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R. A. Bischoff (Editor)

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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. IV.

St. Louis, Mo., February, 1882.

No. 2.

The Gift of God.

"The gift of God! the gift of God!
Who will buy the gift of God?"

Such is the cry of the water-carrier as he goes about the streets of Egyptian towns, with his waterskin thrown over his shoulder, during the season of drought, when the water, from its preciousness, may well be called, as it is, "the gift of God."

As the water-carrier goes along his way—now coming into a wealthy part of the town—a rich man, thinking of the need of the poor, and wishing to bestow a kindness on them, steps out of his mansion, and pays the man for all the water he has, desiring him to go into the poorest quarter and give it away.

The man hastens off, and reaches a lane where the poorest have their dwellings, and now changes his cry, and instead of saying,—
"Who will buy the gift of God?" he cries out:

"The gift of God! the gift of God!
Who will take the gift of God!"

We can imagine how eagerly and gladly the poor thirsty ones gather around him, and that there would not be much delay before the empty vessels were brought out of their houses to be filled. "Give me a drop!" "Remember me!" "Fill up my pitcher!" "Let me have a draught!" and such-like eager appeals, in beseeching tones, would make the water-carrier think how best he could dispose of the precious liquid; and, while gladdening him to be the bearer of so free and prized a gift, it would go to his very heart that he had not enough for all.

What a grand picture we have here of "the water of life," which is offered "without money and without price" to every one that thirsteth!

Jesus has paid for the water for which our souls were dying for thirst; and as we have "no money," it would be a hopeless case indeed for us, if He, in His love and in His pity, had not thought of our need, and come forth from His glorious mansion above, not only to purchase it for us, but actually to bring it with His own hands to our parched lips. X.

GRATITUDE is a debt which all men owe and which few pay cheerfully.

The Colored Woman's Question.

Some years ago a pastor in one of our western cities held a series of lectures against the infidelity of our time. He spoke on the Evidences of Christianity. Among his hearers were two persons unlike in every respect. One was a highly educated man, the president of an infidel club. He came to take notes that were to be laid before the meetings of the skeptics. The other person was an old and unlearned colored woman. She came, not because she understood the arguments, but because she was glad to be where the name of her Saviour was honored. On a certain evening during service, a sleet fell, covering the stone steps of the church building, and as the old colored woman was leaving at the close of the sermon, she slipped, and might have been severely injured if the infidel, who was coming down the steps at the same time, had not caught her and kindly helped her to the sidewalk. She thanked him, and then said in a low, tremulous voice, "Young master, do you love Jesus?" They parted, but that voice of the colored woman followed the infidel to his room, and started a mighty tide of emotion in his proud heart. He read the Bible, and was convinced of the utter sinfulness of his nature. From the Bible he also learned to know his Saviour, and with tears in his eyes he saw that for many years he had rejected and despised his best Friend, that Friend who had loved him with an infinite love.

The pastor soon heard that an infidel, who had been one of his hearers, was converted. He went to see him and wished to know what argument had convinced him of his error. "Oh," he said, "I listened to all of your arguments with unmoved indifference, save when they excited a feeling of intense opposition to the views you advanced; but it was the simple question of an old colored woman, 'do you love Jesus?' that led me to see the cruelty of my conduct towards my best Friend." The pastor learned that, because infidelity has its seat not in the head, but in the heart, the power of God is necessary to sweep away the barriers which unbelief has reared around the soul.

My dear, dying reader, do you love Jesus?

If not, why do you not love Him? Has He ever harmed you, or has He ever harmed the world? Oh, no! In infinite love He gave His own life for you and for the whole sinful world. He redeemed you with His own precious blood. Would you grieve His heart, so noble, so good, so loving, by turning away from His entreating voice in the Gospel: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest"? If you continue to neglect Him to the close of your short life and die without faith in that Saviour, God will surely shut you up in hell; for He will not permit you to count the blood of His Son a common thing. Other questions may engage your attention now, but sooner or later that question of the old colored woman *must* be answered by you: "Do you love Jesus?" May you be one of those who can say from the bottom of their hearts: "We love Him, because *He first loved us,*" 1 John 4, 19.

Napoleon and the Soldier.

Many years ago, after a day of fierce fighting at Marengo, Napoleon Bonaparte had placed his sentinels at different points of the camp. They were charged, on the pain of death, to keep awake, and guard against being surprised by the enemy. About midnight Napoleon rose, and, walking round, found one of the sentinels asleep, his gun lying beside him. The soldier, no doubt, had been worn out by the terrible fatigue of the preceding day—but then the law must be obeyed; discipline must be kept up; the sentinel's duty must be done; or else he must die. What did the Emperor do? Softly and silently, he took up the gun, put it on his own shoulder, and acted as sentinel till the dawn of day. When the soldier awoke, he was filled with alarm at having left his duty undone, concluding that he was a lost man. But Napoleon (who had done this generous act from love to him as a soldier) simply handed back to him his gun, and bade him be more awake in future.—In this case, "By the obedience of that one," the law was kept to the letter. And even thus, the Lord Jesus took up our undone obedience, and by His life of spotless holiness in our room, fulfilled all righteousness for us. X.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

What is Self-righteousness?

A self-righteous man relies, either, entirely or partly, upon his own merits, expecting to receive salvation as a compensation for his good works. He may indeed have the knowledge and belief that Christ is the Saviour; but he does not believe that the true righteousness before God is a free gift by grace only, imputed and imparted to the sinner by the means of grace, and appropriated by faith in Christ alone. He does not believe that the sinner is accounted righteous for no other meritorious cause than Christ's atonement. In the boasting sinner's opinion Christ suffered and died for mankind to no other purpose, than to render it possible for man to earn heaven by his own exertions. Being confident of his own virtue and merit he, in his self-conceit and self-deception, claims heaven as a recompense due to him for his good conduct. He knows nothing of the forgiveness of sins.—Self-righteousness is a dangerous, injurious road to walk in. It may appear to the wanderer to be a pleasant, cheerful avenue. It nevertheless is a road that leads to eternal perdition—to damnation. Self-righteousness is a beggarly, mean cloak, which the old Adam prepares for himself by sewing his own filthy rags together, which, foolishly and proudly, he calls innocence and good deeds. But such a garment can render him no better service in the presence of the most righteous God, than our first parents could derive from the aprons they made themselves out of fig-leaves, in order to cover themselves in the sight of their Creator. Self-righteousness is a spurious coin. Much as it may glitter, it never can deceive the all-seeing eye of the righteous Judge. No, "it won't pass." It will not admit its owner into the Golden City, but will most assuredly leave him outside of the heavenly kingdom forever. Self-righteousness has wings made of wax. They melt away under the burning sun of God's holy wrath, and the higher the haughty sinner would soar, the deeper he falls into the sea of unspeakable woe. Self-righteousness is the lock fastened to the gate of the dungeon the criminal is kept in. Unless that lock be forced open and taken away, the prisoner's doom must and will be a deplorable state to all eternity.

All sects promulgate, more or less, such doctrines by which lost sinners are advised to trust in their own righteousness. However we do not deny the fact that the pernicious heresy, as though heaven were to be secured by the works of the law, is emphatically and expressly taught in the Romish church. Deceived and led astray by that abominable papistic fiction, a monk of the Carthusian order, when lying on his death-bed, exclaimed, "Give me now, O God, what Thou owest me." Being asked by one of the attendants, under what obligations God were unto him, he blasphemously replied: "God is bound to pay me everlasting life on account of the good deeds I have per-

formed. For more than forty years did I serve Him in this monastery. I wore a rough, hairy shirt, I fasted and prayed, I observed, strictly and diligently, all rules of my order. Now, for all these things God is obliged to award heaven to me as my reward."—Pity the soul that, when called to appear before the judgment seat of Christ, has no other garb to wear, than its own filthy rags! "Our strictest life is but in vain, our works can nothing win."—A certain Jesuit once declared: "It is not possible for us to be damned, because God is so just that, if we live according to our vows, He can not help giving us our reward, which consists in eternal life." O the horrible impiety! What pernicious and cursed presumption is this! Attributing righteousness to works, is to reject Christ Himself, to deface and to deny the whole gospel, to contemn grace, to contradict God who, in His holy Word, declares that a man is not justified by the deeds of the law, much less by obeying human precepts, but by faith alone in Christ Jesus. With reference to the papistic teachings that men are able to merit salvation by their own works, Luther writes, "With this doctrine the enthusiasts and confused factious spirits in our days darken the grace and benefit of Christ and take away from Him the glory that belongs to Him, whereas they hold that not He alone doth justify us."

Whoever asks heaven as a reward, will not hear the sweet voice of Christ the Mediator, Come, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord, but he will hear the awful sentence of Christ, the most righteous Judge, Take up that, which is thine and go thy way!—

"By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast." Eph. 2, 8, 9.—

Luther and his Translation of the Bible.

In Literature not less than in Religion Luther was the commanding spirit of the age; but he was so rather by accident than by choice. For form, for its own sake, he cared little; he studied it solely that he might the better produce the moral effort at which he aimed. "My husk may be hard," he himself said, "but the kernel is soft and sweet." We do extreme injustice to Luther if we do not recognize in him a strongly poetic element—an element which had free play only in the best of his private letters, and in his still popular hymns. By the highest of his literary achievements, his translation of the Bible, he made a truly splendid contribution to the spiritual life of his people. No body of literature has been so fortunate in its translators as the Scriptures; and Luther's rendering ranks with the best. Its absolute simplicity brings it to the level of a child's understanding; its strength and grace give it an enduring place as a work of art. Germany instantly felt its charm; and for three centuries it has been to innumerable millions the supreme consoler and sanctifier, the power associated

with their tenderest, most pathetic memories, the one link which has connected sordid lives with noble and sublime ideas. And for the first time it gave the nation a literary language. Up to this stage every author had written in the dialect with which he was himself familiar; henceforth for the men of Swabia, of Bavaria, of Saxony, and of all other districts, there was a common speech, which the writers of each State could use without any sense of inferiority to those of another. It is thus to Luther that the Germans owe the most essential of all the conditions of a truly national life and literature.—James Sime, in *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Fate of the Apostles.

All the apostles were assaulted by the enemies of the Master. They were called to seal their doctrines with their blood, and nobly did they bear the trial. Tradition says:

Matthew suffered martyrdom by being slain with the sword, at a distant city of Ethiopia.

Mark expired at Alexandria, after having been cruelly dragged through the streets of that city.

Luke was hung upon an olive tree, in the classic land of Greece.

John was put into a caldron of boiling oil, but escaped death in a miraculous manner, and was afterwards banished to Patmos.

Peter was crucified, perhaps at Rome, with his head downward.

James, the greater, was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James, the lesser, was thrown from a lofty pinnacle, and then beat to death with a fuller's club.

Philip was hanged up against a pillar, at Hieropolis, in Phrygia.

Bartholomew was flayed alive.

Andrew was bound to the cross, whence he preached to his persecutors until he died.

Thomas was run through the body with a lance, in the East Indies.

Jude was shot to death with arrows.

Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

Barnabas, of the Gentiles, was stoned to death by the Jews, at Salonica.

Paul, after various tortures and persecutions, was at length beheaded at Rome by the Emperor Nero.

Simon Zelotes was crucified in Judea.

On Human Depravity.

The late Chief Justice Thompson, of Pennsylvania, said in relation to human depravity: "If those who preach had been lawyers previous to entering the ministry, they would know and say far more about the depravity of the human heart than they do. The old doctrine of total depravity is the only thing that can explain the falsehoods, the dishonesties, the licentiousness, and the murders which are so ripe in the world. Education, refinement, and even a high order of talent, cannot overcome the inclination to evil which exists in the heart, and has taken possession of the very fibres of our nature."

"Who Loved Me."

Galatians 2, 20.

Three little sunbeams, gilding all I see.
Three little chords, each full of melody.
Three little leaves, balm for my agony.

"WHO"

He loved me, the Father's only Son.
He gave Himself, the precious, spotless One.
He shed His blood, and thus the work was done.

"LOVED"

He loved—not merely pitied. Here I rest.
Sorrow may come—I to His heart am pressed.
What should I fear while sheltered in His breast?

"ME"

Wonder of wonders, Jesus loved me;
A wretch—lost—ruined—sunk in misery.
He sought me, found me, raised me, set me free.

My soul, the order of the words approve.
Christ first, me last, nothing between but LOVE.
Lord, keep me always down, Thyself above.

Trusting to Thee, not struggling restlessly,
So shall I gain the victory.
"I—yet not I"—but Christ—"Who loved me."
—Selected.

The Wonderful Mother.

The winter of the year 1709 was one of extreme cold. Never was a colder winter known in Europe. In France many people froze to death in their beds, not only among the mountains, but even in the villages and cities. The hottest fire was not sufficient to keep a room warm. While the stoves were red-hot, the water would freeze but a few feet from them. The trees in the forest and by the roadside became so frozen that some of them burst, and made a noise as if a small mine had exploded.

Sparrows and crows and jackdaws sometimes fell down dead while flying in the air. Large flocks of sheep and cattle froze in the barnyards. The bats, which usually sleep during the winter, were awakened out of their torpid slumbers, fluttered around a little while, and fell dead on the ground. The deer in the forest could no more run swiftly, but crept slowly out of the woods and came near the dwellings of men.

During this winter a poor little Savoyard boy was wandering the streets of Luneville, in Lothringia. He was a pitiable orphan. His older brother, who had taken care of him, had now gone on a message to the city of Nancy, to earn a few francs. But he suffered the fate of many travelers, and was frozen to death. Many of the passengers on the stage and on horseback were frozen to death, though covered with furs and cloaks. The drivers lost their lives, and still held the reins in their stiff hands.

The little Savoyard boy wandered about from house to house to get a little employment or a piece of bread. He was glad to blacken boots or shoes, dust clothes, clean dishes in the kitchen, or do anything that would give him a little money. But when night came on his suffering became intense. He had slept with his brother in a carpenter's shop, where the two had covered themselves with an old foot-cloth on which

they piled shavings very high. They lay very close together, and by this means managed to be protected from the severity of the cold. But now he was alone, and he would certainly freeze if he should attempt to sleep in the carpenter's shop. The wife of a hostler took compassion on him. She showed him a little sleeping place in one of the stalls in the stable where the horses of a certain prince were kept. In this stall there stood an iron cage, in which a large brown bear was confined, for the beast was very wild and angry. The little Savoyard boy, who had come in the darkness of the night into the stable, neither knew nor cared for any wild beast that might be near by. He lay down upon some straw, and stretched out his hand to pull more. As he stretched out his hand, he put it between the wires of the cage in which the bear was, and found that a large pile was there. Thinking it was better to get in where the straw was, he crawled up to the cage, and squeezed in through the iron bars. The bear grumbled a little, but did no violence. The little boy offered to God a prayer, which his departed mother had taught him, and then committed himself to the keeping of his Heavenly Father. He asked protection from the cold, and he was protected both from the cold and from the wild beasts.

The bear took the little stranger between her paws and pressed him near her warm breast, and against her thick skin, so softly and comfortably, that he who had not slept for many nights with any comfort now forgot all fear, and soon fell into a sweet deep sleep.

In the morning the boy waked up with renewed strength and crept out of the cage, and went forth to the city to attend to his business and seek his daily bread. At night he returned to his strange mother. Beside the bear there lay a great many pieces of bread which had been brought from the table of the prince, but the bear had eaten all she wanted, and these were left. So the little Savoyard helped himself to all he needed. He then lay quietly down between the paws of his thick clad mother, who pressed him to her as she had done before, and he slept there as if in the warmest featherbed.

In this way he spent five nights without anybody knowing it. On the morning of the sixth night he overslept himself, so that when the hostlers went around with lanterns in the early morning to attend to the many horses in the stable, they saw the boy lying between the paws of the great bear. The old bear grunted a little as if she were very much offended at any one seeing her taking care of her little favorite. The boy sprang up and squeezed through the cage to the great astonishment of the bystanders.

This strange affair became widely known, and created much wonder throughout the city. Although the modest little Savoyard was very much ashamed that anybody should know that he had slept in the arms of a bear, he was ordered to appear in the presence of the prince,

to whom he told his recent experience. The prince appointed a day for him to come again. The boy came, and in the presence of the prince and princess, and many people of rank, he was requested to enter the cage where the great bear was. She received him as kindly as ever, and pressed him to her breast.

The good prince now understood that the bear, or rather God, working providentially through the bear, had been the means of saving the little orphan boy from death. No person had taken care of him, none had shown any sympathy for him, and yet in the very coldest night of that remarkable winter this rough bear was the means of saving his life, the providence of God preserving him.

This circumstance led the prince to contemplate divine providence in a higher light than he had ever done before; and so should it lead us to remember that God sometimes uses the most unexpected means as the instruments for the consummation of his purposes. The little Savoyard afterward led an honorable and useful life, nor did he ever forget how God had spared him in his great need.

"The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear." 1 Sam. 17, 37.

"I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me." Psalm 3, 5.—Selected.

The Atheist and the Globe.

The famous astronomer, Athanasius Kircher, having a friend who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error, upon his own principles. Expecting him upon a visit, he procured a very handsome globe of the starry heavens, and placed it in a corner of the room where it could not escape his friend's observation. The latter seized the first occasion to ask whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Kircher; "nor was it ever made by any person, but came here by mere chance!" "That," replied his skeptical friend, "is impossible. You surely jest." Kircher, however, seriously persisting in his assertion, took occasion to reason with his friend upon his atheistical principles. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated in mere chance; and yet you would contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is only a faint and small resemblance, came into existence without order and design!" Pursuing this chain of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, in the next place convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of God.

Our Leader.

"Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that shall befall us
As we onward go.
So we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward
To the Better Land."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

As we go to press the sad news reaches us of the departure of REV. J. FR. BUENGER, pastor of the Ev. Luth. Immanuel's Congregation at St. Louis, Mo., and member of our Lutheran Colored Mission Board. He fell asleep in Jesus on January 23d, aged 72 years.

WE have received the first number of *The Lutheran Church Review*, a quarterly of 80 pages, published for the Alumni Association of the Theological Seminary of Philadelphia. The price of subscription is \$2.00 a year, in advance, and orders may be addressed to Rev. F. A. Kaehler, 5467 Main St., Germantown, Phila.—Among the contributors to the first number are Professors Krauth, Spaeth, Mann, Schaeffer.

DR. EMILIO FUENTES, a highly cultured and influential ex-priest of the Romish church in Mexico, has been received into the Protestant Church. He is 38 years of age, and is said to be a clear, earnest and influential preacher.

IN JAPAN, there have very recently appeared three tracts, aimed at the growing power of Christianity,—one of which opens by saying that Christianity is spreading like fire of a grassy plain, so that in capital and country there is no place where it is not preached.

THE circulation of the Bible among all the nations of the earth has greatly increased during the present century. There are translations of all the Sacred Scriptures into fifty-five, of the New Testament into eighty-four, of particular parts into eighty-seven languages; and the circulation of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, has amounted to 148,000,000 of copies.

SINCE 1870 Protestants have built 14 churches in Rome, opened many schools, asylums and reading-rooms, and distributed many Bibles. Several new church buildings are soon to be erected.

FROM the Philadelphia *Lutheran* we learn that there is an old colored Lutheran pastor laboring among the colored people in North Carolina. The folks call him Uncle Tom. He is 94 years of age. He says that he was sold from the Mount Vernon estate after the death of General Washington, and brought to North Carolina. His master, who was a Lutheran, encouraged his fondness for reading, and so Uncle Tom became acquainted with the Lutheran Book of Concord and other doctrinal books.

A MISSIONARY at Muehlenberg Station, in Liberia, West Africa, says that "the African is naturally polite, and a stranger is at once struck with their numerous greetings and hearty salutations, which are pleasant and graceful. When two intimate friends meet after a long separation, they grasp each other by the arms and embrace; but in the ordinary hand-shake the palms of the right hands are laid in each other and drawn outward to the tips of the fingers, which are then snapped by a peculiar movement."

FANATICAL men try all sorts of foolish ways to attract the attention of the people. A street

preacher in New York tries to reach people's hearts through their stomachs, by treating them to bread and coffee before he begins his discourse. But the crowd move away as soon as they have eaten the bread and drunk the coffee.

THE whole Bible has been translated into eight African languages and portions of it into twenty-four others, making thirty-two in all.

THE editor of the LUTHERAN PIONEER has been elected Director of Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind. The call has been accepted. We close our window.

Thy Will be Done.

In Germany there lived a poor widow who had but one child, a son. Now it happened that the child fell seriously ill and was even at the point of death. In the beginning of the sickness the mother had already shown great anxiety, but when the child grew worse, she nearly turned mad in wild despair; for the child was dearer to her than the whole world, yea, even God. The minister, having heard of her condition, went to the widow's house to console and comfort her; but all in vain. Then he stepped to the bed of the little sufferer and prayed thus: "Lord, if it be Thy will, let this boy recover." The mother, hearing this prayer, cried: "Not if it be His will; it *must* be His will! He must *not* let my child die!"—The minister was alarmed at these words and bent his steps homeward in sorrow.—But lo! in spite of all the evil forebodings of the doctors and to the unspeakable joy of the mother, the child recovered and grew—grew not only in body but also in wickedness. From year to year he caused his mother many griefs and pains, till at last he ended his wicked life on the gallows and thus caused his mother's early death.

The Liberal Merchant.

A rich merchant in St. Petersburg, at his own cost, supported a number of native missionaries in India. He was asked one day how he could do it. He replied, "When I served the world, I did it on a grand scale, and at princely expense, and when, by His grace, God called me out of darkness, I resolved Christ should have more than the world had had. But if you would know how I can give so much, you must ask of God who enables me to give it. At my conversion I told the Lord His cause should have a part of all my business brought me in; and every year since I made that promise it has brought me in more than double what it did the year before, so that I can and do double my gifts in His cause." Bunyan said:

"A man there was, some called him mad;
The more he cast away, the more he had."

Gleaner.

Short Stops.

—A large number of guests were dining at a hotel. Most of these sought to annoy a pastor, also at the table, by mocking at God's Word. But he persistently remained silent. Irritated at this eloquent silence, the one seated next to him at last said: "Reverend Sir, your patience is surprising. Have you not noticed the attacks made upon you?" The pastor replied: "Sir, all these evil speeches make no impression on me—in fact I am accustomed to them, for I am the pastor of an IDIOT ASYLUM."

The effect can readily be imagined. There was a prolonged silence on the part of the mockers.

—"I fear," said a pastor to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say 'specie,' which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

—A skeptical hearer once said to a minister: "How do you reconcile the teachings of the Bible with the latest conclusions of science?" "I haven't seen this morning's papers," naively replied the minister. "What *are* the latest conclusions of modern science?"

—How to turn people's heads—come to church or a synodical meeting late in a pair of squeaking boots.

Luther's Portrait of a Good Preacher.

He should be able to teach plainly and in order; he should have a good head; should have good power of speech; he should have a good voice; he should have a good memory; should know when to stop; should be sure what he means to say, and should study diligently. He should be ready to stake body and life, goods and glory, on the truth. He must suffer himself to be vexed and criticised by everybody.

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 Lord is Risen.

THE LORD IS RISEN. He is risen *indeed*. St. Paul says, "He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve: after that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles. And last of all he was seen of me also." (1 Cor. 15, 5-8.) All these persons of whom Christ was seen after His resurrection bore witness to the fact that the Lord is risen indeed. Were they wilful liars? If a man tells a lie he does it in order to gain something by it. Now, what did those witnesses gain by preaching the resurrection of Christ in the very face of His enemies? They suffered hardships, and persecution, and many of them a martyr's death. It is simply ridiculous to believe that these men were liars and impostors. And what was the effect of their preaching the Gospel of a risen Saviour? That Gospel changed the hearts of men and won them for Christ. And for eighteen hundred years the glad Easter tidings of a risen Saviour have won members for the Kingdom of Christ among all the nations of the earth. This spread of Christianity undeniably proves that Christ, the Head of the Church, lives and reigns in all eternity. Yes, the Lord is risen! He is risen *indeed*! And no Samson of infidelity will ever be able to tear down this pillar upon which our Christian faith does rest.

THE LORD IS RISEN. Rejoice, ye sinners! The resurrection of Christ is not a mere historical fact like the battle of Bull Run. No! It is a fact which concerns every sinner personally, and which should fill his heart with joy and gladness. St. Paul says, "He was raised again for our justification," Rom. 4, 25. He, as the Mediator between God and man, took the sins of the whole world upon Himself and thus became the substitute of all sinners. The sin-hating God met His sin-bearing Son and poured out upon Him the wrath which we deserved. Now, if Christ, our Substitute, had not come forth from the grave, our hope of redemption would be vain. We could then only fear that the great burden of sin which He bore in our

stead had crushed Him and delivered Him into the pains of eternal death. "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins," says the Apostle. (1 Cor. 15, 17.) But, Oh, let sinners rejoice! The glad Easter tidings tell us, "The Lord is risen." Now we know that the work of our redemption is *finished* and that God is *satisfied* with the work of His Son. In Christ, our Substitute, we suffered and died, in Him we conquered and were absolved from all our sins. His victory is *our* victory. "He was raised [again for our justification." May we all be satisfied with this work of God's Son by resting entirely in His finished work of redemption. We can then cry out triumphantly, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? *It is God that justifieth*. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, *that is risen again*, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us," Rom. 8, 33, 34.

Foolish Arguments.

The enemies of Christ have at all times made use of the most foolish arguments to overthrow the doctrines of the Bible. Men often rather accept the most absurd ideas of the human mind than believe the truth of God's word. They will rather believe that man descended from an ape than accept as true God's record of man's creation. With the most palpable lie did the enemies of Christ try to overthrow the fact of His resurrection. When the soldiers, who had kept watch at the grave, told them of His resurrection, they held a council and put this lie into the mouth of the soldiers: "Say ye, His disciples came by night, and stole him away, *while we slept*." How foolish! If the soldiers were asleep, how could they know that "his disciples came by night and stole him away?" And if they were not asleep, how could the disciples steal him away? But they were *not* asleep. It was death to a Roman soldier to sleep on his watch. And who could ever believe that those timid disciples who hid themselves behind closed doors would dare to undertake the dangerous business of stealing a body from a grave which was watched by Roman soldiers? But the enemies of Christ

had the villany to invent the foolish lie, and there were many who had the folly to believe it. How often men "turn their ears from the truth and are turned unto fables." They reject God's truth and are given up to "strong delusion to believe a lie."

True Faith followed by Good Works.

Faith and good works can not be separated the one from the other. In the world, however, men do separate them. Men say: "Let each one believe as he will, only so he live as he ought. It matters not whether a man is a Christian or a Jew, just so he lives right." But here is a point of great weight. There can be no right living among men unless they stand properly related to God by faith. Of course, a man may say he has faith, and still live in shame and vice. But that can never be the right faith which is not followed by good works. It is a dream, an imagination, a creature of the mind, something which men *by their own powers* have fashioned in their minds, and not a thing *begotten by the grace of God*. Many are taught the Christian doctrine, and they say it is a good doctrine, and then suppose they have faith. But faith is a very different thing. It is not a thing of the memory, not a thing of scientific knowledge. Faith is a thing of the *heart*; it is joy in the heart on account of the finished work of Christ. Faith is a firm confidence built upon the Word of God and the promises of grace, as upon a rock. Here he who has the true faith surely rests in the grace of God undisturbed, that grace which was won for us by Christ, the Saviour. Such a faith can not be void of work. Of such faith Luther says: "Faith is a powerful, active, restless, busy thing, which entirely renews a man, changes him, and leads him into an entirely new way of living, so that it is impossible for him not to continually do good. Yea, good works as naturally accompany faith as good trees bear good fruit, as naturally as the earthly man sleeps, eats, drinks, hears, speaks, moves and stands." —*From the German*.

THOUGH a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

"He that liveth, and was dead."

(Rev. 1, 18.)

"HE WAS DEAD."

O darkest woe!
Ye tears, forth flow!
Has earth so sad a wonder,
That the Father's only Son
Now lies buried yonder!

O sorrow dread!
Our God is dead,
But by His expiation
Of our guilt upon the cross
Gained for us salvation.

O son of man!
It was the ban
Of death on thee that brought Him
Down to suffer for thy sins,
And such woe hath wrought Him.

See, stained with blood
The Lamb of God,
Thy bridegroom, lies before thee,
Pouring out His life, that He
May to life restore thee!

O Ground of faith,
Laid low in death!
Sweet lips now silent sleeping!
Surely, all that live must mourn
Here with bitter weeping.

O Virgin-born,
Thy death we mourn,
Thou lovely Star of gladness!
Who could see Thy reeking blood
Void of grief and sadness?

Yea, blest shall he
Forever be,
Who ponders well this story,
That into the tomb was laid
Christ, the Lord of Glory.

O Jesus blest!
My Help and Rest!
With tears I now entreat Thee:
Let me love Thee to the last,
Till in heaven I greet Thee!

(J. Rist, 1641.)

"HE LIVETH."

"I know that my Redeemer lives!"
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living Head.

He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above,
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

He lives to grant me rich supply,
He lives to guide me with His eye,
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my souls complaint.

He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to wipe away my tears,
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same!
O heavenly joy this sentence gives:
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

(S. Medley, 1800.)

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Do not neglect reading your Bible.

Why not? Because, if you do, you disobey your Father in heaven and deprive your own self of heavenly treasures. The more we study the Bible, the more do we get acquainted with God. The written Word is, as it were, a mirror, which reflects God, showing forth His glorious, adorable essence and His good will towards us. In His Word we see both His face and His heart. "Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee. Receive, I pray thee, the law from His mouth and lay up His words in thine heart"—said the patient Job of old, and has thus given an invaluable advice of which we ever are to be mindful. The acquaintance with God, or, which is the same, the acquaintance with His Word, can not but benefit us for present and eternal good. "For whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope", Rom. 15, 4. The Scriptures are able to make us wise unto salvation; they are the Word of salvation, sent to us. Acts 13, 26. They are written, that we might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing, we might have life everlasting through His name. John 20, 31. In the Scriptures we have life, eternal life, John 5, 39; they are they that testify of Him, who is the Way and the Truth and the Life. In order that we may be saved, God desires us to "search the Scriptures." We must read the Bible, if we desire to come to the knowledge of the saving truth which is in Christ Jesus. We must continually read and study that divine book, if we desire to grow in that knowledge. The holy Scriptures are the bright sun that brings light into our soul and unto our ways, in that it makes known unto us the merciful kindness of God in Christ our Saviour and imparts to us that faith which lays hold of Christ's merits. Not knowing the Scriptures is to err—to walk in the darkness of unbelief towards perdition, Matth. 22, 29. For as that man, who is deprived of his natural sight, knows not how nor where to walk, so is he that wants the light of God; he wanders abroad like a stray sheep, destitute of a shepherd.—The Scriptures are the living manna, the bread which came down from heaven to feed our souls unto life everlasting; the fountain from which spring the waters of life in abundance; the "green pastures" and the "still waters." Not knowing and reading the Scriptures is to starve the soul to death! Go then, eat and drink, and let your soul delight in fatness. Is. 55, 2. Let the Word of God be your daily bread. Study it diligently. Read it with reverence. And that you may not fail diligently to attend to the reading of the Bible, set apart some portion of your time for that purpose. It is a godly practice, upon which rest God's promises of unspeakable blessings. Let your reading and

searching be accompanied with fervent prayer that God, through His good Spirit, would write His Word in your heart to your spiritual profit and everlasting comfort, that it be to you as the dew of heaven, as the springs of living water and as the savor of life unto life. *Do not neglect reading the Bible!* "Blessed are they that keep His testimonies and seek Him with their whole heart." Ps. 119, 2. G. R.

Reading the Bible.

Daniel Webster.—From the time that, at my mother's feet or on my father's knee, I first learned to lisp verses from the sacred writings, they have been my daily study and vigilant contemplation. If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended, the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scriptures.

On one occasion, while seated in a drawing room with some friends, Mr. Webster laid his hand on a copy of the Scriptures, saying, with great emphasis, "This is the book!" This led to a conversation on the importance of the Scriptures, and the too frequent neglect of the study of the Bible by gentlemen of the legal profession. Mr. Webster said, "I have read through the entire Bible many times. I now make a practice to go through it once a year. It is the book of all others for lawyers as well as for divines; and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought, and of rules for his conduct; it fits man for life—it prepares him for death."

John Quincy Adams.—I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once every year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning, immediately after rising from my bed. It employs about an hour of my time and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In whatsoever light we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history, or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue.

The Burning Bush.

But what is this that the bush is not burned and consumed? It is this: Although Christ suffers and dies, He shall not remain in death, but rise, and live. And why is this? Because He is not a mere man, but the very God. If He had been a mere man like us, He would have been far too weak for death and hell; but because He is God, and God is life, it is impossible that, according to eternal Godhead, He should die. For even if He dies according to the flesh, He cannot remain in death, because life must live. Therefore, this God manifest in the flesh, though dead, must rise again, in order that He may give forgiveness of sin, life and salvation to all that believe on Him. Hell has broken her teeth upon this Christ, and has thereby lost her power.—*Luther.*

At Jesus' Feet.

Some time ago a pastor was called to visit a member of his congregation who had been taken sick very suddenly. She was, says he, a young wife and mother and had all that could make life desirable. There was a loving husband to whom it was a pleasure to minister to her slightest wish and whose position in life made it easy for him to do so. There was a widowed mother who clung to her with sweet tenderness as her only child. There was a babe just beginning to prattle and to give her constant joy with its winning ways.

The unbelieving world would say that to such a one death must have been very terrible. There was not a cloud in the sky to cast its shadow upon her path, when after an illness of but two days the shadow fell. "This," she said quietly to her husband, "is death. Do not deceive yourself, but look for comfort and strength to the gracious Saviour, who is filling my soul with peace. Oh, I praise Him that He is calling me so early to be with Himself, and I leave my dear ones in His hands with the assurance that He will do for them far more than I could do, if my stay on earth were prolonged."

She seemed like one about to start on a pleasure trip. The timid woman, who would not have stepped at night beyond the threshold of her husband's house without his strong arm, was walking alone through the valley of the shadow of death, not only calmly but joyfully. Nay, not alone. Jesus was with her. She knew she had eternal life by faith in the risen Saviour. After a short time of quiet resting and silence she said to her husband, "I have had such views of His excellence and loveliness in the Gospel, and of the glory of His presence, I long to be gone. Look upon Him, look upon Him with both your eyes, and you will want nothing more." A little later she said, "I am weary now, and will lay me down at Jesus' feet," and in a few moments was sweetly sleeping "till He come."

Infidels may sneer at all this, if they choose, as a weak delusion. They know not the risen Christ who has taken the sting from death and has wrested victory from the grave. And therefore, at the close of life, they have nothing to present to the shrinking soul but the dark gloom of an unknown eternity. "Their rock is not as our rock," Deut. 32, 31. Let the believer turn away with pity from the foolish and wicked talk of infidelity, and, in these joyful Easter days, look with both eyes to the risen Lord who says, "Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death," Rev. 1, 17, 18.; "Because I live, ye shall live also," John 14, 19. Oh, it is not a passing dream, but a sweet reality that as Mary "sat at Jesus' feet" (Luke 10, 39.), we also may sit at the feet of the risen Jesus as

the soul's hiding place from the wrath of God against sin, and from the storms of life; and we also, if called to die, may say through simple faith, "I will lay me down at Jesus' feet." Then, at His coming, He will raise us to his throne.

"They must not Rise."

Mr. Moffat, the missionary, went to pay a visit to the African chief, several hundred miles inland from the missionary station at Latakov, in South Africa. The name of the chief was Macaba. He was a great warrior, and was the terror of his enemies. In one of his conversations with this man of war and blood, while seated with fifty or sixty of his headmen and "rainmakers" around him, the missionary spoke of the resurrection of the dead.

"What!" cried the chief, starting with surprise; "what are these words about the dead? The dead—the dead rise?"

"Yes," said the missionary, "all the dead shall rise."

"Will my father rise?"

"Yes, your father will rise."

"Will all the slain in battle rise?"

"Yes."

"Will all that have been eaten by lions, tigers, and crocodiles rise?"

"Yes, and come to Judgment."

"Hark!" shouted the chief, turning to his warriors; "ye wise men, did your ears ever hear such strange and unheard-of news? Did you ever hear such news as this?" turning to an old man, the wise man of his tribe.

"Never," said the old man. "I thought I had all knowledge, but I am confounded by these words. He must have lived long before we were born."

The chief then turned and said to the missionary, laying his hand on his breast, "Father, I love you much. Your visit has made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet like honey; but the words of a resurrection are too great for me. I do not wish to hear about the dead rising again; the dead can not rise; the dead shall not rise."

"Tell me, my friend," said the missionary, "why must I not speak of the resurrection?"

Lifting his arm, which had been so strong in battle, as if grasping a spear, the chief said, "I have slain my thousands; and shall they rise?—shall they rise?"

In the consciousness of his sin, the thought of meeting his slain overwhelmed and frightened the chief. And, oh, it is a terrible thought to every unbelieving sinner that he shall meet again all whom he has injured, neglected, and destroyed.

THE difficulty in the way of believing the resurrection of Jesus is not found in the head, but in the state of the heart as deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, as in itself enmity against God.

A Missionary Story.

A party of missionaries, after a long day of travel, stopped at a little African village. Instead of receiving a kind welcome, they were greeted with harsh words and gestures, and forbidden to come into the town. There was danger from lions, but the missionaries had no choice except to remain outside; indeed, they were not sure but the villagers intended harm, they looked so fierce.

Just as twilight came, what was their surprise to see a woman approach with a pitcher of milk, some water, a bundle of wood, and a leg of mutton! She came silently, and began to make a fire and prepare a meal.

"Why do you show us this kindness?" they asked.

She looked at them a moment, the tears running down her cheeks; then she said: "You are the friends of my Saviour; shall I not do this much for His sake? My heart is full. I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you."

This speech was a great surprise to the travelers. "Here," they thought, "is a woman, the only Christian in this region, proving a true and tender love to Christ; for has He not made kindness shown to His people for His sake a test of love?"

"Tell us about yourself," they said. "How is it possible for you to live a Christian life in this place?"

"Ah," she began, "look at this!"—I tell you her very words as she drew from her bosom a copy of the New Testament—"This is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil with which I feed my lamp."

She had been to a school at a mission station far away. There she had learned to know and love Christ. When her friends compelled her to go and live with them, she had carried the New Testament with her. It was her daily help, and joy, and comfort.

General Jackson and the Lord's Day.

The following story of General Jackson is told in a Southern paper: During the latter part of his life he was in the habit of coming down to New Orleans to see his old friends and comrades in arms, and take part in the celebration of the glorious eighth of January. It happened on one of these visits that the 8th occurred on Sunday. General Planche called upon the old hero and requested him to accompany the military to the battle ground on the anniversary of the great day. "I am going to church to-morrow," mildly said the General. The military preparations for the celebration went on, and Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful. At 10 o'clock General Planche called at the St. Charles and informed General Jackson that the military and civic processions were ready to accompany him to the scene of his glory. "General Planche," said Old Hickory, turning upon him the glance of his kindling eye, "I told you I was going to church to-day." General Planche withdrew, muttering to himself, "I might have known better." The celebration was postponed until the next day, and General Jackson went to church on that Sunday.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

PROF. H. WYNEKEN of our Lutheran Seminary at Springfield, Ill., is doing good mission work among the colored people of that city. The Sunday-school is very well attended and the children gladly learn the Catechism, the Bible History, and the grand old Lutheran hymns. The Professor is ably assisted by several students of the Seminary who take a lively interest in this mission work.

OUR Colored mission church at Little Rock has been without a pastor for some time. The Rev. Obermeyer, pastor of the German Lutheran Church of that city, kindly took charge of the mission during the vacation. We are glad to hear that the mission church will now be again supplied with a pastor who will devote all his time to the mission work among the colored people. May God bless the dear Colored Lutherans of Little Rock who have remained faithful to their Church during the long time of vacancy.

MANY Lutheran immigrants are settling in Arkansas, and so there is a traveling missionary needed for that State. We are therefore glad to hear that F. Herzberger, one of the graduates of our Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis, has accepted the call as traveling missionary for the State of Arkansas.

WRITING about immigrants reminds us of a rumor which lately went the rounds of the press. This rumor said that the pope wanted to join the emigrants, wishing to have more "elbow-room." But the pope would surely not find a palace in this country like the one he is living in now. The Palace of the Vatican, in which the pope lives, has eleven thousand rooms, and from the latest census papers, which was filled up by one of the prelates of the pope's household in Rome, it appears that there are over five hundred persons living in the Vatican, nearly one half of whom are females. No wonder one of the Eastern papers suggests to the pope to settle in Salt Lake City with his large household, male and female.

THERE are 520 religious Journals in the United States, divided as follows: Adventist, 14; Baptist, 73; Christian, 2; Congregationalist, 15; Campbellite, 12; Dunker, 3; Episcopalian, 32; Evangelical Association, 12; Moravian, 7; Israelite, 16; LUTHERAN, 82; Mennonite, 7; Methodist, 75; Mormon, 6; Presbyterian, 39; Quaker, 6; Reformed, 10; Roman-catholic, 67; Spiritualist, 6; Swedenborgian, 3; Unitarian, 5; Universalist, 7; United Brethren, 7; non-denominational, 14.

MILWAUKEE seems to be a healthy place for Lutheran churches to flourish. Recently the new and beautiful St. Mark's German Lutheran Church was dedicated in that city. It was erected at a cost of \$7,000, has 600 sittings, and is the seventh church in that city belonging to the Wisconsin Synod. In addition to these there are five churches in connection with the Missouri Synod, and two Norwegian churches in the southern part of the city.

A SMALL congregation of full-blooded Chickasaw Indians lately gave \$400 for Foreign Missions.

THE Greek Testament in the ancient tongue is now, by order of the Greek Government, read in its 1,200 schools, which have 80,000 pupils.

THE triumph of Christianity over heathenism was well illustrated by the master of an English vessel, who at a large missionary meeting, said he was present at a cannibal feast on one of the Fiji Islands, presided over by the King. Six years later he was upon the same spot where the cannibal feast was held, and united with an assembly of 3,000 persons in Christian worship, and heard the same King publicly avow his reception of Christianity.

A MISSIONARY in Ceylon writes as a "noticeable fact" that where Christian women are married to heathen husbands, generally the influence in the household is Christian; whereas, when a Christian man takes a heathen woman he usually loses his Christian character, and the influences of the household are on the side of heathenism.

ACCORDING to certain statistics, 141 Lutheran churches were built in this country during last year.

TWENTY-SEVEN missionaries to China and Japan recently left San Francisco on one steamer.

THE Ev. Lutheran Immanuel's Congregation of St. Louis, made vacant by the departure of the lamented Rev. J. F. Buenger, has extended a call to the Rev. S. Keyl, Emigrant Missionary at New York City.

O. SIEMON, Ph. D., has been called to the vacant professorship of Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind. The call will be accepted.

A FARMER and his wife, in sending from their Illinois home \$100 to the treasury of an Eastern Mission Board, express their joy that God has put into their hands a little more money which they can devote to His work. They say, "The past year has been an unusually prosperous one for farmers in our locality, and from reports we think it has been so in many States. Oh, that God's treasury might receive a due proportion of the surplus. If we give as we have been prospered the past year, the receipts from the farmers will be more than doubled."—Hoping that the receipts from our Lutheran farmers will be doubled, we—close our window.

Serpents in Books.

There are serpents which lurk among the flowers of literature. Many books, which contain beautiful flowers of thought, are very dangerous. Infidelity has struck its poison-fang into many a young heart, while the eye has been resting on such dangerous writings. Some were stung fatally, and when they least expected it. A gentleman in India, while searching for a book among several others, felt a slight pain in his finger, like the prick of a

pin: he took no notice of it; but soon his finger and arm began to swell, and in a short time he died. A small, but deadly serpent was afterwards discovered among the books. So also many have received, while reading a pernicious book, a wound, which, though it seemed but slight, proved fatal to the soul. Oh! that the young may listen to advice from those who know the danger, and not rashly try to gather flowers, where such serpents lurk.—*Selected.*

Lutheran Church in Russia.

Russia is at present the largest empire in the world. Embracing more than half of Europe and much more than a third of Asia, it has an important future. The fortunes of the Lutheran Church in Russia are closely bound up with those of the country. In all parts of Russia, from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the peninsula of Kola to Tiflis, there are Lutheran churches and associations. But, the members belong to the very diverse nationalities, speaking different languages. The circumstances of the congregations are very different also. There are great stretches of country, inhabited entirely by Lutherans. Then there are immense parishes with but a meagre Lutheran population.

THE grave, on receiving Christ, imagined it had received a victim; but, on the morning of the third day, it discovered it had received a conqueror.

FROM the Bible we learn that every doctrine, every duty, and every hope, are so intimately blended with the fact of Christ's resurrection, that the denial of the latter leads to the instant and total annihilation of the former.

Letter-Box.

"INQUIRER."—Whether anything of the kind was said, and in what connection it was said, we do not know. The writer from whom, we suppose, you got the information, is well known for the recklessness of his statements. We, at least, do not deem it worth our while to examine the writings of a man who will build up an article on the basis of colored reports, and will then look around with the air of a bull on a hill-top.

W. B.—Oh, yes. Building air-castles may be a harmless business as long as you don't try to live in them.

J. H. M.—Silence is a hard opinion to beat, you know.

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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A Finished Work.

"God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law," says St. Paul (Gal. 4, 4. 5.). From this we learn that our redemption was the work which Christ came to do. And He did not do part of the work and left the other part for us to do. No! He finished the work of our redemption. The same Apostle says, "Christ hath redeemed us" (Gal. 3, 13.). And the whole Bible sets forth the work of our redemption as a finished work in which sinners are simply to trust with the calmness of a sure confidence. Jesus Himself cried out upon the cross: "It is finished!" God the Father, by raising Christ from the dead on the third day, made known to all sinners that the work of their redemption is finished; and in Christ's ascending to heaven leading our captivity captive, we see the crowning proof that the work which He came to do is finished. The Apostles therefore, on the day of Pentecost, were filled with the Holy Ghost that they may be preachers and witnesses of the finished work of redemption to a sinful world. For the Gospel which they preached is not a doctrine which tells sinners what they must do in order to redeem themselves and to earn salvation. No! The Gospel is the glad tidings of the finished work of our redemption. It tells sinners that they are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ from all sin, from death, and from the power of Satan. We know that in many a pulpit and in many a book of our days the anxious sinner is told to look to his own works, to his own holiness, to his prayers for salvation. But that is not the Gospel. Oh no! The Gospel does not tell us what we must do in order to save ourselves, but it tells us what Christ has done for us and that by His sufferings and death we were redeemed more than eighteen hundred years ago. These glad tidings the Gospel brings to sinners and works in their hearts that true faith with which they simply rest on the finished work of Christ in the full assurance of eternal salvation. If you therefore, my dear reader, ask, "What must I do in order to earn salvation?" let that sweet hymn answer:

"Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no!
Jesus did it, did it all
Long, long ago.

"When He from His lofty throne
Stoop'd to do and die,
Everything was fully done—
Hearken to His cry—

"IT IS FINISHED": yes, indeed—
Finished every jot.
Sinner, this is all you need;
Tell me, is it not?

"Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago.

"Till to JESUS' work you cling
By a simple faith,
'Doing' is a deadly thing—
'Doing' ends in death.

"Cast your deadly 'doing' down—
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand IN HIM, in Him alone,
Gloriously 'COMPLETE'."

Church Festivals.

In the month of May we this year celebrate two Church Festivals. The one is Ascension Day, which we celebrate in commemoration of Christ's ascension to glory. The other is the Day of Pentecost, which we celebrate in commemoration of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles. It surely cannot be wrong to celebrate such festivals, as Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension, and Pentecost. It must only be done without superstition and without the vain fancy that we thereby merit something in God's sight. With such vain fancy those festivals are celebrated in the Romish church. The pope's people set aside the Gospel and think that by celebrating those festivals they do God a great service and thereby merit His favor. Of such people the apostle Paul says, "Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years. I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain," Gal. 4, 10. 11. And again he says, "Christ is become of no effect unto you, who-soever of you are justified by the law; ye are

fallen from grace," Gal. 5, 4. And to such people God says, "I hate, I despise your feast-days," Amos 5, 21. But the Lutheran Church does not celebrate those festivals with the vain fancy of thereby meriting God's favor. No! We, in the exercise of our Christian liberty, celebrate those festivals for three reasons:

First, That the sacred history may be learned in regular order.

Second, That the great blessings which come to us through the events of which we are reminded on those festival days may be particularly considered. Thus every Church festival comes to us as a welcome witness, proclaiming some wonderful work of God which he has done for our salvation.

Third, That we may give due thanks to God especially for these benefits, and apply them to His glory and to our salvation. We say with the Psalmist: "I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember thy wonders of old. I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings," Psalm 77, 11. 12. We celebrate our Church festivals that we may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all the wondrous works of God (Psalm 26, 7.).

A PASTOR tells of a blind beggar sitting by the sidewalk on a dark night with a bright lantern by his side. Whereat a passerby was so puzzled that he had to turn back with—"What in the world do you keep a lantern burning for? You can't see!" "So't, folks won't stumble over me," was the reply. We should keep our lights brightly burning for others' sakes, as well as for the good of being "in the light" ourselves.

THESE are the words of Annie of Austria to Cardinal Richelieu: "My Lord Cardinal, there is one fact which you seem to have entirely forgotten—God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of the week, month, or year, but I charge you, remember that He pays in the end."

MANY sweeten an error with truth, to make men swallow it more readily.

Plenty of Baskets.

We read in the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John that, when Christ had fed the multitude, "the fragments of the five barley-loaves" were gathered and twelve baskets were filled with those fragments. We are not provided so poorly by the Lord as not to have some fragments left. A stingy man, we know, has nothing to spare. But God's children always have some fragments, and they know that these belong to the Lord from whom they receive all they have. And they need not fear that there are not plenty of baskets to put those fragments in. Why, there are so many baskets passed around among God's children that it makes one's heart leap with joy. There is a basket, and on it we read: "For Church and School"; there is another: "For Emigrant Mission"; there is another: "For Foreign Mission"; there is another: "For Home Mission"; there is another: "For Lutheran Hospitals"; there is another: "For Lutheran Orphans' Home"; there is another: "For Lutheran Deaf and Dumb Asylum"; there is another: "For English Mission in the West." (This basket is rather empty and ought to be filled soon; for a missionary has already been sent out to look after the interests of our Church among the English Lutheran people of the Western States.) There is another basket: "For Colleges and Seminaries." And in one of our Lutheran synods they are at present passing around a basket—and a very large basket it is—on which we read: "Building Fund for the new Lutheran Seminary at St. Louis." Perhaps some of our readers have already seen that basket passing by their way. We hope they did not let it pass by without putting in their contributions. And here is another basket. It is not as large as the former, but it is most beautifully worked, and we might as well tell you that our little PIONEER calls it his "pet basket." What basket is it? We might here close our article and let our readers guess at it. Publishing riddles would be a new feature in our paper; and editors, you know, are very apt to consider such a thing an improvement. But we will not do anything of the kind. We will tell you which basket we mean. On its label we read: "FOR OUR COLORED MISSION." We are glad to say that this basket is not so very empty; but just now it ought to be filled; for, as our readers can see from the letter of our missionary, we must have another chapel for the colored people in New Orleans. We do hope that contributions for this purpose will also be sent by many readers of the PIONEER. The editor will gladly acknowledge in this paper all contributions sent to his address: Concordia College, Fort Wayne, Ind.—And now we can close our article. We have made our point. We have proven that there are plenty of baskets for the fragments of God's people. If any of our readers will sit down and grieve about the scarcity of baskets, it is not our fault. Therefore, dear reader, keep in mind what this article says, and, please, don't throw it into the waste-basket.

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—

Your readers are aware that our Colored Mission in New Orleans is carried on both in "Sailors' Home" and on Clayborn street. When we now look back upon the labor of the past year, we must exclaim with the Psalmist:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." He has blessed the labor of His servants more abundantly than we could ever hope and ask for.

We will, firstly, take a view at the Clayborn-mission. About a year ago our chapel stood there lonely and deserted, known only to its nearest neighbors, a place of refuge for quadrupeds; it would have been sold to the highest bidder or hewn down and cast into the fire, but for the earnest pleading of a few warm friends. "Spare it another year," they pleaded, "and if it brings forth no fruit, then cut it down." Our chapel was spared, and it is no longer a lonely and deserted place. A large audience gathers every Sunday and Wednesday evening to listen to the preaching of God's word; a choir of ladies and gentlemen leads the singing, and Lutheran hymns and melodies are making their way to many a home. One hundred children crowd our chapel every day, busy at work and zealous in learning the duties of life and the way of salvation. That the children appreciate the warm interest which Mr. Charles Berg takes in their spiritual and temporal welfare was manifest from the many tokens of love and respect which they gave him on the day of examination held on the 4th inst. His desk was on that day completely covered with beautiful flowers. A number of parents and relations of the children were present to witness the proceedings of the day, and it was pleasing to see the smiling face and the beaming eyes of the parent whenever a son or a daughter was called on to work and analyze examples from the arithmetic, or to answer questions in Catechism, Bible History, Geography, and Grammar. They, as we, had reason to thank and praise God for His bountiful blessing. As our school is based upon strictly religious principles, it continues to find favor among old and young, despite powerful opposition from other denominations. The Sunday-school is also in a prosperous condition under the superintendency of Mr. Berg, assisted by Mary Joseph, Josephine Williams and Louis Thomas, pupils of the day-school. Six catechumens receive instruction at the house of the missionary.

"Sailors' Home," the building in which our mission is carried on on Erato street, has so often been depicted elsewhere, that we will not stain the columns of the PIONEER with a new description of it. Although our labor here does not yield the fruits we might expect, yet the blessing of the Lord is plainly visible; we are glad to see the word of God take root in the hearts of old and young; and firmly clinging to the never-failing promise of God, "that His word shall never return unto Him void, but it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and it shall prosper in the things whereto He sends it," we hope to see still brighter days.

The divine services on Sundays and Thursdays have a fair attendance. Many of our church-goers have a long way to walk, but they are the most regular visitors. The school is divided into two classes. The Primary Department is in charge of Miss L. D. Watsen, an educated young lady, who has worked with faithfulness and interest in our mission for over two years. The Intermediate Department is in the charge of Mr. E. Vix, a graduate of the Teachers' Seminary at Addison, Ill. Both teachers are working with praiseworthy zeal and energy, and they have thereby won the love and esteem of both children and parents. The number of pupils in both departments is at present about 125; the daily attendance is somewhat smaller. The catechumen class in this charge numbers 22 and our recitation

room is in the fourth story of the building, "where the birds make their nests" and where the beloved children can choose between standing or sitting on the floor. Will not some of their little sisters and brothers in the white congregations throughout the Synodical Conference assist them in securing a better place and more comfortable seats?

As a skillful builder, when he is about to raise a lofty structure, takes care to lay a solid foundation, so we. We are laying the foundation for the Colored Lutheran Zion; of our skill we do not glory, but we glory in Him who has promised to guide us in the work and to speed it.

That our mission in "Sailors' Home" does not make the progress which we might expect, is owing to the locality in which it is carried on. We labor under the greatest disadvantages and under the most trying difficulties, and by remaining in that locality we fear our mission will go backward instead of forward. That God also there, despite so many obstacles, continues to bless our labor and to crown our endeavors, shows plainly that it is well-pleasing to Him.

Before we close our letter we must beg leave to extend our heartfelt thanks to the many Christian friends who so promptly and liberally opened their hearts and hands to our petition a year ago. Many a child was clothed, many a suffering mother relieved, and thanks and good wishes were returned. When we again venture to call on all Christian friends of our mission to help us out of "Sailors' Home," we trust they will meet our petition with the same promptness and liberality as then. We are in a dangerous place. The lives of the teachers, children and a small congregation are endangered; for "Sailors' Home" is an old dilapidated building. It takes no heavy storm to blow it down, and should lives be buried in the ruins, "their blood is upon our hands." Therefore help us, brethren, help us! The day on which you enable us to bid adieu to this horrible and dangerous place will be a day of joy and gladness. Oh, "let us work while it is day, the night cometh soon, when no man can work; for the night is far spent and the day is at hand." God hastens to gather in His elect through His servants. Should not those who value the word of salvation themselves endeavor to send it to others? Sinners who have heard of a loving Saviour and have been snatched as "brands from the burning" by His grace, will gladly assist us in making known the glad tidings of His salvation to thousands of fellow-sinners who are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, broken-hearted and fainting amid desolation and despair. Oh, think of Him who, unsolicited and unthought of, came from the throne of heaven in mercy to us. And what did He give for us? Silver and gold? O no. "We were not redeemed" with such "corruptible things" as these. He gave His own "precious blood." Though now returned to His home and to glory, He still thinks of us. He says to us this moment from the lofty heavens, as His compassionate eye looks upon those who know Him not: "Love them as I have loved you."

Contributions for the Colored Mission in New Orleans will be gratefully acknowledged if sent either to Mr. J. Umbach, Cashier of the Board of Mission, 2109 Wash St., St. Louis, Mo., or to Henry C. Lind, Cashier of the Local Committee, 524 Bienville St., New Orleans, La.

New Orleans, La., April 13th, 1882.

N. J. BAKKE.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)
Eddy Wood.

Our mission-school in "Sailors' Home" at New Orleans has lost one of its brightest and most beloved little pupils. Eddy Wood departed this life on the 30th day of March, 1882, aged 6 years, 10 months, and 1 day. Eddy was the second son of Arthur and Jane Wood, a respected family residing on Franklin street.

When he was four years old, his parents, whose highest zeal it is to give their children a good Christian education, sent him to our school with his elder brother George. Little Eddy, as he generally was called, took hold of the alphabet with a will and energy that was both astonishing and delightful; he was very soon the head and leader of his class. Older scholars, to whom the ABC for a long time appeared to be a perfect riddle, looked with amazement at the little fellow that could master it so easily.

One Sunday last summer, when the *Pioneer* and *Child's Paper* were distributed to the more advanced pupils of the Sunday-school, Eddy wished to have one too, but being informed that these papers were given to these children only who could and would read them, Eddy turned away a little sad. A few Sundays later he again asked for the paper, and this time more cheerfully and also with more success. Upon receiving the same refusal, he looked the speaker earnestly in the face and said: "Mr. —, I can read, I have been reading very hard ever since that Sunday you told me, I could have the paper, if I only knew how to read it." To prove what he said, he was obliged to read a few lines; he stood the trial and got the paper; soon after he was provided with a new book and transferred into a new class.

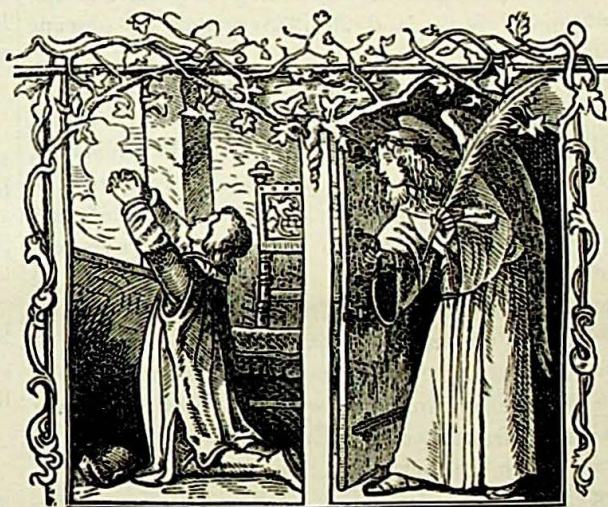
Through the Catechism, Bible History, Hymns and selected passages from the Bible, in which even the smallest children of our school are daily instructed, Eddy became very fond of every thing he could learn concerning his Saviour. Within a comparatively short time he had committed to memory the whole Catechism, many histories from the Bible, which he related almost word for word after having heard them once.

But Eddy was not only a bright and talented little boy, he also loved the word of God, pondered and kept it in his heart. During his illness, which lasted about two weeks, he frequently spoke of "the faithful saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The Saviour whom he learned to know and to love in school, was his comfort and strength, his all in all; he prayed to him at all times. In the silence of the night, when his parents thought he was sound asleep, he folded his little hands and prayed with a loud voice: "Our Father who art in heaven," &c. Sometimes he would say to his brother: "George, pray with me," or, "Let us sing: Blessed Jesus, we are here," or, "God be with us,

for the night is closing," or, "Jesus sinners doth receive." These were his favorite hymns which he used to sing on the play-ground as well as at home. At the funeral service, which took place the following day, the missionary spoke words of comfort to the sorely afflicted parents. Eddy's mortal remains were followed to their last resting place by teachers and pupils of the Mt. Zion Ev. Luth. School, and by numerous relations and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wood.

May the blessing of God rest upon the bereaved parents and comfort them in the time of sorrow. May He who has begun the good work open the eyes and the hearts of the colored people in New Orleans that they may see and appreciate more fully the blessings which God through our mission confers upon them and their children.

N. B.



(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

"Ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father."

(Rom. 8, 15.)

Lord God, who art my Father dear,
 I pray in Jesus' name, O hear,
 What, trusting in His sacred word,
 I humbly ask of Thee, good Lord.

Grant us Thy word, Thy Spirit give,
 That by His grace we godly live,
 Give shelter, peace, good friends, and food,
 Protect our native land, O God.

Save us from sin, and Satan's fraud,
 Deliver us from evil, God,
 Be near us in our dying hour;
 Thine is the Kingdom, glory, power.

Lord, at Thy word Amen I say,
 Increase my feeble faith, I pray;
 Thou lead'st me with a father's care,
 O let me be Thy child and heir.

(M. John Mattheusius, 1564. Tr. by A. C., 1882.)

The Blood of Christ.

An old herdsman in England was taken to a London Hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and came to the words: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying with great earnestness:

"Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again—I never heard it before."

She read it again: "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that it is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it."

So she took the old blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:

"Now read it to me again."

With a soft, sweet voice she read: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that it is there?"

"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."

"Then if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

With that the old man withdrew his hands, his head fell softly back on the pillow, and he silently passed into the presence of Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.—*Testimonies.*

Who does not Pray?

An aged gentleman one day attended a wedding, and found himself in the company of a number of young and jovial people. When sitting down at the table, he silently offered up prayer to God.

One of the guests, intending to have some fun with him, said: "I suppose at your house all pray, do they not?"

"No, not that I know of!" was the reply.

"What, do not all pray there?"

"No, I have two hogs in my sty—they never pray when they are fed."

The young man was silent, nor did he attempt to speak another word with the aged Christian.

LUTHER says well:—If you would believe, you must crucify that question "Why?" God would not have us so full of wherefores. Abraham subscribes to a blank when the Lord calls him out of his own country.

THOSE who die in their beds do not always die the best death.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

THE REV. A. BAEPLER, formerly of Mobile, Ala., has been called as English Lutheran missionary for the Western States. He is already at work in this large and important field. May God bless his labors! Christians should remember this most important mission in their prayers and not forget to support it by liberal contributions. They are to be sent to Mr. C. F. Lange, 509 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo. If sent to the treasurers of the different synods it should be stated that the contribution is intended for the "English Lutheran Mission." May God open the hearts and hands of His people, so that this important work can be carried on to the saving of many souls.

THE REV. H. C. SCHWAN, President of the Missouri Synod, lately visited our missionary stations in the South and found them in a prosperous condition. The labor of our missionaries has not been in vain. Read the beautiful story of Eddy Wood, which we publish in this number of the PIONEER, and see what a great blessing God is bestowing upon the colored people through our Lutheran schools. We now must have another chapel for the congregation and school which up to this time have assembled in the old and rickety building, called "Sailors' Home." And there is at present an opportunity for purchasing a valuable church-property for \$3,500. Oh, may the sweet little story of Eddy Wood move many of our readers to contribute something for this purpose.

WRITING about missions and thinking of those large fields where the harvest is plenteous whilst the laborers are few, we are also reminded of the many catechumens who were lately confirmed in our churches and among whom there surely is many a pious and well-gifted boy who could be sent to one of our colleges to prepare himself for the ministry. We hope our pastors will not forget this; and may all our readers "pray the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into His harvest", Luke 10, 2.

THE TENNESSEE SYNOD, at its recent convention, passed the following resolution:

Whereas, the spiritual interests of the colored people, in our territory as elsewhere, are sadly neglected, and,

Whereas, their worship, where they have any at all, partakes more of the form of heathenism than Christianity, be it

Resolved, that the ministers of this Synod make all efforts in their power to educate religiously the colored people, by preaching, lecturing, and catechisation, with a view sooner or later of getting men of their own color to look after the spiritual interests of their race in connection with the Lutheran Church.

THE sound of the church-bell has been heard for the first time in Alaska. When the bell for the Chilcat Mission, presented by a lady, reached the New Takoo mines, it was set up on the wharf and rung. Miners and Indians were drawn by the sound, and wished to know

when preaching would begin. A service was at once arranged, and a sermon was preached on the wharf.

THE Leipsic "Lutheran Missionary Society," whose work is among the Tamils of India, reports the total number of converts thus far about 12,000. Last year 544 were added to the Church. The society employs 19 ordained missionaries and 58 catechists for 460 towns and villages. In addition to these there are 173 teachers in 128 schools, with 2,438 scholars.

IN spite of all the difficulties which have attended the missions in Madagascar, the great African island, during the last years, the progress of the good work is highly encouraging. The Norwegian Lutheran Church has at present 3,038 children in its mission schools.

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, of New York, in the ten years during which he has been working for the suppression of vice, has secured the arrest of 582 persons, 251 of whom were sentenced to pay fines aggregating \$63,931. He has seized and destroyed 27,584 pounds of immoral books and 203,238 pounds of obscene pictures.

OF the "Lutheran Symbolics," published by Prof. M. Guenther of our Seminary at St. Louis, the Rev. Dr. Krotel, editor of the *Lutheran*, says: "This is the completest work of the kind, for popular use, that we know of, and the man that studies it carefully, or even examines it somewhat superficially, when he wants to know the different views held—cannot fail to understand, what the Lutheran Church teaches upon all the points of difference. We have often wondered why this book had never been translated into English."

THE Lutheran St. Paul's congregation at Ft. Wayne, Ind., Revs. Sihler and Sauer, pastors, has become so large as to make it necessary to branch off another congregation in the southern part of the city.

THE Rev. C. J. Homme, of the Norwegian Lutheran Synod, has secured some valuable property at Wittenberg, Wis., for the new Lutheran Orphans' Home, and is diligently at work in the erection of the necessary buildings. Pastor Homme also publishes a semi-monthly paper, "For Young and Old", and we are glad to hear that contributions for the Home are steadily coming in from churches and individuals.

OF late a new sect was started in Minnesota who call themselves Dreamers. They have a dream interpreter and are governed in their conduct by their dreams. A wag says, "Cheese and mince pies distributed at night would break up the whole 'church'." The man is right. We close our window.

Short Stops.

—AN infidel young lawyer, going to the West, made it his boast that he "would locate in some place where there were no churches or Bibles". He found a place which met his con-

ditions. Before the year was out he wrote to a young minister, begging him to come out and bring plenty of Bibles and begin preaching, for he said he had "become convinced that a place without Christians, and churches, and Bibles, was too much like hell for any living man to stay in".

—AND a wealthy heathen, not a professing Christian, in Burmah, India, seeing the difference between those towns where missionaries labor and others, offered to support a missionary if he should be sent to Youngoo.

—"I WILL not learn a trade!" exclaimed a Chicago lad to his father. But this business of learning a trade was for him only a matter of time, for within a year that young man was studying harness-making in State prison.

A YOUNG minister, somewhat distinguished for self-conceit, having failed disastrously before a crowded audience, was thus addressed by an aged brother: "If you had gone into that pulpit, feeling as you now do on coming out of that pulpit, you would have felt on coming out of that pulpit, as you did when you went up into that pulpit."

EVERY heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung around our neck, yet they are often like the stones used by the pearl divers, which enables them to reach the prize and to rise enriched.

DANIEL WEBSTER said that when he went to church he did not want to hear a rehash of the newspapers of the previous week, or a political discussion, but the Gospel.

WE do not become righteous by doing what is righteous, but having become righteous we do what is righteous.—*Luther*.

GRACE and glory are inseparable joined—he that gets the one may be certain of the other.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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

Colored Lutheran Churches in New Orleans, La.

MOUNT ZION COLORED LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school meets every Sunday in "Sailors' Home" on Erato St. at 2 o'clock.
Divine services at 3 o'clock every Sunday and at 7.30 every Thursday evening.

ST. PAUL'S COLORED LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Chapel on Clayborn St., between St. Bernard and Annette.
Sunday-school every Sunday at 10 A. M.
Divine services at 7.30 every Sunday and Wednesday evening.

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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No. 6.

Spring Time.

Spring time has come! Beautiful and happy Spring time! The forests and the plains and the mountains and the valleys and the waters are full of new life. The gardens are decked with flowers, the trees are loaded with foliage and bloom, all nature is filled with brightness and with the sweet songs of the welcome birds that come back to spend the summer with us.

AND with the happy Spring time came the beautiful festival of Whitsuntide. It is the festival which reminds us of the Gospel Spring time of the New Testament. On the day of Pentecost the apostles were filled with the Holy Ghost and thus became witnesses of the Gospel. And wherever they preached this Gospel of the Saviour, cold winter passed away from the heart of many a sinner and there came a beautiful Spring time of new life.

THE Gospel still resounds throughout the world. We still live in the time of which we read in the Song of Solomon: "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell." Alas! there are many who prefer the cold winter of infidelity and sin, and reject the life-giving power of the Gospel. Cold winter reigns in their souls and the flowers of true peace and joy cannot bloom there.

INFIDELITY has no life-giving power. It cannot reclaim the drunkard from his misery; it cannot give peace to the awakened conscience of the sinner; it cannot dry the tears of the bereaved and heart-broken; it cannot make the smile of joy take the place of sadness on the face of the sorrowing. The Gospel only, the Gospel of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, brings Spring time to the soul; it brings peace and joy and comfort and eternal life.

MR. BRADLAUGH, the well-known infidel, was once lecturing in a village in the north of England, and at the close challenged discussion. An old, bent woman went up to the lecturer and said, "Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it?" "Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and my family. I am now tottering to the grave; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That's what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?" "Well, my good lady," said the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but—" "O! but that's not the question," said the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?" The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again, the feeling of the meeting gave vent in uproarious applause, and Mr. Bradlaugh had to go away discomfited by an old woman. Brave, noble Christian woman! She enjoyed the happy Spring time of the Gospel.

"He Died For Me."

In the cemetery at Nashville, says a Southern paper, a stranger was seen planting a flower over a soldier's grave. When asked, "Was your son buried here?" "No," was the answer. "A relative?" "No." After a moment the stranger laid down a small board which he held in his hand, and said: "Well, I will tell you. When the war broke out, I was a farmer in Illinois. I was poor and had a wife and seven children. I was drafted and had no money to hire a substitute. Then there came a young man to me and said: "You have a large family which your wife cannot take care of. I will go for you." He *did* go in my place and, at the battle of Chickamauga, he was wounded and taken to Nashville Hospital, but, after a long sickness, he died and was buried here. Ever since I have wanted to come and see his grave, and so I saved up all the spare money I could, and yesterday I came on and to-day found my dear friend's grave."

With tears of gratitude running down his cheeks, he took a small board and pressed it down into the ground in the place of a tombstone. Under the soldier's name were written

only these words: "HE DIED FOR ME." These words told the whole story.

Dear reader, there is One who in a far higher sense took your place and became your substitute. It is Jesus. He died for you. And you can never think rightly of Him, if you leave out of the account that crowning act of His love. May you with tears of gratitude accept this Saviour who loved you and gave Himself for you.

The Sun of Righteousness.

A certain heathen in India made many journeys over different parts of his country and visited many temples with a view to find rest for his soul. Failing to find what he sought so eagerly, he, at length, was so happy to hear the Gospel, that glad tidings for all poor sinners who labor and are heavy-laden. In Jesus he found rest and peace. After some time he was asked why his fasting, prayers and pilgrimages could not drive the darkness from his mind. To this he replied: Of a night the full moon shone, and all the stars of the sky gave their light, and the burning mountains cast forth their flames of fire—yet it remained night. But when the sun rose, the moon and the stars and the burning mountains lost their splendor, and it became day. Thus it was with me. In spite of all my wisdom, my exercises of penance, pilgrimages, and mortifications, the gloomiest night reigned in my soul, until Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, arose—then night was changed into day.

Working Cheap.

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked a man of a swearing boy.

"Nothing," was his answer.

"Well," said the man, "you work cheap. To lay off the character of a gentleman, to give so much pain to your friends and all civil folks, to wound your conscience and risk your soul, and all for *nothing*, you certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."

LIFE is but short, therefore crosses cannot be long.—*Flavel*.

The Holy Trinity.

(Isaiah 6, 1-4.)

These things the Seer Isaiah did befall;
In spirit he beheld the Lord of all
On a high throne, raised up in splendor bright,
His garment's border filled the choir with light.
Beside Him stood two seraphim, which had
Six wings, wherewith they both alike were clad:
With twain they hid their shining face, with twain
They hid their feet as with a flowing train,
And with the other twain they both did fly.
One to the other thus aloud did cry:

"Holy is God, the Lord of Sabaoth!

Holy is God, the Lord of Sabaoth!

Holy is God, the Lord of Sabaoth!

His glory filleth all the trembling earth."

With the loud cry the posts and thresholds shook,
And the whole house was filled with mist and smoke.

(Dr. M. Luther, 1526. Tr. by R. Massie, 1854.)

The Holy Trinity.

TRINITY, or tri-unity, means three in one. It signifies that there are three Persons in the Unity of the Godhead. This doctrine of the Holy Trinity we learn from the Bible only. Nature and human reason cannot tell us who God is. God has revealed Himself in the Scriptures and from the Scriptures only we can learn to know Him.

THE Scriptures tell us that there is *one God*. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," Deut. 6, 4. "There is none other God but one," 1 Cor. 8, 4. "One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all," Eph. 4, 6. From these and other passages of the Bible we learn that God is one in His essence, that there is but one God.

THE same Bible speaks of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, from which we learn that God is Triune in Persons, that there are three distinct Persons in the Unity of the Godhead. Christ commanded His disciples to baptize "in the name of the *Father*, and of the *Son*, and of the *Holy Ghost*," Matth. 28, 19. In the history of man's creation we read: "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," Gen. 1, 26. This expression proves that there are more than one Person in the one Godhead. And the prophet Isaiah heard the angels cry to another: "*Holy, holy, holy* is the Lord of hosts." From their singing "holy" three times we again plainly see that there are three Persons in the one Godhead.

THE Unitarians and others, who deny the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, say that there is one Person only and that this one Person is sometimes called Father, sometimes Son, and sometimes Holy Ghost, just as one person may be a doctor, a minister, and a squire. But this is against the holy Scriptures, and those who teach so have not the true God, they are not Christians. For from the Bible we learn that there are three distinct Persons in the one Godhead. This is plainly seen from the history of Christ's baptism. (Matthew 3, 16, 17.) There each Person in the Holy Trinity revealed Him-

self. The *Father's* voice was heard from heaven: "This is my beloved Son;" the *Son* was baptized in the Jordan; the *Holy Ghost* descended and lighted upon Him. Here we have three distinct Persons. Hence, the primitive Christians used to say to any who doubted the truth of this doctrine, "Go to Jordan and you will see the Trinity."

THE doctrine that there are three co-equal and co-eternal Persons but only one God, is a mysterious doctrine. It is above our reason. But we need not wonder at this. There are many, many things in this world which we cannot comprehend with our reason. There is a cherry tree, and my boy was looking at the tree, anxiously waiting for the cherries to get ripe. Suddenly he turned around and asked me: "How can such a tree grow out of a little kernel?" I could not explain it to him. And so there are many things in this world which we cannot comprehend. How should we poor human beings be able to comprehend the great God with our weak human reason. But we accept the doctrine of the Holy Trinity with true faith, because it is plainly revealed in the Word of God. And so we rejoice in "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God; and the communion of the Holy Ghost," 2 Cor. 13, 14.

What we did hear, and what we did not hear.

A friendly reader, referring to our article in the last number of the PIONEER on "Plenty of Baskets," writes that by passing around all those baskets in a congregation we would make that congregation "die of liberality."

Now, is this so? No. We, at least, never heard of such a death. We did hear of the man who, whilst singing the lines

"Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were an offering far too small,"

was diligently engaged, with one hand in his pocket, in scraping the edge of a three-cent piece to make sure it was not a dime. We did hear of the man who never thought of studying the frescoing on the ceiling of the church-building until the collection plate was being passed around. The same man was opposed to getting a chandelier for the church, and the church-members thought he was opposed to it because he was afraid there would be a collection taken up for that purpose. He, however, told them he was opposed to it only because he saw no use of getting a chandelier as long as there was no one in the congregation able to play on it, and they would have to hire a man extra for that purpose. Again, we did hear of the rich English peer who, since the collection began to be taken up in a bag instead of a plate, contributed nothing but coppers. And one Sunday morning a wag had cut a slit in the bottom of the bag which was passed first to his lordship, whose bronze penny fell with a resounding clash on the floor, plain to be seen by all men. And again, we did hear of the man who, when an appeal was made to him by

his pastor for some mission work, said, "Sir, do we not understand that the waters of salvation are free?" "They are," said the pastor, "but you must pay for the pitchers in which to carry the water." And again, we did hear of a congregation which allowed its old and infirm minister to be put up to the lowest bidder; and when the citizens of the village thought it too heavy a burden upon them, they even went to law with an adjoining township in order to compel it to provide for the aged pastor. We did hear of all this, but we never did hear of a congregation that died of liberality; and we think old Uncle Moses was right when he said in a congregational meeting: "Bredderin, you need not be afraid ob givin' too much. If any ob you know ob any church w'at died ob liberality, jes tell me whar it is, an' I will take a pilgrimage to it, an' by de soft light ob de pale moon I will crawl upon its moss-covered roof, an' write upon de top-most shingle, 'Blessed am de dead who die in de Lord'."

Conscience.

The Oswego Times tells the story of a young man who recently walked into the shoe store of a Mr. Dessum, and, calling the proprietor aside, informed him that fourteen years ago he stole a pair of boots from him. He said that he had tried to forget the theft but could not. It kept constantly coming to his mind; and his remembrance of the act as constantly made him miserable. He often thought of coming to Mr. Dessum to confess the act and pay for the boots; but, somehow, he could not pluck up the courage to do it. He had, at length, resolved to obey the voice of his conscience. The young man, who was twenty-eight years of age, and who was a perfect stranger to Mr. Dessum, paid for the boots the price that the owner named and walked out. We have known of a case of secret theft that at times haunted the thief for forty years, who found no relief until he made full reparation of the wrong. Men may laugh and sneer at the doctrine of conscience, and try to explain it away or drown its voice; and yet the matter of fact is that conscience is a powerful voice in every human soul. How many a man suffers under the lashes of his conscience! Others may not know it; but this will not change that powerful voice that is speaking within him.

Luther's Catechism.

Justus Jonas has said of it: "It is a little book that can be bought for six pennies, but 6,000 worlds cannot pay for it when estimated at its true value." Prince Joachim of Anhalt was a learned man. With his own hand he wrote in his Small Catechism: "Next to the Bible this is my best book."

Most pleasures, like flowers, when gathered die.

Sam, the Fiddler.

Sam was a servant in a gentleman's family in Jamaica. Though a slave he had a comfortable situation, and little to do except to wait upon his master. He excelled in playing on a violin, and was accustomed to play that instrument at the merry-makings of the colored people and the balls of the Europeans: He was brought, however, to listen to the Word of Life. It reached his heart; he embraced the Gospel, and became a decided Christian. Fearing that his musical instrument might now prove a snare, he broke it; for he thought if he sold it, he might be tempted to buy another with the money. One day his master told him that he would soon be wanted to play his favorite instrument. He replied, "Fiddle broke, Massa." "It must be mended, Sam." "Broke all to pieces, Massa." "Well, we must get a new one, Sam." "Me tink dat be no good, Massa—be soon broke." The master began to suspect that this breaking of fiddles must have something to do with religion, to which, unhappily, he was no friend. "I hope you do not go to pray, and go after those mad-headed folks, Sam?" "To tell the truth, me gone, Massa." His owner now threatened him with punishment, and told him he should be flogged. Sam, however, was firm. "Dat no good, Massa; whip no flog the Word out." His master then declared that he should be turned out of his comfortable situation and sent to work on the plantation. He, however, had counted the cost and remained immovable, so that his owner's threat was executed.

Dismissed from a situation of comfort, to toil in a field of labor, under the burning sun of Jamaica, he felt for a time dejected; but soon perceived that an opportunity for doing important good was now before him. In his master's family he mingled with a few domestics, now he was in the midst of three hundred slaves. He began, therefore, to tell them about his Saviour, and to invite them to go and hear his minister. Many of them yielded to his invitations; and in a little while of these three hundred, about a hundred and fifty became regular hearers of the everlasting Gospel.

His master heard of this, and felt still more incensed. He called for him, and addressed him with severity: "How dare you trouble my slaves? I will have no praying slaves." "Me no tink they are troubled, Massa. Do they work much worse, or are they more saucy, Massa?" "That is nothing to you; how dare you trouble my slaves?" "To tell de truth, Massa, me tink dat de bread dat is good for my soul, is good for my brother; and me tink dat if it is a good ting for me to escape hell, it is good for brother; and if heaven is a good place for me, it is a good place for brother; and me pray for my rich Massa, and me tink dat if my rich Massa would once go and hear de missionary, he would always go afterwards." This was to much for the master's patience; he banged the door, and sent him away.

The poor Christian departed with a grateful heart, thankful to God that he had escaped with nothing worse than angry words, and began to think what more he could do for his good and gracious God. His owner possessed other estates, and had from a thousand to two thousand colored folks upon them. Sam turned his attention to them. When his hard day's work beneath a tropical sun was finished, he would steal away to one or other of these plantations, to talk to those slaves about his Saviour, and invite them to go and hear the missionary. Sometimes he did this as often as two or three nights in a week. At other times, when the Saturday came, which was allowed for himself, he would embrace the opportunity thus afforded and visit a plantation, and invite the colored people to go with him and hear Massa missionary. Thus he persisted in this course of benevolent zeal, till he had brought about five hundred persons to become regular hearers of the Gospel.

While thus zealous for the salvation of others, he knew where, in the time of trial, to look for strength and grace. The missionary being obliged for a time to leave his flock, expressed to this poor Christian his fears that when the shepherd was gone, the flock might suffer. Sam, however, reminded him that the chief Shepherd is forever very near. "Massa missionary must go; Massa Christ no go; poor Sam all weak; massa Christ all strong." At another time the missionary overheard him exhorting some of his acquaintance to exert themselves to bear the expenses of that station, that the Society, thus relieved, might send the Gospel to some of their poor brethren elsewhere.

Thus was Sam, though poor as to the world, rich in faith and in good works.

The Chip that could Talk.

John Williams, a missionary to the South Sea Islands, was engaged one day hewing timber for a chapel, surrounded by many wondering natives. It was when thus employed that the incident occurred of which he thus tells in his "Missionary Enterprise":

"As I had come to work one morning without my square, I took up a chip and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me that article. I called a chief and said to him:

"Friend, take this, go to our house and give it to Mrs. Williams."

"He was a singular looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but in one of his battles he had lost an eye. Giving me one inexpressible look with the other, he said:

"Take that! she will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her."

"No," I replied, 'she will not; take it and go immediately; I am in haste.'

"He took it from me and asked, 'What must I say?' I replied, 'You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish.' With a look of

astonishment and contempt he held up the piece of wood and said:

"How can this speak? Has it a mouth?' I desired him to take it immediately and not spend so much time talking about it.

"On arriving at the house he gave the chip to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest whither the chief, resolving to see the end of this mysterious business, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her he said, 'Say, daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?'

"Why," she replied, 'did you not bring me a chip just now?'

"Yes," said the astonished warrior, 'but I did not hear it say anything.'

"If you did not, I did," was the reply; 'for it told me what he wanted. And all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible.'

"With this the chief leaped out of the house, and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them up as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went, 'See the wisdom of these English people! They can make chips talk! they can make chips talk!'

"On giving me the square he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with people at a distance. I gave him all the information I could; but it was to him such a mystery that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck and wore it for some time. For several days after we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he told them of the wonders which the chip had performed."

That place is now a Christian land. It has its churches and Christian schools, and is governed wisely and well by "Isaia," a native chief. He never forgets in his laws and plans for the good of the people, that "righteousness exalteth a nation."

Jessie's Advice to Grandma.

"What would you do, if I were to be blind?" cried grandmother, rubbing her eyes.

"I'll tell you what to do, grandmother," said Jessie, jumping up from her playthings.

"What?" asked grandma.

"Go, and tell Jesus," said Jessie; "that is what I would do."

"Perhaps He would not cure me," said grandmother.

"Then He would help you to say, 'Thy will be done,' and then you would not mind it, grandma," said the sweet little girl.

An old clergyman said: "When I come to die I shall have my greatest grief and my greatest joy; my greatest grief that I have done so little for the Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that the Lord Jesus has done so much for me."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

A DAY OF JOY.—Easter Sunday was a day of special joy to the Lutheran Trinity Congregation at Springfield, Ill. In the evening of that day a young colored gentleman, by the name of N. L. Berkhalter, was baptized in the Ev. Luth. Trinity Church, after having been instructed for some months in the Lutheran Catechism by the Rev. F. Lochner. Mr. Berkhalter had come to Springfield "in order to learn the German language and earn much money," but God, in His great mercy, brought him to the saving knowledge of the pure Gospel. He will enter our Seminary at Springfield to prepare himself for mission work among the colored people. May God's richest blessings be with him unto the end of his pilgrimage.

WELCOME!—The first number of a new English Lutheran church paper has come to hand. It is called "The Lutheran Witness" and is "edited and published under the auspices of the Cleveland District Conference" by the Rev. C. A. Frank, Zanesville, O. It is a semi-monthly quarto of 8 pages, presenting a great variety of instructive and interesting reading matter. We do not doubt that it will find the support which it well deserves. The subscription price of the paper is but \$1.00 per year, and it can be had by addressing "The Lutheran Witness," 16 Harvey St., Zanesville, O. We bid the "Lutheran Witness" a hearty welcome and hope that, by the grace of God, it may at all times be a true witness of the pure Gospel truth.

A GOOD WORK.—The young men of St. Paul's and Immanuel's congregations at Fort Wayne, Ind., formed a Lutheran Young Men's Association. They have comfortable and beautiful rooms, will soon have a good library and attractive reading-room. Lectures on interesting topics will also be held now and then. This Association will surely do a good and necessary work among the young men of our city. We wish it God speed.

\$7000.00.—The Lutheran Trinity Church at Cleveland, O., Rev. H. Niemann, pastor, was relieved of its debt by a present of \$7000.00. —The Lutherans of Milwaukee recently bought a valuable piece of property for \$7000.00, on which a Lutheran college is to be erected.

NEW LUTHERAN SEMINARY.—The *Lutheran*, in one of its recent numbers, brought a handsome engraving of the new Concordia Seminary at St. Louis, about to be erected by the Missouri Synod. The *Lutheran*, of Philadelphia, says of this Seminary: "When finished it will be, beyond all question, the handsomest, largest, and most convenient building devoted to educational purposes, owned by Lutherans in this country, and may challenge comparison with any theological seminary in this country." The Seminary is to be completed by September 1st, 1883, which will be our Lutheran year; for in that year we commemorate the 400th anniversary of Dr. Luther's birthday.

IMPORTANT TO MINISTERS IN INDIANA.—The Rev. H. Sieck, who recently accepted a call as missionary to Erie, Pa., did a good work for all ministers in Indiana before he left the State. He published a pamphlet which bears the title: "Laws of Indiana important to ministers of the Gospel, compiled from the last Statutes of 1881, with notes and forms." This careful compilation will be of special value to ministers in Indiana. The pamphlet can be had at the Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa., for 25 cents.

A NOBLE LEGACY.—A servant-girl in Philadelphia, who had been in early life left an orphan herself, gave and bequeathed in her last will and testament \$500.00 to "The Lutheran Orphans' Home at Germantown in the State of Pennsylvania."

ROMISH COUNTRIES.—Italy has of all States of Europe the smallest number of native inhabitants who are able to read. In France, another Romish country, there are more suicides than anywhere else.

ROMISH PERSECUTION.—The Roman Catholics of Naples, instigated by the priests and monks in the city, are showing the persecuting spirit of Popery by threatening those who attend Protestant meetings, and by seeking to prevent them from securing places where to hold their meetings.

JAPAN.—An editorial in a Tokio, Japan, paper estimates the martyrs to Christianity at 280,000. While opposed to Christianity, the writer thinks it cannot be put down by force, and that the government should tolerate it, repeal its laws against it, which are not enforced, and leave each man to believe or reject it as he pleases.

WELL DONE!—A friend in the West writes: "As an encouragement for the PIONEER I desire to inform you that our good little friend will have more than 75 new homes to visit on his next journey. I have 76 subscribers now and hope to get more, and I rejoice in my success." May many of our readers go and do likewise.

A STORY.—Recent readings remind us of a story. A certain Circuit Judge was always sure of meeting some sneering remarks from a self-conceited lawyer when he came to a certain town in his rounds. The lawyer even threatened to let the world know his opinion of the Judge as far as his voice reached. This was repeated one day at dinner, when a gentleman present said, "Judge, why don't you squelch that man?" The Judge, dropping his knife and fork, and placing his chin upon his hands, and his elbows on the table, remarked: "Up in our town, a widow woman has a dog that, whenever the moon shines, goes out upon the stoop and barks, and barks away at it all night." Stopping short, he quietly resumed eating. After waiting some time, it was asked: "Well, Judge, what of the dog and the moon?" —"Oh, the moon kept right on," he said.

WE—close our window.

Short Stops.

—DARWIN, the infidel scientist, acknowledged himself sold when his little niece asked him what a cat has that no other animal has. He gave it up after mature deliberation, and then the sly puss answered, "kittens."

—THAT was a wise remark of Old Uncle, when he said, "Ef de descendants ob de rooster what crowed at Peter was ter make a noise ebery time a lie is told dar would be such a noise in de world dat yer couldn't hear de hens cackle."

—TEACHERS must have great patience. By losing their patience they themselves suffer the greatest loss. "I remember," says a celebrated teacher, "hearing my father say to my mother: 'How could you have the patience to tell that dull boy the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'if I had told him but nineteen times I should have lost all my labor!'"

—A MISSIONARY in China saw a small boy wearing an earring and was told that many mothers put such rings into the ears of their sons when young to deceive the gods in the belief that the little fellows are girls, and hence are too insignificant for the deities to take them away by death. This shows how little those people value the girls, and how very little their gods are supposed to know.

WE can not live on probabilities. The faith in which we can live bravely and die in peace must be a certainty, so far as it professes to be a faith at all, or it is nothing.

It is not grace in any way that is not grace in every way.—*Augustine.*

GOD wants us to believe Him, not to judge Him.

Money - Box.

FOR THE NEW CHAPEL IN NEW ORLEANS:
From Miss L. W. in W. \$1.00; from K. M. Nupen in Iowa \$1.00. R. A. B.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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

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Sunday-school meets every Sunday in "Sailors' Home" on Erato St. at 2 o'clock.
Divine services at 3 o'clock every Sunday and at 7.30 every Thursday evening.

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Chapel on Clayborn St., between St. Bernard and Annette.
Sunday-school every Sunday at 10 A. M.
Divine services at 7.30 every Sunday and Wednesday evening.

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True Freedom.

Men rejoice that there is no slavery in our "land of the free." But there is a slavery more terrible than the slavery from which men are free in our country. It is the slavery of sin. It is a terrible slavery; for Sin is a "hard master," a cruel tyrant. It forces its slaves to do hard and ruinous work. The drunkard who serves the sin of drunkenness ruins his own body and soul, and brings misery and shame upon his family. And so it is with every slave of sin. And what wages does Sin pay its slaves? "The wages of sin is death," says the apostle (Rom. 6, 23.). When man has served sin all his life time, he gets eternal death, that is, eternal damnation as his wages.

Sin has its slaves in the mansions of the rich and in the cabins of the poor. Not only beggars but also kings and emperors are slaves of sin. Yea, by nature all men are in this slavery. In this respect all men are born equal. The apostle Paul says, "There is no difference; for all have sinned." And again the apostle tells us that we are "sold under sin," sold as slaves to do the will of sin. We know that there are many who, while they are the slaves of sin, still prate about liberty and delude themselves with the idea that they have dominion over their passions and lusts. Foolish men! They are bound by the chains of sin and they think themselves free! They are like the Irish soldier who thought he had taken a prisoner while he himself was the prisoner. He called out to his comrade, "Hollo! Pat, I've taken a prisoner." "Bring him along, then; bring him along!" said the comrade. "He won't come." "Then come yourself." "He won't let me."

There is but one way of deliverance from the slavery of sin. It is by faith in Jesus. He, the Son of God, came into this world and, in our stead, conquered sin and led our captivity captive. He redeemed us from the slavery of sin not with silver and gold, but with His own precious blood and with His innocent sufferings and death. He redeemed us in order that we might be His own, live under Him in His kingdom, and serve Him in everlasting righteousness, innocence, and holiness. "He died for all, that they which live should not hence-

forth live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again," 2 Cor. 5, 15. This true freedom, which Christ procured for us, is brought to all sinners in the Gospel. The Gospel does not tell sinners what they must do in order to free themselves. No. It tells them what God has done for them, that He has procured freedom for them through the mission of His own Son. Those who accept this Gospel with true faith enjoy this freedom. It is true, sin is still in them as long as they live in this world. But sin no longer has the mastery over them. The new man which is in them fights against their old sinful nature. Sin has no claim upon them. They have been made the children and servants of God. And to them the apostle Paul says, "Being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. For the wages of sin is death; but the gifts of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord," Rom. 6, 22, 23.

That Happy Day.

There are days of sorrow and care in the life of the missionary and in the life of every faithful laborer in the Lord's vineyard. But there are also happy days, days which fill the heart with joy and gladness. It is a happy day when the laborer sees his work crowned with blessing, when he sees souls won for Christ and eternal life by his preaching of the Gospel. And one happy day will come—the happiest of all—when the weary laborer, whose work was a work of faith and a labor of love, will enter the reward of his Master and in the golden streets of the celestial city will find many a saint whom God through his preaching has brought to the eternal joys of heaven. That happy day!

Not long ago, a South-Sea Islander was dying. As he was talking about heaven, he said to the missionary who was standing near: "When I get to heaven, I shall, first of all, praise and thank Jesus for having saved a poor creature like me. Then I'll tell him about you; for it was you who first told me the way to heaven. Then I'll look about and see where the saints come in; and then I will sit and

wait for you. When you come, oh, what a happy day that will be! Afterwards I'll take you by the hand, and lead you to Jesus, and say to him: 'Jesus, Jesus, this is the man I told you about.'" That happy day!

Shining Lights Wanted.

I once heard a conversation between a church member and an infidel. After arguments were urged at some length on both sides the infidel observed to his friend that they might as well drop the subject for conversation; "for," said he, "I do not believe a single word you say, and more than this, I am satisfied that you do not really believe it yourself; for, to my certain knowledge, you have not given for the last twenty years as much for the spread of Christianity—such as the building of churches, foreign and domestic missions—as your last Durham cow cost. Why, sir, if you believe one-half of what you say you believe, I would make the church my rule for giving and my farm the exception."—*Presbyterian*.

The Gospel.

I have tried the Gospel, I have put it to the proof. I know what it is and what it can do. Tell me that food does not strengthen the weak; tell me that water does not refresh the weary; tell me that light does not cheer the disconsolate, and then you may tell me that the Gospel does not help when all other help fails; and then you may tell me that the Gospel is not the thing above all other things with which men cannot afford to part. Men might better give up the sun than quench that light which was brought from Heaven, that light which cheers the home and dispels the darkness of the tomb.—*Stanley*.

BE CONTENT.—A king walking out one day met a lad at the stable-door, and asked him, "Well, boy, what do you do? What do they pay you?"—"I help in the stable," replied the lad, "but I have nothing except food and clothes." "Be content," replied the king, "I have no more."

Baptism.

Our picture shows us the baptism of our Lord in the river Jordan. There was great glory in this baptism. The heavens were opened, the Spirit of God descended like a dove and lighted upon Christ, and the Father's voice was heard from heaven, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," Matthew 3, 16. 17.

There are many who say that such glory cannot be seen in our baptism. Our eyes see nothing but water; the eye of faith, however, sees the glory of God. This eye of faith is singly fixed upon God's word, and from it we know that baptism is not simple water only, but is the water comprehended in God's command and connected with God's word. Dr. Luther well says, "When you touch a piece of red-hot iron as it lies upon the anvil, you do not touch the iron alone, but also the fire which burns, and although you do not see any flame, but the iron alone, nevertheless it is not iron only, but both iron and fire; yea, this fire has so entirely penetrated the iron that you feel nothing but fire. So also we should look upon baptism embodied in God's word and name, and entirely filled with the same, so that they are but one thing, and have now become quite another thing than simple water." Thus faith looks upon baptism and sees the glory of God.

Faith sees *heaven opened in baptism*. For God's word says: "He that believeth, and is baptized shall be saved," Mark 16, 16.; "Even baptism doth now save us," 1 Peter 3, 21.; "Peter said, Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins," Acts 2, 38.; "Ananias said unto Saul, why tarriest thou? Arise, and wash away thy sins, calling upon the name of the Lord," Acts 22, 16.; "He saved us by the washing of regeneration," Titus 3, 5. These and other passages of the Bible plainly tell us that in baptism salvation and remission of sins are given to us. Then surely heaven is opened to us. Dr. Luther therefore says, "I am baptized, that is, heaven is given to me freely and is a gift to me for which I have deed and seal."

Faith sees the *Holy Spirit descending in baptism*. For God's word tells us that baptism is "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost," Titus 3, 5. And Jesus says, "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," John 3, 5. The Holy Ghost must work faith in our hearts; for "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost," 1 Cor. 12, 3. The Holy Ghost, however, does His work through the means of grace, the Gospel and the holy sacraments.

Faith hears the *Father's voice in baptism*, saying, "This is my beloved child in whom I am well pleased." For St. Paul plainly says, "As many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ," Gal. 3, 27. From this we see that in baptism we put on Christ, that is, we put on the garment of Christ's perfect righteousness. And on whom God sees this righteousness of His Son, in him He is well pleased.

Such is the glory seen by faith in baptism. And if you now ask, how can such glory be in baptism and how can water do such great things? we can give no better answer than the one given by Dr. Luther in his Small Catechism. Here it is:

It is not the water indeed that does them, but the word of God which is in and with the water, and faith which trusts such word of God



in the water. For without the word of God the water is simple water, and no baptism. But with the word of God it is a baptism, that is, a gracious water of life and a washing of regeneration in the Holy Ghost, as St. Paul says, Titus, chapter third: By the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. This is a faithful saying.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

An Honest Answer

to the question, "Were Emerson and Longfellow unbelievers in the Christian religion?"

The *N. Y. Weekly Sun* gives the following answer to this question: "We answer that Mr. Emerson and Mr. Longfellow were unbelievers in the Christian religion.—The essence of belief in the Christian religion is belief in the Deity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Without the Godhead of the Christ, there is no real Christianity.—It is true there is a sort of doctrine which many people fancy to be Christian, and according to this doctrine Jesus Christ was not

God, but a creature, a man, or a created being somewhat superior to man. But this is not the doctrine of the Christian religion. It is a foe of Christianity. It is a station on the broad road to total unbelief, to infidelity.—This sort of doctrine we understand to have been the doctrine of Emerson and Longfellow. They were Unitarians. They were not believers in the Christian religion."

Would to God some of our religious papers were as honest in answering such questions as this secular one. H. D.

She Saw The Doxology.

A little girl, ten years old, went up Mount Washington on horseback. She was ten then; if she lives till next summer she will be twenty.

The ladies and gentlemen of our party dismounted upon the rugged summit, where the only vegetation that dared make an attempt to grow was a little stunted, pale green moss, and gazed, as those lifted up from the world, into limitless space. Below, stretching outward in all directions, lay a deep silver sea of clouds, amid which lightnings were seen to part and writhe like gilded serpents, and from which the thunder came up to the ear, peal after peal. We knew that down there rain was descending in a torrent, while on us who were above the clouds shone the sun in unobstructed and awful splendor. The eye wandered away like the dove from Noah's ark, that found no place to rest her foot.

"Well, Lucy," said her father, breaking the silence, "there is nothing to be seen, is there?"

The child caught her breath, lifted her clasped hands, and responded reverently:

"Oh, papa, I see the doxology!"

Yes, everywhere nature speaks to us, and says: "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

A Telling Speech.

An English workingman recently spoke to a large crowd of his fellow-laborers, who were given up to the horrible vice of drunkenness and spent most of their wages in the dram-shop. While speaking he held in his hands a loaf of bread and a knife. The loaf of bread represented the ways of the working men. After a few remarks, he cut off a moderate slice. "This," he said, "is what you give to the city government." He then cut off a more generous slice, "and this is what you give to the general government," then with a vigorous flourish of his carving knife, he cut off three-quarters of the whole loaf. "This you give to the dram-shop." Then holding up the few remaining crumbs in his left hand, he said with a pitiful voice: "And this is what you keep to support yourself and family." His fellow-laborers could not but acknowledge the force of his illustration.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

What is the World to Me!

What is the world to me,
And all its vaunted pleasure,
As long as Thou alone,
Lord Jesus, art my treasure!
Thou only, dearest Lord,
My soul's delight shalt be,
Thou art my peace, my rest—
What is the world to me!

The world is like a smoke,
A fleeting exhalation,
A shadow faint and dim
Of very short duration.
My Jesus doth abide,
Though all things fade and flee,
My everlasting Rock—
What is the world to me!

The world strives to be praised
And honored by the mighty,
Nor ever doth reflect
How frail they are and flighty;
But what I glory in
Above all things, is He,
My Jesus, He alone—
What is the world to me!

The world seeks after wealth,
And unto Mammon offers
Its all, content, if gold
Is hoarded in its coffers;
I know a better prize,
Which e'er my joy shall be,
My Jesus is my wealth—
What is the world to me!

The world is sorely grieved,
If ever it is slighted,
As if an enemy
Its honor would have blighted;
Christ, I bear Thy reproach,
While thus it pleaseth Thee!
If honored by my Lord—
What is the world to me!

The world cannot extol
Too much its sinful pleasures,
And cheerfully resigns
For them the heavenly treasures.
Let those that love themselves,
Side with such foolery;
I love the Lord, my God—
What is the world to me!

What is the world to me!
It rapidly must vanish,
With all its gorgeous pomp
Pale death it cannot banish;
Its pleasures pass away,
And all its joys must flee;
But Jesus doth abide—
What is the world to me!

What is the world to me!
My Jesus is my treasure,
My life, my own, my all,
My friend, my love, my pleasure,
My heavenly happiness
And bliss eternally.
Therefore I say again:
What is the world to me!

(M. G. M. Pfeifferkorn, 1667. Tr. by A. Crull, 1882.)

WHAT to others are disappointments are to believers intimations of the will of God.

He Left It All.

The following incident, says an Eastern paper, recently occurred in New York city at a meeting of gentlemen, who have under their management the most extensive system of railways on the continent. It is related by one who was present, and who vouches for the truth of the story. The directors had assembled from many parts of the country, and together represented millions upon millions of dollars. Perhaps any one glancing at the company, with a knowledge of their great power and riches, would have fancied that they were all happy.

Before proceeding to business, while awaiting the arrival of some director who was absent, one said to another in a loud tone that instantly commanded attention, "Have you heard that Mr. — is dead?" "Why, no; you surprise me. I saw him on the streets last week, apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health: when did he die?" "He died day before yesterday." There was a moment of silence, and one of the gentlemen said to the first speaker, "He was very rich, was he not?" "Oh, yes, very." "How much did he leave?" "He left it all," was the answer, uttered with a deep solemn voice, as if on purpose; and another silence fell upon the company of millionaires.

Yes, he left it all, and so must the richest man on the earth leave it all very soon; "for we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." (1 Tim. 6, 7.) Death makes the rich king and the poor hod carrier dependent upon others for burial and sweeps away all distinction between a Rothschild and a beggar. True, the dead body of the one may be borne in royal pomp from the doors of a palace, and the dead body of the other may be trundled off in a cart from the poor-house; but of each it must be said, "He left it all."

It is sad that so many men often fail to see the purpose for which wealth has been put into their hands. They often cling to it with a grasp that grows tighter and tighter, and when they at last must leave it all, they have done far less good in the world than if they had never had a cent. Yes, it is sad that so many make money their god and reject the eternal riches of heaven which are revealed to us in the Gospel of Jesus.

"I also am a Christian."

About the year 280 a number of Christians were tortured in a public place by order of the heathen emperor Maximianus. Among the emperor's soldiers, who stood by, there was also a young officer by the name of Adrianus, 28 years of age. He stood there wrapt in deep thoughts, whilst his look was fixed upon the Christian martyrs. All at once he quickly stepped up to them and said, "I beseech you by the God whom you worship that you tell me who gives you this strength and joy in the

midsts of your sufferings." The martyrs replied, "Our dear Lord Jesus Christ in whom we believe." "And what is the end of all your tortures?" asked the young officer. The martyrs said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them to us by His Spirit," 1 Cor. 2, 9, 10. When the young officer had heard this answer, he stepped up to the heathen judges and said, "Take down my name; I ALSO AM A CHRISTIAN!"

The emperor, having heard of this incident, ordered Adrianus to be thrown into prison. Here he was more fully instructed in the Christian faith by his fellow-prisoners and strengthened in his love to the Saviour. All the great tortures which he had to suffer at the hands of the heathen, could not make him deny his faith. Amid his sufferings he died a noble martyr's death and entered the joy of his Lord whom he so nobly confessed.

"I Have Found it at Last."

A missionary was selling Bibles for the first time in a town in India. A Hindoo seeing the books rushed eagerly forward, and said, "Have you a copy of the New Testament of Jesus Christ? How much must I pay? I will give you whatever you ask." On the money being paid, and the book given to him, he said, "I have been looking for a copy of this book for years, and now, thank God, I have found it at last!" He did not stop, but went away eagerly kissing the book on all sides as he went.—*Missionary Magazine.*

The Simplicity of Greatness.

Many years ago some students of Princeton Seminary were in the habit of preaching at a station some distance from that place. Among their habitual hearers was a sincere and humble, but uneducated Christian slave, called Uncle Sam, who, on his return home, would try to tell his mistress what he could remember of the sermon, but complained that the students were too deep and learned for him. One day, however, he came home in a great good humor, saying that a poor unlearned old man, just like himself, had preached that day, who he supposed was hardly fit to preach to the white people; but he was glad he came, for his sake, for he could remember everything he had said. On inquiry it was found that Uncle Sam's "unlearned" old preacher was Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, who, when he heard the criticism, said it was the highest compliment ever paid to his preaching.

DIogenes, of old, being asked, "The biting of what beasts is the most dangerous?" replied, "If you mean wild beasts, it is that of the slanderer; if tame ones, of the flatterer."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

CONCORDIA COLLEGE.—The school year in our College at Fort Wayne, Ind., will close July 15th. The graduating class, numbering 22 scholars, passed their examination in writing (Latin, Greek, German, English, and Mathematics) during the month of June. The oral examination of the graduating class, together with the examination of the other five classes, will take place July 11th to 15th. And then vacations will come, and silence will reign in our large and beautiful building, and on the play-grounds the voices of the merry boys will no longer be heard.

MISSION WORK.—At a recent confirmation in the English Lutheran church at Castor, Bolinger Co., Mo., Rev. L. M. Wagner, pastor, thirteen persons were confirmed. Among these there were three mothers and one father, one of the adults having been first baptized. There were also three children baptized, and one woman received from another congregation.

NOBLE GIFT.—Our "Money Box" is well filled this time. Our missionary acknowledges the receipt of \$10 for our Colored Lutheran church at New Orleans. We call the attention of our readers to this noble gift; for it was given by a poor hard-working woman who loves her church. It is an example well worthy of imitation.

A DAY OF JOY.—The 26th of May was a day of joy in our Lutheran Seminary at Springfield, Ill. On that day the 70th anniversary of Rev. Prof. A. Craemer's birthday was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies by the students and friends of the Seminary. The venerable Professor has faithfully and successfully served the Church as professor in this Seminary for 28 years. May, by the grace of God, each succeeding year of his service be as rich in results as have been the years that are past.

FESTIVALS.—During the beautiful months of May and June our Lutheran Orphans' Homes celebrated their annual festivals. We lately read of two such festivals. The one was held near St. Louis, Mo., and the other near New York city. At the one 1000 persons were present, and at the other 3000.

LUTHER'S WORKS.—Another volume of Luther's Works has just left the press of our Publishing House at St. Louis. The Rev. Dr. Passavant, editor of the *Workman*, says of this republication of the complete works of Martin Luther: "It is the greatest literary and theological event which has yet occurred in our American Church. That which would be considered scarcely possible in Germany at present, or at least that from which the leading publishing houses of the Fatherland would shrink back from fear of bankruptcy, has been undertaken in America with the conviction even of financial success, and in the certainty of the most important religious results. To all our pastors who can read German—and every one should study German—even if for no other purpose than to sit at the feet of this great

World's teacher—we commend this magnificent publication. It is sold at a price so low that it may be said to be within the reach of all. No one is so poor that by self-denial or extra exertion he cannot procure the successive volumes. They will constitute the choicest and safest theological library—and without them no library can be considered complete." The volume just published contains Luther's sermons on the Gospel Lessons. The price of it is \$4.75; postage, 50 cts. Address Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

"HE YET LIVETH."—Dr. Luther still lives in his writings and by them many have been brought to the knowledge and comfort of the Gospel. The Principal of a Colored Females' Seminary in North Carolina lately said to a party of visiting ministers that "he, though a Presbyterian, had ever loved the Lutheran Church, that, when in spiritual and theological darkness and trouble, Luther's writings were the *only* teaching that led him to the true light."

A NEW SEMINARY.—The Pennsylvania Synod, at its recent convention, resolved to "erect a new Lutheran Seminary, worthy of the cause and name, and with reference to all present and future necessities." The Seminary is to be erected within the corporate limits of Philadelphia, but outside of its closely built streets.

GAZA.—The old Philistine city of Gaza, with a population of 20,000 people, has had no missionary until within three years. The Church of England now has a dispensary there where the poor receive medicines and advice free of charge. Each applicant is required to hear a portion of Scripture read and to carry away a Christian tract in Arabic. Four schools have been opened for Greek and Moslem boys and girls.

BIBLE WORK.—The Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, appreciating the destitution which still exists in large sections of our country, propose, for the fourth time in the history of the Society, to inaugurate measures for a re-cavass of the entire country in the most thorough manner for the supply of those who are found to be destitute of the Scriptures. The whole matter has been referred to appropriate committees to consider the best method for inaugurating the work, and securing the hearty co-operation of all who may be relied upon to favor it.

AFRICA.—There is a colony of Christian Kaffirs in Middelberg, in the Transvaal, Africa, the result of 20 years' labor by a Lutheran missionary. A handsome brick church, built by Kaffir hands, affords accommodation for 1,500 worshippers, and rows of brick-built workshops resound with the noise of industrial pursuits. Wagons, furniture, and wood and iron work, are turned out in abundance. Schools have been provided for the children, and the mission owns 30,000 acres of good land, once prairie wilderness, but now divided into small farms, and worked under the supervision of the missionaries.

WINDOW.—We don't know what to report under this heading, and so we close our window.

Short Stops.

—A DUTCH farmer at the Cape seeing a poor Hottentot reading the Bible, scornfully remarked, "That book is not for such as you." "Indeed it is," was the reply. "How do you know that?" "Why, my name is in it," said the Hottentot. "Your name! Where?" "Here," said the man, reading: "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—sinners—that's my name, and the book is for me."

—A CLERGYMAN informed his people, at the close of his sermon, that he intended in a few days to go on a mission to the heathen. After the congregation was dismissed a number of the members waited for their pastor, and, crowding around him, expressed their astonishment at the new turn in his affairs, asking him where he was going, and how long they would be deprived of his ministrations. He said to them, "My good friends, don't be alarmed. I'm not going out of town."

—IMPARTIAL TESTIMONY.—Luther's explanation of the Lord's Prayer was translated into Italian. An eminent Romish priest in Italy read it with deep emotion. Not knowing that it was written by Luther, he said: "Blessed are the *hands* that wrote this book! Blessed are the *eyes* that read it, and blessed are the *hearts* that pray thus."

—A MISSIONARY on the Congo River in Africa writes: "I intend starting off this afternoon to 'post' the news." He had to walk 140 miles, and then sail over one hundred down the river in a boat.

It is better to be defeated in a good cause than be successful in a bad one.

Money - Box.

Received for the Colored Lutheran Church in New Orleans, La., of Mrs. W. M. C. Wright \$10.00.

N. J. BAKKE.

Received for our Colored Mission of E. K-r in Wisconsin \$1.00. For the new chapel in New Orleans per Rev. W. Lotmann, Akron, O., of K. F. 50c.; F. H. 25c.; C. B. 50c.; G. B. 50c.; E. B. 25c.; G. H. \$2.00 (profit from the sale of PIONEER); N. H. 10c.; M. K. 50c.; A. K. 75c.; W. L. 65c.

Many thanks!

R. A. B.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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

Colored Lutheran Churches in New Orleans, La.

MOUNT ZION COLORED LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school meets every Sunday in "Sailors' Home" on Erato St. at 2 o'clock.
Divine services at 3 o'clock every Sunday and at 7.30 every Thursday evening.

ST. PAUL'S COLORED LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Chapel on Clayborn St., between St. Bernard and Annette.
Sunday-school every Sunday at 10 A. M.
Divine services at 7.30 every Sunday and Wednesday evening.

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No. 8.

A Dear Old Bible.

A few days ago an old English Lutheran farmer from Pennsylvania came to our study and brought us an old well-worn English Bible which he requested us to place in our College library. The Bible had been given to him in the year 1817 when he was ten years old, and he read it through 97 times. When his eyes grew dim with old age, he was obliged to get a Bible with larger print. "But this Bible," he said, "has been my dear companion and friend for many years, and I would like to have it preserved in a Lutheran library." We gladly complied with the wish of the old Christian, and gave his dear old Bible a place in our College library. There it stands as a witness of the power of God's Word. No human book could have been such a dear companion and friend to the old Christian farmer. Such a book he might have read once or twice and then he would have been done with it, because it could teach him nothing more, and to read it again would have been like spending time in going over the alphabet. But this Bible he read ninety-seven times and found something new, something fresh, something unutterably sweet and comforting at each successive reading. It passed with him through days of sorrow and joy. Over its pages he hung many a day and night with tears of contrition, with smiles of gladness and of hope. When disappointment came, when the desertion of those whom he trusted came, when the bitterness of enemies came, when disease came, when the last look upon the face of some loved one came, when the deep shadow of a grave came to rest upon his heart and home—in every trying experience of his long life this Bible was his dear friend and comforting companion. "And I know," he said, as he left our study, "that on my dying-bed I will be sustained by the sweet promises which I learned from the dear old Bible."

Two Planks.

There were two planks laid across a stream, one of which was sound and the other rotten. A man came along and tried to walk on both,

but down he fell into the water. So he who partly trusts in the righteousness of Christ and partly in his own righteousness will surely fail of eternal life. Christ is the only way to heaven. "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. It is not the work of Christ and something added that saves us, but the work of Christ alone, apart from anything and everything we can do or feel, as having the slightest merit in the sight of God. The finished work of Jesus is the only sound plank upon which sinners can cross over the river of death into eternal life. Don't try to walk at the same time upon the rotten plank of your own righteousness, of your own good conduct, of your good feelings, or of anything you find in your own sinful self. It is a rotten plank. And if a man tries to walk on a sound and a rotten plank at the same time, he will as certainly fall into the water, as if neither were strong enough to bear his weight. Trust only in the finished work of Christ and you shall be saved.

A minister was making a pastoral visit to an old Scotch woman, who had for a long time been *trying* to be saved. Her cottage could be reached only by passing over a rapid brook that was bridged by a single plank. At first he feared to venture up, but the woman seeing his hesitation hurried from the door with the cry, "Just trust it"; and in a moment he stood by her side. "Woman," he said, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin; just trust it." She did give up trying to walk on the rotten plank of her own efforts. She simply trusted in the blood of Jesus, and her peace was like a river.

Believing Enough.

A short time ago, says a pastor, a woman came to see me as an inquirer. Speaking to her about the Lord Jesus, I asked her what she thought of Him. She replied, "I think He is One who can do anything." "Then He can pardon your sins," said I. "Yes," she said, "I know He can pardon my sins, if I believe enough."

After some further talk, which showed me that she was, like many others, longing for more faith, I took up my Bible, and, turning to Acts 10, asked her to read aloud to me the 43d verse. She read as follows: "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins." "Have you not left out a word?" I asked. "No." "Are you sure?" "Yes," she replied, as her eye again ran over the verse. "Now, read it to me once more," I asked; and again she read the verse aloud. When she had done so, I said, "Are you quite sure you have not left out a word?" "Yes, quite sure." "Then," I said, "you and the Apostle contradict each other; for he says, 'whosoever believeth in Him,' while you say, 'whosoever believeth *enough*;' now, who knows best, and who is likely to be right?" "The Apostle is right, quite right," said the woman, her eyes beaming with joy.

A Hard Way.

There is not a day passes but you can read in the pages of the daily papers, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

You go to the Tombs in New York City and you will find a little iron bridge running from the police court, where the men are tried, right into the cells. The New York officials had put up there in iron letters on that iron bridge, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

They know that it is true. Blot it out if you can. God has said it. It is true. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

On the other side of that bridge they put these words—"A Bridge of Sighs."

I said to one of the officers, "What did they put that up there for?"

He replied that most of the young men—for most of the criminals are young men—as they pass over that iron bridge went over it weeping. So they called it the Bridge of Sighs.

"What made you put that other, 'The way of the transgressor is hard'?"

"Well," he said, "it is hard. I think if you had anything to do with the prison you would believe that text, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'"—*Selected.*

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

O God, forsake me not!

O God, forsake me not,
But lead, full of compassion,
With loving hands Thy child,
That I may gain salvation,
When here my course is run.
Be Thou my Light, my Lot,
My Staff, my Rock, my Shield.
O God, forsake me not!

O God, forsake me not!
Guide me, while here I wander;
Grant that in sin and shame
My days I may not squander.
Thy Spirit send to me;
My faith, which Thou hast wrought,
Increase; be Thou my strength;
O God, forsake me not!

O God, forsake me not!
Lord, hear my supplication!
In every evil hour
Help me o'ercome temptation;
And when the Prince of hell
My conscience seeks to blot,
Then do not fail me, Lord!
O God, forsake me not!

O God, forsake me not!
Thy mercy I'm addressing.
O Father, God of love,
Grant me Thy richest blessing,
To do the duty which
To me Thou didst allot,
To do what pleaseth Thee.
O God, forsake me not!

O God, forsake me not!
Lord, I am Thine forever.
Grant me true faith in Thee;
Grant that I leave Thee never;
Grant me a blessed end,
When my good fight is fought;
Help me in life and death.
O God, forsake me not!

(Solomon Frank, 1725. Tr. by A. Crull, 1882.)

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Death of Thomas Bransford.

It was a sad, sad scene our little mission-chapel witnessed on the 13th of July. The low and solemn singing of the congregation, their sad faces and tearful eyes, the mourning mother, the coffin strewn with flowers, preached the powerful sermon of Ps. 103: "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." And the flower over the withering of which so many eyes wept that day, was not one easily to be forgotten. The coffin held the remains of one who had been a widow's only son, the joy and comfort of her lonely days, of one upon whom we looked as one of the best among the younger members of our little flock.

His name was Thomas Bransford, born at Louisville, Ark., on November 18th, 1864. His mother was for twenty-six years, in slavery and in freedom, an inmate of the house of Col. Johnson of Little Rock. Though well cared for by his kind master, it was Tom's ambition

to buy for his mother and himself a little homestead, and to gain this he labored without relaxing. He began by carrying papers for the two dailies of this city, and after he had won the love and favor of his employers by his industry, he was allowed, shortly before his death, to enter one of the printing-offices to learn the trade.

Meanwhile his education was not neglected. He visited our mission-school regularly, and under the instruction of Rev. Berg and Mr. Jeske made good progress. Not content, however, with what he learned in the day-time, he employed his spare hours at night in visiting an evening-school.

But not only worldly knowledge did Tom seek. Through God's grace, his heart soon began to wish for the wisdom that beareth the fruit of eternal life. By Rev. Berg's instruction, he became thoroughly acquainted with our Lutheran catechism. He soon learned the truth of what the Gospel says, that sinners cannot be saved but by faith in Christ Jesus, and though almost all his comrades thanklessly and faithlessly left the church where the Word of God is taught in its purity, Tom remained faithful to the last day of his life. Every Sunday morning he could be seen reciting his catechism with the children, while at night he was in his pew, a regular and attentive hearer of what God had to say to him. Among the people of his color, he was a most faithful and earnest missionary, inviting his friends and acquaintances to our chapel, anxious that they also should enjoy the sweetness of the Gospel.

Need we fear, then, that the sudden call of death found him unprepared? Is it doubtful whether or not the soul held sweet communion with its God, while the body was lying unconscious in that last, fatal illness? No, we doubt not, that Tom was found well prepared to stand before his Lord, that his sins were found to be covered up with the blood of Christ, and that he is now, and forever will be, chanting the Saviour's glory and praise with the angelic choirs.

Space does not permit us to speak fully of all the kindness Col. Johnson and his family showed to the poor colored boy during his last illness, and which they continue to show to the grief-stricken mother. May God bless them for their kindness! Neither shall we speak of the grief of the afflicted widow. May the Lord comfort her with the sweet hope of a resurrection unto eternal life! But this one question, kind reader, let us finally ask of you: Do you not find this one example of a saved soul reason enough to thank our God, who has shed his blessings bountifully on our poor work and shown us such fruits of our labors? Surely, if angels rejoice over the salvation of one soul, we must praise the Lord for having used our weak endeavors to bring this sinner into His heavenly paradise. May He continue to be with us as he has been until now, to the eternal honor and glory of His name.

—ER, Little Rock, Ark.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

The Latest News from our Colored Mission at Little Rock.

On the 6th Sunday after Trinity, Rev. E. Meilaender, the new missionary, was ordained and introduced to his future hearers. Rev. Herzberger officiated at the ordination and preached on Isa. 41, 5., from which text he showed how God will help those that work in the field of mission. At night, the regular services were held at the St. Paul's Chapel. The colored people who had signed a call to Mr. Meilaender had all assembled, besides a great number of others, the meeting almost completely filling the chapel. The sermon showed from Isa. 40, 1. 2. what comforting news God wishes to be preached by his ministers to all sinners, also to our colored fellowmen. After the services, Mr. Meilaender addressed the assembly in a few words, committing himself to their earnest prayer. Then Mr. C. Craemer, a student from St. Louis, who had labored in the mission with great success for several months, took his leave from those who had been his attentive hearers and who had grown dear to his heart. Altogether, the day was one not easily to be forgotten by all who partook in the services. May this short notice of the event be productive of renewed warmth wherever the zeal for our colored mission has waxed cold. IS.

The World's Estimate of Preachers.

It is not surprising that the infidels agree to estimate a preacher's greatness in the precise ratio of the distance he removes from the Bible. If he preaches the gospel faithfully, he is nothing at all, and it is well that it is so; for it would be a sore temptation and peril to his soul to have the secular newspapers dish out his sermons, or to excite the admiration of "the children of this world." If he denies the atonement of Christ, he begins to rise in public regard as "a deep thinker." If he preaches unitarianism and universalism, he is sure to be considered "a man of genius." If he is "sweet," and writes like the novelists, and dresses up his falsehoods in showy rhetoric, he is the greatest preacher of the country or the century. They have their reward now, and a terrible reckoning hereafter; but how strange it is that any true minister of the gospel should forget the warning of Jesus, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember the word that I said unto you, The servant is not greater than his lord." (John 15, 18—20.)—J. H. B.

To love anything more than we love the living and true God, is to make that thing our god.

A Good Strike.

In a Prussian roadside inn one hot Summer's day several men were smoking and drinking. The room was dirty and uncared for, and the men who looked quite in keeping with it, were railing at the ways of Providence, and contrasting the luxury and idleness of the rich with the misery and hardship of the poor.

During the conversation a stranger, a young man, came in to eat his bread and cheese while his team rested in the shade before the inn. For a time he listened silently to the talk, and then joined in saying, "You must strike!"

"Strike against what?" asked the peasants.

"Against poverty!" answered the young man, "and the weapon with which to strike is work."

"Well said!" "Sensibly spoken!" laughed the peasants.

"It would have been well for me had I always been as sensible," continued the stranger, "but I used to be an idle rogue. I was strong and healthy, but I would not work, and if now and then I was obliged to do anything, I was off at once to the alehouse, and like lightning the money was out and the brandy was in. I went from place to place—that means, that everywhere I was turned away, for no master wants a loafer about. I'd soon had enough of farm service, and then I went about to fairs and public houses as a fiddler. Wherever any one would hear me, I scraped my violin, but with all my scraping I was never able to get a whole shirt to my back. Soon I grew tired of music and then tried begging. I went up and down the country, but most doors were shut in my face. People said, a healthy young fellow like I was ought to work. That enraged me. I grumbled that God had not made me a rich man, and I was envious of all who were better off than myself. I would have liked to turn the world upside down that I might have been able to lord it over the rich. One day I went into an inn, sat down in a corner, and began muttering my begging speeches. At a table not far from me sat a gentleman (he is, as I afterwards heard, a writer of books); he kept glancing at me, and I kept glancing at him, for I thought he would be sure to give me a good alms, and so he did. I'm spending it still."

"What was it?" asked the men, who had listened attentively.

"He came up to me and asked me about my early life. I told him I had been a farm servant, and sent from place to place—in short, I told him everything. He listened quietly, shook his head, and at last said, 'Show me your hand!' Astonished, I held out my hands; he examined them all over, pushed up my sleeves, and again shook his head.

"What powerful hands! What strength there must be in those arms!" he said. "My lad, you must join in the war."

"In what war?" I asked.

"In war against your misery!" he exclaimed in a loud voice. "You fool, you imagine you

are poor—poor with such hands! What a mad idea! He only is poor who is sick in body or in mind. What! with such hands, poor! Set your wits to work and reflect upon the treasure God has given you in your strong healthy limbs. Recover your senses and march forward in the war!"

"Bravo! That was very good," laughed the peasants.

"And so I joined in the war," continued the young man. "I looked for a place, and now I am a farm servant as before—nothing better and no richer; but I am content with the ways of God and industrious, and I have served the same master these five years, and shall stay with him until one of us dies."—*From the German.*

Taking all Freely.

A Kentucky lady, upon her return to the home of her youth, after an absence of many months, heard of the distressed condition of "Old Aunt Peggy," a colored woman who had belonged to the family. In the kindness of her heart she immediately made arrangements for her comfort, and started out in the rain to find her. When Mrs. B. entered the wretched hovel, Aunt Peggy, who was hovering over a little fire in an old rusty, broken stove, exclaimed, "Dear, now! if dar ain't Miss Mary!" After an exchange of hearty greetings, Mrs. B. said, "Oh, dear! how have you lived in this condition!"

"Oh! de good Lord mi'te mind'f'bout me. Sometimes I has nothin' to eat, but den he takes my appetite 'way from me, so I doesn't crave nothin'; den I gits sleepy, en' I dreams mi'te pleasn't. O, child! I takes it all freely!"

"Well, but, Aunt Peggy, you have not a dry spot in your shanty."

"Well, honey, I knows dat; but it don't seem to gim me no cold; den bless you! it don't rain eb'ry day."

Mrs. B., who by this time was very much impressed that "godliness with contentment" was truly "great gain," said,

"Well, Aunt Peggy, I will send for you this afternoon. We have a nice little room fitted up, and your wants shall be supplied as long as you live."

Clasping her hands together, she fell down upon her knees; and with tears of joy streaming down her cheeks, she praised the Lord; then, quieting down, said:

"Dar, now! didn't I tell you I takes it all freely? S'pose Aunt Peggy hadn't been in sich a fix, whar'd Miss Mary got sich a chance to put another star in her crown? En' I knows it's gwy'in to be sot full on 'em, 'kase you always proved your faith in de Saviour by being good to us."

THAT was a beautiful reply given by one in affliction when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

The Curate and the Bricklayer.

There is a lesson for a certain class of grumblers in the following incident. All clergymen doing pastoral and missionary work have more or less of just such duty to perform:

A Manchester curate walking along a street in the dinner hour passed a lot of bricklayers smoking their pipes, and he heard one of the men say, "I'd like to be a parson and have nowt to do but walk along in black coat and carry a walking-stick in my hand, and get a lot of brass." There was an approving laugh all around, whereupon the curate turned quietly around, and the following conversation ensued: "So you would like to be a parson? How much do you get a week?" "Twenty-seven shillings." "Well, I am not a rich man, but I will give you twenty-seven shillings if you will come with me for a week and see what my work is like." The bricklayer did not like the proposal, but his mates told him it was a fair offer and he was bound to accept it. So reluctantly he followed the parson down an alley. "Where are you going?" he asked. "To see a sick parishioner," was the reply. "What is the matter with him?" "Small pox." At that the man drew back. His wife and bairns had never had the small pox, and he was afraid of taking it to them. "My wife and bairns have never had the small pox," said the curate, "come along." The man hesitated. "Oh, but you promised to accompany me wherever I went," urged the curate. "And where be you going next?" asked the bricklayer. "To see a poor family huddled in one room, with the father dead of scarlet fever in it, and themselves all down with it, and after that to see another parishioner ill with typhus; and tomorrow there will be a longer round." Thereupon the bricklayer begged to be let off. Twenty-seven shillings would be poor pay for that kind of work, and he promised he would never speak against the parsons again.—*Lichfield Church.*

The Infidel Blacksmith.

There was an infidel blacksmith who was always carping at professors of religion, especially when he could get a Christian to talk to, or knew there was one near enough to overhear him. He would then talk with great relish about the faults of this or that Christian. One day he discussed his favorite theme to a venerable elder who stopped to have his horse shod. The good old man bore it quietly for a while, and then he said to the blacksmith:

"Did you ever hear the story of the rich man and Lazarus?"

"Yes, of course I have."

"Remember about the dogs—at the gate there—how they licked Lazarus' sores?"

"Yes; why?"

"Well, you remind me of those dogs—always licking sores. All you notice in Christians is their faults."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

AN IMPORTANT WORK.—An English translation of the new edition of the "Halle Reports" from the able pen of Rev. C. W. Schaefer, D. D., is being issued by the Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. The first volume, neatly bound and well printed, has just appeared and can be had for \$1.25 by addressing the publisher, A. Bendel, Reading, Pa.

OUR ENGLISH MISSION IN THE WEST.—The Rev. A. Baepler, our English missionary, is earnestly at work in Missouri. His recent work has been in Perry county, where he has visited several American settlements, everywhere meeting with a warm welcome. A report in the *Lutheraner* says: "The clear, calm presentation of the doctrines of Holy Scripture, in accordance with the Confession of our Lutheran Church—so fundamentally different from the manner of preaching of sectarian preachers—makes a powerful impression upon the people. In some places, where it has become known that an English Lutheran missionary has been appointed for this part of the State, the people are hardly able to wait until he shall come to preach. This is specially the case in Perryville and vicinity, where there is a very promising field." The missionary has also visited the brethren of the English Lutheran Conference of Missouri, who greatly rejoice that an English missionary has been appointed for the purpose of gathering the scattered English members of the household of faith. Two young men, members of the English Lutheran congregation in Wayne county, Missouri, who have received instruction from Rev. Wagner, expect to enter our Seminary at Springfield, Ill., in order to prepare for the ministry. May all our people gladly contribute the means necessary to support a mission upon which the blessing of God evidently rests. Contributions for this mission should be sent to Mr. C. F. Lange, 509 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

RARE WORKS.—The collection of books in the Library of the Augustana College and Seminary at Rock Island, Ill., exceeds 11,000 volumes, among which are many rare and valuable books. There is a copy of Luther's *Smaller Catechism*, translated for the Indians by the Swedish Lutheran pastor M. Campanius, 1696; a copy of the first Swedish Bible, 1541; a copy of the German Bible published in the year 1534, and other rare and valuable works, published in the 16th century. In 1862, the college received a valuable donation of historical works in the Swedish, Latin, French, German, and other languages, from Charles XV., the late Lutheran king of Sweden.

FIRST CHURCH IN PENNSYLVANIA.—"1646.—The first Lutheran Church in the State of Pennsylvania was erected at Tinicum, Delaware county, and was dedicated September 4th, 1646."—*Philada. Press*. It is proper to add, that this church was built by the Swedes, who landed on the Delaware River a few years be-

fore, and that it was the first of all the churches ever built in the State.—*L. S. S. Herald*.

LUTHERAN HOSPITAL.—The Lutheran Hospital in New York city, says the *Church Messenger*, although opened but a few months and dependent entirely upon the charity of good Christians, is in a very flourishing condition. It is in the hands of practical and warm-hearted men and women, and the bodily and spiritual needs of the patients receive all attention. We rejoice that the Lutheran Church of America is not denying her character as one that proves her faith by her works.

A NOBLE CHINAMAN.—Low Foo, a Chinaman, when converted at Canton, sold himself as a slave in order that he might go to Demarara and preach the Gospel to his fellow countrymen there! He has been so successful that he has a church of 200 converts, who are supporting missionaries among their own people.

A LARGE SUM.—The British people gave \$5,310,950 for foreign missions last year.

HE SAW HIS MISTAKE.—After his "Voyage of the Beagle," Darwin, the infidel scientist, pronounced the Patagonians a race below possibility of improvement. But thirty years later, on learning of the changes wrought by English missionaries, he frankly admitted his mistake and became a contributor to the funds of the South American Missionary Society.

A MONUMENT.—A memorial statue of William Tyndale, who first translated the New Testament into English, will be erected on the Thames Embankment. It will be of bronze, ten feet high, and will cost \$12,000.

ROMISH PERSECUTION.—Rev. T. L. Gulick, missionary in Spain, has had an experience of the intolerance and blood-thirstiness that still animates the deluded people of that priest-ridden country. Mr. Gulick and his attendant, on their way to visit a company of Christians in the mountains of Navarre, were waylaid and repeatedly fired upon, even after taking their seat in the cars, the priest who had incited the assassins having declared that if it was not for his "corona" (shaven crown) he would kill them himself. Mr. Gulick has applied to the Spanish minister for redress.

MORAVIAN MISSION JUBILEE.—The present year is the one hundred and fiftieth since the first Moravian missionaries went forth. The Committee desire to raise a Jubilee Fund to commemorate this, to be appropriate for opening new missions. In the appeal sent out they say: "In 1732 two men represented the Moravian Church among the heathen—now there are 322 missionaries in the service, and the sphere of labor embraces Esquimaux in Greenland and Labrador; Indians in North America and the Mosquito Coast of Central America; Negroes in Dutch and British Guiana and the West Indies; Hottentots and Kaffirs in South Africa; Tibetans in the Himalayan regions of Central Asia, and the Aborigines of Australia; in all nearly 75,000 souls. In what more appropriate way can we manifest our gratitude,

than by a strenuous effort to advance the kingdom of our blessed Lord and Saviour among the heathen?" The receipts of this society have been for the past year about \$5,000 in advance of the previous year.

A SHAMEFUL BUSINESS.—While Christians of every denomination are putting forth their strength, and making great sacrifices to open the eyes of the heathen to the folly and wickedness of idolatry, there are extensive manufacturers in Birmingham, England, who do a large trade in "gods." The circular of one of these firms appears in the *Semeur* bandirs, and runs thus: "We beg to offer to our Hindoo clients images of Yamen, the god of the dead, in bronze, very finely carved; also a large selection of images of Narundi, the prince of demons. He is carried by a giant of elegant structure, his sabre is of the latest fashion. The god of the sun is offered for sale, having a silver tail and mounted upon a crocodile of copper. Bourberen, the god of riches, is a finely finished work of art. A great assortment of inferior gods and semi-gods. While the firm does not give credit, discount is allowed from the account for cash."

PLENTY ADVICE.—We are always thankful to our friends for sending us good advice in regard to the way of conducting our paper. We have at present so much good advice lying about here in our room that we could "run" twenty papers, if papers could be "run" on good advice.—We close our window.

It is better to have Christ's poverty and be rich in faith, than to have the world's wealth and not be rich toward God.

Money - Box.

Received for the new chapel in New Orleans of N. N. in Luth. Emanuel's congregation, Ft. Wayne, Ind., \$1.00. R. A. B.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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

Colored Lutheran Churches in New Orleans, La.

MOUNT ZION COLORED LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school meets every Sunday in "Sailors' Home" on Erato St. at 2 o'clock.
Divine services at 3 o'clock every Sunday and at 7.30 every Thursday evening.

ST. PAUL'S COLORED LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Chapel on Clayborn St., between St. Bernard and Annette.
Sunday-school every Sunday at 10 A. M.
Divine services at 7.30 every Sunday and Wednesday evening.

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Reformation Day.

The last day of this month is Reformation Day. It is a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving in the Lutheran Church. On that day, in the year 1517, Dr. Martin Luther nailed his ninety-five Theses against the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg. This was the beginning of the Reformation by which God restored the pure Gospel to mankind. For ages before Luther's time this Gospel was buried under the rubbish of human, soul-destroying doctrines taught by the pope and his priests. The anxious sinner was pointed to his own works and to the works of the saints for salvation. He was not told of the work of Christ, the Saviour, in whom alone forgiveness of sins can be found. The Bible, in which the sweet tidings of salvation are revealed, was hidden from the people. The darkness of superstition and Romish corruption had spread over Christendom. Men who lifted their voices against this corruption were put to death. At last God's set time for the deliverance of His people had come. And the instrument which He had prepared and which He used for this great work was Dr. Martin Luther. After many years of anxiety and trouble of soul Luther had at last found peace and rest in the sweet Gospel of Jesus. This Gospel he now proclaimed to the world. It was the precious jewel which he brought forth from under the rubbish of Romish errors, and it shone forth in all its purity and brilliancy, and was hailed by thousands with joy and thanksgiving. From the Bible, which Luther restored to the people, it was seen that the Gospel which he proclaimed was not a new doctrine, but that it was the doctrine of the prophets and apostles, the doctrine in which the Christians of old had found forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. It was seen that Luther was God's messenger of whom it is written in the fourteenth chapter of the Book of Revelation: "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that

made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters."

This everlasting Gospel we still enjoy. And knowing what an unspeakable blessing it is, we celebrate Reformation Day and praise God for the great blessing which He conferred to the Church through the Reformation of Dr. Martin Luther. Such gratitude will also move our hearts to work for the spread of this Gospel. The Lutheran Church must be a mission church. The everlasting Gospel which she proclaims must be preached to "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." Our Church has a noble mission and a great work to do in this country. Let us remember this as we gather in our churches on Reformation Day. If we are true children of the Reformation, if we prize the pure Gospel which God has graciously committed to us, then let us devote our prayers and our money to the support and to the spread of that Gospel.

The Right Company.

I have read, said a pastor, of one who dreamed when in great distress of mind about his religious state. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory, they passed by him through the gate, and when they vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music.

"Who are they?" he asked.

"They are the goodly fellowship of the prophets, who have gone to be with God."

And he heaved a deep sigh as he said, "Alas! I am not one of them, and never shall be, and I cannot enter there."

By-and-by there came another band, equally lovely in appearance, and equally triumphant, and robed in white. They passed within the portals, and again were heard shouts of welcome within.

"Who are they?"

"They are the goodly fellowship of the apostles."

"Alas!" he said, "I belong not to that fellowship, and I cannot enter there."

He still waited and lingered, in the hope that he might yet go in; but the next multi-

tude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them, nor wave their palm-branches. He waited still, and saw that the next was a company of godly ministers and officers of Christian churches; but he could not go with them. At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously, and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the thief that died upon the cross hard by the Saviour; and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were, and he thought—"There will be no shouting about them."

But to his astonishment, it seemed as if all heaven was rent with seven-fold shouts as they passed in. And the angels said to him: "These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace." And then he said: "Blessed be God! I can go in with them."

And so he awoke.

Who is My Neighbor?

A minister was soliciting aid to foreign missions, and applied to a gentleman who refused him, with the reply, "I don't believe in foreign missions. I want what I give to benefit my neighbors."

"Well," replied he, "whom do you regard as your neighbors?"

"Why, those around me."

"Do you mean those whose land joins yours?" inquired the minister.

"Yes."

"Well," said the minister, "how much land do you own?"

"About five hundred acres."

"How far down do you own?"

"Why, I never thought of it before, but I suppose I own about half way through."

"Exactly," said the clergyman; "I suppose you do, and I want this money for the New Zealanders—the men whose land joins yours on the bottom."

THERE are many who know their own wisdom, but there are few who know their own folly.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

"And Don't You Forget It."

These words were overheard by me while coming down the street a few days ago. They were uttered by my friend Henry and addressed to his friend Martin. While passing on, I was overtaken by Henry, and we walked on together for a distance, speaking about the latest news. At length, moved by something like curiosity, I asked Henry about the meaning of his last words to Martin: "And don't you forget it." "Well," said he, "I intended to remind him of what he had promised me to do." "Promised you to do," said I, "and, pray, may I not know what this was? Or do you wish to keep it a secret?" "Oh, no, not at all! You certainly may know it," was the answer, "and I am really glad you are anxious to know it; for it was my intention to speak to you on the same subject. You know, Martin always takes a great interest in all affairs concerning the Church. Well, Martin and myself had been speaking about the progress of mission work in general, and thinking this a good opportunity, I called his attention to the English Lutheran mission which was recently opened by the Missouri Synod in the southern part of Missouri and in Arkansas. I also called his attention to the fact that this mission needed some material aid in order to be maintained, and that by supporting the same the kingdom of our dear Lord Jesus would be spread and established. Now, Martin always is anxious to do something for the cause of our Lord wherever he can, and so he declared that he was willing to support this mission also as far as he would be able to do so, and wanted to know to whom moneys given for this purpose must be sent; to which request I replied by giving him the address of the treasurer of this mission, Mr. C. F. Lange, No. 509 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Made bold by the generosity of Martin, I went on telling him that two young men had gone to Springfield, Ill., to prepare themselves for the ministry, and that they intended to work in the English Lutheran Church after having finished their studies, but that they were not able to carry out their plan, if they would have to rely on their own means; they needed support also, for they were in very limited circumstances; what a good mission work it would be to assist them, &c. Martin and I had a good talk about supporting young men preparing themselves for the ministry, and about the importance of this work. He agreed with me that, as it is our duty to pray the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest, it also is our Christian duty to support poor students who desire to become laborers in the harvest of the Lord, and that this also was mission work. Again and again Martin exclaimed: 'Well, I ought to do something for them; I think, I can spare a little for those young men; I will certainly do something!' Having these words of his in view, I said, when

bidding him good-bye: And don't you forget it!—Now you know what I meant," my friend concluded, "and therefore I would ask you also whether you do not feel inclined to do something for this mission and for the support of these students." My old friend had become quite warm, and I could not but promise to do so.

On coming home I thought it would be of no harm to write a few words about this affair to our little PIONEER, who is a missionary himself and very warmly advocates mission work. May be he can make some use of it, and induce others to join in this good work of English mission. Hoping this might be the case, let me close with the remark of my friend: "And don't you forget it!" C. L. J.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Grace Alone.

It is not a mere phrase or a favorite human notion with the Lutheran Church that the pure doctrine concerning the sinner's justification is the chief article of all Christian doctrine, and that, consequently, the continual teaching and repetition of this article of faith is most necessary. The Scriptures teach, and experience proves, that he is in the clear, bright light who faithfully adheres to the purity of this doctrine and that, on the other hand, those who deviate therefrom, are in miserable darkness. The Bible-truth concerning man's justification must, therefore, be taught and preached chiefly and above all things, and Christians must not grow weary in hearing or reading, in studying and meditating on that precious message from above, that by grace alone we have remission of sins and peace with God.

Touching this fact, that this doctrine must be taught and contemplated with all diligence, Martin Luther expresses himself in the following words: "We must with all diligence set forth the article of justification that it may shine over them (the Papists) as the brightness of the sun and bring to light out from the darkness all their wickedness, so that their shame and hypocrisy may be exposed and discovered before all men. And for this cause we take the more delight in treating this article of justification, and set it forth earnestly, that the Papists, together with all sectarians, may be confounded and that this article may be the more established and, confirmed in our hearts, of which we stand in need; for if we lose this sun, we shall surely fall again into the darkness in which we have been heretofore. Verily, a most abominable and horrible thing it is that the wicked, cursed pope should ever be able to bring this to pass in the Church and Christendom, that Christ should be denied, trodden under foot and moreover, be spit upon and blasphemed, and that all this should be done even by the dear Gospel and the holy sacraments, which he has darkened in such a manner, and turned into such detestable, horrible abuse, that he has made them to serve him, to

set up against Christ, and to confirm his own infernal abomination and profanation. God forbid! O the great, terrible, frightful darkness! O the horrible, unspeakable wrath of God!"—

Dear Reader! The brightness of the sun of the pure Gospel is shining over us in the Church of the Reformation. Are we thankful to God for His merciful kindness?—Do we think of it how utterly insignificant and unavailing, in point of justification, even our best deeds of the law are? Do we freely part with the best things and account them lost and dung, that we may be found in Christ alone, not having our own righteousness, but that which is through faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith? (Phil. 3, 8. 9.) May God grant through His good Spirit that we diligently mark, and firmly stand upon, the Gospel-truth, that by grace alone and through faith alone we are justified and saved! G. R.

A "Loving" Day.

"Mother, I suppose one reason why they call Sunday a holy day is because it's such a *loving* day," said a little boy as he stood by his father's side, and looked up into his mother's face.

"Why, is not every day a loving day?" asked his mother. "I love father, and father loves me, and we both love you and baby, every day as well as Sunday."

"Well, but you've no time to *tell* us so on week days," said the little boy. "You have to work, and father has to go off early to his work, and he is so tired when he comes home. But Sunday he takes me on his knee and tells me Bible stories, and we go to church together; and oh, 'tis such a *loving* day!"

Ancient Baptism.

The *Independent* notices recent attempts on the part of Baptists to find evidence in ancient history that immersion was the true mode of baptism. It says:

"It is singular that these gentlemen all alike ignore the circumstance that the verdict of antiquity *among the Baptists* is in favor of sprinkling or pouring as the true mode of baptism. It is strange if they are not all aware of the fact, which no respectable authority has yet had the temerity to call in question, that prior to the comparatively recent date of 1641 none of the people who are known as Baptists were immersed. John Smith was baptized by sprinkling; as also were John Spillsbury, William Kiffin, Roger Williams and the First Baptist church of Providence, and John Clarke and his church in Newport. The English Baptist never dreamed of the possibility of immersing *an adult person* as a religious ceremony before the year 1641, and there is good ground to conclude that the American Baptists never thought of such a thing before the year 1644.

Battle Song of the Church.

Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
His Gideon shall for you arise,
Uphold you and His word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.

A jest and byword are they grown;
God is with us; we are His own:
Our victory cannot fail.

(Gustavus Adolphus.)

The Lutheran Hero King.

In the year 1618 a terrible war broke out in Germany which lasted till 1648 and is therefore called the Thirty Years' War. The papists, who began the war, intended to destroy Protestantism and to suppress the Lutheran doctrine throughout Germany. The armies of the Romish emperor, under the command of the able but cruel Generals Wallenstein and Tilly, overran both Germany and Denmark and everywhere defeated the Evangelical Princes. Romish darkness again threatened to cover the Church, and it seemed as if religious liberty were totally crushed. But in this time of great need God came to the aid of His Church. He moved the heart of Gustavus Adolphus, the Lutheran King of Sweden, to come to the rescue of his brethren in Germany. In June, 1630, he entered Germany with 15,000 men. They were brave and noble soldiers. In the army of Gustavus Adolphus no cursing was heard, but prayers and hymns of praise. Daily morning and evening services were held in the camp, and in all things the king himself set his people a good example. Upon reaching German soil he hastened to the relief of the Lutheran city of Magdeburg. But before he arrived Tilly, the Romish General, had stormed the city and slaughtered thirty thousand men. Not even the children were spared. The Romish soldiers fastened them on their spears and held them in the flames. The city was plundered and set on fire, and of one of the finest cities of Germany nothing remained but the cathedral and a few fishermen's huts. Tilly gloried over his cruelty, but it was the last victory he won. Gustavus Adolphus met him near Leipzig and completely defeated the "victor of thirty-six battles." He followed him into Southern Germany and there again defeated him. In this battle Tilly was mortally wounded. Thus the Swedish king advanced victoriously and everywhere freed the Protestants from the oppression under which they had so long groaned. But the war was not yet ended. The Romish emperor again



Gustavus Adolphus.

called Wallenstein to the chief command, who, having gathered a new army, met the Swedes at Luetzen. On the 6th of November, 1632, the battle began. In the morning Gustavus conducted the service in his camp. The whole army sang Luther's great hymn, "A mighty Fortress is our God," and Gustavus' own battle hymn, "Fear not, O little Flock, the Foe." The king and his army kneeled down and offered prayer. After the service the king mounted his horse and placed his army in battle array. He gave the watchword, "GOD WITH US," then swinging his sword above his head he uttered the word of command, and with the cry of "Onward!" he rushed forward followed by the eager troops. The Romish army was completely defeated and the Lutherans were victorious. This victory, however, was dearly bought. Gustavus Adolphus fell in this battle. The Swedish soldiers carried the disfigured body of their beloved king from the battlefield. It was laid to rest in the Lutheran Church at Stockholm.

This year brings us the 250th anniversary of the battle of Luetzen, where Gustavus Adolphus, the great Lutheran hero king, laid down his life for the cause of Protestantism in Europe.

"Not Head Off."

June 15, 1530, the emperor Charles V. entered Augsburg. He desired that the Lutheran princes should take part in a Roman Catholic procession on the following day. The princes, however, refused, as they were not willing to encourage what is opposed to the Word of God. The Emperor insisted on his demand. Then the Evangelical Lutheran Count George of Brandenburg (a member of the family from which the present Emperor William of Germany is descended) solemnly declared, "Rather than deny my God and His Gospel, I would kneel here before your Majesty and have my head severed from my body." The Emperor graciously replied, "Dear prince, not head off! not head off!"

HE who speaks, sows; he who listens, reaps.

Better Poor than Unfaithful.

When Duke *George of Saxony*, the great enemy of the Lutheran doctrine, was on his death-bed, he desired to make his brother *Henry* heir of his land, on condition that *Duke Henry*, who was a Lutheran, would not permit the Gospel to be preached in the land. If he were not willing to agree to this, the Emperor was to receive the country. The nobility undertook to speak to Duke Henry about it, and put forth every effort to induce him to agree to the condition. Among other things they told him, that besides the beautiful country, there was also on hand much money and silver, which would be his if he agreed to his brother's wish. But the honest Lutheran Prince replied: "You remind me of Christ's temptation in the wilderness, when the devil approached Him and said, *All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.* If my brother can, with a good conscience, disinherit me, he may do so. But do not think that for the sake of money and property I will hinder God's Word in its course. I will rather remain poor, than to give up God and His Word."

But, what occurred? Duke George died before his testament was completed, and Duke Henry was the lawful heir. He assumed the government, and at once permitted the preaching of the Gospel in his country.—*Church Messenger.*

A Warning.

At the time of the Reformation a Romish priest in Bautzen, Saxony, *Urban Nicolai* by name, came to a knowledge of the truth of the Lutheran doctrine, and publicly confessed it. Not very long afterward, hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, he fell away from what he knew to be the truth, and denied the Lutheran faith. On Trinity Sunday, in the year 1537, he ascended the pulpit, denounced the truth, and at last declared, that *if Luther's doctrine were true, thunder and lightning should kill him.* The same evening a tremendous thunder storm arose. Flash of lightning followed flash, and like a thousand voices of divine wrath the thunders rolled along. Calling to mind his bold challenge of divine justice, he ordered the ringing of all the bells, hastened to church and cast himself before the altar, with trembling and in prayer. But a flash of lightning struck him and rendered him insensible. The citizens of the place came and carried him away. A second flash then struck him and killed him on the spot. The bearers of his body, although themselves unharmed, ran away in great fright. This terrible judgment of God made so deep an impression that thousands became Lutherans and the mouths of many blasphemers were stopped.—*From the German.*

THE world says, "Much giving makes an empty purse." But the Lord says, "Give and it shall be given unto you."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

LUTHERANISM.—The growth of Lutheranism in this country during the past thirty years is certainly wonderful, says the *Christian at Work*. Especially in the great Northwest has the number of their communicants increased wonderfully. They have several theological Seminaries and Colleges, attended by a large number of students. Most of their churches have parochial schools, in which many thousands of children not only receive a literary education, but are also thoroughly instructed in the catechism. The Missouri Synod alone is said to have 868 parochial schools, with 43,323 scholars. They support quite a number of Orphans' Homes and other benevolent institutions, and issue many periodical publications. Even this does not half tell the story of what has been accomplished by these poor Germans of the Northwest. They have built churches, school-houses and parsonages in large numbers, and supported their pastors almost entirely without aid from abroad. Many of their churches are large and fine, and some of them cost from \$50,000 to \$100,000 each.

A NEW TRANSLATION.—Luther's Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians is being translated into classic English and will appear in due time. It will be the first of a series of doctrinal, practical and devotional books which will be published from the office of the *Workman* at Pittsburgh, Pa.

A LEGACY.—By the death of an old settler in Wisconsin, the Norwegian Luther College at Decorah, Ia., obtained a legacy of \$6,000.

LUTHER'S FAMILY.—There is said to be still living a lineal descendant of Martin Luther in the person of one Herr W. Wolters, of Stuttgart. He claims descent through Luther's daughter Anna. The male line has long been extinct, the last representative of it having died in 1720. This was Professor Luther, of Leipzig.

LUTHER'S MUSIC TO THE FRONT.—At the great musical festival held in New York recently, Luther's "A Mighty Fortress is our God" was sung by a choir of 1700 voices, accompanied by a full orchestra, including 3 trumpets, 2 oboes, string quartet, organ, kettle-drums, flutes, English horn, 4 clarinets, 3 bassoons, contra-bassoons, 3 trombones and tuba. The arrangement of the music was that of Bach.

THE LATEST NEW TESTAMENT.—A certain Baptist minister informs us that he has a Testament on his table in which he cannot find the Lord's command to baptize all nations. That must be quite a new New Testament. We advise our Baptist friend to throw it out of the window. It must be bogus. Somebody has imposed upon him. In the genuine N. T. the command is found in Matthew 28, 19., "Go ye and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them" (i. e., baptizing all nations), &c.—*Church Messenger*.

ROMISH DOINGS.—Roman Catholics, on a recent Sunday, near one of their churches in

New York attacked a man who was distributing tracts, beat him on the head and threw him into a gutter in a bleeding condition. It is reported that they were incited by their priest to this shameful conduct.

FT. WAYNE, IND.—The Lutheran St. Paul's congregation at this place, Revs. Sihler and Sauer, pastors, has taken the first steps towards organizing another congregation in the southern part of the city. Lots have been bought and a school-house is being erected in which a Parochial School will be opened, and services will be held for the present. The new congregation will start with 100 members and will, we doubt not, increase rapidly.—The large and beautiful parsonage of the Lutheran Immanuel's congregation, Rev. C. Gross, pastor, is now finished. The cost of the parsonage is \$5,000.

ADAMS COUNTY, IND.—We had the pleasure of spending a few days of our vacation in Adams county, Ind., where the lamented Rev. F. Wyneken, the pioneer of Lutheran missions in the West, began his mission work in the year 1838. There are now several congregations in the county which are all in a prosperous condition. The old people still speak with loving gratitude of the self-sacrificing labors of their "beloved Wyneken." The old "parsonage" is still to be seen. It is an old log-house, having but one room. That one room was not only Wyneken's dwelling but it was also the school-room and the church. In the old church-yard we also saw the beautiful monument which the congregation erected in memory of the lamented Rev. Jaebker, who was Wyneken's successor and who faithfully served the church for many years.

LUTHERAN ORPHANS' HOME.—The annual report of the Lutheran Orphans' Home at Addison, Ill., has been published, showing the most gratifying state of affairs in this important institution. There are 103 inmates in the Home. The gross income for the year was \$7,331.82. The expenditures amounted to \$6,304.95, leaving a balance in the treasury.

WITH THE LORD.—The Rev. A. S. Bartholomew, sen., of Lima, O., departed this life on September 24th. His mortal remains were taken to Fort Wayne, Ind., and laid to rest in the Lutheran cemetery of the Missouri Synod churches in compliance with the request of the departed brother. May the God of all consolation comfort the hearts of the bereaved.

WHAT WE NEED.—We are glad to see from the papers that at the opening of our Lutheran Colleges and Seminaries a large number of new students have been enrolled. The Lutheran Church needs laborers for the great work which God has given her to do. Some one lately remarked that all the people of the United States need, to possess the finest navy in the world, is ships—for they have plenty of water. So we may say we have plenty of fields of labor, but we need laborers to go out into those fields. We have only to contemplate the thousands and tens of thousands that annually come to

us from Germany, and Norway, and Sweden, and Denmark, and other European countries, swelling our numbers and increasing our work, to be convinced how great the need of laborers in the Lord's vineyard is in this land. But we shall not write a long article on this subject. We hope no one will deny the truth of what we said, and—we close our window.

"No one," says Jerome, "loves to tell a tale of scandal except to him who loves to hear it. Learn, then, to rebuke and check the detracting tongue, by showing that you do not listen to it with pleasure."

BOOK-TABLE.

SECOND READER. ILLUSTRATED. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

Well done! The Committee that has selected and compiled the lessons for this Reader has done its work well. Our Publishing House, in procuring good paper, clear print, strong binding, and last, but not least, a large number of beautiful engravings, has also done its work well. Yes, they have all done their work well and the result is that we have a most charming Reader which will be a joy to the little ones in our schools. The price of the book is 30 cts. per copy; postage, 5 cts.

ABENDSCHULE-KALENDER für das christliche Haus auf das Jahr 1883.

This Almanac will be welcomed in all our German Christian homes. It contains 232 pages of useful and entertaining reading matter, and is handsomely illustrated. The price is 30 cts. per copy. Address, Mr. L. Lange, cor. Clara and Miami sts., St. Louis, Mo.

OUTLINES OF CHURCH HISTORY. Illustrated. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price, bound in muslin, 40 cts.; by the 100 copies, 25 cts. each.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ALBUM, containing 64 texts from Holy Scripture. Arranged after the German of Karl Gerok. With translations by Miss Mary Welden. With illustrations. Ig. Kohler, 911 Arch st., Philadelphia. Price, 30 cts. per copy; \$2.25 per doz.

HUEBNER'S BIBLICAL STORIES, from the Old and New Testaments, for youth and public schools, translated from the German. Published by I. Kohler, Philadelphia. Cheap school edition, 60 cts.; cloth, \$1.00; leather, \$1.25.

Money - Box.

Received of Rev. H. Engelbrecht for an English Lutheran library, \$1.00; of "a lover of the Word in Zanesville, O.," for the support of two English students at Springfield, Ill., \$1.00, and per Rev. G. Polack of widow R. Hemmann, \$1.00.

C. L. JANZOW,
Frohna, Perry Co., Mo.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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

Colored Lutheran Churches in New Orleans, La.

MOUNT ZION COLORED LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school meets every Sunday in "Sailors' Home" on Erato St. at 2 o'clock.
Divine services at 3 o'clock every Sunday and at 7.30 every Thursday evening.

ST. PAUL'S COLORED LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Chapel on Clayborn St., between St. Bernard and Annette.
Sunday-school every Sunday at 10 A. M.
Divine services at 7.30 every Sunday and Wednesday evening.

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(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Advent.

Come, Thou precious Ransom! come,
Dear Desire of sinful mortals!
Come, O Saviour of the world!
Opened are to Thee all portals;
Come in wonted suavity,
Longingly we wait for Thee.

Enter also in my heart,
O Thou mighty King of glory,
And with me make Thine abode,
Though I am but poor and sorry;
All my riches then shall be
That Thou reignest, Lord, in me.

My Hosannas do receive
And victorious palms, dear Saviour!
Thanks and honor I will pay
Thee, as best I can, forever,
And by faith I will embrace,
Lord, Thy merit through Thy grace.

Hail! Hosanna! David's Son,
Help, Lord, hear our supplication!
Let Thy sceptre, realm, and crown
Bring us blessing and salvation,
That forever we may sing:
Hail! Hosanna! Lord, our King!

(M. J. G. Olearius, 1644.)
(Tr. by A. C., 1831.)

Thy King Cometh.

"Behold, thy King cometh unto thee."
These are glad tidings of comfort and joy, and well may that little word "Behold" call upon us to give heed to these tidings. For who is He that cometh? It is Christ the Lord and Saviour. He is *thy* King. He came into the world to become *thy* King and *thy* Saviour. With His own precious blood He redeemed you from the kingdom of sin and Satan and hell, so that you may be His own, and live under Him in His kingdom.

And in order to set up His kingdom in our hearts He still comes to us. "Thy King cometh unto thee." He comes in His blessed Word and Sacrament. He comes when His holy Gospel is read or preached and His holy Sacraments are administered. Not in wrath does He come in these means of grace, but in mercy, with the fullness of blessing and salvation. He comes to enter our hearts and to rule there as our merciful King in grace and in peace. Happy are they who receive Him into their hearts as their King and their Saviour. He supplies every want of their souls and leads them to the beautiful mansions in His Father's house.

And you may enjoy this happiness, my dear reader, even if you are the chief of sinners. "Thy King cometh unto thee." He comes to

you in every Gospel message as your King and Saviour, and brings you forgiveness of sin and life everlasting. Suppose He should appear to you visibly, while you are reading these lines, and say in gentle tones, "I am thy King and thy Saviour; thy sins are forgiven thee"; would this satisfy you? Would you believe Him and accept Him without waiting a single moment? But He is saying it in the Gospel as truly as if you could hear His voice; and why not believe Him? He is saying it as directly, as sincerely, to *you* as though you were the only sinner on the earth, or as though He stood visibly in your presence; and why not trust Him? Oh, accept that glorious Gospel in which the Saviour addresses you personally. In that Gospel "THY KING COMETH UNTO YOU."

The Blessing of Trials.

Very many of the sweetest joys of Christian hearts are songs which have been learned in the bitterness of trial. It is said of a little bird that he will never learn to sing the song his master will have him sing while it is light in his cage. He learns a snatch of every song he hears, but will not learn a full, separate melody of his own. And the master covers the cage and makes it dark all about the bird, and then he listens and learns the one song that is taught to him, until his heart is full of it. Then ever after he sings that song in the light.

With many of us it is as with the bird. The Master has a song he wants to teach us, but we learn only a strain of it, a note here and there, while we catch up snatches of the world's songs and sing them with it. Then he comes and makes it dark about us till we learn the sweet melody he would teach us. Many of the loveliest songs of peace and trust sung by God's children in this world, they have been taught in the darkened chambers of sorrow.

Selected.

SOME one once went through the Bible to find the promises therein, and counting them, assured himself that there were thirty-one thousand of them. "Surely," he said, "here are enough to meet all the possible wants of man."

The Master's Call.

Up and be doing! the time is brief,
And life is frail as the autumn leaf.

The harvest is white, and the field is wide,
And thou at thine ease mayst not abide.

The Master has given his pledge divine—
Who winneth souls like the stars shall shine.

Scriptureless Preaching.

Scriptureless preaching is spreading rapidly and widely among the sectarian churches of our land. It is not confined to city churches, but can also be heard in country congregations. A pastor recently had an opportunity to learn something of the character of the preaching of sectarian ministers in small towns. He says: Two villages were visited, in one of which the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church preached a sermon which did not give to the people a single verse of scripture. After having read his text he made no more use of God's word, than if there was not a Bible on the face of the earth. In another village the Pastor of a Baptist Church made the following statement to his congregation: "If there is a hell, and God were to invite me at death to enter heaven, I would ask, are those your creatures who are suffering? Should He reply, 'They are,' I would say, 'No, sir, please excuse me; I prefer to be damned.'" It is needless to say that he did not refer to the Bible in the foolish and wicked discourse that contained such monstrous blasphemy. The Pastor of another church in the same village said in his opening prayer, "O Father, pity those who can not talk with the stars." Of course the ass did not have an idea that the words possess any meaning, but he had seen them in Emerson, or in some silly book, and, as they seemed to him to be pretty, he dragged them into his prayer, and entirely dispensed with the Bible in the speech that followed. The Pastor of the Methodist Church in the same place publicly ridiculed the miracles of the Old Testament, and denied the inspiration of the Bible.

We pity the poor people who Sunday after Sunday listen with itching ears to the foolish, wicked talk of speakers leading their souls on the way to eternal perdition. How dearly ought Lutherans to love their church in which the pure Gospel is preached. Their pastor may not be a great pulpit orator, and their church building may be a small log house. But the preaching of the pure Gospel makes that pastor an ambassador of Christ, it makes that church building a true house of God in which Christ pours out all the riches of His grace; for there the promise is fulfilled: "Thy King cometh unto thee."

WHEN you find an unkind feeling towards another person rising in your heart, that is the time not to speak to a fellow being, but to talk to God in prayer.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

"To do Good and to Communicate forget not."

True Christians, walking through faith in the path of life, are by the good Spirit enabled and made willing to bring forth the fruits of good works. Their desire is to prove themselves thankful to God and useful to their neighbor. Mindful of the goodness of the living God, "who giveth us richly all things to enjoy," they strive to comply with the divine will, which admonishes them "that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate." They endeavor to follow the example of their Saviour of whom it is said in the sacred Word, that "He went about doing good." (Acts 10, 38.) Moved and guided by the Holy Spirit they embrace every opportunity of doing good and thus, in the performance of good deeds too, they desire to obey the request of their Lord: Follow thou me! If we love Him because He first loved us, we are willing to please Him. Willingness proceeds from love. If we are willing to please Him, the obligation on our part to do good unto others for Christ's sake, will not be looked upon as a burden, but rather as a delightful privilege, which spurs the followers of Christ "to prove the sincerity of their love," both by a readiness to will and by a readiness to do. (2 Cor. 8, 8. 11.) In whatever manner or way they make themselves useful in accordance with the charge of their only Master, they give evidence that they are the salt of the earth, the light of the world, and good trees which bring forth good fruits, and that they are like unto a living spring, which never is without a supply of refreshing waters for the weary wanderer.

Are we such salt, such light, such good trees? Do we, like the gentle brook, serve, by words and works, those that need our assistance? Do we cheerfully embrace the ever-recurring opportunities of doing good? Are we ready to bring such sacrifices with which God is well pleased? Or does our conscience upbraid us for neglecting the *godly art* of doing good? Are we interested in the prosperity of the Church and do we put our shoulders to the work to strengthen her stakes and to lengthen her cords? (Is. 54, 2.) Are we doing good to all men and especially unto them that are of the same household of faith? Do we distribute according to the *means* bestowed upon us and in compliance with the *opportunities* surrounding us? Are we weary in well doing? Do we faint? Are we faithful servants? "She hath done what she could,"—such was the praise the Lord Jesus Himself awarded to that woman that had anointed His body to the burying. Here is a glorious lesson for us all! May the grace of God be multiplied upon us, that we may be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works."—

G. R.

SALVATION can be inherited but never earned.

The Difference Between the Law and the Gospel.

Through the law the Holy Spirit is never given. It cannot, therefore, quiet the conscience or justify before God, for it teaches only what we shall do. Through the Gospel, however, the Holy Spirit is given, for it teaches what we shall receive from God. He, therefore, who teaches that we must be justified by the law, does nothing else than fight against the Gospel, for Moses with his law ever continues *driving* us; insists upon it that we fulfill the law, and pay God that which we owe Him; in short, he will have us good and holy. On the other hand, the Gospel demands nothing of us, but brings to us forgiveness of sin by grace and freely, and asks us to open our hands, extend them, and lay hold of that which God has offered and given us in Christ.

But now, to demand and to present, to give and to take, are diametrically opposed. That which is given me I take, but that which I give some one else, I do not receive, but present it freely and gratuitously. If, now, the Gospel be a gift, and offers us a gift, as it truly does, it is certain that it demands nothing of us; but the law neither gives nor presents us anything, but demands of us, and demands that which it is impossible for us to give.

Luther.

Snares of the Devil.

Have you ever watched a wasp caught in a spider's web? Have you noticed how slowly and relentlessly the single threads of that fragile net, which seems so easily broken, cling round the imprisoned insect, till it becomes the spider's prey? Surely you think the wasp is strong enough to break through the snare. But the spider lies hidden in a corner, and does not move until the wasp has exhausted itself by its efforts to escape. Then see, how, coming nearer, it flings first one thread round the wasp's wings, binding them to its side, then another and another, till the slowly winding threads have converted it into a helpless mass, and the spider can saw off wings and legs, and devour it at its leisure.

What you saw there is but the history of many a man's soul taken captive by the devil's snares. It is one of God's parables in nature: its lesson is, Watch, lest the first slight threads of sin become the chain of misery and iron which binds you hand and foot, so that you be cast into outer darkness.

"The wicked shall be holden with the cords of his sins." (Prov. 5, 22.)

GOD does not promise to save by miracles those who will not be saved by his appointed means.

HOW STRANGE.—The *lamb* will not follow the *wolf*; the *chicken* will not follow the *fox*; the *hare* will not follow the *dog*—why then will *man* follow the *devil*?

The Cobbler of Hamburg.

An Advent Story.

On a fine summer evening in the city of Hamburg, a shoemaker sat at work beneath an awning in front of his shopwindow. Crowds of artisans were passing in the street, and above his head was a starling, which seemed to keep up a busy talk with its kind owner; for while it sang and chattered, he would sing one of his fine old German psalm tunes.

While thus engaged, a young Jewish student stopped, and said: "Well, friend, you seem a merry fellow." Hans looked up, and replied: "Merry! to be sure. I am right merry, my friend; and why should I not be so?" "All are not so," replied the student with a sigh; "and your poverty might afford a sufficient excuse for sadness. I confess, friend, I am surprised to see a poor man like you so cheerful." "Poor!" exclaimed Hans; "how knowest thou, friend, how my account stands with the bank? Poor! I am richer than thou knowest." "It may be so," said the student with a smile. "I must have heard of thy name in the Exchange, or of thy ships, but I have forgotten when." "Enough," said Hans; "thou hast confessed thine ignorance of me"; and then stopping his work, he said calmly and solemnly, "Stranger, I am not poor; I am a *King's Son!*" The Jewish student, with a smile, made a low bow, and went upon his way.

It was even so; though the world knew him not, no more than it knew his Elder Brother, that poor artisan was an adopted son of the Great King; his name was known among the courtiers of the palace of the Golden City, and his prayers and alms had come up as memorials to his honor. He had much wealth laid up where thieves could not break through and steal. He had his Father's will in his hand, which he had read attentively from day to day, and thought often of his mansion, his crown, his titles and his enduring possessions. Like Peter the Great working as an obscure mechanic, or Alfred the Mighty working as a menial in a miserable hovel, this cobbler was fulfilling the good pleasure of his Father till the time to receive his inheritance should come. Dr. Payson said that if Christians realized their relation to God as children, each could not avoid crying in the streets, "I am a son of God!" So Hans communed as a son with his heavenly Father, and sung because he was happy.

A week passed away, the student came again to the cobbler's door, and making a low bow with his cap in his hand, he said: "Good-evening to your royal highness." "Halt, friend!" cried Hans; "I am glad to see you again. You left me abruptly the other evening. I suppose you thought me mad. I am not so. I tell you again I am a King's son. When you interrupted me I was singing a song about my kingdom. Would you like to hear it?" "Surely, if it pleases your royal highness,"

replied the Jew, doubting the cobbler's sanity. Hans sung a hymn on "Thy kingdom come," and then asked the student if he understood its meaning. His reply was a shake of the head. Upon which Hans began to pour out his soul in explanation of the kingdom of his Messiah, about the promise in Eden, its fulfillment in the coming, death, resurrection, and reign of Christ, of whose kingdom every subject was a son, and joint heir to all its riches and honors.

The Jew sat as a child at his feet, gazing upon him with his full black eye, and so absorbed with all he heard that he was only aroused as from a waking dream by Hans taking him by the arm, and saying: "Now thou seest I am a King's son, and why I am happy; for I know and love this Jesus, and all things are mine, whether life or death, things present or things to come; and, young man," he asked with emphasis, "believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. For unless I mistake thy countenance greatly, thy fathers did; and thou, my son, believing in them, must also believe in Him whom they have foretold, and whom God hath sent to perform the mercy promised to thy fathers, and to remember his holy covenant, the oath which he swore to thy father Abraham."

The Jew was silent before the truth of God. Unutterable thoughts passed through his mind. From curiosity he was led to inquiry to knowledge. Like Moses beholding the miracle of the burning bush, he felt that he must turn aside and examine. "Where," he asked meekly, "can I learn more of this; for I see that *thou* believest and hast peace?" "From this book," said Hans, handing him a Bible. "Go home and read there about the kingdom, and return to me when thou hast studied the passages I shall point out to thee. I shall, like Moses, pray for thee, and ask One to pray for thee whom thou knowest not, but who knoweth thee, and who is greater than Moses." The young Jew grasped the hand of the cobbler, made a respectful bow, and departed.

He had seen something wonderful, and he resolved to know more about it. He had seen a man in humble life happier than any noble or king. This cobbler enjoyed all the privileges of his Father's house. So the Jewish student read and weighed the evidences of the New Testament in comparison with the Old. He came to Hans and conversed about his doubts, discoveries and expectations; and the poor disciple became the teacher of the lettered student. The result was his conversion to the faith of Christ. He became the Rev. Mr. N—, for many years an eminent and successful missionary to his Jewish brethren in Siberia.

Let every Christian remember his rank; see that he does not dishonor it; but in every way recommend it to the attention of the world. It does not become a king's son to adopt the manners of a clown. The sons of God should shine as lights in the world, putting always first the interests of their Saviour's Kingdom.

Are Rich Men Happy?

On one of the last days of his earthly existence, Mr. Hopkins, the late Baltimore millionaire, called his devoted gardener to him and said: "I am beginning to hate this place, because it does not bring in money. I hate everything that does not bring in money. Did you ever feed hogs? Have you not observed that the strong animals bear away the ears of corn, and that the weaker ones pursue them squealingly, in hopes that all or some of the treasure will be lost or dropped?"

The gardener replied that the sketch was a true one.

"Well, then," said Mr. Hopkins, "I am that strong hog. I have that big ear of corn, and every piggish rascal in Baltimore is intent upon stealing it or wresting it from me. Sir," he said, turning brusquely to the gardener, "do you think a rich man happy?"

The gardener answered: "The extreme of poverty is a sad thing. The extreme of wealth, no doubt, bears with it many tribulations."

Mr. Hopkins rejoined: "You are right, my friend; next to the hell of being utterly bereft of money is the purgatory of possessing a vast amount of it. I have a mission and under its shadow I have accumulated wealth but not happiness."

Jerome of Prague.

Jerome of Prague was a Christian martyr. He was sentenced to be burned to death. He was fastened to the stake. The wood was piled up around him, and the executioner was going to set fire to the pile.

"Come here," said the brave martyr, "and kindle the fire before my eyes. I am not afraid to look upon it."

As the fire blazed up he began to sing a hymn, and kept on singing till the flames stopped him. He had the precious Bible jewel of hope in his heart and how courageous it made him!

And this blessed hope of heaven, which is given to all who put their trust in Jesus, can make people just as courageous now as they used to be in former times.

Crying for Help.

Several children of a family were playing in a garden, when one fell into a tank. When the father heard of it he asked each what means they thought of to rescue their brother from his perilous situation. Inquiring of the youngest he said, "John, what did you do to rescue your brother?" The boy answered, "Father, what could I do? I am so young that I could not do anything, but I stood and cried as loud as I could." But in *crying for help* he did his part, and did well. If we cannot bring a ladder or a rope, we can at least cry to God in prayer for Him to help and bless.

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—The last letter from New Orleans left us enjoying the vacation. Fully recreated both teachers and children have entered upon their labors of a new year. The outlook is promising, and we are not at all discouraged.

Both schools were reopened on the 4th of September. At the beginning the attendance in "Sailors' Home" was small, owing chiefly to the dilapidated condition of the building. By diligent canvassing, however, the number of pupils has increased considerably. The school at present numbers 80 scholars. The progress of the Sunday School is comparatively better than that of the day school. Thank God, the opposition that threatened to ruin our mission, can not as yet boast of the victory. The instruction of the catechumen class has been postponed for a while. The room in the 4th story, which we formerly used for that class, has so many goblin-stories connected with it, that the children declined to enter it. As soon, however, as the church on Franklin street is repaired the work will be taken up again. And now the little PIONEER can bring the "glad tidings to every home," that the church is purchased at last, and that "Sailors' Home" will be yielded up to the masterless animals, that have made this place their habitation. A full description of the new church together with its dedication will appear in the next number of the PIONEER.

The 18th Sunday after Trinity was a day of joy for the members of the Mount Zion's Church; to its number two members were added by confirmation, and within a short time two more will be received. Mrs. Wright, a catechumen of the day, has contributed \$10.00 more to the building fund of the Franklin street Church, and it is to be hoped that the rest of the members will follow her example.

On the 19th Sunday after Trinity we reaped the first fruits of our labor at the Claiborn mission. The great joy and expectation with which we began the instruction of the catechumen class here, has been considerably reduced. One of the catechumens left her class and the school voluntarily for reasons unknown. Another, after having had the benefit of the instruction for nearly a year, told us but a few days before confirmation that she has been a member of another church since her tenth year. Another one has been detained by sickness, but will enter the class of the coming year. The remaining three, Josephine Williams, Louis Thomas, and Frank Royal, are the only ones that have persevered. It was the attachment of these children to our Sunday School of former years that encouraged us to take up the work at this place again. The regularity with which our Josephine has attended services and Sunday School, is worthy of notice; whether rain or fair weather she is never missing. On this occasion the chapel

was appropriately decorated. A carpet for the aisle was presented by the Sunday School. A little friend of these children furnished the carpet for the altar, and the good ladies of the missionaries had tastefully decorated the pulpit. A large congregation was assembled to witness the act of confirmation.

The St. Paul school at Claiborn is crowded to overflowing; of the old scholars 92 have returned. While the applications were numerous, only 14 new scholars could be admitted. The attendance is so regular that every nook and corner is occupied. The Sunday School as well as the church has a good deal of opposition to contend with. Out of this school 8 children have put their names down on the confirmation list for the coming year.

Christmas is again approaching; the children are already rejoicing; the christmas-tree is a topic of general conversation among them. Now we sincerely wish to make our children happy at Christmas time; we will tell them about the Holy Child Jesus and what has been secured for them and for us by His marvellous birth; we want them to rejoice in their Saviour. But our Lord will not be angry with us for gladdening their hearts also with presents. We, however, have not the means to obtain these things. The demands on our treasury have been so great of late that we dare not ask our Cashier for a contribution to our Christmas-tree. We are therefore compelled to turn to our generous friends again and kindly ask them to send us something, be it ever so little, for our Christmas-tree. We doubt not that all, who are interested in our work wish us a happy Christmas; remember us then not only in your prayers, but also in your contributions, that our hearts may rejoice with you at the merry Christmas time. If there should be a surplus, there is plenty of room for it. We have many poor people among us who want even the things which are necessary to satisfy the cravings of hunger and to protect the body against the winter's cold. "To do good and to communicate forget not."

Contributions for our Christmas-trees should be sent directly to the missionary, N. J. Bakke, 113 Columbus str., New Orleans, La.
New Orleans, La., Oct. 16th 1882.

MISSIONARY.

Short Stops.

SETTLED THE MATTER.—A young man thinking he was called to preach the Gospel, wrote to a faithful old minister, as follows: "I think I am called by the Spirit to preach; how much do you think I can make a year?" The reply was, "The question you ask shows you are not called."

GOD KNOWS.—A coachman, pointing to one of his horses, said to a traveler, "That horse, sir, knows when I swear at him." "Yes," replied the traveler, "and so does your Maker."

THE TIME TO DANCE.—An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Ga., was lecturing a youth

of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said, "There's a time to dance." "Yes; dar am a time to dance," said the colored divine; "and it's when a boy gets a whippin' for goin' to a ball."

VERY STRANGE.—Did anyone ever hear of a person who, because there is counterfeit money in circulation, would have nothing to do with money? Why, then, reject Christianity because there are bogus Christians in circulation? It is very strange that so trivial and unreasonable an excuse should be so often offered.

TWO SIDES TO IT.—"There are two sides to everything," said an infidel lecturer; "I repeat it, there are two sides—" At this juncture a tired-looking little man stood up in the front seat to say:—"Well, if you've no objections, I will just step out and see if there are two sides to this hall. I know there is an inside, and if I find there is an outside you'll know it by my not coming back. You needn't be alarmed if I shouldn't return." And as he walked up the aisle he was followed by the admiring eyes of the whole audience. Their sympathies were with him, but they were deficient in moral courage.

NOT A BIGOT.—"Though a decided Christian, he was not a bigot." Well, it may be that such a notice is praise, but for the most part it means that his principles sat loosely on him. Pat was reeling home when a friend met him and said, "Why, Pat, I thought you had become a temperance man." "So I am," said Pat, "but not a big-big-bigoted one."

BOOK-TABLE.

AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER für deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1883. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

The Lutheran Almanac, issued annually by our Publishing House at St. Louis, has become a welcome guest in thousands of our German Lutheran homes. It comes again this year well supplied with excellent reading matter for the members of our German congregations and contains the usual valuable statistics and information concerning the Synodical Conference. Of course all our German readers will want it. The price is but 10 cents.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

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

Colored Lutheran Churches in New Orleans, La.

MOUNT ZION COLORED LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Sunday-school meets every Sunday in "Sailors' Home" on Erato St. at 2 o'clock.
Divine services at 3 o'clock every Sunday and at 7.30 every Thursday evening.

ST. PAUL'S COLORED LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Chapel on Clayborn St., between St. Bernard and Annette.
Sunday-school every Sunday at 10 A. M.
Divine services at 7.30 every Sunday and Wednesday evening.

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(For the "Lutheran Pioneer.")

Christmas.

Rejoice, rejoice, ye sons of clay!
God comes to you from heaven to-day;
The Lord is born a little child
Of Mary, Virgin undefiled.

He is the Branch of Jesse's tree,
The Lion out of Judah, He
The Gentiles' Light, the promised Seed,
Who was to bruise the Serpent's head.

He brings us peace and happiness,
And heals all sorrow and distress,
Which on account of Adam's fall
Forever weighed upon us all.

By His low birth and dying blood
He saved us, Christ, true Man and God;
The angels' glory we shall share,
And God the Father's Kingdom heir.

(C. Freund, † 1591.)
(Tr. by A. C., 1882.)

Good Tidings.

Men in distress are glad to hear good tidings. The condemned criminal who is being led to the gallows rejoices when the pardon arrives which brings him life and freedom. Now all men are condemned criminals by nature, condemned to suffer eternal death in hell. They are all sinners because they have broken the law of God. And the curse of that holy law is upon them, for "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them," Gal. 3, 10. No mere man and no angel could redeem us from this curse, no mere man and no angel could break the chains of our bondage and set us free. There was no hope for poor, lost and condemned sinners but in God, who alone was able to pay the price of our ransom. And God did come to our rescue. This the good Christmas tidings tell us. They are the gladdest tidings that ever fell upon human ears. "*Behold, I bring unto you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*" Good tidings truly are these, that we have a Saviour. And who is this Saviour? The angel says he is "Christ the LORD." Our Saviour must be true God;

for no mere man could bear the great burden of human sin together with the wrath of God and the curse of the law, no mere man could satisfy the infinite justice of God, no mere man could conquer sin, hell, death and devil. Therefore God's own Son came into this world to become our Saviour. Our Saviour must also be true man in order that He might suffer and die for us and thus offer Himself a ransom in our stead. Therefore God's beloved Son took upon Himself our human nature and was born of the virgin Mary. Our Saviour is true God and true Man in one undivided person. This God-Man has finished the work of our redemption by His life, sufferings and death. Well may we rejoice in the happy Christmas time as we celebrate the birth of this Saviour. What gladder tidings could be brought to this world of sin and sorrow and misery and woe than the glad Christmas tidings—"Unto you is born a Saviour"? In this Saviour we have all we need, whatever our condition in this world may be. We have in Him the full pardon of all our sins, we have perfect redemption from all our enemies, we have the eternal riches and the sweet blessings of heaven. May the merciful God grant to every reader faith to receive the good tidings of joy, that all may have a happy Christmas.

A Gift of Love.

God's gift of His Son was a gift of love. Was God to gain anything from us that would repay Him for sending His Son in the flesh? The largest portion of our race have gone down to the grave without ever having said so much as God be thanked for the gift of a Saviour; multitudes have known the name of Jesus Christ only as giving them another oath to swear by; while by those who have known the Saviour best, His mercy has been but poorly acknowledged. It could have been only from a love that is infinite, that God gave us His Son. And thus the Scriptures say: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." "Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." But in

speaking of that love, how little can we realize its greatness! Perhaps the best way to gain some apprehension of the greatness of Divine love, is to make a personal matter of it. What was I, that the Eternal Son of God should leave His bright throne and His perfect bliss to be born of the virgin, to be crucified, dead, and buried for me? Let me think of it, O my soul! Could I have been a very attractive object, polluted as I was by sin, that the Lord God should look on me and say, Live! Or have there been, or can there be, any such returns of gratitude and service from me since I have known Him, as will at all repay Him for His mercy? And if I am a specimen of the millions to whom God gave His Son, must it not have been love, infinite, pure, inconceivable love, that drew Him from the throne to the manger and the cross? Surely it must have been that He loved me before the foundations of the world, said an humble Christian, for He can have seen nothing in me since to love!—

W. H. L.

Believe!

THE Christmas tidings require faith which accepts them as true, and firmly holds, against all doubts, that the Saviour is surely born. This faith quiets the heart, so that thou wilt not charge God with falsehood through thy unbelief, as they do who refuse to believe and thus lose their Saviour. Where this faith is wanting, Christ, as the Son of God, is denied by those who will not confess their sins, nor acknowledge Him as their Saviour, as well as by those who feel their condemnation and confess their guilt, but do not faithfully receive the consolation, that Christ is their Saviour.—

Luther.

"UNTO you a Saviour is born," that is, God's wrath, damnation, and eternal death, shall no longer threaten you, but rather, through the obedience of the Son of God who is born for you, there is prepared for you reconciliation with God, forgiveness of sins, and everlasting salvation and freedom from all that oppresses and saddens your heart.—

Luther.

A Happy Christmas Day.

Yes, it was a happy Christmas Day to John Collins when he received the Governor's pardon. He had been sentenced to work in the State Prison twenty years ago. Twenty Christmas days had passed by him during his dreary life within those granite walls. And when the twenty first Christmas day came, there was a festival held in that same prison, a number of citizens being present. The uniformed prisoners sat in their places. The chaplain conducted the services, after which the warden gave an address, at the close of which he said that a pardon had arrived from the Governor. And now every eye was on the speaker, as he said in a clear voice, "The Governor pardons John Collins, who will please step out."

From the body of the prisoners a form was seen rising, careworn, sad, pale, and trembling. He looked at the warden for a few seconds, hope and fear working in his breast, and then cried in a voice of deep emotion, "Me, sir; me! Is there no other John Collins here but me?"

"You, John, it is you," said the warden, and then the prison rang with the cheers of prisoners and citizens, whilst the old man sank into his seat overcome with joy at the thought of pardon and freedom. And on that day he left those granite walls. It was a happy Christmas Day to him. During his stay in the prison he had come to the knowledge of his sin and to true faith in his Saviour.

Why have I told you this story of a happy Christmas Day? I wish you to learn a lesson from old John Collins. He knew that there was pardon from the Governor of the State. The question with him was whether he was meant, whether that pardon was for him. Soon as there was no doubt about this, then was he assured of pardon and his heart was filled with joy.

There are many who know they are "condemned already," and are in need of God's free pardon. They hear the glad Christmas tidings of a Saviour in whom pardon is brought to the condemned prisoners. But their trouble lies here, "Is that pardon for me? Oh, that I knew those glad Christmas tidings were for me!" Yet the angel, proclaiming the good tidings, plainly said, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to *all people*." ALL PEOPLE—that certainly includes you. It is *unbelief* only that is shutting so many out from enjoying the glad Christmas tidings. If, like John Collins, you are asking, for "me, sir, me!" I reply, Yes, for *you*. For the angel said, "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," Luke 2, 10, 11.

It does not make a happy Christmas to engage in carousels which only injure body and soul.

Is the Bible true?

The truth of the Bible can also be seen from the fulfilment of all the prophecies concerning the birth of Christ. Immediately after the fall of our first parents in Paradise, Christ was promised as the seed of the woman which would bruise the head of the serpent. And from this first prophecy in Genesis down to the last prophet we find Him prophesied throughout the Old Testament. In the most glowing terms He is sung of by the psalmist, and soon after the beautiful strains of Isaiah's harp announce Him. The prophet, as if standing at the manger of Bethlehem and looking down upon the new-born Babe, cries out with joy, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given," Isa. 9, 6. It was also foretold that He should be born of a *virgin*-mother. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel," Isa. 7, 14. Even the *time* of His coming was foretold. He was to come when "the sceptre had departed from Judah" (Gen. 49, 10.), that is, when the Jews were subject to the rule of a foreign nation. This was foretold by Jacob on his dying-bed, 1700 years before the event. Daniel, too, predicted the time of Christ's coming. He says that "from the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah, the Prince, shall be seventy weeks," meaning weeks of years, or 490 years. (Dan. 9, 25.) And moreover the exact *place* of Christ's birth was foretold by the prophet Micah, "Thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be Ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting," Micah 5, 2.

From the Christmas Gospel in the second chapter of St. Luke we see that all these prophecies concerning the birth of Christ were fulfilled. The virgin Mary, the *espoused* wife of Joseph, brought forth her first-born Son, whom the angel, in his message to the shepherds in the field, calls "Christ the Lord." He was born at *Bethlehem* as the prophet had foretold seven hundred years before. He was born there by means of a special providence. A decree went out from the Roman Emperor Augustus that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And so Mary had to go from Nazareth to Bethlehem, her native city, just at the time when Christ was to be born. And in regard to the *time* foretold in the Old Testament we know that Christ was born 490 years after the commandment to restore Jerusalem. He was born when "the sceptre had departed from Judah." For from the Christmas Gospel we see that at the time of His birth the Jews were subject to the rule of a foreign nation. They had to obey the Roman Emperor's decree of taxation.

Surely the Book that contains such prophecies, which were all fulfilled, must be a Book of Truth. At Bethlehem's manger we learn that the Bible is true. It is the Word of God.

Lesson from a Christmas Gift.

I went to see a lady once, who was in deep trouble and in much darkness on account of great afflictions which had come to her from the Lord. She had fallen into deep melancholy. When I went in she was working a bit of embroidery, and as I talked with her she dropped it the wrong side up and there it lay, a mass of crude work, tangled; everything seemed to be out of order.

"Well," said I, "what is this you are engaged at?"

"Oh," she replied, "it's a pillow for a lounge. I'm making it for a Christmas gift."

I said, "I should not think you would waste your time on that. It looks tangled, without design and meaning," and I went on abusing the whole bit of handwork, and belittling the combinations of colors, and so on.

"Why, Mr. P.," she said, surprised at the sudden and abrupt change of the subject on which we had before been talking, and the persistency with which I had opposed her work—"why, Mr. P., you are looking at the wrong side. Turn it over."

Then I said, "That's just what you are doing; you are looking at the wrong side of God's workings with you. Down here we are looking at the tangled side of God's providence; but He has a plan—here a stitch, there a movement of the shuttle, and in the end a beautiful work. Be not afraid; but be believing. Believe Him in the darkness; believe Him in the mysteries. Let him that walketh in darkness, and seeth not the light, yet trust in the Lord."—

Selected.

On Christmas Day,

in the year 1538, Doctor Martin Luther was very joyous, and all his sayings, songs, and thoughts were about the incarnation of Christ our Saviour. And he said, with a deep sigh, "Ah! we poor human creatures, how coldly and tamely we greet this great joy which has come to bless us! This is the great act of beneficence which far excels all other works of creation. And shall we so feebly believe it, when it has been announced to us, preached, and sung by the angels? (Heavenly theologians and preachers, indeed!) And they have rejoiced on our account, and their song is verily a glorious song, wherein is briefly enfolded the sum of the whole Christian religion. For the 'Glory to God in the highest,' is the highest worship, and this they bring to us in this Christ."

ALL the ways and works of God are of such a kind that the world and human reason must find something to despise and ridicule in them, and thus they become offended. But the reason why God acts so marvelously is, that they may have an occasion to humble themselves, to rise by God's grace from their error, and to acknowledge the work of God perfected in foolishness and in weakness, and thus praise Him alone.—*Olearius*.



The Christmas-Tree.

The most beautiful festival of the church-year is undoubtedly Christmas, the festival which proclaims the gladsome tidings:

"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 the most beautiful manner of celebrating this joyous festival is undoubtedly the German Christmas-celebration with its green tree, bedecked with lights and sweetmeats. For the fair evergreen is a most suitable image of the true Tree of Life, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever"; the many tapers giving the tree a dazzling brightness, remind us of the words of our Saviour, "I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life"; and also the sweetmeats of this Christmas-tree, its sweet candies and cakes, its gilt apples and nuts, refer us to the inestimable love

of our dear Father in heaven, who in giving us His own beloved Son, granted us the greatest and best of all blessings, a Saviour, and through Him forgiveness of sins, life and salvation.

Such a German Christmas-celebration around the lighted Christmas-tree our picture shows us. Here we see the family of the faithful Christian, and amiable poet, Matthias Claudius († 1815), and his poet friends assembled, to celebrate Christmas-eve. In the foreground we find, as it ought to be, the happy faces of the poet's children who rejoice at the many beautiful presents which the Christchild has brought them; while Claudius, his friends, and the older members of his family stand around the lighted tree, and by their glad faces betray the joy of their heart. For not only "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Lord hath perfected praise" (Matth. 21, 16.), but "He shall also divide the spoil with the strong" (Isa. 53, 12.).

May the good Lord grant us also not only a merry, but (what is far better) a truly happy and blessed Christmas! C.

Christmas Eve.

One afternoon in Christmas week, a clerk in the Leipsic post-office, whose duty it was to sort the letters, found a little epistle and put it in the dead letter box. The letter went the usual way to the black cabinet, where serious silent men are seated, endowed with power to decide upon the fate of packets unclaimed or unaddressed. The letter bore the direction "To Jesus Christ, at Leipsic," and being opened, read as follows:

"Dear Holy Christ—Christmas is drawing near, and as I full well know, Thou art now going about and presenting children with bonbons and nice little toys. O dear, holy Christ, I wish Thou wouldst come to us. We are so anxious to see Thee, and I more than my sister, as I want a satchel to put my books in. But I believe that my sister Selma wants one also. We should also like to have a pair of shoes, each of us, as the weather is very bad. To my brother Curt, please bring a boxful of tin soldiers. He is ill and must not go out of the room. But, above all, Thou shouldst look after the health of my mamma, who is worse than Curt, and can not move except on crutches. Dear, holy Christ, I pray Thee do not forget us. I live at Green street, Nr. 10, in the Courtyard. Marie. Selma. Curt."

The letter as appears from the signatures, although written by the eldest sister, had afterwards gained the approval of the younger children, who attached their names in token of assent. Some few days passed. At last it was Christmas Eve. A knock came to the door of the mother of the three little children, and a gentleman with a lady entered, and put the satchel, the shoes, and a great many other things on the table. The Christmas tree was lighted and merriment filled the house. For once, official secrecy had been violated, and the dead letter, being shown to a charitable Samaritan, caused more joy and gladness than pen can describe.

A Christmas Incident.

One Christmas evening a gentleman was strolling along a street in Toronto with no object in view but to pass the time. His attention was attracted by the remark of a little girl to a companion in front of a fruit stand, "I wish I had an orange for ma." The gentleman saw that the children, though poorly dressed, were clean and neat, and calling them into a store he loaded them with fruit and candies. "What's your name?" asked one of the girls. "Why do you want to know?" said the gentleman. "I want to pray for you," was the reply. The gentleman turned to leave, scarce daring to speak, when the little one added: "Well, it don't matter, I suppose. God will know you, anyhow."

True Christmas joy is joy in the Lord.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

MISSION BOARD.—At the recent meeting of the Ev. Lutheran Synodical Conference in Chicago, Ill., Rev. Prof. F. Pieper, Rev. C. F. W. Sapper and Director A. C. Burgdorf were chosen members of our Colored Mission Board. All moneys for our Colored Mission must be sent to the Treasurer of the Board, Director A. C. Burgdorf, 1829 S. 7th Str., St. Louis, Mo.

WELL DONE!—Our Lutheran congregations in St. Louis, Mo., have subscribed \$23,000 towards the building of the Lutheran Seminary in that city. The entire cost of the Seminary will be \$133,000.

AN APPROPRIATE PRESENT.—Mr. Diener, of Chicago, Ill., has presented an ornamental stone which is to be placed above the entrance of our new Seminary at St. Louis. On the stone the humble "log-college" is most beautifully carved which was erected by a few Lutheran ministers in Perry Co., Mo., in the year 1839.

NEW HAVEN.—At New Haven, six miles East of Fort Wayne, a new Lutheran church was dedicated on the 14th Sunday after Trinity. A large number of Lutherans from Fort Wayne participated in the festivities of the day.

A LARGE SCHOOL.—Upwards of 900 pupils attend the parochial school of the Lutheran Zion's Church in Chicago, Ill., Rev. A. Wagner, pastor. Another school-house had to be built, which was recently dedicated by Prof. Selle of Addison, Ill.

FROM ZULULAND.—The Norwegian Lutheran missionary, Optebro, writes from Zululand that the circumstances there are much more favorable to the mission with which he is connected than they were before the war. Since the end of the war he has baptized twenty adults and he has thirty under instruction. At all the stations, except the two youngest, a larger or smaller number of Zulus have confessed the faith. Day and night schools are in full operation. Means are needed to build permanent mission-houses, school-houses and churches, instead of the present reed huts.

AMONG THE INDIANS.—Among the 275,000 Indians reported in the United States there are 219 churches and 30,000 church members. One of the Chickasaw Indians proposed to the American Bible Society to pay half the cost of supplying the school children of his tribe with New Testaments, if the society would pay the other half. The Bible Society accepted the offer, and forwarded him a box of five hundred New Testaments, which he is now distributing.

A CRUEL KING.—King John, the monarch who rules Abyssinia with a rod of iron, is severely opposed to missionaries. He has banished a party of them who recently arrived at Massowah. These missionaries had distributed some Bibles to the natives, but, under the influence of the native priests, King John caused search to be made for these in the houses and huts. In cases where copies of the

Bibles were found the owners were chained and otherwise treated with great cruelty.

A NOBLE PRINCE.—Prince Galitzin, a young Russian nobleman, converted by a Bible given him at the Paris Exposition, proposes to build thirty Bible kiosks, and to fit up seven Bible carriages. He intends to travel for seven months in Russia with Mr. Clough, of Paris, whom he has engaged to have charge of these carriages; declaring that since Christ laid down his precious life for him, he will give his time and fortune to his service.

A NOBLE PRINCESS.—The Lutheran Princess Eugene, of Sweden, recently donated \$50,000 towards the erection of a Lutheran Swedish Church in Liverpool, England.

A GOOD CHANGE.—The old slave-market of Zanzibar, Africa, where formerly 30,000 slaves were sold annually, has been transformed into mission premises, with a church, mission-house and school, under the charge of the Universities' Mission to Africa, started in 1859 at the suggestion of Dr. Livingstone.

WHAT IT COSTS.—It costs much money and many precious lives to found Christianity in the great continent of Africa. The nineteenth representative of the Universities' Mission has just fallen a prey to the climate. He died at Lake Nyassa, far in the interior of the continent, and before much perceptible progress had been attained. Nevertheless, the kingdom of Christ must go on, and men must not "count their lives dear unto" themselves when called to "testify of the Gospel of the grace of God."

LARGE GIFTS.—Mr. W. C. Jones, of England, has given the Church Missionary Society the splendid sum of \$360,000 to be applied in these ways: 1. The establishment of colleges for training pastors, evangelists and medical missionaries; 2. The support of native agents employed by the Society; 3. The development of native churches by helping them to provide their own pastors, churches and schools; and 4. The promotion of evangelistic work on the part of the native churches themselves. This makes some \$650,000 he has given to foreign missions within ten years.

REMARKABLE GIFTS.—Rev. F. A. West, after a missionary address, was asked by a poor servant girl to take the wages she had been saving some years for the heathen, and counting what she handed him, found it \$250. Having consecrated it to Christ and the heathen, he could not persuade her to take any of it back. Dr. Newton tells us of a blind basket-maker who brought him a pound note, wishing to send it to some missionary! The poor girl said that the pound was what the candles would have cost her to work by if she had not been blind; but not needing the candles, she had saved the money, and wished it to help tell the heathen of Christ.

CHRISTMAS GIFT.—Before we close our window we would most humbly make known to our friendly readers that our dear little PIONEER wishes a large number of new subscribers as

his Christmas gift this year. The next number of our paper will open a new volume. And so this is the best time to work for the circulation of our little monthly. Please, don't forget that Christmas gift. The little PIONEER wishes our readers all a happy Christmas, and the window is closed.

(For the "Lutheran Pioneer".)

Church News.

The English Conference of Missouri held its last sessions in Salem Ev. Luth. Church, Springdale, Ark., from Oct. 20—25., 1882. The discussion of theses on the characteristics of a well-grounded Lutheran Congregation occupied the greater part of the time. Besides the regular business of Conference, a fund was created for the purpose of assisting in the work of English missions, and for aiding in the support of some worthy young men who are endeavoring to obtain an education suitable for entering the ministry in behalf of the English population. Specifying for what purpose, all contributions to this very important fund should be sent to Mr. D. N. Linebarger, treasurer, Springdale, Washington Co., Ark., who will thankfully acknowledge the same in the "Witness."

Revs. Prof. M. Guenther and A. Baepler rendered most valuable aid toward making the sessions of Conference interesting and profitable. W.

BOOK-TABLE.

LUTHER'S REFORMATION AND ITS INFLUENCE ON AMERICA. A Lecture by Rev. Adolphus Biewend. Sullivan & Parsons, Printers of "The Lutheran Witness," Zanesville, Ohio, 1882.

The wide circulation of this interesting pamphlet will greatly aid in making the people of our country acquainted with the history and the blessings of Luther's Reformation. The net proceeds from the sale of the pamphlet will be devoted to our English Home Mission. Price, 10 cents per copy. Address Rev. A. Biewend, 34 Alleghany Str., Roxbury, Boston, Mass.

DER LUTHERISCHE KALENDER für 1883. Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa.

This well known German Almanac has made its appearance in its usual form and with its usual variety of instructive reading. It is especially full in its statistics, giving a complete list of the ministers, educational and charitable institutions, periodicals, missions &c. of all the churches calling themselves Lutheran, which makes the Almanac valuable for reference. Price, 10 cents per copy.

Acknowledgment.

Received for the support of English students at Springfield, Ill., per Rev. W. G. Polack of N. N. \$2.00, of Rev. H. Albrecht in Minnesota \$1.00, of N. N. \$1.00, of Mr. M. Weinhold, Frohna, Mo., \$5.00. C. L. JANZOW.

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