he was compelled to leave this shelter, and accordingly he cautiously descended into the street. He found that the soldiers had just

left the town; so that his friends had now full time and opportunity to get him conveyed away safely to another place.

How many ways has God of protecting His own people who trust in Him!

Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man stood watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last, going up to a basket filled with fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy me food and lodging."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"What is it?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to get impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line came back he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and giving them to the young man, the old fisherman said: "I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

A Horse Accustomed to Giving.

A rich man in Poland desired to send several bottles of good wine to a minister whom he held in high esteem. But as he was unwilling to entrust them to any one of his servants, from fear that a part of his gift might disappear on the way, he requested a young man to take the horse which he himself was accustomed to ride, and bear the wine to the parson. When the young man returned, he said, "I shall not again ride your horse, unless you give me your purse along." "Why so," inquired the wealthy Pole. "Because," said the young man, "whenever I met a poor man on the road the horse would immediately stop, when he saw him taking off his hat to ask alms, and would not move from the spot until I gave the beggar something; and after I had no more money, I could only help myself by stretching out my hand into the beggar's hat as if I was giving; otherwise I could not get the horse to move on."

If only all the rich, who will not be moved to charity either by the Word of God or the poverty surrounding them, could be made to ride quite often on this horse, so as to come to reason through the irrational animal.

"EARTHLY riches are full of poverty."—*Augustine.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

REV. F. W. HUSMANN, of Euclid, Ohio, one of the pioneers of the Lutheran Church in the West, fell asleep in Jesus on the 4th of May. His last words were those sweet words of the 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 LUTHERAN Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States, which held its sessions lately at Fort Wayne, Ind., resolved to erect a new Seminary building at St. Louis, Mo. \$100,000 were appropriated for this purpose.

DIRECTOR E. A. W. KRAUSS, of Addison, Ill., has been chosen editor of the Lutheran Almanac of the Missouri Synod. The Rev. P. Beyer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will write a history of the Lutheran Church in Chicago for this almanac.

DURING the last three years the Lutheran Publishing House at St. Louis sold 71,040 German Hymn Books and 13,100 German Bibles. The "Lutheraner" has 12,800 subscribers; "Lehre und Wehre," 1200; "Schulblatt," 600; "Homiletical Magazine," 900.

THERE are 128 orphans in the Lutheran Orphans' Home, near St. Louis.

FROM the report of the Lutheran Emigrant House at New York we learn that 5,779 persons enjoyed the benefits of the house during the past year, who paid, while many thousands were fed gratuitously.

165 STUDENTS attend the Norwegian Lutheran College at Decorah, Iowa, of which number considerably over 100 have the ministry or the office of teacher of parochial schools in view.

THE STORM which swept over Dayton, Ohio, on May 14th, damaged the chapel used by the English Lutheran mission at that place. Efforts have already been made to find another suitable place of worship.

THE LUTHERAN Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Norris, Mich., has forty mutes in attendance. The pupils are not only taught the ordinary school branches, but also learn the catechism and biblical history.

IN PARIS, France, there are said to be 30,000 Lutherans, having 24 pastors.

LUTHERAN MISSIONARIES in South Africa have established a colony of Kaffir Christians at Middleburg. The converts have built a handsome church of brick, that will accommodate 1500 worshipers, and also a series of workshops.

IN the 9 Lutheran churches of the Missouri Synod in Chicago 870 children were confirmed on Palm Sunday.

THE efforts of the Lutherans in New York to establish a Lutheran Hospital in that great city bid fair to be successful. Over 800 members have already joined the society formed for this purpose.

DURING the past year the Lutheran Church of Russia has contributed \$30,000 for home missions in the interior of that country.

A MOB of Roman-catholic fanatics lately murdered a Protestant native preacher and one of his companions near Apezaco, Mexico, whither he was returning from a preaching appointment.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

The Power of Satan.

According to an East-Indian newspaper.

Rev. Caldwell, one of the missionary bishops in East-India, relates the following:

"A priest appeared at the devil-temple before the expectant visitors. A caldron was over the fire and in it was lead in a molten state. 'Behold!' calmly cried the priest, 'the demon is in me. I will prove to you all the presence within me of the omnipotent divinity.' With that he lifted the caldron and poured the liquid lead over his head. Horns were blown, tom-toms beaten, fresh logs of resinous wood flung into the fire and goats sacrificed. The priest staggered about a little and then fell down in a fainting fit. Three days afterwards he died in a horrible agony. But his mind was clear and calm to the last. The last words he uttered were: 'Nanē satya sami.' That is: I am the true Lord. In the midst of his fearful torture and even in the hour of death he believed with the fiercest certainty of faith, that his body was the inviolate shrine of the demon he adored. That demon was to him the Supreme. With that indwelling demon he identified himself. So he died with a cry denouncing his own divinity. This is terrible, but it is true." (This happened in the Tinnevely District in the South of India.)

F.

Short Stops.

— THAT was a very good illustration of faith in God's promises given by old Uncle Jones. Pointing to a brick wall he said, "Dar is a brick wall, and de Lord he stands there and say to me: 'Jones, now I want you to go troo dat.' I ain't gwine to say, 'Lord, I can't.' I got nuffin to do about it. All I have to do is to butt against de wall, and it's de Lord's business to put me troo."

— CARDINAL Richelieu, like many educated Roman-Catholics, had but little faith in his own creed. A dull priest, the Abbe Malot, once expressed to him a doubt as to how many masses would save a soul. "Pho!" replied the Cardinal, "you are a blockhead. As many as it would take snowballs to heat an oven."

How old are you?

A gray-haired friend once asked a young man his age, and then said that he himself was fourteen years old. The young man gave a look of surprise and inquiry, when the old man

solemnly said, "It is fourteen years since it pleased God to call me by His grace, and to reveal His Son in me; before that time I was dead, dead in trespasses and sin; only since then I have been alive."—He spoke the truth in the Bible sense of the word *life*, and the only sense in which existence is enjoyable here or endurable hereafter. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son *Hath* life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath *not* life." (1 John 4, 12.)

Catharine with the Great Faith.

In a little village there lived a plain old lady, whom the neighbors, on account of her piety, called "*Catharine with the great faith.*" A clergyman, passing through the place, heard of her and determined to pay her a visit. Drawing near to her humble dwelling he met an aged woman carrying a bundle of sticks out of the woods near by. "Are you Catharine with the great faith?" he inquired. "Whether I have great faith I know not, but this I know, that I have a great Saviour."

Old Fashioned.

A gentleman states that, when a boy, he was one day in the office of his grandfather, who held a position under the Federal government, and wishing to write, he was about taking a sheet of letter-paper from the desk. "What are you about there?" said the old gentleman. "Getting a sheet of paper only," said he. "Put it back, sir, put it back," exclaimed the strictly honest official, "*That paper belongs to the government of the United States!*"

Luke 16, 10. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

A Book of Three Leaves.

An old minister used to carry about a little book with only three leaves, and no words in it. The first leaf was black, the next scarlet, the last white. Day by day he looked at it, and at last told what it meant, something in this way: "Here is the black leaf that shows my sin, and what it deserves. Then comes the red page to tell me of Jesus' blood. I look at it, and weep, and look again. Lastly comes the white leaf—a picture of my dark soul washed in the cleansing fountain and made clean."

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Are You Free?

"Free? Why, what do you mean? I am as free as the bird in the air, I live in the country where the Fourth of July is celebrated, where the flag of liberty waves over the brave and the free"—Well, that is all very well, my friend, I, too, thank God for all the freedom we enjoy in this free country of ours, but whenever I hear a man speaking of this political freedom as the only thing needed, as the only true freedom, I am reminded of Old Uncle Brown's Fourth of July oration. Uncle Brown, you know, was a good speaker and his neighbors always elected him "the orator of the day." Well, on a certain Fourth of July Brown got up on the stump to deliver his oration. His neighbors were all standing around. There were the men and the women with their children—all listening to the eloquence of Uncle Brown. And Brown was an eloquent speaker. He spoke of "the free sun rising over a free people," he spoke of "the free flag waving over a free nation," and raising his voice to the highest pitch he cried out, "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I'm standing here before you on the soil of liberty!" "Oh, no!" cried out Smith, the shoemaker, "you ain't. You're standing in a pair of boots you never paid me for." The folks laughed, and there was an end to Brown's speech. He found out that although he lived in a free country, there was something wrong about him.

Yes, my dear reader, a man may live in this free country, and yet be a slave, a slave of sin and of Satan. The drunkard, the miser, the worldling, and all that wilfully serve sin, are in the terrible slavery of sin. By nature all men are in this slavery, bound by the chains of sin to be thrown into the prison-house of hell and to be lashed by the flames of God's eternal wrath. St. Paul says that we are "sold under sin." Now, who can deliver us from this slavery? Who can give us true freedom? Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. He says, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8, 36.) By His sufferings and death He purchased true freedom for all sinners—freedom from the punishment of sin, from the curse of the law, from the wrath of God.

This work of Christ is brought to all sinners in the Gospel. The Gospel is the great Declaration of Freedom. It tells us that "God so loved the world, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life," John 3, 16. They who truly believe this Gospel and take Christ as their Saviour, are made the free children of God—free from the slavery and punishment of sin, free from eternal damnation. It is true, sin still dwells in their old nature and tries to drag them into their former slavery, but by the power of God's Spirit, dwelling in their new nature, they fight against sin and keep the mastery over sin, until through death they pass into the eternal city of the free above where there is no sin and no slavery. Oh, my dear reader, let me ask you, Are you still a slave of sin? Jesus bought true freedom for you more than 1800 years ago with His own precious blood. And this freedom is brought to you in the Gospel. Take it with the true faith of your heart, and you will be free indeed.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Despise not the chastening of the Lord.

We must neither neglect the correction of the Lord nor faint under it. Why not? Because the hand of God is in it and He desires us to profit by it. Affliction, if we make proper use of it, will always prove the means of good to our souls, inasmuch as it is a proof of God's fatherly love and shows His most gracious designs towards us. Children of God must never forget that their afflictions are not judicial punishments, but salutary medicines and fatherly chastisements, intended only for their welfare; not to satisfy the demands of justice, but to purify them. They are exposed to various and manifold distresses, even to temporal death itself. But God does not send such trials in order to show His wrath, but in order to deal with them as children, for their own profit, Hebr. 12, 7, 10.; that they may humble themselves under the mighty hand of God, deplore their sin and pray for mercy for Jesus' sake—"that they might be partakers of His holiness." Afflictions are a part of God's discipline, they are reasonable expressions of His divine affec-

tion towards us. For whom He loveth He chasteneth; love which is not conjoined with reproof, is not genuine. But our heavenly Father's love is genuine. Therefore, if we are chastened, the very afflictions we endure are signs and tokens that He kindly and affectionately thinks of us. "Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of the law," Ps. 94, 12. "When we are judged we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." 1 Cor. 11, 32. Although the chastenings of the Lord may not seem joyous but grievous for the present: nevertheless, if we endure it as beloved children, it will yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness—because the blessing hand of God our heavenly Father is in it.—Looking at the correction of the Lord in the proper light, we find many reasons why we should not neglect it, but on the other hand, no reason whatever, why we should be discouraged.

G. R.

An Old Man's Word.

I met him one day on his way to the place where prayer was wont to be made. He had just passed the mile stone of life labelled "Seventy years." His back was bent, his limbs trembled beside his staff; his clothes were old, his voice was husky, his hair was white, his eye was dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, he seemed still fond of life and full of gladness, not at all put out with his lot. He hummed the lines of a familiar hymn as his legs and cane carried him along.

"Aged friend," said I, "why should an old man be merry?"

"All are not," said he.

"Well, why, then, should you be merry?"

"Because I belong to the Lord."

"Are not all happy at your time of life?"

"No, sir," said he, as his form straightened into the statue of his former days. "Listen, please, to the truth from one who knows, then wing it round the world, and no man of my three score years and ten shall be found to gainsay my words—*The devil has no happy old men!*"

The English Bible.

One of our young readers requests us to "tell him in a few words something about King James's Bible and the New Version." We gladly comply with the request of our young friend.

KING JAMES'S BIBLE.

Our common English Bible is called King James's Bible, because it was issued in England by authority of King James I., in the year 1611. In 1604, the proposal to revise the English translations of the Bible was made at a conference held by James I. at Hampton Court. No real opposition being offered to the proposal, the king sketched out a plan to be adopted. He "wished that some special pains should be taken in that behalf for *one uniform translation*, and this to be done by the best learned in both universities (Oxford and Cambridge); after them to be revised by the bishops and the chief learned of the Church; from them to be presented to the Privy Council; and lastly, to be ratified by his royal authority. And so this whole Church to be bound upon it, and none other." According to this plan the English translation of the Bible was prepared by forty-seven eminent scholars of King James's time; and this translation has until now been recognized as the "Authorized Version," wherever the English language is spoken.

THE NEW VERSION.

In 1870, a Convocation of the Church of England thought it "desirable that a revision of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures be undertaken." Two committees, consisting of English and American scholars, were formed for this purpose. The "Committee for the Revision of the Old Testament" has not yet completed its work; but the work of the "New Testament Committee" was published in the month of May, and this is the "New Version" of which our young friend has "heard so much during the past weeks." It can be had at a very low price at the book-stores, and our friend can see for himself wherein it differs from the one now in use. The changes do not affect a single doctrine of God's Word; still the wisdom of many of those changes is fairly questioned by eminent scholars, both in England and America, and it is very doubtful whether this "New Version" will ever take the place of "King James's Bible," which has been in use for more than two centuries and a half, and which has struck deep root in the hearts and memories of the English speaking people. The old readers of the Bible at least will be of "Old Aunt Nancy's" mind:

"For ten years past, and for five times ten
At the back of that, my dear,
I've made and mended and tolled and saved,
With my Bible ever near,
Sometimes it was only a verse at morn,
That lifted me up from care,
Like the springing wings of a sweet-voiced lark
Cleaving the golden air;

"And sometimes on Sunday afternoons
'Twas a chapter rich and long,
That came to my heart in its weary hour
With the lift of a triumph song.
I studied the precious words, my dear,
When a child at my mother's knee,
And I tell you the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me.

"I may be stubborn and out of date,
But my hair is white as snow,
And I love the things I learned to love
In the beautiful long ago.
I cannot be changing at my time;
'Twould be losing a part of myself.
You may lay the new New Testament
Away on the upper shelf.

"I cling to the one my good man read
In our fireside prayers at night;
To the one my little children lisped
Ere they faded out of my sight,
I shall gather my dear ones close again
Where the many mansions be,
And till then the Bible I've always had
Is a good enough book for me."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Christ, the Model of a true Pastor.

BY REV. H. HANSER.

III.

HOW THE GATHERED CONGREGATION IS TO BE GUIDED.

Let us learn from Christ, the good Shepherd, how a gathered congregation is to be guided. How did the good Shepherd guide His congregation? We answer: With His Word. He did not use any external means of constraint, but only precept and instruction. He not only taught on the Sabbath, but also during the week; He made use of every opportunity which presented itself. Moreover, He not only taught, but also listened to what His disciples had to say, and with endless patience led them more and more, so far, that God's Word alone governed their lives, and became the light upon their path which they followed.

He guided His followers with God's Word. He gives no rules of an order, does not insist upon strict external observance of the Sabbath, nor upon fasting, and gives no external sign of distinction; He rather cautioned them against such outward appearances with these words: "The kingdom of Heaven cometh not with observation." He could have put Himself and His congregation in a favorable light before the people and the Pharisees by strictly observing such matters; but He does not do so.

Much is to be learned from this. For a pastor is often tempted to represent his congregation as faring well, even when it is new and not well founded. This can then be done most quickly and easily, when certain external regulations, works, ceremonies, etc., are especially recommended. The people eagerly take hold

of such things, and become outwardly, in appearance, pious, without having in reality been converted. In terrible blindness they may soon say; I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing," while the Lord's true judgment is to this effect: "Thou knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind and naked; . . . anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see!"

On the contrary, it is important according to the model of Christ to relinquish such outward signs, to refer the congregation to the renewal from within, and if this be done slowly, to restrain himself as a patient shepherd, but not wish to ripen fruit, which before God is worthless, by means of external regulations and by urging with any law.

Another thing. Nowadays, the temptation to organize associations within the congregation, and to comprise everything in constitutions and regulations, is not wanting. But how did the good Shepherd act in this respect? He could easily have made various good regulations, and the people, following Him as they did in crowds, would gladly have observed them. How easily could He have regulated their service; but He does not do so. It is always His congregation, as such, from which He desires acts of love; for instance, when the people were hungry in the desert, He says to His poor congregation: "Give ye them to eat," and when she gave her five loaves, He gave her twelve baskets in return, that she might not grow weary of and become discouraged in such works. Therefore let us have no such associations, through which the congregation's obligation is removed from view, through which the lack of true brotherly love is concealed more than exposed, and through which the Christian's giving out of free will is not advanced, but the longer the more, is converted into an act of constraint. Every society, through which the congregation is deprived of its obligation to provide for the poor, the needy widows and orphans, for church and school, comes of evil.

According to the model of the good Shepherd, it is also necessary to the proper guidance of the congregation, to pray diligently for the same to Him, who guides the hearts of all. We are frequently told of the Lord Jesus, that He prayed for His followers, and we see how He bears them before His Heavenly Father from His prayer, John 17., where He prays: "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom Thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are."

It is, therefore, the duty of the true undershepherds of Christ, frequently to commit to God in prayer and supplication, the souls confided to their care, and in all difficult circumstances and occurrences to beseech God fervently, that He may control and guide the minds of the congregation, as it pleases Him. In that way they will accomplish more than with faint-hearted care and fear.

The Christian's Clock.

The bell tolls ONE.
Teach me to say,
"Thy will be done."

The bell tolls TWO.
Help me each day
Thy will to do.

The bell tolls THREE.
I ask in Faith
To follow Thee.

The bell tolls FOUR.
I pray for trust
For evermore.

The bell tolls FIVE.
For Christlike speech
Help me to strive.

The bell tolls SIX.
Teach me my Hope
On Thee to fix.

The bell tolls SEVEN.
O make my life
A way to Heaven.

The bell tolls EIGHT.
May I in peace
And patience wait.

The bell tolls NINE.
Let Charity
Be ever mine.

The bell tolls TEN.
I pray for love
To God and men.

It tolls ELEVEN.
Let me each hour
Be nearer Heaven.

TWELVE strokes I hear!
Now perfect Love
Hath cast out fear.

(Selected.)

The Widow and her Bible;

OR,
Tried and Proved.

An aged widow was thinking of the faithfulness and love of God, with her Bible open before her. It was an old Bible—a very old one—which bore the marks of much handling; but it was a very precious one to its owner, not only because it had been her mother's Bible, but because in it she had, for many years, found the comfort which she could find nowhere else. So this one holy book was dear to her heart, and a treasure in her home. And so well did she know her Bible that she could easily find almost any passage she desired.

Throughout her Bible there were many words and marks, which she had written with her pencil, the most numerous of which were "T." and "P."

While the widow was thus thinking of God's love, a friend came in, who, seeing the open Bible before her, said something about the sweetness of that book; and in turning over some of its leaves in order to find a passage, saw "T." and "P." written in several places upon the margin, and therefore took the liberty of asking what it meant.

The widow's reply was simple and beautiful. "That means *Tried* and *Proved*. For many years past I have come to this Bible for instruction and comfort, and have always found what I sought. It has never failed me. It was in its blessed pages that, through the Holy Spirit's help, I found myself to be a lost and ruined creature; a sinner by nature and practice; exposed to the wrath of God without being able to save myself; and here I also learned that Jesus was *mighty to save*. I read His own sweet words of invitation, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' I believe that He meant what He said. I cast my helpless soul upon Him, and found salvation, found the rest He had promised, and proved His faithfulness; and at the side of that invitation and promise I wrote my first 'T.' and 'P.'

"He promised His disciples that if they asked they should receive. I have asked Him for blessings, and He did not let me ask in vain. I became a widow, and my children were fatherless. My heart was full of bitterness and sorrow. I read these blessed words: 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.' 'A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation.' Trusting myself and my children to His care, I found God was faithful; and here in both cases you see I have written 'T.' and 'P.'

"I have had troubles and sorrows, yet, in the midst of all, I have never been left without comfort. I have trusted in God's promise, and have ever found it fulfilled. I have based my faith upon the Bible, and have never found it fail me; therefore my T.'s and P.'s are my testimonies to the faithfulness of my Father in heaven. And the book whose promises have been so richly fulfilled in my experience in this life will be as worthy of my trust in respect to all the future life, on which it has made my soul to hope, and therefore this holy Bible is precious to my soul."

Happy old saint! Such faith as hers has ever been honored and ever will be.

Reader! you, too, doubtless have a Bible. Have you *tried* and *proved* for yourself the faithfulness of God to the soul that trusts in that Bible?

The Bible has the same truths and promises for you it had for this aged widow. It speaks to you for the same purpose as it spoke to her. It says that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the Saviour of all sinners. That "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 Bible tells you that God hears and answers prayer. That He is a present help in trouble. That He is the Father of mercies and the God of comfort. Do you know this in your own soul's history and experience?

Have you *not* proved these things? Then it is because you have not tried them. Seek in the Bible, the Word of God, for the truth that

maketh wise unto salvation. Trust in that Bible! You will find God faithful to His promise and faithful to you; peace and joy and hope will fill your soul with gladness, and you, too, will be able to write on the margin of that book which brings you God's promises, "*Tried and Proved*;" and you will be able to sing with thankfulness and joy,

"Should all the forms that men devise
Assail my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart."

The Dying Indian Boy and the Bible.

"I found him," says the missionary, "dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch-rind covered hut, with nothing but a few fern leaves under him and an old blanket over him. After recovering from my surprise, I said, 'My poor boy, I am sorry to see you in this state; had you let me know, you should not have been lying here.' He replied, 'It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore.' I then asked him concerning the state of his mind, when he replied that he was very happy; that Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he had the most perfect confidence in Him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, I said, 'Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find something good there.' Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his thin hand, while a smile played on his countenance, and slowly spoke in precisely the following words: 'This, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of what it told. Last year I went to see my sister at Lake Winnipeg (about two hundred miles off), where I remained about two months. When I was half-way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro, before I could reach the house; but I found my friend, and determined I would not part with it again, and ever since it has been near my breast, and I thought I should have it buried with me; but I have thought since I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good.'"

Praying and Working.

I like that saying of Martin Luther, when he says, "I have so much business to do to-day, that I shall not get through it with less than three hours' prayer." Now, most people would say, "I have so much business to do to-day, that I have only time for three minutes' prayer; I cannot afford the time." But Luther thought that the more he had to do the more he must pray, or else he could not get through it. That is a blessed kind of logic; may we understand it.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

WITHIN three days after the publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament 2,000,000 copies were sold in London, and in one day 300,000 copies were sold in New York city alone. Such a fact is without a parallel in the history of literature, and it furnishes an argument more eloquent than words to prove the power the Sacred Scriptures still wield, amid the infidelity and speculations and worldliness of the present age.

THREE YEARS AGO the Lutheran Orphans' Home near Richmond, Ind., was opened with three children. Now there are 62 children in the Home under the care of the kind House Father, Rev. Dingeldey. A large number of Lutherans recently took part in the Annual Festival; there were about 3,000 guests present from abroad. The total receipts for the Home an that day were \$700.00.

IN THE LUTHERAN Orphans' Home at Mount Vernon, N. Y., there are 63 children. The annual festival of the Home was celebrated on June 2nd.

A NEW Lutheran paper has made its appearance. It is a Norwegian one, "*For Gammel og Ung*" ("For Old and Young"), and is edited by Rev. E. J. Homme, of Winchester, Wis., a member of our Norwegian Lutheran Synod. The aim of the paper is to awaken a deeper interest in our Lutheran institutions of education and mercy. Success to "*Gammel og Ung!*"

A LUTHERAN congregation of Norwegians was lately organized in Portland, Maine.

THE REV. C. GROSS, of Fort Wayne, Ind., celebrated his 25th anniversary as pastor of the Lutheran Church on June 22d. Our PIONEER makes one of his most graceful bows and sends his best wishes.

REV. L. DORNSEIF has taken charge of the Lutheran mission congregation at Denver, Col.

IN OUR LUTHERAN SEMINARY at St. Louis, Mo., 30 students passed their examination on the 14th of June. After a nine years' course of study these young men now enter the ministry of our Lutheran Church. May God bless their labors!

OUR LITTLE PIONEER, peeping over our shoulder, here puts in a most impertinent question. He wants to know whether he will now have 30 new homes to visit on his monthly trip. We tell him that this is not his business and that we don't want to be disturbed by such questions, since the printer is anxiously waiting for this manuscript. We shall punish our little PIONEER by making him recite a poem at the close of this "Outlook."

THE LUTHERAN Immanuel's congregation at Fort Wayne, Ind., Rev. C. Gross, pastor, resolved, at one of its recent meetings to build a new parsonage for \$3,500.

THE WISCONSIN SYNOD has published Luther's Smaller Catechism with explanations in German. The price of the book is 30 cents and is for sale by F. Werner, 436 Broadway, Milwaukee.

THE "German Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania" held its 133d Annual Convention in Pottstown, Pa. Dr. Seiss, of Philadelphia, was elected President. The synod devoted one of its sessions to the discussion of its mission work. \$5,653.09 were contributed during the past year for Home Mission, and \$2,180.50 for Foreign Mission work.

THE German mission paper published by the General Council has 15,000 subscribers and lately paid \$800 into the mission treasury. The English mission paper has 5,500 subscribers.

THE Rev. Dr. Krauth, of Philadelphia, who had been requested to prepare a biography of Luther, to be published in 1883, at the anniversary of Luther's birth, reported at the recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Synod, "that during last summer he had visited the scenes of Luther's life in Germany; that he had been laboring in the past on the work, and was engaged on it, and hoped, with the divine blessing, to have it ready by the time specified."

AN EASTERN PAPER states that a lady over eighty years of age walked four miles to place the subscription price for her church-paper in the hands of her pastor. We call the attention of those whom it may concern to the good example of this worthy old lady.

ANOTHER good lesson may be learned by many in our Christian land from a congregation in a heathen country. In a certain village in Burmah, India, the people have become so poor that they are obliged to eat rats to keep from starvation. As the missionary was leaving recently a member of the church put about five dollars into his hand, saying, "This is our annual contribution to foreign missions. We can live upon the rats, but the Ka-Khyens can not live without the Gospel."

WE would recommend this noble act to a certain congregation in the State of Vermont of which we lately read. It is composed of well-to-do farmers who, seeing that their pastor gave an unusually large contribution to foreign missions last year, instead of doubling their own contribution, jumped backward to the conclusion that they were paying him too much salary, and made haste to cut it down!

THE members of that congregation perhaps are the kind of people of which old Uncle Jones speaks in the following lines, which we will now let our little PIONEER recite whilst we slowly close our window:

"De people pays deir bigges' bills in buyin' lots an' lan's;
 Dey scatter all deir picayunes aroun' de pea-nut stan's;
 De teventies an' de fifties goes in payin' orf deir rents,
 But de church an' de organ-grinder gits de copper cents!"

Does Jesus come to your Home?

Little Annie's parents were rather poor; but they were true Christians loving the Lord and His precious Word. The Bible and the Catechism were daily read and studied, and so the

Lord Jesus was a constant guest in the lowly dwelling of Annie's parents. One day little Annie went with her mother, as she had occasion to call on a rich lady in a neighboring city. The lady felt quite an interest in the child, and took her all over the house to show her all the beauties of her comfortable home. Much surprised at all she saw, the little thing exclaimed:

"Why, how beautiful! I am sure Jesus must love to come here, it is so pleasant. Does'nt He come here very often? He comes to our house, and we have no carpet home. O how Jesus must love to come here!"

The lady made no reply, and little Annie asked again:

"Does'nt Jesus come here very often?"
 Then, with much emotion, the lady replied: "I am afraid not."

That was too much for the child. She hastened to her mother and begged to be taken home, for she was afraid to stay in a house where Jesus did not come. That night the lady told her husband what had happened, and the question of the child went to the hearts of both husband and wife. They began to read God's word, and by the power of the Holy Spirit they were soon brought to the feet of the Saviour, and Jesus was made a guest in their home.

Reader, does Jesus come to your home?

BOOK-TABLE.

HEINRICH MELCHIOR MUEHLENBERG. An autobiography. With additions and explanations by Dr. W. Germann. Allentown, Pa. Brobst, Diehl & Co.

German readers will welcome this interesting little book. Muehlenberg, the "Patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America", here tells us the story of his life, from the beginning until his settlement in Pennsylvania (1711-1743), and we thus learn how God prepared him for the arduous work he had to do among the Lutherans in America. The book is sold at 90 cents per copy, free of postage.

NACHRICHTEN VON DEN VEREINIGTEN DEUTSCHEN EVANGELISCH-LUTHERISCHEN GEMEINEN IN NORD-AMERIKA. Republished with notes &c. by Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa. Vol. I. No. 1.

This is the first number of the long-expected new edition of the "Halle Reports." It has been prepared for the press under the editorship of Revs. W. J. Mann, D. D., and B. M. Schmucker, D. D., with the co-operation of Rev. Germann, D. D., pastor in Germany. The value of this new edition consists in the important explanatory notes and additions made by the able editors. The publishers have also done their part of the work well, and by issuing it in numbers they place it within the reach of all. The price of the number is 50 cents. An English translation of the work is being prepared for the press.

LIEDERGESCHICHTEN. No. 6. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price, 12 cents.

This number of the series of "Liedergeschichten" which we lately recommended to our readers treats of the well-known hymn of Paul Gerhardt: "Befehl du deine Wege."

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No. 8.

The Gospel Stream.

"I was once stopping," says a lady, "at a village on the Welsh coast, where the people had to bring all the water from the well."

"Is the well ever dry?" I asked a young girl, who came to draw water.

"Dry? Yes, ma'am; very often in hot weather."

"And where do you go for water then?"

"To the spring a little way out of town."

"And if the spring dries up?"

"Why, then we go to the stream higher up—the best water of all."

"But if the stream higher up fails?"

"Why, ma'am, that stream never dries up, never. It is always the same, winter and summer."

I went to see this precious brook which "never dries up." It was a clear, sparkling rivulet, coming down from the high hill—not with torrent leap and roar, but with soft murmur of fulness and freedom. It flowed down to the highway side. It was within reach of every little child's pitcher. It was enough for every empty vessel. The small birds came down to drink. The sheep and lambs had trodden down the little path to its brink. The thirsty beasts of burden, along the dusty road, knew the way to the stream that "never dries up." And as I stood by the little stream, I thought of the waters of life and salvation, flowing from the "Rock of Ages", and brought within the reach of sinners;—the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Every other brook may grow dry in the days of drought and sorrow; but this heavenly spring—the Gospel stream—never dries up.

Dear reader, have you drank from the Gospel stream? Those fresh and sparkling waters of a free and full salvation flow for all sinners in the Word of God and in the holy Sacraments. In these means of grace eternal salvation is brought to you, and by them God works in your heart true faith with which you take the free gift of God. Thirsty soul, come and drink! Wearied and fainting, lingering disappointed around the broken cisterns of human hope and human consolation, Jesus calls you to Himself. "If any man thirst let him come

unto Me and drink." The water from Jacob's well was refreshing! but to the sinful woman of Samaria, coming to that well to draw water, Christ offered living water. Jesus said unto her, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life," John 4, 13, 14. This water of salvation Jesus offers to you in the clear and full Gospel stream. And "the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," Rev. 22, 17.

Dear reader, have you drank from this Gospel stream that "never dries." Then you can say: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters," Psalm 23.

The Rainy Sunday.

It is Sunday morning. The churchbells are ringing. The pastor, who so joyfully worked at his sermon during the week, looks rather gloomy as he leaves his study. Why? Well, it is a rainy Sunday, and he knows this rain will make the church rather empty. The church-members, it is true, all know Luther's explanation of the Third Commandment: "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." And they know that there is preaching on rainy Sundays. Yes, they do. And the rain on a week day will not prevent them from attending to their business. Oh, no! The umbrella can protect them from the rain on such a day, but a Sunday rain—well, a Sunday rain seems to be an extra kind of a rain, against which the umbrella can give no protection. It is strange that a little rain and heat and head-ache will not keep men from attending to their business during the week, but will keep them from attending the Lord's services on Sunday.

There was Miss Susan. She was an excellent singer. In fact, the congregation could

hardly get along without her. But on a warm or rainy Sunday Miss Susan did not attend the services. And the folks were sorry to miss her; for, as I said, she was the best singer they had. Well, on a cool Sunday evening Susan was present. The hymn was given out. Miss Susan threw back her head and sang away lustily:

"Through mighty floods and burning flames
I'll pass when Jesus leads."

After services old Uncle Brown, passing up the street with her, said, "I was glad to see you in church this evening, Miss Susan, we missed you badly Sunday before last."

"Well, Mr. Brown," said she, "you know it was such a rainy Sunday, I could not come."

"And last Sunday?" said old Uncle Brown.

"Last Sunday? Oh, yes. Last Sunday it was so hot; it was so very hot, Mr. Brown."

"Well, suppose there had been 'mighty floods' Sunday before last and 'burning flames' last Sunday, what then, Miss Susan, what then?" said the kind old Uncle, as he slyly looked up to the young lady.

Miss Susan passed on silently, and on next Sunday—it was a rainy Sunday—she was in her seat. Old Uncle Brown was glad to see her there. She had learned a lesson from what he had told her.

God Not Dead.

At one time I was sorely vexed and tried by own sinfulness, by the wickedness of the world, and by the dangers that beset the Church. One morning I saw my wife dressed in mourning. Surprised, I asked her who had died. "Do you not know?" she replied; "God in heaven is dead." "How can you talk such nonsense, Katie!" I said; "How can God die? Why, He is immortal, and will live through all eternity." "Is that really true?" she asked. "Of course," I said, still not perceiving what she was aiming at; "how can you doubt it? As surely as there is a God in heaven, so sure is it that He can never die." "And yet," she said, "though you do not doubt that, yet you are so hopeless and discouraged." Then I observed what a wise woman my wife was, and mastered my sadness.—*Luther.*

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

The Ninth Commandment.*Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house.*

What does this mean?

We should fear and love God, that we may not craftily seek to get our neighbor's inheritance or house, nor obtain it by a show of right; but help and be of service to him in keeping it.
(Luther's Small Catechism.)

So saith the ninth commandment. That is, do not desire, wish, or long to have as your own anything that belongs to another. "Thou shalt not covet" means: thou shalt have no desire for, no wish for, no longing for what is already the property of another, excepting only the desire to buy it of the owner, or give either property or labor in exchange for it, which is a lawful desire and not forbidden. But all other desires for anything that is our neighbor's are forbidden as coveting our neighbor's property. For instance, if I am not content with the little I have, but wish that I had something of my neighbor's property also; or if I envy my neighbor, disliking to see him have what I have not, and wishing that I and not he owned it; or if I am greedy and always want more, though I have plenty and enough, and wish that such and such things belonging to another were mine; or if anything that is my neighbor's so pleases me, that I fall in love with it, and wish that it were mine—all this is coveting my neighbor's property. And I might mention many other cases, where the heart covets the things of another. By this time, the reader will have seen that the word "house" in the commandment does not only signify the buildings and dwelling-houses of our fellow-men, but also their grounds, lands, crops, furniture, tools, or whatever else belongs to them.

Now, there are many that do not only covet in their hearts that which is the property of another, but also seek to *obtain* the same and *make* it their own. If they try to obtain it as common thieves do, that is, by taking it away without asking further questions, then they steal it. There are other ways, however, in which man may wrongfully obtain his neighbor's property. The two ways most commonly practiced are those mentioned by Dr. Luther in his explanation of this commandment: "We should fear and love God, that we may not craftily" (slyly, artfully, by trickery) "seek to get our neighbor's inheritance or house, nor obtain it by a show of right" (justice and law appearing to be on our side, while in reality they are not). Men have invented many cunning and artful tricks by which they succeed in getting what their hearts covet of their neighbor's property. The world calls them smart, but such smartness is of the devil. Eve thought she was smart, when she coveted (desired) to be like God and tried to obtain it by eating of the forbidden fruit, but what did it profit her? Furthermore, men manage to get what belongs to the neighbor by a show of right. That is, they make it appear as if they had perfect right to take it. Lawyers and judges thus have no conscience, witnesses swearing false

oaths, imperfect and double-meaning laws &c. are their tools to accomplish their evil designs. God forbid, that we should ever become guilty of such robbery. No, no. Whatever belongs to our neighbor, let him keep it. Let us be glad that he has it. Let us help him to keep it, as Dr. Luther says: "Help and be of service to him in keeping it."
F. B.

(Translated for the "Pioneer" by C. Spieker.)

Christ, the Model of a true Pastor.

BY REV. H. HANSER.

IV.

HOW THE INDIVIDUAL SOULS ARE TO BE TREATED.

We also learn from Christ, the good Shepherd, how the individual souls are to be treated. He does not treat one man like the other, but each in his own way, and according to his failings. He attacks Nicodemus who trusted in and was proud of his natural birth from Abraham, and his blameless life before the people, differently than He does the publicans; He destroys all this for him; and nothing could have shocked this man more than just this, that all that was worthless before God, upon which he, hitherto, had so firmly relied.

He attacks the rich young man whose heart was bewitched by Mammon, in another way. In order to show him this fault, and to rid him of it, He demands of him: "Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor . . . and come, follow me." Luke 18. He attacks the worldly and carnally minded woman of Samaria, in another manner. In order to enter into conversation with her, He requests her to give Him to drink; when she wondered at this, He began to speak of Himself and the living water; but she understands all in a worldly and fleshly manner; but He does not become impatient. He reveals Himself as a prophet, by telling her things of her life, which probably no one save she herself knew; by this means He leads her on, so that she now looks up to Him as a prophet, and lays before Him a question of conscience, namely, whether the Samaritans or the Jews had the true worship. To this He replies that salvation is of the Jews; but the time had come when God would break down the barrier between the Jews and the Samaritans, and would gather from all nations, those who worship Him in spirit and in truth. He thus leads her further and further, until He, at length, fully brings her to a knowledge of Himself and to faith, by finally saying to her that He was the Messiah, whom she was longing for. Then there fell from her eyes as it had been scales, and in her great joy she hastens to lead others to Him also. Behold, with so many words, with such a splendid explanation, the Lord treats with a lost woman, who stood so low in the eyes of the disciples, that they marveled, that He even spoke to her. John 4. In still another way, He attacks the heathen Pilate. He could not take hold of him, as He did the woman of Samaria, who knew something of God's Word, nor as He did Nicodemus, who knew the Bible well. Pilate is proud of his power to crucify or to release, as he pleases. The Lord, however, destroys this pride, by saying: "Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." The Lord wishes to say: If, however, thy power is not thine own, but bestowed upon and entrusted to thee for a short

time, thou wilt one day be compelled to give a strict account of how thou hast used it; it is manifestly not given thee to oppress the innocent, but to assist him, for God can not desire evil. In order to impress this still deeper upon his heart and conscience, He adds: "Therefore, he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin." He means: The power, it is true, is here. God hath given it thee; (the high priest, as representative of the Jews) and thou, both misuse it, by killing me. Inasmuch as the Jews have greater knowledge of right and wrong, they also, in this, commit a greater sin; yet thou also sinnest, even if not so much. But, behold how gently and tenderly the Lord makes the latter known to him; for He does not utter this conclusion Himself, but only refers to it in such a manner, that Pilate is forced to draw the conclusion himself, and to say: Even if the Jews commit a greater sin, I nevertheless also sin, by taking part in it, and doing as they desire. And that Pilate actually came to this conclusion, and that the words of Christ also really entered his conscience, we see from this, that it is immediately said: "And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release Him."

We learn from this that the less a man knows of the Bible, the more of milk-food, and not strong meat must be given him; for our chief design must be to drop the seed of divine truth into their hearts, and then to wait in patience whether and until it come up. We must, therefore, not fret and think that we have perhaps denied the Lord, when we have not always presented the entire doctrine of justification to an unbeliever with whom God has brought us together, and have not perchance closed with the words: If you do not accept this, you will be damned. We should rather rejoice when, in the first place, we have only caused him to reflect upon one verse, one divine truth. For not only may the words: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," cause a light to dawn upon a man; he may also be enlightened by the verse: "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent," or by means of any other; for the whole Word of God is quick and powerful, therefore, also every part, every passage.

We must also not at once imagine that our words have had no effect, because a confession of faith does not immediately follow. Much is spoiled in this case through great haste and impatience, because we wish to gather fruit, without giving God's Word time to ripen it; in this way, much is ruined through unwise zeal, which might have become good, if we had only waited; we sow, and also wish to reap in the same hour. O, remember the splendid fruit which the words of Christ afterwards bore in Nicodemus, who acknowledged himself a friend and disciple of Christ, at a time, when all His disciples did not know what to think of Him, and had left Him; he and Joseph of Arimathea ventured to bury Jesus, and he gladly gave of his wealth a mixture of myrrh and aloes about a hundred pound weight. And we are told John 8. and Acts 7. of the splendid fruit which the words of Christ bore among the depraved Samaritans. Therefore, let pastors pray to God for wisdom, love, and patience, that they may, according to the model of the good Shepherd, constantly become more fitted to treat the individual souls properly, and so win more.

The Laplanders.

STOCKFLETH, THEIR FAITHFULL MISSIONARY.

It is refreshing to look at our picture in those hot summer days. It makes you feel cooler and will do you more good than flying from fans to icewater and watching the thermometer with despairing certainty that it never was so hot before.

Those Laplanders live in a cold country far up in the North of Europe. Their chief wealth is the reindeer, which gives them food and clothing, and draws them in sledges over the snow. Lutheran missionaries from Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have labored faithfully for the spread of the Gospel in that cold and dreary country. One of those missionaries was the Rev. Stockfleth. He was born on the 11th

of January, 1787. When yet a child, he lost his father, who left, beside his widow, three sons and one daughter. Their poverty was so great that when the two oldest sons went, in 1803, to the university of Copenhagen, one suit of clothes had to serve both, so that one had to stay at home when the other went out. Stockfleth's studies were interrupted by the war which had broken out in Europe. In 1824, however, he finished his studies with the help of some friends. His desire was now for a field of labor. He sought it among the Laplanders. Their neglected state troubled him; his heart bled for them; his thoughts were occupied with them. He was ordained, in 1825, as Pastor of Vadsoe in East Fin-

mark. He now married Sarah Cornelia Koren, who proved a true helpmate to him. Truly religious and untiring, she was his constant companion on his travels and the faithful assistant in his hard labors for the welfare of his flock. His parish was very large, consisting also of Norwegians and Swedes. He had, therefore, to be constantly on the move; now in open boats on the rivers, now in sleighs drawn by reindeer. He had frequently to walk long distances and his journeys extended into Russia, because the Mountain Laplanders would often roam that far in search of pasture. The labor was too much for his strength, he therefore determined to devote himself exclusively to the Laplanders. In 1828, he exchanged the well-paid pastorate of Vadsoe for the humble one of Lebesby. His income now was very small, but he did not suffer. "God," says he in his diary, "helped; I got money, when I had use for it; it was not necessary to have it at any other time." He and his wife now constantly labored among the Laplanders. They travelled with them; they dwelt with them in their tents in summer, and in their huts in winter; they ate with them, and spared no

pains to master their language, that, as Stockfleth said, he might be able to tell them of the wondrous works of God in the language which he had given them. His simple manners, his earnest preaching, his devotion to the people gained him the love of the Mountain Laplanders. Their joy was unbounded when they heard the Word of God preached and got books printed in their own language. They had, however, to be treated like children; but he understood them thoroughly and knew how to speak to them. During his short stay in one of the districts, he wanted to have three services on Sunday—in the morning, the afternoon, and the evening. The people did not want any service in the afternoon, that was something new, they did not want any of that, and they said to him, "You can not have service in the afternoon, for nobody will come." He



very quietly said, "There is one who has promised to be present." "One?" said they; "and will you preach to one? Who is he?" Stockfleth answered solemnly: "God." The deepest silence followed, and one after another left; but a full congregation assembled in the afternoon.

In his old age Stockfleth had to contend with fanatical men who arose in one of the congregations and spread all kinds of terrible errors. With the help of God, however, he led many of them to see the error of their way, and the troubled waters became, after a time, settled.

Hard labor, constant exposure and travels had exhausted the strength of the old man, who was now sixty-six years of age; he could hardly move. He obtained his discharge and a pension, in 1853. Confined to his room, he still labored for his beloved Laplanders, devoting his time and failing strength to the preparation of books in their language. The summons to arise and go home to the eternal rest in heaven, came to this faithful Lutheran missionary on the 26th of April, 1866. The aged and weary pilgrim was ready for the call; he fell asleep in Jesus, while leaning on the breast of his beloved wife, the faithful companion in

all his hard labors in the service of the Lord. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

There is still room for mission work among the Laplanders, and we are glad to see from the papers that the Lutheran Princess Eugenie, sister of Oscar II., King of Sweden, takes a personal interest in this important work. She has organized a society of ladies at Stockholm who devote their time and means to the Lapland mission. She has also formed at her castle a sewing society, which labors solely for missionary objects. May God bless the mission in the snow-clad fields of Lapland!

Lapland Babies on Sunday.

Those Laplanders who have been converted to Christianity are a very devout people. They take long journeys to attend church on Sunday. And the mothers do not stay at home on account of the babies. They take their babies with them. But not into church. No! When the family arrives at the little wooden church, the father shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and the mother wraps the baby in skins and puts it in this snowy bed. Then the father piles the snow around it, and a trusty dog is stationed near the baby to keep off the wolves, should any be prowling about in the neighborhood. The parents then go into the building. Often as many as thirty babies may be seen laid away in the snow about a church. So the babies cannot disturb the preacher, and the preacher cannot disturb the babies. In one of our country congregations, you know, a woman once took her baby to church, but the voice of the preacher waked the child into screams. "Do not go," said the preacher to the mother, "the baby does not disturb me." "That may be," said the mother, still retreating, "but you disturb the baby." Such a thing cannot happen in Lapland.

IN THE CATHEDRAL at Lubeck hangs an ancient tablet, with the inscription:

Christ, our Lord, speaks thus to us:
 Ye call me Master—and inquire not of Me.
 Light—and look not on Me.
 the Way—and follow Me not.
 the Life—and desire Me not.
 wise—and obey Me not.
 beautiful—and love Me not.
 rich—and ask naught of Me.
 eternal—and seek Me not.
 merciful—and trust Me not.
 noble—and serve Me not.
 Almighty—and honor Me not.
 just—and fear Me not.
 If I condemn you—blame Me not.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

REV. SAPPER, a member of our Lutheran Mission Board, lately visited our colored mission churches and schools in New Orleans and Mobile. He found them in a very prosperous condition. In New Orleans the school held on Claiborne street numbers 113 scholars, and the school in Sailors' Home numbers 160. "Sailors' Home" is an old dilapidated building and not fit for church and school purposes. We must therefore build a chapel in New Orleans, and the Mission Board calls upon all friends of Colored Mission to contribute money for this purpose. Our PIONEER will gladly forward all money sent to the editor. We hope many of our readers will consider it a privilege to contribute something toward the building of a chapel in New Orleans, where our Colored Mission has been so richly blessed by our gracious and merciful God.

THE Lutheran Colored Mission School, opened lately in Prince Edwards county, Virginia, promises to be a success. God has richly blessed the labors of the missionary. The children gladly come and learn well. The parents sincerely thank God for this Lutheran school.

THE dastardly attempt on President's Garfield's life has been the occasion of all sorts of articles in our secular papers. From one of them we see that the editor is much astonished that such a thing could happen "in this enlightened nineteenth century," "in this our country of civilization and culture." Such miserable twaddle, together with the sentimental bosh preached from many of our pulpits and taught in many of our Sunday schools, is the curse of our country. Modern culture and the sentimental religion so prevalent in our day will not change the corrupt human nature. Our nation must become a God-fearing nation. It must be indoctrinated with the pure Word of God, and not with the culture of this "enlightened nineteenth century," and with the sentimental notions of religious enthusiasts. Our people must learn to fear every word of God—"Thou shalt not kill!"—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

A LADY friend of ours sends us the following: "Our little Annie was very downcast when she heard that our President had been shot. She even wept when I brought her to bed in the evening. The next morning she came smiling to me and said, 'Mamma, our President will get well again.' 'How do you know, my dear?' said I. 'Well, I prayed to God last night and I know God does answer prayers,' said little Annie."

ANOTHER item is sent by a friend—but not a lady friend, for there are too many figures in the item. Here it is: From the first of April, 1878, to the 1st of March, 1881, the Lutheran Publishing House at St. Louis sold 71,040 Hymn Books; 13,100 Bibles; 41,000 German Primers; 36,000 Catechisms; 21,000 Bible Stories; 32,000 Readers; 20,000 copies of Dr.

Duemling's Arithmetics; 11,500 English Primers; 3,300 copies of Dr. Walther's sermons; 3,400 Prayer Books; 2,500 copies of the Book of Concord; 1,100 copies of the first volume of Luther's Works.

AND here is another item sent by a friend in the sunny South: The Rev. C. G. Moedinger, of New Orleans, celebrated his 25th anniversary as pastor of the Lutheran Church on the 28th of June. In those 25 years God wonderfully preserved the life of the dear pastor during several yellow fever epidemics and during the war. The 28th of June was therefore a day of rejoicing to all the Lutherans in New Orleans. The five Lutheran congregations united in a special service of thanksgiving, Rev. J. F. Doescher preaching the sermon on Psalm 103, 1-5. to a large assembly in the church, which had been most beautifully decorated. Valuable presents were given to the dear pastor as a testimonial of the love and esteem in which he is held by his flock and by the Lutherans of New Orleans. During the 25 years of ministerial labor Rev. Moedinger has performed 6,040 baptisms; 2,037 marriage ceremonies; confirmed 2,017 persons; buried 1,359, and administered the Lord's Supper to 25,000 persons. May God's rich blessing abide with the pastor and his dear flock.

THE same friend sends us the following: A Lutheran church was dedicated to the service of God at Alexander, Pulaski Co., Ark., July 17th. Rev. G. Mochel of Shelbyville, Ills., preached the German sermon, Rev. F. Berg, of Little Rock, Ark., the English sermon, and Rev. Johannsen, of St. Louis, Mo., the Swedish sermon. So God's Word was preached by Lutheran pastors to the people of Pulaski county in three different languages.

AND here our little PIONEER wishes to put in a few words. He is a good speaker. Please, listen to what he has to say. Here it is: "Our friends—I say our friends, that is the *pluralis majesticus*; you see, I have learned a little Latin after having been so long in the editor's room. Well, what I want to say is this: Our friends would do us a great favor by sending in items for the Outlook. They can send them on postal cards, and the editor can pick out those which he wishes to use and the other he can give to my dear old friend, the wastebasket. Much time and trouble could be saved. Often the time comes for me to start on my monthly trip and still the Outlook is not written. The editor then runs over all the papers and goes a hunting for items. Therefore, friends, send in items, and don't you forget it. Dixi. That is another Latin word and it means, I have had my say, and the—window is closed."

"LET Reason be permitted with the Gibeonites to hew wood and draw water for the Sanctuary, but let it not rush into the Holy of Holies, into the bosom-secrets of God, into the deep mysteries of the Gospel. Here Reason must submit and captivate herself to the obedience of faith."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Too Late for Church.

Some people are always behind time in everything. It is their habit. They rise late in the morning, especially on Sunday; and it is ten o'clock before they are aware of it. The bell rings, and then they are in a great hurry; but after all do not get to the place of worship till the service has commenced. They meant to have been in time, but something happened to detain them; and so, something almost always happens, and will happen till they put their clocks a quarter of an hour or more forward, or resort to some other expedient to quicken their dilatoriness. Viewed in every light, this is a great fault. In all ordinary cases, families can be punctual on Sunday, if they please. Even when the mornings are shortest, and they live several miles from the church, by making suitable arrangements and rising early, they can be "on time," as many such families always are. If it is our duty to attend public worship at all, it is also our duty to be in our seats when the exercises commence.

Those who can say with David, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," will never be late, if they can avoid it.

It is a great fault—especially so when whole families come in late, and march—often with their rustling silks—up the broad aisle, to draw all the eyes of the congregation upon them. We may be mistaken, but there are persons who seem, at any rate, to court this sort of notoriety—persons who are so far from making it a custom not to disturb others in their devotions, that it is a matter of calculation with them, not to come in till the whole congregation is seated—and ready to receive them.

OBE.

IN the Gospel the grace of God is given us, and all our own endeavors are rejected. It establishes the glory of God in such a way that no man can boast of his own ability, but he must give all honor to God and confess that it is due *alone to the love and goodness of God*, if we are saved. Behold, this divine glory, this divine honor is the very brilliancy of the Gospel.—*Luther.*

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Chapel on corner of 12th & Rock Strs.
Sunday-school meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock.
Divine services at 3 o'clock and 7 o'clock.

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No. 9.

The Wrong Train.

As I travelled in the express train to Pittsburgh, there sat a young man a few seats in front of me, who seemed to be in a state of dreamy slumber. The conductor at first passed him without disturbing his slumber; but at length, he had to awake him. "Your ticket, sir," said he, as he aroused him. The ticket was shown. "Where are you going, sir?" said the man of the tickets. "Going!" said the passenger, "I am going to Chicago." "No sir," said the conductor, "you are in the wrong train; you are on the way to Pittsburgh." "To Pittsburgh!" cried out the traveler, "why I got my ticket and had my baggage checked at Fort Wayne for Chicago, and when I took my seat in the cars I thought I was in the right train." "But you are in the wrong train and going the wrong way," said the conductor. "Then," said the young man with an anxious look, "what must I do?" The conductor told him that all he could do now was to stop at the next station, just at hand, and "right about" in the next train for Chicago.

As the young man left the cars there came to my mind what I had read about the "wrong train" to heaven, and I thought, well, then, there is such a thing as a "wrong train"; there is such a thing as going the wrong way, though some men think that on the road to heaven there is not Two men whose grounds of hope for another world are exact opposites, can not both be on the right road, and can not reach at last the same place of rest. If one is right the other must be wrong.

A man may take the wrong train, and travel the wrong way when he fondly thinks he is in the right, just as that young man *thought* he was in the right train. How many throng the paths of error and the ways of death, and rush on in the wrong train, saying, "It is no matter what a man believes, if he only *thinks* he is right! How foolish! The young man's *thinking* he was in the right train did not make it so. The man who lives on in sins, thinking, "Well, it will all turn out right, there is no way to hell, God will not be so very strict, He will take us all into heaven in the end"—that man is in the *wrong train*, no matter what he thinks.

And the man, who trusts in his own holiness, thinking, "Well, I am not such a bad sinner as to need a Saviour, I have done as well as I could, I have led an honest life and so God must take me into heaven"—that man is in the *wrong train*, no matter what he thinks. And a man who goes to church and does not put his trust solely and only in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, but trusts in his going to church, in his good works, in his prayers, in his believing, or in anything that he finds in his own sinful self—that man is in the *wrong train*.

My dear reader, sooner or later those who are going the wrong way must be made sensible of their mistake; they can not keep on going wrong, and yet come out right. Either on the journey or at the journey's end they must find out that all is wrong. Oh, if you are in the wrong train, arise from your dreamy slumber before the journey is ended, before it is too late! And if you realize your sad condition, if you realize that you are in the train to hell and cry out anxiously, "What must I do?" I say to you, Stop! stop just where you are. The Saviour in His wonderful love has followed you along the road, and is now at your side, and in the Gospel stretches forth His hands to take you up in His strong arms and to bear you safely to heaven. Yes, Jesus, who suffered and died for our sins, is the way and the only way to heaven, and every other way is wrong. The moment you put your trust in this Saviour you enter upon the right way, you are in the right train. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," says the Word of God (Acts 16, 31).

(Selected for the "Pioneer".)

He Pays for Me.

A lady who had been recently brought to Christ sought the salvation of her husband, but he stumbled at the great stumbling-stone and rock of offence, the sacrifice of the cross. One day, a Christian neighbor entered into conversation with him about the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God. Coming to a bridge, the Christian handed two pence to the tollkeeper, saying:

"Is that enough for us both?"

"It is," was the tollman's reply.

"Do you think," said the believer to his companion, "that it is fair for the tollman to take the fare for us both from me?"

"Perfectly fair," was the answer.

"Do you think," said the other, "that it would be just in the tollman to demand the fare from you, since another has paid it for you?"

"It would be unjust to do so," was the reply, "for that would be the same as demanding payment twice."

"Well, now," rejoined his friend, "don't you see the meaning and value of the work of Jesus, the Divine Substitute, who died, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us unto God. Lay hold on that Sinbearer as He is set forth for your acceptance in the Gospel and you will never come into condemnation. Reject Him, and you perish."

This simple illustration was the means of leading that unbeliever to the cross. He had not gone far on the other side of the bridge, when he saw the way to life in the death of the great Substitute, and embracing Jesus he could say, "Christ pays for me; I cross the river free. Justice will not meet me at the other side to demand from me what is no longer due, since my Substitute has so gloriously satisfied every claim."

"Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain,
He washed it white as snow."

F. T. K.

That Fire.

Some fifty years ago a gang of Belgian miners, angry with another gang of workers, set a mass of coal on fire to smoke out their comrades. Years have passed away, a generation has gone, the angry passion of those who thus sought revenge has become a thing of the past, but the fire started in that mine long ago blazes on, and no way has yet been found to put it out. Burning on, ever consuming, it is a fitting type of the unceasing power of sin and passion. "One sinner destroyeth much good."

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

The Tenth Commandment.

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his cattle, nor anything that is thy neighbor's" saith the tenth commandment, which is but a further explanation of the ninth. It mentions several of those things which we should not covet nor try to get away from our neighbor, while in the ninth commandment all the neighbor's property is included in the one general term, "house". According to the tenth commandment we should not covet in the first place, the neighbor's (that is, another man's) wife (or another wife's husband). This is done not only by committing adultery with the wife or the husband of another, nor only by taking the wife away from her lawful husband or the husband away from his lawful wife and marrying her or him, as Herod did with his brother Philipp's wife, but also by creating distrust and coldness between man and wife, or causing them to quarrel, or causing them to separate, or persuading one part to leave the other. We should do nothing of the kind, but should rather let our neighbor's family affairs alone, unless we desire to make peace. We should try to keep them together unto death and urge them to do their duty. Secondly, we should not covet our neighbor's servants. That is, we should not cause them to disobey their employers or to quarrel with them, nor persuade them to leave their employers by offering them higher wages or slandering their employers, or by making them discontented with their situation. In like manner, we should not cause the employers to distrust or dismiss their servants or laborers, nor cause them to unnecessarily rebuke them. We should rather urge employers and servants to remain together in peace and both to do their duty. Thirdly, we should not covet our neighbor's cattle. This is done by opening stables, pens, or fences, or by loosening ropes, halters, or chains, thus allowing the cattle to escape. It is also done by coaxing another's cattle to come over to you and to remain with you, thus allowing you to use them, or by penning up stray cattle that have wandered away from their owner, in order to keep them. We should rather do all in our power to have everybody keep his cattle, or have the same returned to him, when lost. Lastly, we should covet nothing that is our neighbor's. No, nothing! Dr. Luther explains this commandment thus: "We should fear and love God, that we may not estrange, force or entice away from our neighbor his wife, servants or cattle, but urge them to stay and do their duty." God help us to keep it!

F. B.

CONVERSATION in church, even before the service commences, or when leaving, is by no means decorous. In some parts of Scotland it is the practice to go to and from church in profound silence.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Our full Assurance of Hope.

Whilst the world and all that is therein, shall pass away, whilst time itself shall be destroyed, the children of God have a lively hope of an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved for them in heaven. 1 Pet. 1, 4. God, according to His abundant mercy, has begotten us again unto a lively hope, and it is His good will towards us, that, respecting the future inheritance of eternal glory, we should have the full assurance of such hope (Heb. 6, 11.) God, for whom it is impossible to lie, declares in His Word, not only that the kingdom to which we are heirs, shall never be moved, but also that we are kept by the power of God through faith, unto salvation. The Christian's lively hope is an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. It does not rest in the shiftsand of doubt, imagination and human opinions, but is fixed in the solid, sound foundation, the sure immovable ground of the goodness and truth of the great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The believer's safety is secured and the firm expectation that God will grant him the complete enjoyment of this safety shall not deceive him. "Hope maketh not ashamed."

The love of God, which did and still does secure our safety, is unalterable. "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee"—saith the Lord, that hath mercy on us. Is. 54, 10.

The all-sufficient price, which Jesus paid for us by shedding His own, innocent blood upon the cross, continues to be our security. Because Christ laid down His life and purchased us so that we might be *His own*, heaven is ours. Hope, founded on Christ's sufferings and death, is never misapplied and it is impossible that it should have its expectations cut off: The good Shepherd Himself declares: I will give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man be able to pluck them out of my hand. John 10. The salvation wrought out and accomplished for us, is Christ's own work, concerning which He triumphed upon the cross: It is finished. Now, by faith the believer has this glorious work in his hands, it is already given to him. But this is not all. Being in possession of the kingdom which fadeth not away and seeing it with open face by faith, he has in addition the Saviour's promise, that He will give unto him eternal life. Hence he may be as fully persuaded as of his present pardon, that neither things present nor *things to come* shall be able to pluck him out of the hand of Him who died for us that we might live with Him forever. The Son of God entered into an indenture with the Father from eternity, He engaged that He would repair the image of God in man which Adam and His race had lost. He came to finish the work of redemption and to carry out the work of sanctification, in order to make us meet for everlasting glory. All this was and is being done

in His part, surely not for the purpose only that we should believe that we are at present reconciled and that meanwhile we should remain in a state of continual agitation, "like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed", because there be no place where our feet might rest with security with regard to our future happiness! We are born anew not unto faith only, but also unto a hope which is sure and steadfast. No man that trusts in Jesus and His merits, can be confounded. Let the sea be troublesome and boisterous, let the storms continue, the anchor of the Christian ship is fixed in the immovable sure ground—the finished work of our salvation. The seal of the Spirit is an inviolable security for our safety, giving us the full assurance of our hope. By the Holy Ghost we are sealed unto the day of redemption, Eph. 4, 30. This seal, being set on the heart of the believer and testifying that he is God's own property, a member of the heavenly family, affords him "a strong consolation" and assures him that the kingdom hoped for is his. "Ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest [the pledge] of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession unto the praise of His glory." Eph. 1, 13, 14.

The purpose of God is also a foundation, that stands true and which renders our hope sure and steadfast. God has called us according to his purpose. Rom. 8, 28. In Christ "we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will", Eph. 1, 11. Now, whereas it is impossible that God's purpose should be frustrate, can shame and confusion be the portion of him, whose hope is fixed in this immovable ground? Most assuredly not! Heaving out the anchor of the soul in the sure ground of God's purpose, according to which we are called, we are confident of this very thing, that He who hath begun the good work in us will perform it and keep us through faith unto salvation. "Now unto Him, that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."— G. R.

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

St. Augustine, one of the "Fathers of the Church," tells of a mason who, when standing on the scaffold during a thunder-storm, remarked: "Hark, our God has also become a mason; just now He is unloading stones!" Scarcely had he uttered these blasphemous words, when the lightning struck and instantly killed him.

"JUST so much as is attributed to man in the matter of salvation, is taken from the mercy of God and the most holy merit of Christ."

Christ.

Rest of the weary,
Day of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend.

Pillow where lying
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;
Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy
Saviour and Friend.

When my feet stumble,
I'll to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Cross of the high;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend,
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend.

Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory and praise;
All my endeavor,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend.

(Monsell.)

The Young Christian and the Infidel.

Some years ago, writes a friend of ours, it was my privilege to meet on the shores of Lake Geneva a young American, who was suffering with spinal disease, that had crippled and pained him from his birth. His pale face, and shrunken limbs, and curved back, showed the agony he had endured, but his soul basked in the sunshine of his Saviour's smile. On one occasion he went for a day's change to the town of Bex, a place to which many travelers gathered on entering or leaving Italy. He was seated at a table in a large dining room with a number of travelers who had just crossed the Alps, and were waiting for the train, when his attention was called to the loud remarks of a tall, robust, and handsome man; and he soon learned that the remarks were directed with many a shaft of ridicule and wit against the Bible. The skeptic, having finished his dinner, was in the act of leaving the room, when the young American said to him gently, "May I detain you a moment?"

"Certainly," was the kind reply, as the stranger glanced at the sickly youth, not knowing what he wanted.

"I only wish," said the Christian, with his weak and plaintive voice, "to tell you briefly my history. I was born in the United States of America, and have always been in my body as you see me now, only worse. My father died when I was yet a child, and there was no one to love me or care for me but my mother. I

had no childhood, but when the boys were playing and shouting in the streets, I was lying in a darkened room, moaning with pain. Under God I owe my life from day to day to the unwearied tenderness and watchfulness of that mother, who thought, when I had struggled on to the age of a young man, that a visit to the holy land I had so longed to see, would interest me, and might possibly benefit my health. We reached Palestine in safety, but there my mother was suddenly seized with fever, and was laid away in the grave, and now I am on my way home to die too. The only joy left me on earth is the hope of meeting my mother again with Jesus, in heaven; would you take that joy from me?"

"No, no," said the infidel, while the tears ran down his face, "I would not. Keep your hope and your joy, and I beg your pardon for having said a word to wound you."

"Oh," exclaimed the Christian, "thank God, you cannot deprive me of my comfort, for I know here," he added, as he placed his hand upon his heart, "how precious is Christ, and how true is His Word; but to-day you have poisoned the minds of some of these young men, who have listened to your cruel harangue against the Bible. You are strong now and do not feel your need of God, but there may come a change for you; and these young men may also come very soon to sorrow and temptation and death; and you have done all you can to take away their only shelter and support in the hour of need."

The powerful man stood for a moment silent and humbled before the pale youth, and then said solemnly, "I was wrong, and deserve your reproof. Never again will I speak in the presence of others as I did to-day," and taking the hand of the Christian he left the room. The bravery of the infidel was shaken by the words of that noble Christian young man, who had experienced in his own heart the truth of the Bible, the eternal Word of God.

The Bible Reader and the Priest.

A fruit-seller of a Romish city is said to have received and read the Word of God with joy. A Romish priest passing by her shop, where she improved every leisure moment in studying the holy book, asked, "What are you reading?"

"It is the Word of God, sir," was the reply.

"Word of God! Who told you so?"

"God Himself," said the woman.

"Himself! What folly! Has God spoken to you? What proofs of it have you?"

"Sir," said the fruit-dealer, "prove to me that the sun is there above our heads."

"It lights and warms us, is the proof," says the priest.

"Ah!" cried the woman triumphantly, "that is the proof that this Bible is the Word of God. It lights and warms my soul."

The priest could say no more; he went away angry.—*Watch Tower.*

The Praying Child.

"My children," said a poor widow to her five little ones, "I have no food for you this morning, as all the bread in the house is gone, and I have no money to buy more. Pray to the good Lord to supply our need, for He has said, Call upon Me in the day of trouble."

Little Christian, one of the widow's children, who was not more than six years of age, went on his way to school sad and hungry.

But as he passed the door of the church he saw that it was open, and determined to enter in and pray there; for his mother's dwelling was so small and crowded that he was never able to say his prayers quite alone. So he went into the church, not knowing that any one was there; he knelt down in the middle aisle and said the following prayer:

"Dear Father in heaven, we children have nothing left to eat. Our mother has no food in the house for us, and without Thy help we must all starve! O Lord! help us. Thou art rich and powerful, and to Thee it is an easy thing to help us. Thou hast promised to do so, therefore now fulfil Thy Word."

So prayed Christian with childlike simplicity, and then went to school. On his return he saw the cloth laid for dinner, and bread, meat, eggs, and rice temptingly spread upon the table.

"Thank God!" said little Christian, when he saw it. "He has heard my prayer, mother; did a beautiful angel bring these things for us?"

"No," replied the widow, "but God has sent them in answer to your prayers. When you were in church you thought no one saw you but God; but there was a lady sitting in one of the pews, and she heard you pray, and saw you through the lattice-work on the side of the pew. She sent us our feast; she is the angel whom God raised up to help us. Now let us ask His blessing on our meal, never forget, my children, those sweet lines—

'Trust the Lord, and wait His hour,
He will aid in love and power.'

(From the German.)

A Word Fitly Spoken.

The following incident actually occurred:

A father who openly denied the Christian religion and was a professed infidel, observed his little son intently reading the Bible.

"What book are you reading?" he said sternly.

The little boy looked up abstractly and said, with eyes swimming in tears, "Father, they crucified Him!"

The professed unbeliever stood still. It was a word in season. God had spoken to him through the lips of his child. Ere long the scales fell from his eyes. His soul was prostrate at the foot of the cross, seeking peace and pardon from the Saviour he had rejected.

And now he is among those who testify to the truth of Christ's religion—to His promise: "Him, that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

THE Lutheran Central Bible Society of St. Louis celebrated the 25th anniversary of its existence in 1878. The society was formed April 24th, 1853, by the congregation then served by Dr. Walther. The sales for 25 years amount to 28,669 copies of the Bible, 12,670 of New Testaments and 15,331 volumes of the so-called Altenburger Bible, an excellent book, well adapted to family worship.

THE Lutheran congregation at Youngstown, O., Rev. Meiser, pastor, having become too large to accommodate its members in the old church, has organized a second congregation and is now building a church and school for this "daughter-congregation" in another part of the city.

A FRIEND sends us the following item from the last minutes of the Missouri Synod: The congregations of the Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other States have 40,341 voting members, and 44,304 children in their Parochial Schools. During the past year 18,575 persons were baptized, 8,379 were confirmed, 3,471 couples were married, and 6,640 persons were buried. The statistics are not complete, since 52 pastors did not send in their report.

REV. B. CARLSEN, who was sent to Australia as missionary by the Lutheran Norwegian Synod, reports favorably upon the work done. He has organized congregations in Sidney and Melbourne, and expects to do likewise at Adelaide.

THE Lutheran association of New York city, formed for the purpose of erecting a Lutheran Hospital in that great and populous city, has secured a valuable property in East New York near the Lutheran Wartburg Home for Old People. It consists of 19 lots on which is erected a substantial mansion and other necessary out-houses. Most of the money needed for the purchase of this valuable property has already been paid and the Lutheran Hospital will now soon be opened.

PREPARATORY SCHOOLS for the purpose of preparing scholars for the middle classes of our Lutheran College at Fort Wayne, will be opened this fall in Milwaukee, New York and New Orleans.

THE second volume of Luther's Works has lately been published by our Publishing House in St. Louis. Of this re-publishing of the works of the great Reformer, the Rev. Dr. Krauth of Philadelphia says: "It is, under the circumstances, a stupendous undertaking, and the successful completion of it will be one of the most wonderful events in the literary history of theology."

At a mission festival, recently held by the Lutheran congregations of Chicago, \$742.71 were collected for our Lutheran mission in Oregon.

A MICHIGAN paper well says: "Bob Ingersoll, who is seeking to destroy Christianity, walks up to a large, ancient structure, shakes his fist, pulls off his coat, and goes to work to tear it down. "What are you doing, Bob?" asks a

looker-on. "Going to tear the old thing down," says Bob; "don't like the looks of it." "Well," says the looker-on, "suppose now, instead of trying to tear that 'old thing' down, you go to work and put up another to beat it; and if you beat it, why, then I'll turn in and help you pull down this one." "Oh go West," says Bob, "I'm no architect."

AND the New York "Herald" also told Colonel Ingersoll the truth when it said, "Colonel Ingersoll delighted an immense audience last night and can be sure of many more, for every bad character in New York wants to believe that Christianity is a fraud."

DURING our recent visit to Pittsburgh we heard of the Christian liberality of one of our Lutheran church members in that city. Mr. G. D. Simen, member of St. John's Church, presented a valuable piece of land, on which he had erected an elegant chapel, to the Lutheran mission congregation, recently organized in the western part of Allegheny City.

At the annual festival of the Lutheran Orphan's Home at Mount Vernon, N. Y., a member of one of our congregations in New York gave \$1000 to the Home.

It would be well if such Christian liberality could become epidemic among the rich members of our Lutheran Church. Our churches would not die of such an epidemic. No! The old colored preacher was right when he said, "I've known many a church to die 'cause it didn't give enough; but I never knowed a church to die 'cause it gave too much."

This is a good place to close our window.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Pray for Your Pastor.

A certain pastor, after many years labor among his people, was supposed to have declined much in his vigor and usefulness; in consequence of which two gentlemen waited upon him and brought forth their complaints. Their minister received them with affection, and assured them that he was equally sensible of his languor and want of success, and that the cause of it had given him very great uneasiness. The two gentlemen wished he would mention what he thought was the cause. Without hesitation the pastor replied: "The loss of my prayer book." "Your prayer book?" said one of the gentlemen with surprise, "I never knew that you used one." "Yes, I have enjoyed the benefit of one for many years until lately, and I attribute my want of success to the loss of it. The prayers of my people were my prayer book; and it has occasioned great grief to me that they have laid it aside. Now (said the pastor), if you, gentlemen, will return and procure me the use of my prayer book again, I doubt not I shall preach much better, and that you will hear more profitably."

Gal. 6, 6. 7: "Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things. Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"And persevere in prayer for all men." 1 Tim. 2, 1.

OBE.

TRUE charity has no memory.

Short Stops.

"I am a skeptic," said a young person of the masculine gender, in a haughty strain. "An epileptic?" asked an old lady, somewhat hard of hearing. "Poor boy! you look like it, so you do." While the smile went round, the youth went out.

"I have been a member of your church for thirty years," said an elderly Christian to his pastor, "and when I was laid by with sickness for a week or two only one or two came to visit me. I was shamefully neglected." "My friend," said the pastor, "in all those thirty years how many sick have you visited?" "Oh," he replied, "it never struck me in that light."

—They were speaking of a miser who had just died. "Did he leave anything?" asked Smith. "He had to," was the short answer of Mr. Jones.

—The late Dean Stanley is said to have rarely made a gesture when preaching. One day after morning service he asked his wife if she had noticed the intensity with which the congregation had gazed upon him during the sermon. "How could they help it, my dear," said Lady Augusta, "when one of your gloves was on the top of your head the whole time?" The Dean having taken his hat off before entering the pulpit, the glove lying therein had fallen on his head, and as he stood quite still when preaching, there it remained.

—A good colored man once said, "Breddrin, when I was a boy, I took a hatchet and went into the woods. When I found a tree dat was straight, big and solid, I didn't get down dat tree; but when I found one leaning a little and hollow inside, I soon had him down. So when de debbil goes after Christians, he don't get dem down dat stand straight and true, but dem dat lean a little and are hollow inside."

BOOK-TABLE.

DER ABENDSCHULE-KALENDER FUER DAS JAHR 1882. Published by Louis Lange, Cor. Clara & Miami Strs., St. Louis, Mo.

The many thousand readers of the "Abend-schule" will be glad to hear that the learned editors of that excellent Christian Weekly have published an Almanac for the year 1882. It is a charming book, containing much instructive and entertaining reading matter. A more attractive Almanac could not be asked for—especially as regards the text. The price of the book being but 30 cents per copy, we doubt not that it will be welcomed in thousands of our German Christian homes.

DIE URGESCHICHTE. Von Adam bis Noah. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa.

This pamphlet contains Bible stories with short explanatory notes and with many good illustrations which will make the book attractive to the little ones. Price: 12 cents per copy, \$1.20 per dozen \$8.00 per hundred.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Chapel on corner of 12th & Rock Strs. Sunday-school meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock. Divine services at 3 o'clock and 7 o'clock.

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No. 10.

The true Way to Christianity.

Among the many blessings which God has given to His Church through the Reformation of Dr. Martin Luther is the knowledge of the true way to Christianity. Let us hear the great Reformer himself on this point. Luther says: "The true way to Christianity is this, that a man do first acknowledge himself, by the law, to be a sinner; and that it is impossible for him to do any meritorious good work. For the law saith: Thou art an evil tree, and therefore all that thou thinkest, speakest, and doest, is against God. Thou canst not, therefore, deserve grace by thy works, which, if thou go about to do, thou doublest thy offence, for since thou art an evil tree, thou canst not but bring forth evil fruits, that is to say, sins. For 'whatsoever is not of faith is sin', Rom. 14, 23. Wherefore he that would deserve grace by works going before faith, goeth about to please God with sins, which is nothing else but to heap sin upon sin, to mock God, and to provoke His wrath. When a man is thus taught and instructed by the law, then he is terrified and humbled, then he seeth, indeed, the greatness of his sin, and cannot find in himself one spark of the love of God; therefore, he justifieth God in His Word, and confesseth that he is guilty of death and damnation. The first part, then, of Christianity, is the preaching of repentance and the knowledge of ourselves.

"The second part is, if thou wilt be saved, thou mayest not seek salvation by works, for God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. He was crucified and died for thee, and offered up thy sins in His own body. Believe in Jesus Christ crucified for thy sins. If thou feel thy sins and the burden thereof, look not upon them in thyself, but remember that they are transferred and laid upon Christ, whose stripes have made thee whole. This is the beginning of health and salvation. By this means we are delivered from sin, justified and made inheritors of everlasting life."

This is the true Bible-way to Christianity and to heaven. It is the way pointed out by the prophets and the apostles and by Christ Himself. For ages the pope had buried it under the

rubish of human works. But, thanks be to God, through the Reformation of Dr. Martin Luther it was again uncovered and brought to light. And as the festival day of the Reformation comes around on the 31st of October, we may well thank God for this great blessing. May we all, like Luther, and like all other true believers before and since, learn to know ourselves from the holy law of God as poor, lost, and condemned sinners, and trust alone for salvation in the mercy of God in Jesus Christ our Lord, as it is brought to us in the Gospel.

The Alarm Clock.

You know what an alarm clock is? It is a kind of a clock made, not to keep time all day like other clocks, but to wake persons up at a particular hour by making a loud noise. Suppose you have one of these clocks, and you wish it to wake you so that you may rise every morning at four o'clock; you wind it up at night, and set the index finger on the dial-plate pointing to four, then you place it on a table near your bed, or on a mantlepiece, and go to sleep. The clock keeps on through the night, ticking away, till four o'clock in the morning. Then it begins to strike and ring, and it makes such a noise as is sure to wake any ordinary sleeper. This is a very convenient way of being aroused from sleep. Yes, it is a sure way if only you mind the clock, and get up when it calls you. But if you turn over and go to sleep again, for two or three mornings, the alarm clock will lose its power, or rather you will lose your power of hearing it, or of being awakened by it. No change will take place in the clock; but a change will take place in you. The clock will continue to sound the alarm at the proper hour, and it will make as much noise as it ever did, but it will lose its effect. You will sleep quietly on, just as if the alarm had not been given.

Now conscience is God's alarm clock. God has wound it up, so that it may warn us whenever we are tempted to do that which is wrong. It gives the alarm. It seems to say, "Take care. God sees you. Stop!" How important it is to have a conscience that will always warn us of the danger of sin. But if we desire such conscience, we must be willing to listen to it. If

we stop when it says "stop;" if we do what it tells us to do, then we shall always hear it. But if we get into the habit of not heeding its warning, and not doing what it tells us to do, then, by and by, we shall cease to hear it. Our conscience will sleep; its voice of warning will be hushed; and we shall then be like a vessel at sea that has no compass to point out the right way, and no rudder to keep it in that way.

T. C.

"Come!"

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst Come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," Rev. 22, 17. These words a pastor explained in the following manner:

I have heard that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, they send on a camel with its rider some distance in advance; then after a little space; follows another; and then another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next one, hearing his voice, repeats the word, "Come!" while the nearest again takes up the cry "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word, "Come!" So in that verse the Spirit and the bride say, first of all, "Come!" And then let him that heareth, say, "Come!" And whosoever is athirst let him take of the water of life freely.

Flee to Christ.

How can a man trust in his own righteousness? It is like seeking shelter under one's own shadow. He may stoop to the very ground, and the lower he bends he still finds that his shadow is beneath him. But if a man flee to the shadow of a great rock or of a wide spreading tree, he will find shelter from the rays of the noon-day sun. So human merits can not give salvation and Christ alone is able to save to the uttermost those who come unto God by Him.

SLANDER would very soon starve and die of itself if no one took it in and gave it lodging.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")
Covetousness.

Covetousness is a vice which, if not subdued by true repentance and faith in Christ Jesus, certainly will lead to eternal perdition. It is a natural outgrowth, a legitimate offspring of selfishness, which, in consequence of Adam's fall, is common to all men. There is no difference, for all are depraved; the human heart is naturally selfish. So long as a man is under the control of this inborn passion, he will direct his purposes to the advancement of his own interests, in disregard, nay even at the expense of those of others. Never satisfied with what he has, he is eager to obtain and to possess worldly goods and always upon the alert in behalf of increasing as well as of protecting his treasures:—he is covetous. Let him possess whatever he may, he desires to have more and more. Being instigated by an insatiable desire for more, his selfish principle manifests itself in the acquisition of wealth and in fixing his heart upon it as an object worthy to be adored. Like the appetite of a dog, so is his craving for riches. The greedy, gluttonous dog, never refusing a bit of meat, no sooner devours the morsel, than he lifts up his eyes to his master, looking for another piece. And although he is not benefited by the bone within his reach, he is bound to have it, even if he must bury it. Covetousness is the "horseleech" that "hath two daughters, crying, Give, give", never saying, "It is enough". Prov. 30, 15.—The covetous mind is, what is commonly called, stingy and niggardly. An avaricious or stingy man lives to get all he can and save all he gets. And although he has more than he needs, and perhaps ever will need, yet he is not able to give to the needy or to contribute his share towards a good cause. No,—dog in the manger like, he snarls and keeps it all. Like the Dead Sea in Palestine, that swallows up the Jordan and several other streams, without ceasing receives good waters, but gives nothing back, excepting bitterness and unwholesome vapors, so the miser is always pleased to receive, but has nothing to spare for the good of others.

In accumulating and keeping earthly treasures, covetousness does not in every instance resort to foul means for accomplishing its end. Many a man is very careful, or as some would have it, conscientious, in this respect, so that the civil law is not interfered with by his actions. Many indulge in "knocking at Mammon's gates", by employing what they call honest and proper means, whilst others, and alas, amongst these even Christians, make their selfishness appear in a commendable garb. Next to false doctrine, says Luther, there is no vice that could disguise itself in such a manner, and hide under so pleasing a cover, so as to seem attractive and praiseworthy, than covetousness.—"Take heed and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things, which he possesseth." Luke 12, 15. Remember that it is a damnable guilt and a

root of all evil. 1. *It is idolatry.* It worships the creature instead of the Creator. It is a trespass against the first commandment. "Covetousness is idolatry", says the Apostle. The covetous man makes his wealth his god. "The covetous man is an idolater, and shall not inherit the kingdom of God," says the same Apostle.

2. *It is theft,* an offence committed against the seventh commandment, inasmuch as it withholds what might be devoted to necessary uses, or what, according to God's design, belongs to the needy neighbor.

3. *It is the very sin, condemned in the ninth commandment.* Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house,—a commandment "particularly given in opposition to envy and insatiable avarice, in order that God may remove the cause and the source from which all the evils spring, through which our neighbor is injured." (Luth. L. C.)

4. *The Most High pronounces the covetous man a fool.* A fool he is, indeed. His heart is not with God; he mistakes the true ends of life; he imagines that a man's comfort and happiness can depend on temporal things; he substitutes the body for the soul, time for eternity, the world for heaven; he heaps up riches and knows not, who shall gather them; he is a miserable slave. In short, the whole conduct of such a man is a tissue of folly.

5. By covetousness the soul is destroyed here and brought into a state of perdition hereafter. Those who make worldly gain their object and aim in life, are snatching at shadows, and in doing so, they lose substantial and eternal blessedness. "They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in 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 Tim. 6, 9, 10. Therefore, take heed and beware of covetousness! G. R.

A Good Word for the "Pioneer."

The PIONEER is a dear friend to us. Every month he is sure to come around and pay us a visit, and when he finds us engaged, or in a troubled state of mind, or weary and tired from labor, he will trip up to our sides very softly and look up into our faces with a graceful twinkle in his bright little eyes and with a sweet smile on his pretty little lips, as if he wished to say: "I have something good to tell you." And when he sees, that he is welcome he will sit down and tell some of the sweetest stories about Jesus, and the Cross, and God's love, and God's gracious promises to them that love him, so that we all forget our troubles and sorrows and pains, and only wish we could be like the good little PIONEER.

We also wish our dear little friend would be introduced into many, many more houses; we know, he would be liked by all true friends of

Jesus, and perhaps he might be blessed, as an instrument in God's hand to make many more the friends of Jesus, who are now the friends of the world.

Now I want to tell you how our little PIONEER can be introduced. He is so very little, you know, that he is not apt to be noticed, unless he is specially introduced, and, like all good little boys, he is somewhat bashful and can not very well introduce himself; but if he is only introduced by a friend, who will speak a good word for him, he will soon make himself at home and become a dear friend to all that welcome him.

One day I told him he might go with me, when I went out to make calls, and O, you ought to have seen how pleased he was—he is so glad, when he can go out and be introduced to strangers, where he has not been before; for he takes great pleasure in spreading the Gospel truth. Well, he tripped along with me, and I introduced him wherever I called: almost all were pleased with his bright little face, and when I told them what sweet and good stories he could tell, and that he was willing to pay them a visit each month, if they would only pay his small traveling expenses, they soon gave their assent, and now I have got 30 new homes for the little PIONEER just by that little trouble. Will not all good friends of the PIONEER do a little to the same effect? Then his homes will soon multiply. H.

Holding On.

An infidel passing through the shadows that hang around the close of life, and finding himself adrift amid the dark surges of doubt and uncertainty, without anchorage or harbor in view, was urged by his skeptical friends to "hold on." He answered, "I have no objection to holding on, but will you tell me what to hold on by?" Here is a question which men will do well to consider before they reach the closing scene. If they are to hold on, what are they to hold on by? Where is their trust? Where is their confidence? What certainty have they as they go down into the shadows? Surely a man who comes to his dying hour needs something better than infidelity can give him; he needs the guiding hand of Him who is the resurrection and the life, who has conquered death and triumphed over the grave, and who is able to bring us safely off at last. He needs that hope which is "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."—*Christian.*

OUR Heavenly Father, like our earthly parents, takes many of our dearest things from us only that He may keep them for us.

THOSE who blow the coals of others' strife are apt to have the sparks fly in their own faces.

To meet under the tree of life in heaven, families must meet at the cross on earth.

John Huss.

John Huss was one of those men whom God raised up before the time of the Reformation to bear witness against the corruption and tyranny of the Romish church. He was born in Bohemia in the year 1373. In 1402 he became pastor of one of the churches in the city of Prague. From the writings of Wycliffe, who in England had lifted up his voice against the idolatries of the pope, Huss came to the knowledge of several most important truths. And these he taught in the pulpit, and in the University. He preached that not the pope but that Christ alone was the head of the Church and that all articles of faith must be taken from the Bible only. The pope and the bishops and the priests now became his enemies and persecuted him.

In the year 1415 a church council was held in the city of Constance. John Huss was ordered to appear before this council. He knew that by going to that city he delivered himself up into the hands of his enemies. Still he went, trusting in God and knowing that he had taught the truths of the Bible. The Emperor had also promised him a safe return to his home. The promise, however, was not kept. Soon after Huss' arrival at Constance he was thrown into prison, and some time afterwards he was taken before the council. One of the bishops held a violent sermon, at the close of which he cried out: Destroy heresies and errors and especially this hardened heretic. During the sermon Huss lay upon his knees and prayed silently to Him who has promised to help the oppressed against the bloodthirsty and deceitful. The charge of heresy was then read aloud. Many absurd doctrines which Huss had never taught were laid to his charge. He tried to speak and defend himself, but was commanded to keep silent. "Be silent, you heretic," said one of the pope's cardinals, "your time for speaking is gone by." When he again wished to defend himself, the armed watchmen were ordered to stop his mouth by force if he should again try to speak. Seeing his rights trampled under foot by bloodthirsty men, Huss knelt down and with a loud voice commended his cause to God, the righteous Judge. But they only mocked at him and condemned him as an heretic to be burned to death. All earthly hope had gone, but no human power could hinder him from looking up to the throne of his gracious Redeemer. He therefore knelt down and prayed aloud: "Lord God, I pray Thee for the sake of Thy great mercy to pardon my enemies. Thou knowest that I am falsely accused of heresies, and unjustly condemned through false witnesses. Therefore I pray Thee, O Lord, that Thou wouldst not account unto them these sins, but forgive them according to Thy great mercy." During this prayer of the noble martyr the bishops and priests broke out into a roar of laughter.

After they had taken the priestly garments from him, they put on his head a high hat, saying, "We commend thy soul to Satan in hell." Huss folded his hands, looked up to heaven and said, "Well, then, I commend my soul into Thy hands, Lord Jesus Christ; Thou hast redeemed me, Thou faithful God." The round hat was about two feet high, painted with terrible devils' faces. When Huss saw it, he said, "My Lord Jesus has borne for me a heavy crown of thorns, should I, poor sinful man, then refuse to bear this light one for His sake." He was now led away full of courage, for the Lord was with him and God's Word

who hast suffered for us, have mercy on me." Then all was silent.

This was done in the year 1415. Thus the pope's people finished their bloody work and choked the voice of that noble witness in the roaring flames. But one hundred years later there came the man whom God had appointed to be the Reformer of His beloved Church and whom the pope could not burn to death. And that man was Dr. Martin Luther.

"Bible First, Papa."

About forty years ago a merchant sat at his fireside in Philadelphia. Near by him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a beautiful little boy. It was early in the morning. The day's work had not yet begun; and waiting for his breakfast, it may be, the father took up the daily paper to read. The boy at once, climbing up into his lap, said, "Bible first, papa, Bible first!" That lesson, taught by the little child, touched the father's heart. Death soon came and took away the sweet little preacher; but his morning sermon was never forgotten. The business man had these words ever ringing in his ears, "Bible first, papa!" It became the motto of his life. The precious word of God was ever uppermost in his heart. He read and studied daily.

The gentleman referred to was the well-known locomotive engine builder, M. W. Baldwin, of Philadelphia.

Dear reader, remember the sermon of the little preacher: "Bible first!" Before you go to work in the morning read a chapter in your Bible and thus take the Word of God with you to your day's labor. It will strengthen your faith and by it you can guard your soul against the many temptations that assail you during the day. Bible first, my dear reader, Bible first!



John Huss.

comforted him. On the way he sang over and over again: "Jesus Christ, Son of living God, have mercy on me."

Having arrived at the place of execution, he knelt down, looked up to heaven, and prayed with great fervor the 31st and 50th Psalms. He was then tied to the stake, straw and wood were piled around him, and for the last time he was called upon to recant. With a clear voice he replied: "I call God to witness, that I have never taught or written what they have laid to my charge by false testimony, but have directed all my sermons, teachings and writings to lead people away from sin to God and His kingdom. This truth which I have taught, preached, written and spread, and which is in accordance with the Word of God, I will maintain and seal with my blood this day."—The fire was now kindled, the crackling flames arose like a fiery sheet around the body of John Huss, and through the flames the song of the noble martyr was heard: "Christ, Thou Son of the living God,

The Camel and the Miller.

Did you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller?

One night a miller was waked up by his camel trying to get his nose into the tent. "It's very cold out here," said the camel. "I only want to put in my nose." The miller made no objection. After awhile the camel asked leave to have his neck in, then his fore feet; and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forth-putting beast. "If you don't like it you may go," answered the camel. "As for me, I've got possession and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now."

Do you know what that camel is like? Bad habits; little sins. Guard against the first approaches, the most plausible excuses, only the nose of sin. If you do not you are overpowered before you know it.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

WE lately attended the sessions of a large Conference of Lutheran pastors and teachers at Logansport, Ind. During the sessions there came the sad news of President Garfield's death. The Conference gave expression to its heartfelt sympathy with the nation in its hour of trial and affliction.

REV. L. M. WAGNER, Castor, Bollinger Co., Mo., has during the past year added by confirmation 30 persons to his charge. The English Lutheran Conference of Missouri held its sessions near Fayetteville, Ark., commencing on Sept. 2. "That Conference," says one of our Southern papers, "is doing great good for our Church in the West."

THERE are at present 689 missionaries laboring among the heathens of India.

THE infant son of our missionary, Rev. F. Berg, died at Little Rock, Ark., on Sept. 6th. May God comfort the afflicted parents in their hour of sorrow.

THE honor of being the first missionary among the Indians, at least in Pennsylvania, belongs to the Lutheran pastor, John Campanius Holm, who ministered to the Lutheran settlements on the shores of the Delaware over 200 years ago. His desire to carry the Gospel to the poor Indians moved him to learn their language, into which he also translated Luther's Catechism, which is said to be the first translation of any work into an Indian language in this country.

THE upper classes in Japan are said to be drifting rapidly into skepticism. The great middle class, however, is more accessible. 66,000 volumes of the Bible were sold during 1880, and the sale increases remarkably.

"ONE of the best institutions of charity in Illinois," says a Chicago paper, "is the Lutheran Orphans' Home at Addison, Ill. The Asylum is supported by the free contributions of the Lutherans of Chicago and vicinity. There are at present about 100 orphans in the Home, whose bodily and spiritual wants are well provided for."

THE increasing number of fatherless children placed under the care of the Lutheran Orphans' Home at Richmond, Ind., moves the kind house-father to call upon the congregations of the Ohio Synod for increased contributions. He proposes that the communicant members of the synod be asked for one cent per week, and says that if only one half of the membership respond, over \$12,000 would be raised for the orphan children.

THE Lutheran Orphans' Home at Green Bay, Wis., opened about six months ago by the Rev. C. Oppen, has come into possession of a large and beautiful property which is said to be worth about \$30,000.

It is the custom with many of our Lutheran congregations to celebrate mission-festivals in the spring or fall of every year. Several congregations unite and hold services in some shady grove. At these services the people are addressed upon the mission work of the Church.

We lately had the pleasure of attending such a festival in the Fair Grounds at Fort Wayne, Ind. There were over 1000 persons present and a large collection was taken up for our mission.

A WEALTHY Italian, who died recently in France, has bequeathed to the town of Eisleben the sum of \$40,000 as a testimony of his personal veneration for its greatest citizen, Martin Luther.

THE English translation of our Lutheran Symbolical Books from the able pen of Rev. Dr. Jacobs of Gettysburg, Pa., is now going through the press and will soon be published by one of the Philadelphia Publishing Houses.

THE pope's church hates the Bible and tries to prevent its spread in all Romish countries. A procession of Roman-catholics in a certain city of Spain lately passed by the residence of the Protestant minister, who is said to be a very respectable, active and benevolent man. At the door of the minister's residence there sat a child with a Bible in its hands. Hardly did the Romish priest, marching at the head of the procession, see the Bible when he rushed up to the child, wrested the book out of its hands, and tore it to pieces with his hands and teeth.

We now close our window.

Putting off.

A preacher determined to preach on the text, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." While in his study thinking, he fell asleep, and dreamed he was carried into hell and set down in the midst of a conclave of lost spirits. They were assembled to devise means to get at the souls of men. One arose and said, "I will go to the earth and tell men that the Bible is all a fable—that it is not divinely appointed of God." "No, that will not do," said another; "let me go; I will tell men that there is no God, no Saviour, no heaven, no hell," and at the last words a fiendish smile lighted up all their countenances. "No, that will not do; we cannot make men believe that." Suddenly one arose, and with a wise mien, like the serpent of old, suggested, "No, I will journey to the world of men, and tell them that there is a God, that there is a Saviour, that there is a heaven—yes, and a hell, too—but I will tell them there is no hurry; to-morrow will do, it will be 'even as to-day;'" and they sent him.

"Who Cares for Me?"

A poor, lone woman sat one evening, thinking how sad was her condition. She was old and almost helpless, with little of this world's goods which she could call her own. "Who cares for me?" thought she. Suddenly this verse of the Bible came to her mind: "For we have not an High Priest, which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

It was like a flood of golden sunshine. Her doubts and fears were all gone. What need of earthly friends to cheer her declining years?

Jesus knew the very care and sorrow, and He, "the Lord of glory," was touched with the feeling of her infirmities. How precious is the thought that we can all have such a friend in every reason of trial and distress! "I will not leave you comfortless," are the Saviour's gracious words. "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—Selected.

A Little Sermon.

A poor blind girl in England brought \$7.50 to her pastor for the cause of missions. He said to her, "You are a poor blind girl and cannot afford to give so much." "I am indeed blind," said she, "but can afford to give this amount better, perhaps, than you suppose. I am by trade a basket maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. During the last winter it must have cost the other girls making baskets who have eyes, more than \$7.50 for candles to work by, which I have saved; and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."

Here is a little sermon to all our readers on the duty of helping to support the missions of our Church. We will not make the application of the sermon. No! We leave that to you, dear reader.

Good, Simple Logic.

A minister asked an old colored man his reasons for believing in the existence of God. "Sir," said he, "I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the East and set in the West. The north star stands where it did the first time I saw it; the seven stars from Job's coffin keep on the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It isn't so with man's work. He makes the clocks and the watches; they may run well for awhile, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun, and moon, and stars, keep on the same way all the while."

The heavens declare the glory of God.

Money - Box.

Received for the building of a chapel in New Orleans from John Schatz \$1.00, from H. in Iowa \$2.00. R. A. B.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Chapel on corner of 12th & Rock Strs.
Sunday-school meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock.
Divine services at 3 o'clock and 7 o'clock.

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No. 11.

Shelter against the Storm.

It was a fine morning when the boats sailed out into the sea. But during the day the wind rose, and when evening came, the sea that had sparkled in the bright sunny morning was tossed up and down in high billows. The thick clouds made the darkness set in early, and every thing about and above seemed to tell that there would be a stormy night. Most of the fishing-boats had come back and found shelter in the village harbor.

But there was one fishing-boat that had sailed out with the rest that fine morning, but which did not come back with the others. The men on board knew the wind was rising, they knew the storm would come, they knew the harbor was open for them; but trusting in their own strength they thought they could brave the wind, and did not heed its warning voice, and would not seek shelter in the harbor. And so the darkness came on, and the deeper tones of the howling storm sounded over the sea, and the boat was seized and driven on, driven on to the rocks that lined the coast, and was dashed to pieces by the fury of the angry waves, which, as if in triumph, leaped and danced to the wild music of the howling storm. And the next morning's sun rose over a miserable and total wreck.

My dear reader, it is because the storm is brewing, and the black clouds of Judgment are rising, that God warns men to flee from the wrath to come. Let us heed the signs of our time! The spread of infidelity among the high and the low, the spread of false doctrines and of the pope's antichristian kingdom, the many disasters on the land and on the sea, the vast devastations by fire and by water, the many murders which are of almost daily occurrence, the preaching of the Gospel in all the world as a witness unto all the nations—they all tell us that the day of the Lord is at hand, which "will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up," 2 Peter 3, 10.

There is a place of shelter against the coming storm. There is a place of safety opened by

God for all sinners. There is a harbor of grace pointed out to us in the Gospel. The loving arms of Jesus that were stretched upon Calvary's cross, when He bled and died for our sins, are opened wide in the sweet Gospel to receive and to keep all who come to Him. It is the only place of safety. Let us flee to that harbor! Having found shelter and rest there, we need not fear the coming storm. The day of the Lord's coming will be a day of joy to us. Those strong arms of Jesus will carry us away from the storm, away from the clashing elements, up to the haven of eternal rest and heavenly joy.

"O sinner, seek His grace
Whose wrath you cannot bear,
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And there salvation there."

"And then?"

A bright youth came with hurried steps to an aged and pious man and cried out, "Rejoice with me, my father! My uncle has at last, at last, given his consent, I may now go to the University and become a Jurist."

"Good, my son," said the old man, "now you will begin to learn diligently, but—what then?"

"After three years I will pass my examination, and, surely, crowned with honor, will leave the University and enter upon my profession."

"And then?"

"Then I will not lack in diligence and conscientiousness, men will speak of me at home and abroad, the noble and the common people will seek me and grant me their confidence!"

"And then?"

"Then I will be saving and become a wealthy man, secure a good wife and have my own family!"

"And then?"

"Then I will train my children that they may become useful, each in that for which it has the necessary talents; they will do well and follow in the footsteps of their father."

"And then?"

"Then I will retire and rest, rejoice in the prosperity of my children, share their love and enjoy old age full of blessings."

"And then?"

"Then? Well—we cannot always remain on earth, and if we could, it would not even be good for us—then? Well, it is true, then—I must die."

"And then?" said the old man, grasping both hands of the youth and gazing into his eyes, "and then, my son, *and then?*"

The color of the youth changed, he began to tremble, and tears flowed from his eyes. "Thanks to you, my father", said he at last, "I had forgotten the chief matter, that it is appointed unto men to die, *and then* the Judgment. But from this day it shall not occur again."—*From the German.*

Preparation for Eternity.

There was a certain nobleman who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after, the nobleman fell sick, even unto death. The fool came to see him. His sick lord said to him, "I must shortly leave you."

"And whither are you going?" said the fool. "Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you return? within a month?"—"No."—"Within a year?"—"No."—"When then?"—"Never!"—"Never?" said the fool. "And what provision have you made for your entertainment there, whither you are going?"—"None at all."—"No!" said the fool, "none at all! Here, then, take my staff; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this."—*From the German.*

DR. TAYLOR, of Norwich, said to me: "Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times; and it is very strange if the doctrine of the Atonement, which you hold, is there, and I have not found it." I am not surprised at this. I once went to light my candle with the extinguisher on. Now prejudice from education, learning, etc., often forms an extinguisher. It is not enough to bring the candle; you must remove the extinguisher.—*John Newton.*

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Paraphrase of the 124th Psalm.

If God had not been on our side,
Says Israel with gladness,
If God had not been on our side,
We had despaired in sadness;
For we are but a handful small,
Held in contempt and scorn by all,
All men rise up against us.

Their wrath against us kindled was;
If God but had permitted,
They quickly would have swallowed us,
We would have been outwitted;
Like men, o'er whom a stream doth roll,
The waters had gone o'er our soul,
And proudly overwhelmed us.

Blest be the Lord, who to them ne'er
Us as a prey hath given!
As birds out of the fowlers' snare
Our souls escaped; for riven
Now is the snare, and we are free.
Our help, O Lord, is e'er in Thee,
Who madest earth and heaven!

(Dr. M. Luther, 1525. Tr. by A. C., 1881.)

The Bible and the Seminaries.

The Bible is God's word. Every word of that precious Book is inspired by God himself. This is the firm belief of every true Lutheran. It is the secret of Luther's strength in the war of the Reformation. Thank God, the Lutheran Church of our land still holds fast to this doctrine, and in her Seminaries, where the pastors and teachers of the Church are trained for the service of the Lord, no other doctrine can be taught. It is not so, we are sorry to say it, in all the Seminaries of the other denominations of our country. The infidel view of the inspiration of the Bible seems to creep into those Seminaries and threatens ruin to the Church. At the late trial of Dr. Thomas, a Methodist preacher in Chicago, who among other doctrines also denies the verbal inspiration of the Bible, professors of theological Seminaries of the Methodist church were openly accused of holding the same infidel view in regard to the Holy Scriptures. There are men in those denominations who see the great evil and the coming ruin and raise their voice against it. We know of a Conference of pastors and laymen who hold yearly meetings "for Bible Study," and although we do not agree with those men in all the doctrines that they proclaim, we are glad to see them hold fast to the doctrine of verbal inspiration. The Rev. Dr. Brookes, of St. Louis, one of the leading members of the Conference, gives us a report of its last meeting, which was held this summer at Old Orchard on the coast of Maine. From his report we quote the following:

"Representatives from almost every state in the Union attended the meetings, among whom were found a considerable number of ministers of the gospel. It was a common remark made by these at the close of the Conference, that they had heard more Bible, and received more Bible instruction during the eight days, than

through the entire three years' course of study in their Theological Seminaries. Every one of the leaders is a firm believer in the verbal inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures, and hence they bring to the study of the very words of the Holy Ghost a delight and diligence and reverence, which is impossible to those who hold the loose and infidel view of inspiration, now so commonly accepted by preachers, and alas! too frequently taught in our Theological Seminaries. That there is a growing disregard of the authority of God's word among many who are called to train young men for the Gospel ministry is unhappily too obvious to be denied. The pride of intellect, the conceit of learning, the "oppositions of science falsely so called" (1 Tim. 4, 20.), the glamour of German rationalism or rather irrationalism, have blinded their eyes to the truth; and well might the Holy Ghost write to them, as He did to the Corinthians, 'I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ' (2 Cor. 11, 3.).

"As there is a growing disregard of the Bible in Theological Seminaries, so there is a growing disregard of Theological Seminaries among Christians who love the Bible above all other books in the world, and who know that 'all scripture is given by inspiration of God' (2 Tim. 3, 16.). In the light of such testimony they walk rejoicing every day, and they would turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, though all the Professors on the face of the earth were to deny the truth of verbal inspiration. When God speaks, it becomes Doctors of divinity to bow their little heads in silence." —

May God keep our dear Lutheran Church in the Truth and make her to see the great mission she has in this our land over against the spread of infidel views.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

The Church and her Missionaries.

The Church of Christ has done a great work of preparation, and now has in her hands the means of a very rapid advance in the work of evangelizing the nations.

First, her missionaries have become well acquainted with the manners, the habits and the errors of the different nations. This was necessarily the work of years; but until it was done, every attempt to convince those nations of their errors and of the truth of Christianity, had to be made under great disadvantages.

Second, her missionaries have made themselves familiar with the languages of the different nations, and have translated the Bible, and published tracts, religious books and school-books. There is scarcely a language spoken by any considerable number of the human family, into which the whole Bible, or a considerable portion of it, has not been translated. In a number of instances, the missionaries have formed a written language, and then translated the Bible into it.

Besides, having mastered these languages, the missionaries can now preach fluently to the natives in their several tongues, and can more easily impart to other missionaries a knowledge of those languages. This was a tedious and laborious undertaking.

Third, the missionaries of the Church of Christ have, by God's blessing, made converts, planted churches, and established schools. In Asia Minor, in India, in China, in Africa, churches are organized, schools established, and native youths are going forth to proclaim "the unsearchable riches of Christ". The first missionaries, as they preached in the valley of dry bones, had their faith severely tried. The time seemed long, before any decided impression was made. But the work of preparation has been done, and now converts are more rapidly multiplied. The churches already organized become efficient in extending the work. Prejudice have been overcome, and heathen children come in increasing numbers under Christian instruction.

Fourth, the Church in Christian lands has the means of carrying forward the good work with greater rapidity. For instance, the British and Foreign Bible Society, organized in 1804, and the American Bible Society, organized in 1816, are two noble institutions by whose labors copies of the Sacred Scriptures are very rapidly multiplied, and sent abroad amongst the nations. There are many other societies, for instance, the "German Evangelical Lutheran Bible Society" at St. Louis, Mo.—engaged in the same work—multiplying copies of the Sacred Scriptures, sending forth tracts and religious books. Colporteurs are employed in carrying these publications to the doors of the people.—Besides all this, the Church has much talent, much learning, many literary and religious institutions, in which to train the rising generation. Indeed we may truly say—that God has put into the hands of His people all the means and instrumentalities necessary to the work to which He is now loudly calling them. The fields are white to the harvest, and the reapers must go forth to the work. May the people of God be led, in the course of time, more correctly to understand the commission given by our Saviour to His Apostles, and through them to His Church—"go, teach all nations"—and may all the people say: "God bless the Church and HER MISSIONARIES."

OBE.

Reason and God's Word.

In the year 1529 Melancthon wrote to Oecolampadius, who opposed the Lutheran Bible-doctrine of the Lord's Supper: "You gather many incongruities, which you deduce from this faith (of the substantial presence of the body and blood of Jesus Christ in the Lord's Supper). You also quote some extracts from the writings of the saints, which seem to sustain you. But incongruities are less offensive to him who considers that heavenly things must be judged according to the Word of God, and not according to the rules of geometry, and who has learned in the hours of affliction that no reasoning can sufficiently instruct his conscience when he deviates from the Word of God."

Salvation Through Christ.

A HINDOO STORY.

Hossein said to his aged grandfather Abbas: "O grandfather, wherefore are you reading the gospel?"

Abbas made answer: "I read it, my son, to find the way to heaven."

Hossein, smiling, said: "The way is plain enough. Worship but the one true God, and keep the Commandments."

The man whose hair was silvered with age made reply: "Hossein, the commandments are as a bridge of ten arches, by which the soul might once have passed over the flood of God's wrath, and have reached heaven; but the bridge has been shattered. There is not one amongst us that hath not broken the Commandments again and again."

"My conscience is clear!" cried Hossein proudly. "I have kept all the Commandments; at least, almost all," he added, for his conscience had given the lie to his words.

"And if one arch of a bridge gave way under the traveler, doth he not surely perish in the flood, my son, though the nine others be firm and strong? But all the arches of thy bridge are broken; the very first is in ruins."

"For the First Commandment, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' 'I have never broken that!' exclaimed Hossein, indignantly. "I have never worshipped any God but one—the Almighty, the Invisible, the All Merciful. That arch in my bridge at least is whole and entire."

"The being whom we love above all others, and whose honor we most desire, the being whom we obey in all things, is not he the one whom we worship in the temple of the heart?" inquired the old man.

"Surely, for that being is our God!" exclaimed Hossein.

He of the silvery beard slowly rose from his seat. "Come with me, O youth," said he, and I will show thee whom thou dost worship in the temple of thine heart."

"No man can show me Him whom I worship!" cried Hossein, in indignant surprise; "for the one true God is invisible, and I worship none but Him."

"Come with me," repeated Abbas; and he led the way to a tank of water clear and pure, in which the surrounding buildings and trees were reflected as in a mirror.

Hossein followed his grandfather wondering, and saying to himself: "Age hath made the old man as one who hath lost his reason."

When the two reached the tank, Abbas said to his grandson: "Look down into the clear water, and behold him whom thou dost love above all others, whose honor thou dost most desire, whose will thou dost ever obey. O Hossein, my son! is he not to thee in the place of the one true God?"

Hossein looked down, and behold! there was his own image reflected in the clear water.

"He who loves self more than God hath broken the first law," continued Abbas; "for is it not written: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength; this is the First Commandment'? Hossein, this arch of thy bridge is broken; thou canst not pass to heaven upon it."

"And can you?" exclaimed Hossein with impatience.

"No, my son," said the old man meekly; "I have long ago seen that this, as well as other Commandments, has been broken by me, a sinner. There never was but one Man, and he the Holy One of God, with whom the bridge of obedience was perfect and entire."

"If your bridge be broken, how do you hope to reach heaven at all?" inquired Hossein. "How can you, or any one else, escape being swallowed up in the flood of God's wrath?"

"By clinging to him who cast himself into the raging torrent that he might bear all those who believe in him safe to the shore of heaven!" exclaimed Abbas with fervor. "Thou hast looked down on thyself, thy sinful self, O Hossein; now look upward to Christ, the spotless One, who can save thee from self and sin. My hope of heaven is firm and sure, for it is founded on this sacred word: 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'—A. L. O. E.

The Bright Side.

A servant of God was overtaken by sickness when far from home in the army, and thus writes:

"Just at the gray of the dawn in the morning the fold of my tent parted, and a black face peered through. It was old Nanny, a colored woman. Looking tenderly at me, she said, 'Massa, dose yer see de bright side dis mornin'?"

"No, Nanny," said I; "it isn't so bright as I wish it was."

"Well, massa, I allus sees de bright side."

"You do?" said I. "Maybe you haven't seen much trouble."

"Maybe not," she said, and then went on to tell me, in her simple, broken way, of her life in Virginia,—of the selling of her children one by one—of the auction sale of her husband, and then of herself. She was alone now in the camp, without having heard from one of her kindred for years. "Maybe I ain't seen no trouble, massa."

"But, Nanny," said I, "have you seen the bright side all the time?"

"Allus, massa—allus."

"Well, how did you do it?"

"Dis is de way, massa: when I see de great black cloud comin' over"—and she waved her dark hand inside the tent as though one might be settling down there—"and 'pears like comin' crushin' down on me, den I just whips around on the oder side, an' I find de Lord Jesus dar;

and den it's all bright and clar. De bright side's allus whar Jesus is, massa."

"Well, Nanny, if you can do that, I think I ought to."

"'Pears like you ought to, massa, for you's a preacher of the word of Jesus."

She went away. I turned myself on my blanket and said in my heart, "The Lord is my Shepherd. It is all right and well. Now, come fever or health, come death or life, come burial on the Yazoo Bluff or in the churchyard at home, the Lord is my Shepherd." With this sweet peace I fell asleep. When I awoke I was in a perspiration; my fever was broken. Old Nanny's faith I shall never forget.

Tell the Good News.

A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to go back to her heathen country, some of her playmates tried to keep her. They said:

"Why do you go back to New Zealand. You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed by your own heathen people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said; "do you think I could keep the good news to myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there! Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news."

A Near Relative.

A sick officer went to a mineral spring in Germany for the benefit of his health, but the hotel-keepers refused to admit him lest he should die in the house.

At the last hotel a gentleman came forward, and said, "This officer is my near relative. He may have my bed, and I will sleep on the sofa."

The landlord consented, and the half-fainting man was carried to the gentleman's room. When he had rested a little, his first question was,

"May I ask your name, my kind friend? How are you related to me?"

"Through our Lord Jesus Christ; for I have learned from him that my neighbor is my brother."

God's Care.

Knowest thou how many stars
There are shining in the sky?
Knowest thou how many clouds
Every day go floating by?
God the Lord has counted all;
He would miss one should it fall.

Knowest thou how many children
Go to little beds at night,
And without a care or trouble
Wake up with the morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell;
Knows thee too and loves thee well.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

THE Rev. J. T. Brohm, one of the oldest members of the Lutheran Synod of Missouri, departed this life on the 24th of September at Addison, Ill., aged 73 years. He was for many years a faithful pastor of the Lutheran Church at New York and St. Louis. In the latter city he also assisted as teacher of the Hebrew language in the Lutheran Seminary. The evening life he spent at the home of his son, Prof. Th. Brohm of Addison, Ill., waiting for the summons of his dear Lord and Saviour. The faithful servant has now been called to his reward by the Master, the weary pilgrim is gone to rest in heaven. How sweet that rest will be to him!

WHILST we are writing this, we are reminded of an incident which occurred some years ago at St. Louis, when we were yet a student at the Seminary of that place. We one day rode in the street-car with the Rev. Brohm. There were two infidels in the car, speaking against religion and the Bible. One of them cried out, "Yes, I tell you, all ministers ought to be driven out of the land; they do more harm than good." The pastor fixed his eyes upon the speaker, and in his kind and friendly way he said, "And what harm have those ministers done you, my friend?" The infidel looked up at the venerable speaker, who had grown gray in the service of the Lord, and—kept silent.

TWO STUDENTS of theology, one of them the son of Prof. A. Craemer, lately departed this life in our Seminary at Springfield, Ill. They were young men of great promise, diligently preparing themselves to proclaim the grace of God as ministers of the Gospel. But our thoughts are not God's thoughts. He called them away to sing the glory of His grace in the church triumphant.

"THE harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few"—not only in the West, but also in the South. A pastor who lately traveled in Georgia writes: "Never have we seen a people so anxious to hear the Word. Tears of joy fell down their cheeks as the Bread of Life was broken to them. Everywhere we went we met Lutherans who said, Send us a missionary and we will build a church." Dear reader, "pray the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest," Matthew 9, 38.

THE members of St. Paul's Church at Fort Wayne, Ind., have already subscribed over \$3000.00 towards the building of a new Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis. Well done!

AT the reopening of Concordia College at Fort Wayne, on October 1st, 42 new scholars were added to the College classes. As we see from the papers the number of students in all our Lutheran institutions has been greatly increased this fall.

ON the 25th of October the Rev. Prof. C. F. W. Walther of the Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis, Mo., celebrated his 70th birthday. Our little PIONEER heartily joins in the many congratulations and good wishes that were sent

to the venerable and beloved Professor from all parts of the country on that day of joy and thanksgiving. May the Lord bless His faithful servant out of Zion and let him see the good of Jerusalem all the coming days of his life.

THE Lutheran St. Paul's congregation of Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. P. Brand, pastor, laid the corner-stone of a new Parochial Schoolhouse a few Sundays ago with appropriate ceremonies. It was a day of rejoicing to all the members of the church who know that the Word of God, which is taught in our Parish Schools, is the corner stone of a true Christian education.

ST. PAUL'S and Immanuel's congregation of Fort Wayne, Ind., at a recent meeting resolved to erect a monument in the Lutheran cemetery of that city, to the memory of the lamented Rev. W. Stubnatzy.

THE Rev. J. Bading, President of the Lutheran Wisconsin Synod, has returned from his voyage to Europe and was joyfully welcomed home by his beloved congregation at Milwaukee, Wis.

A MONUMENT to the memory of the sainted Prof. F. W. Lehmann has been erected in Green Lawn Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio, by the thankful pupils of the lamented Professor.

A SERIES of English Readers for our Lutheran Parochial Schools has been being prepared for some time. The Second Reader is now in the hands of the Revising Committee and will soon be published by our Publishing House at St. Louis.

COLONIES of Lutherans are to be formed in Arkansas on a large tract of good and cheap land. The Rail Road Company has promised to pay the salary of a Lutheran missionary for the first two years.

THE model for the statue of Dr. Martin Luther to be erected in his birthplace, Eisleben, is now completed. It is to be finished by his 400th birthday, 1883. The great Reformer is represented with bold and energetic features. With his right hand he is crushing the pope's bull and is ready to cast it into the fire. His left hand holds a Bible. May the statue remind the dear German people of the Bible faith of the great Reformer!

WHY is the closing of our window like the motion to adjourn?—Because it is "always in order". And so we close our window.

Short Stops.

—THE Emperor William of Germany was recently presented with a curious pen, that supplies itself with ink while writing. The old Emperor thanked the donor and said, "I should like to own a pen that would write only what is good and true; and then I wish all our journalists and reporters might each have one just like it and use no others." He evidently is not one of those who make it their business to call the attention of others to the Eighth Commandment whilst they themselves most shamefully transgress it in their writings.

—A PLEASANT little story is related of Governor Holliday, of Virginia. One evening last week an old colored woman on crutches entered a railway car in Washington. The car was crowded, and the old woman requested a colored man to give her his seat, as it was impossible for her to stand. The man refused. Governor Holliday, who was in the car, overheard the conversation, and promptly tendered the old woman his seat, which was accepted with thanks.

—BOB INGERSOLL MAN. The most notorious outlaw known in the criminal annals of the West—Frank Rande—stood some time ago at the bar of his cell in St. Louis, the very impersonation of every crime, and with the air of a braggart said to preachers and policemen, to throngs of men and women—"I am a Bob Ingersoll man"—and every man and woman in the land believe him!

—A BIBLE DEFINITION.—A friend of ours, who was one day hearing his little six-year-old Alice say her "definitions," asked her the meaning of "earthquake" and "volcano."

"I know, father, God tells us in the Bible what they are."

"Does he? Why, where, Allie?"

"In the 104th Psalm, 32d verse."

Now turn to that passage, and see if this little student of the Bible didn't make a good answer.

—"TO GIVE children good instruction and a bad example," says an old theologian, "is but beckoning them with one hand to show them the way to heaven, while we take them by the other and lead them to hell."

"Worldly gifts cannot bear up the spirits from fainting and sinking when trials and troubles come, no more than headache can be cured by a golden crown and toothache by a chain of pearl."

Old Uncle's Dislike.

"I nebber likes de cullud man dat thinks too much o' eatin';
Dat frolics froo de wukin' days, and snoozes at de meetin';
Dat makes profession in de Church, an' keeps a-gittin' tight,
An' pulls his water-millions in de middle ob de night!"

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Chapel on corner of 12th & Rock Strs.

Sunday-school meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock.
Divine services at 3 o'clock and 7 o'clock.

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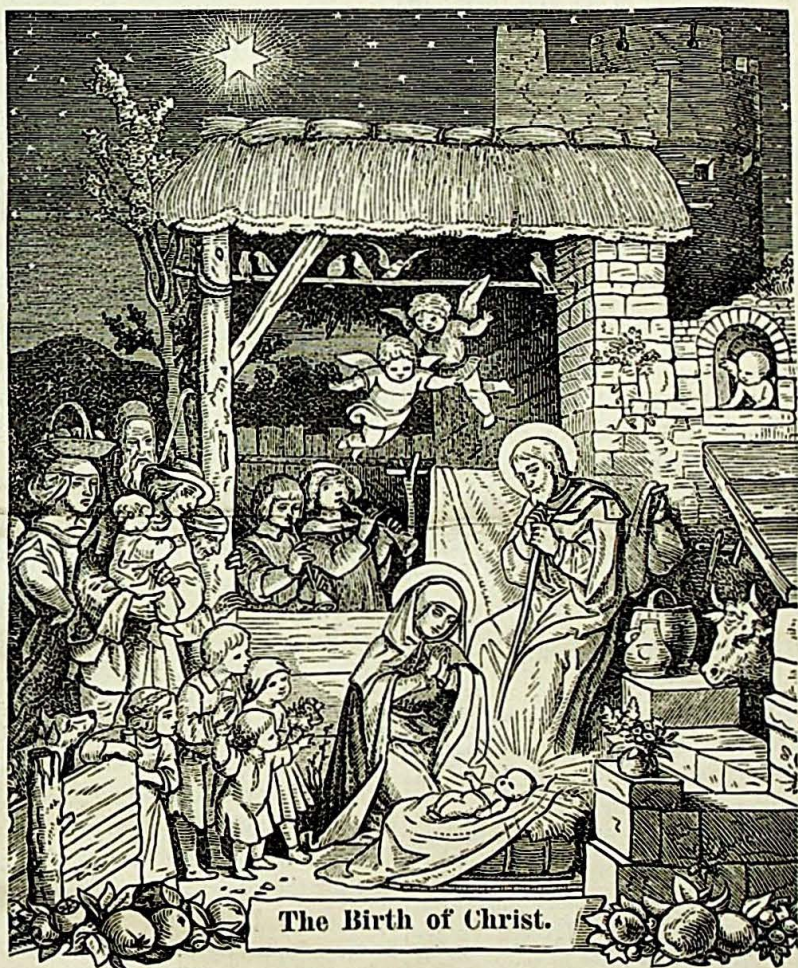
R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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The Birth of Christ.

CHRISTMAS.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye Christians,
With all your hearts this morn!
O hear the blessed tidings,
"The Lord, the Christ, is born,"
Now brought us by the angels
That stand about God's throne;
O lovely are the voices
That make such tidings known!

O hearken to their singing:
"This Child shall be your Friend;
The Father so has willed it,
That thus your woes should end.
The Son is freely given,
That in Him ye may have
The Father's grace and blessing,
And know He loves to save.

Nor deem the form too lowly
That clothes Him at this hour;
For know ye what it hideth?
'Tis God's almighty power.
Though now within the manger
So poor and weak He lies,
He is the Lord of all things,
He reigns above the skies.

Sin, death, and hell, and Satan
Have lost the victory;
This Child shall overthrow them,
As ye shall surely see.
Their wrath shall naught avail them;
Fear not, their reign is o'er;
This Child shall overthrow them,—
O hear, and doubt no more!"

(Old German hymn, 1540.)

A Happy Christmas.

The poor shepherds who kept watch over their flocks on the plains of Bethlehem, in the holy Christmas night, enjoyed a happy Christmas. To them the angel of the Lord brought the glad Christmas tidings. They were permitted to hear the sweet voices of angels sing the Christmas song of praise. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." To those poor shepherds it was a happy Christmas. In simple faith they hastened to Bethlehem and saw the Child Jesus and believed in Him as their own sweet Saviour. Yes, to them it was a happy Christmas. And all our readers may enjoy such a happy Christmas. The wealth and honor, and joys and pleasures of this world do not make Christmas happy. No! You may be surrounded by poverty and want, you may be bowed down by grief and sorrow, still you may enjoy a happy Christmas. You may be the chief of sinners, still you may enjoy a happy Christmas. The shepherds were poor, they were sinners, and to them it was a happy Christmas; for by faith in the new-born Saviour they found in Him forgiveness of sins, and eternal riches, and heavenly comfort. The same Saviour, *your* Saviour, is brought to *you* in the sweet Christmas Gospel. Accept Him by true faith. In Him you have forgiveness of all your sins, eternal riches, and heavenly comfort. Thus Christmas will be to you a happy Christmas. And you shall also hear the angels sing. Yes! When your believing soul wings its flight to heaven, you shall even join in their sweet songs of praise, wearing the crown of glory and striking the golden harp. Then you shall also see your dear Saviour in all His glory and rejoice forever in His sweet presence. We wish all our readers a happy Christmas!

ON Christmas morning, little Annie, full of her Christmas joy, wished to take old Mooly, the cow, an extra Christmas breakfast. Yes, Christmas is a season that moves the hearts of men to deeds of kindness by which gladness may be spread.

Glory to God!

The sweet Christmas story, which we read in Luke 2, 1—14., tells us of the birth of our Saviour. It is a very lowly birth. The Child is born in a miserable stable and laid into a hard manger. There seems to be nothing glorious about that Child. There seems to be nothing but poverty and want. But behold! the same Christmas story tells us that an angel came down from heaven to announce the birth of that Child to the shepherds who were keeping watch over their flocks on the plains of Bethlehem. "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 when the first Christmas sermon was ended, there came the sweet Christmas song. A multitude of angels came down in glittering ranks, making the night air ring with their celestial song of praise: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Ah, there is something glorious about that Child born in a stable! And well may the angels sing: "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!" At the birth of that Child the glory of God shines forth in heavenly splendor. For who is that Child? He is Christ, the Messiah, who had been promised to men of old for 4,000 years. When sin had come into this world, He was promised to our first parents in Paradise as the "seed of the woman" which should "bruise the head of the serpent." And from this first prophecy in Genesis down to the last prophet we find Him typified and prophesied throughout the Old Testament. It was foretold that He should be born of a *virgin* (Isaiah 7, 14.), that He should be born in *Bethlehem* (Micah 5, 2.). The *time* of His birth was also foretold by Jacob on his dying-bed (Genesis 49, 10.) and by Daniel (Daniel 9, 25.). And God proved faithful to all these promises. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law" (Galatians 4, 4.). He was born of a *virgin* in *Bethlehem*, and at the time when the "sceptre had departed from Judah," when the Jews were under the rule of the Roman emperor. All the prophecies were gloriously fulfilled, and hence we have the assurance that every promise given to us in the Bible will also be fulfilled; for our God is a *faithful* God. Therefore the angels sing: "Glory to God in the highest!"

At the birth of Christ we behold the glory of God also in the plan of redemption in which His mercy and justice are seen in perfect harmony. We behold the glory of His infinite mercy and love. We are rebels and sinners by nature. We have deserved nothing but eternal punishment. The glory is not ours. "Glory to God in the highest!" "God so

loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son" (John 3, 16.). Beholding the unspeakable gift of God in the manger of Bethlehem, we may well cry out, "Why, why this for me a sinner?" And God's answer is this: "Because I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

But how can this infinite love and mercy be a glory to God? Is He not just and holy? Must He not punish sin? Yes, God is just and holy, and according to His justice punishment must follow sin. This justice is as great as His mercy; for in God all is perfect. Still the angels may sing at the birth of Christ: "Glory to God in the highest!" For who is that Babe of Bethlehem? He is the substitute of the whole sinful, rebellious world. God's justice demanded the punishment of sin, and therefore God sent His own Son into this world, and laid the punishment of our sins upon Him, and made Him the propitiation for our sins that He may "justify the ungodly." Thus the infinite mercy and justice are in perfect harmony in the plan of redemption. And therefore the angels sing: "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!" And may we, as we worship at the rough couch of the infant Saviour on Christmas day, join in the angelic chorus by giving all the glory of our salvation to God alone. Blessed are they who simply trust in this Saviour! But woe to them who reject Him! Woe to them who try to make a saviour out of their own good behaviour, or out of anything they find in their own sinful selves! Above the manger of Bethlehem we find it written as if with sunbeams: "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!"

"God sent forth His Son."

"When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman," says the Apostle (Galatians 4, 4.). Let us weigh and consider these things in order:

First, it is sufficiently taught in the gospel of John, that Christ is the Son of God, which he that believeth not is in a most miserable state, as Christ Himself says: "Except ye believe that I am He, ye shall die in your sins." It is not the will of God that we should believe or put our trust in any other thing, neither doth this honor belong to any other; we must believe that He is the very truth, and that without Him we can neither live nor obtain salvation. The Apostle says, "God sent forth His Son." It is hereby manifest that He existed before He was made man. If He be the Son, He is more than a man or an angel; and as they are the highest among God's creatures, surely He must be the true God.

The second thing which ought here to be considered, is, that Christ is very man and the Son of man. Thus Paul teaches when he says, "made of a woman;" for surely that which is made or born of a woman, is man. Thus it is necessary that we believe as the Lord Himself declares: "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son

of man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you," John 6. But to eat His flesh and drink His blood, is nothing else than to believe that Christ took these upon Him, and did also yield them up to death for our sake. Hereby it appears that those prevail nothing who make a way unto themselves, to come to God by their own works and godliness. Christ alone is the mediator by whom you must receive blessings, otherwise you shall continue forever in damnation.—*Luther*.

Satan Works Silently.

Little by little Satan leads souls away from Christ. In ways unseen by others they are led. Around their hearts gather feelings and desires which seem trifling. It is like the first small leaks in the banks of the Mississippi, through which ere long the mighty resistless torrent will break a wide channel, and spread ruin in its course. Great criminals usually can trace their fall to seemingly trifling beginnings. An exchange says: "Of the fall of a prominent citizen and member of the Church, very recently, into the abyss of ruin and disgrace, a friend inquired sadly, 'How can you account for it? so sudden and unexpected to all'. I replied by relating an incident in my Western experience. I was passing through a beautiful park, in which a number of fine locust trees had been thrown down by a recent storm. I asked of my companion with surprise how it happened that those apparently thrifty trees should be broken by the gale. He replied, 'Oh, the borers prepared the way'."

Silently and unseen the work of hastening overthrow had been done during the months before. The hearts of the green locusts were "honeycombed" by those little borers. Had the trees been conscious, their fall would have been no surprise to them. Nor has the *moral ruin* of the great criminals of our times been so to themselves. They nourished the hidden destroyers, the secret sins, which prepared the way for the pressure of great temptation, whose ruin startled millions. And all surprise over human depravity suddenly revealed in gigantic evil will vanish forever in "the day when God shall judge the *secrets* of men by Jesus Christ."—*Guardian*.

CHRIST requires us to believe that He came down from heaven, that He is our God, Priest, and King. By Him alone we become the sons of God and heirs of the heavenly kingdom, as St. Paul says: "Ye are the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus," Galatians 3, 26. Here the hearts of all sinners may leap for joy, that they are counted worthy of such a Saviour.—*Luther*.

It is not sufficient to believe that Christ has come, but we must believe also that He was sent from God, that He is the Son of God, and also very man, that He was born of a virgin, that He alone has fulfilled the law, and that not for Himself, but for us, that is for our salvation.—*Luther*.

A Christmas Day in Nancy's Cabin.

Old Nancy was a poor colored woman and lived in a cabin on an alley, all alone, without chick or child, kith or kin. Her home, though poor and small, was always neat and tidy, and from what she earned many a dollar was given to the mission work of the Church. She was an honest, Christian woman, full of joy and faith in her Saviour, and therefore the wealthy judge, at whose house she often found work to do, respected her very highly.

At last Old Nancy was taken sick, and for many weary months before her death she was helpless, alone, and bed-ridden. During this time the judge's ample table had sent its full share to the comforts of the poor woman, and when the merry Christmas day came, the Christmas cheer and joys made the judge think of the loneliness of poor Nancy's cabin. So, taking a well-filled basket, he started on his way to visit the sick woman. As he entered the poor, lonely cabin, he thought of his own beautiful mansion, where the voices of merry children and of music made all cheerful and happy on that Christmas day. And seating himself on the stool at the side of the poor woman's cot, he said in words of sympathy,—

"It must be hard for you, Nancy, to be shut up here alone so many days and weeks?"

"Oh, no! thank God! massa judge, the good Lord keeps me from feelin' bad. I'se happy now as ever I was in all my days."

"But, Nancy, lying here from morning till night and from night till morning, all alone, and racked with pain, dependent upon others for every thing, do you not get tired and down-hearted, and think your lot a hard one to bear?"

"Well, I'se 'pendent on others, dat's sure, 'deed I is; an' I was allers used to have something to give to de poor, an' to de missionary too, an' to de minister. But, den, I'se no poorer dan my good Lord was when He came to dis world. You know, He was laid as a poor child on straw an' hay in a miseble stable. I'se bery happy when I think of dese Christmas tings."

"But, Nancy, you are all alone here?"

"Yes, massa, I'se all alone, dat's true; but den Jesus is here, too, all de time. I'm nebber alone, nohow; and He's good company."

"But, Nancy, how do you feel when you think about death? What if you should die here all alone some night?"

"O massa judge! I'spect so. I'spect nothing else but jis' to go off all alone here some night, as you say, or some day; but it's all one, night or day, to poor Nancy. And den, massa, I'spec' I'll not go all alone, after all, for Jesus says, in de blessed book, 'I'll come an' take you to myself, dat where I am, dare you may be also': an' I believe Him. I'se not afraid to die alone."

"But, Nancy, sometimes when I think of dying, I am filled with trouble. I think how bad I am. Are you not afraid to die and go into the presence of a holy God?"

"Oh, no! massa, 'deed I'se not."

"Why not, Nancy?"

"O massa! the debbil made me think of my sins dis mornin'; an' I thought how can such a sinner as I is ebber go into such a holy place as de New Jerusalem is? An' I was miseble. But den, when the Christmas bells were ringin' I jis' thought of the sweet Christmas story. You know, when the Saviour was born, the angel said to de poor shepherds in de field dat dis Saviour belongs to dem an' to *all* de folks. So He is *my* Saviour, 'deed, sure, He is poor Nancy's Saviour. He says in de blessed book dat His blood washes away all my sins. An' I believe Him, 'deed I do. So I find rest for my poor soul in Jesus. I know now He has made me all ready, pure an' white for de New Jerusalem above. An' now I love to think about de time when I shall come to 'pear befo' de Father's throne, wid Him in glory, all starry, spangly white."

For a moment the judge sat in silence, admiring the power of God's grace. Then he said, "Well, Nancy, one thing more let me ask you: do you not still complain?"

"Complain? Oh! now, massa judge, complain, do you say, massa? Why, massa! who should such a one as I is complain ob? The Good Lord, He knows best what's best for poor Nancy! *His will be done!* It mus' all turn out for my own good. He sent His own Son to be my Saviour. An' so I know He loves me wid an' ebberlastin' love."

The judge bowed his head in silence a moment, and then rose and bade Nancy good-by. All the way home through the Christmas snow he kept thinking of the poor colored woman, so helpless, bed-ridden, miserable in body, and yet so happy as a child of God! "There is a power in God's Word which I never felt," said he, as he came home and sat down to read the sweet Christmas story in the Bible. And the judge never forgot that Christmas Day in Old Nancy's cabin. No! It was to him the beginning of a new life.

Old Nancy lingered but a very short time. When the new year came, she had gone to her glorious Saviour in heaven, in whose finished work of redemption she trusted so fully upon earth.

The Christmas Turkey.

We heard of it many years ago from a pastor's widow. The aged Christian lady spoke of the many hardships through which the Lord had led her during her long life. In the first years of her marriage her husband had charge of a country congregation. The members were wealthy, yes. But they were rather "close-fisted." Many a month passed by without any salary being paid. The pastor was expected to make his living from the few acres that were connected with the parsonage. The deacon who kept the grocery and who exerted a great influence in the congregation, was the stingiest of all. When the pastor's debt had run up to

several dollars at the grocery, the deacon sent in his bill. There was no money in the house to pay the bill with, but there was a fine new carpet which the lady had received as a wedding present from some of her friends at home, but which she had not dared to make any use of for fear that the members of the congregation might consider her very rich. She now took this carpet over to the deacon, saying to herself on the way: "He will surely not be so hard as to take this carpet for the payment of the bill, no, he will not." But the deacon did take it, yes, he *did* take that carpet.

But what about the Christmas turkey? Well, the day before Christmas, when the pastor's wife looked rather sad, not knowing what to get for the Christmas table, she received a letter with some money from her former home. Wishing to provide a good Christmas dinner for her dear husband, she took some of the money and bought a turkey. When the pastor came to his Christmas dinner he looked rather pleased, and when he said grace he also thanked God for filling the hearts of his dear people with true charity towards their pastor. His wife wondered how he could think any member so charitable as to send a Christmas turkey. It made her think of the deacon and the carpet. But she did not correct her husband's prayer, and when he passed down the road, in the afternoon, he met the deacon and thanked him very heartily for that turkey. The deacon looked rather astonished; for the idea of sending the pastor a present on Christmas day had never entered his mind. And the minister's wife, who watched her husband from the kitchen window, smiled as she saw the astonished deacon. Her husband, however, seemed so delighted at the charity of his "good people," that she feared he would publicly thank his congregation for that turkey at the evening service. And so, when he came home, she told him that it was bought with her own money.

All the members of the congregation soon heard about the minister's Christmas turkey, and they learned a good lesson from it. On New Year's morning, when the pastor's wife opened the kitchen door, she found a large fine turkey hanging on the knob outside. "And it was the hardest thing for me," she said, "to make my husband believe that *that* turkey really was a present from some member of the congregation."

We have told the story as we heard it from the good old Christian lady some years ago, down in Old Virginia. And we do not fear that our congregation will take it as a hint for them to send us a turkey or anything else on Christmas day. No! The editor of this paper has no congregation that could think anything of the kind. We only hope that, as the merry Christmas day comes on, Christians will not forget their hard-working pastor, whose work for them and their families is marked by toils, trials, and tears of which they know very little, and whom they can cheer by some token of confidence and love.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

THE Almanacs for 1882 remind us that the present year is soon ended. We have received the German Lutheran Almanac, published by Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa. It contains the full statistics of all the church bodies of America that bear the Lutheran name, and also much interesting reading matter. Price, 10 cts. per copy.

FROM the same Publishing House we have received two packages of Pictures from the New Testament, printed in Colors, each package containing twelve pictures. They are very beautiful, well adapted for distribution in Sunday schools, especially at Christmas time. Price, 35 cts. per package. Address, Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa.

THE pope's church celebrates the Christmas festival with great pomp. But it is not a God-pleasing celebration; for they deny the Christmas Gospel and condemn and persecute those who preach it. In France a priest lately attracted the attention of his bishop by his way of preaching. The bishop called him and said, "You do not preach what the church has ordered." "I preach what St. Paul preached," said the priest. "That will not do," said the bishop, "you must not preach what the church does not approve of. It will be best for you to retire and consider the matter. I will give you a letter to the Superior of one of our cloisters." The letter was handed to the priest, and on his way to the cloister he became anxious to know what that letter contained. He opened it and read the following: "This man is a dangerous man. Receive him into the cloister and never let him come out again." Not wishing to spend his life in a prison, the priest went on to Paris, returned the letter to the bishop, and soon joined the Protestant Church.

A PIOUS, Christian old lady, who lately departed this life at Racine, Wis., bequeathed \$2850.00 to the institutions of the Lutheran Wisconsin Synod, and \$200 to her beloved pastor. She has set a good example for others to follow.

THE new Lutheran Hospital in the great city of New York was opened with appropriate ceremonies, on the 30th of October. More than 1,000 persons took part in the ceremonies. May God bless this important institution of charity!

ON the 12th of November, the Rev. Dr. Siler celebrated his eightieth birthday. The venerable Doctor is still active in the service of the Master, and on that day of thanksgiving he received many a token of love and esteem from the members of his large and prosperous congregation.

OUR dear colored congregation and schools at Little Rock will miss their dear missionary at Christmas time. The Lord of the vineyard has called him to a German Lutheran congregation in Adams Co., Ind. May God bless him in his new field of labor.

THE German Lutheran Child's Paper, published by the Rev. P. Beyer of Brooklyn, N. Y., has upwards of 25,000 subscribers. Our little PIONEER can hardly think of that number.

THIS Christmas number closes our third volume. We are glad to tell our readers that the number of subscribers has been *doubled in the past year*. Many thanks to our friends! We hope they will not tire of the work but help to circulate the paper in the coming year.

BUT there is some unpleasant news we have to tell our readers, at least those whom it may concern. Our publisher informs us that many have not yet paid their 25 cents. We are sorry to hear it. Now, please, don't forget to send in your subscription money. Our little PIONEER will enjoy Christmas a great deal better if he knows that his travelling expenses are all paid. So, please, don't forget to pay those 25 cents before Christmas comes.

AND now we wish our readers all a merry Christmas! Don't forget the Christmas present for our little PIONEER. He wishes the names of new subscribers for the new volume. We close our window.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.

The Bird's Christmas Tree.

At Christmas time the little people in Norway, not content with giving presents among themselves, provide a treat for the little brown birdies which have not deserted them for a warmer climate. Before the sun goes down, these sturdy little North men and women put on their wide snowshoes, which look like little boats, and muffle up in their warmest furs and woollens. Their father goes to the barn and brings out a generous sheaf of unthreshed grain, which is tied to a long pole. With many merry shouts, the children plant the pole firmly in the snow just by the cottage gable, and before long a greedy flock of little birds are hopping over it, enjoying to the full their Christmas feast. It is just the right sort of a Christmas tree for them, and it does the children quite as much good. It is a sweet lesson of thoughtful care for one of the lowliest, gentlest of God's creation. It is a good sign for a boy and girl, when you see them kind to animals. Birds soon learn where they are welcome.—*Traveller.*

The Babe of Bethlehem—the Sinner's Comfort.

A young woman had committed a great sin. Her heart was filled with sadness, and she could find no comfort and no peace. Whenever she thought of the day of judgment, she feared the eternal fire of hell. Whenever she thought of heaven, she said: I am too great a sinner, heaven is not for me. Whenever she thought of Christ's sufferings, she said: By my sin I have crucified Him afresh, I have trampled upon His blood.

On a Christmas-day she heard the glad Christmas-tidings; she heard that Jesus had been an infant, so that sinners may speak with Him as we speak with a little child. This took away her sadness and filled her heart with joy. The poor sinner found comfort and peace in the Babe of Bethlehem.

The Queen and the Child.

Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, had a palace at Schonhausen. One day Queen Elizabeth, the wife of Frederick, was walking in the garden connected with this palace. Her gardener had a little niece named Gretchen with him in the garden. She was on a visit to her uncle. Gretchen lived in the city of Berlin. Her father was a gardener too. He was a poor man, but he was a Christian, and he had taught his little daughter to know and love Jesus.

The Queen talked with little Gretchen, and was so much pleased with her simplicity, and her bright, intelligent answers to the questions she asked her, that she told her uncle to let her come to the palace the next day and make her a visit.

So Gretchen dressed herself very neatly, and went to the palace at the time appointed.

One of the court ladies who knew about it, saw her coming, and told the Queen, who was then at dinner. The good Queen was much pleased to hear that her little visitor had come. She ordered her to be brought in at once. Gretchen ran up to her kind friend, courtesied to her very respectfully, and kissed her dress. At the request of the Queen, she was placed on a chair by her side, where she could see at once all the splendid sight which that table presented. There was a large company dining with the Queen. Lords, and princes, and officers of the army, and ladies were there, sparkling with gold and jewels. It was the first time this innocent child had ever seen such a sight, and the Queen felt curious to know what effect it would have upon her.

Gretchen looked quietly at the costly dresses of the company, and at the beautiful dishes of china and gold that covered the table, and was silent for a while. Then, while all the persons at the table were looking at her, she clasped her little hands and closed her eyes, and repeated in a simple, touching way, this verse of a hymn her father had taught her:

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are—my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

The company were greatly surprised and deeply moved. One of the ladies said to the Queen, with tears in her eyes, "Happy child! We thought she would envy us, but we have much more reason to envy her."

That little girl knew Jesus as the bread of life, and she was so satisfied with this bread, that she did not want the rich and beautiful things that were before her in that great palace.

THE March number of the current volume of THE LUTHERAN PIONEER has been reprinted. All of our subscribers who did not receive this number, are respectfully requested to write to us, so that we may send it.

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