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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. VI.

St. Louis, Mo., January, 1884.

No. 1.

Mottoes for the New Year.

Waiting! — Working! — Warning! — Waking! — Watching!
(Luke 12, 36.) (Mark 13, 34.) (Ezek. 3, 17.) (Cant. 5, 2.) (Mark. 13, 37.)

We are *waiting* for the coming of the Master we hold dear;
We are longing just to greet Him and to hail His drawing near,
For our loins are girt and ready, and our lamps are trimmed and bright;
We are waiting for the signal that will say He is in sight.
But we would not have Him find us standing idle all the day,
So we learn to *work* while waiting, doing something by the way;
And we find that working for Him is a toil so rarely sweet,
That we almost wish for tarrying in the coming of His feet.
And we know that He has bidden us bring others to His love,
And we long to fill the mansions that are waiting us above;
So, then, while we work we dare not fail to *warn* each straying heart,
That in our Lord and in our home they too may have a part.
Sometimes we are almost weary of our constant gaze on high,
And our hearts grow dull, and hopeless of His speedy drawing nigh;
Then there comes our need of *waking*, for each moment brings Him near,
And the signal lights of Heaven daily shine more bright and clear.
Thus we stand with waking heart-look, till the night of life shall cease,
Watching for the golden day-dawn that shall herald light and peace;
When the dim earth-mists that sadden flee before the sunrise bright,
And our hearts be fully gladdened in our Saviour's glorious light!
—Eva Travers.

Turning Over a New Leaf.

The beginning of the year is regarded by many as a favorable time to break bad habits and to form good resolutions, which they intend to carry out by their own strength. They call this "turning over a new leaf." Now suppose they could carry out their good resolutions in every particular, what about those past black

leaves of guilt? The school-boy who has spilt ink on the page of his copy-book, and then turns over a new leaf, does not thereby take away the blotted one. The grocery man who finds himself in difficulty at the end of the year, and then takes his cash book and begins a "new leaf," does not thereby get out of his difficulty. The new figures on the new leaf won't pay the old debts. And so if it were possible for man to live a sinless life in the future, this would not take away the sins of the past. Those sins would rise up against him on the Day of Judgment and hurl him into eternal damnation.

Good resolutions, however, do not give man the power to overcome sin in the future. No. Did you ever see a man try to lift himself over a fence by the straps of his own boots? If you have, you surely thought him to be a fool. It is just as foolish for man to try to change his sinful will by his own good resolutions. Man's whole nature is sinful, and in that sinful self there is no strength to war against self. Man may modify or control certain outward habits, but the heart remains just the same; and it is a heart full of sin. Is there then no help for sinners? Yes. The New Year's Gospel tells us of the Babe of Bethlehem: "His name was called Jesus," Luke 2, 21. And why was His name called Jesus? The angel said: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for *He shall save His people from their sins.*" Our good resolutions were not called Jesus. Nothing in man's sinful self was called Jesus. But the Son of God who became man to take away the sin of the world was called Jesus; for He alone is the Saviour. The sinner who trusts in Him finds pardon of all sin and eternal salvation. He will also war against sin, not by his own strength, but by the strength which he finds in Jesus. In turning over a new leaf, do not trust in your own sinful self, but trust in Him whose name was called Jesus.

Stop and Think!

It is said that at least 90,000 persons die every day. This would give unto death 3,750 every hour, 62 every minute, and 1 every second of time. How strange it is that most

men go on insensible to these astounding facts. The Bible tells us why this is so. It tells us that they walk according to the prince of the power of the air, that the god of this world hath blinded their minds. Business, riches, pleasure, lust, vice, crime, drunkenness, fashion, excitement, these rule the fleeting hour, and men rush on to the grave, and ungodliness triumphs, and devils laugh, and angels might weep.

But amid this din and wild revelry, that sound like echoes from hell, there is a voice that seeks to reach the ear of the thoughtless traveller to the tomb, the voice of the Son of God, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8, 36.) Man, woman, pushing off the day of salvation, stop and think! Thou art hurrying to the grave with thy sins upon thee! thou art rushing into eternity unprepared to meet thy God! Do not neglect it any longer. A year of grace is come again to thee. Salvation is offered to thee in the Gospel. Oh, do not neglect it even until the next day, for the close of the next day might find thee in hell!

The Traveller's Psalm.

Do you know that one of the Psalms is called "The Traveller's Psalm"? When you are going to take a long journey, when you go by the railroad or sea, I advise you to think of the Traveller's Psalm — the one hundred and twenty-first. It is beautiful—all about taking a journey. And as you enter upon life's journey for another year, read this Psalm:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made Heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy Keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore."

Day by Day.

"Day by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

"Day by day", the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day."

A Dark Year.

The year 1883 has been called a "dark year," it being memorable for its many disasters by fire and flood; by earthquake and storm. The newspapers have again and again called attention to the great loss of life during the twelve months now past. On the first of July the New York *Herald* published a list, from its own columns, of the losses brought on by storm and fire, as reported to that paper alone. More than 180 of such disasters had occurred during the first six months of the year, and more than 3000 persons had been killed. Since that time still greater disasters have occurred. The cyclone at Rochester, Minnesota, and tornadoes at many other places, the earthquakes at Ischia, in Java, and Smyrna, the railroad disasters in the latter part of December have increased the number of sudden and horrible deaths to far more than 100,000. It may well be said that each day of the 365, now numbered with the past, is a new witness to the fact that "God's judgments are on the earth." And these are but heralds of the great Judgment Day which every setting sun brings nearer. But amid the evil and uproar Christians may lift up their heads and rejoice. There was a Zoar for Lot when Sodom and Gomorrah were overthrown. There was a Pella for the Christians in Jerusalem when that city was destroyed. And there shall be royal mansions in our Father's home above for the waiting and watching saints when that last Day of Judgment comes.

New Year's Day.

Ought not daily mercies to be acknowledged, and God's favor and protection asked for every new day? And are we not as ignorant of what a new day as of what a new year may bring forth? There is nothing in nature to make this day in itself more worthy of attention than any other. The sun rises and sets on it as on other days, and the sea ebbs and flows. Some come to the world and some leave it, as they did yesterday, and will do to-morrow. On what day may not one say, I am a year older than I was this day last year? Still I must own that the first of the year speaks to me in a more commanding and serious language than any other common day.—*Norman McLeod.*

If tribulation takes all away from us, it still leaves God; for it can never take God away. Nay, indeed, it brings God to us.—*Luther.*

The Sunday Stone.

In one of the English coal mines there is a constant formation of lime-stone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and as the water passes off these become hard and form the lime-stone. This stone would always be white, like marble, were it not that men are working in the mine, and as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed.

Now, in the night, when there is no coal-dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on alternately, black and white, through the week, until Sunday comes. Then, if the miners do not work on Sunday, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night, and the whole of Sunday, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But if they work on Sunday, they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence the miners call it "The Sunday-Stone."

Perhaps many who now do not keep the holiday holy, would try and spend it better if there were a "Sunday-stone," where they could see their unkept Sundays with their black marks.

But God needs no such record on earth to know how all our Sundays are kept. His record is kept above. All our Sunday deeds are written there, and we shall see them at the last.

Nearer Heaven.

The weary laborer, counting the hours until the sun goes down, rejoices at each sound of the bell that warns him that he can soon return to his room. The little child, hurrying from play or from school to the kindly welcome of a mother's arms, is glad when the well known roof is in sight, and he almost there. The homesick stranger enters joyfully the vessel whose swift wing shall waft him over the waters to the land he loves. Even so the Christian pilgrim gazes through the mists that enshroud his pathway for the first glimpse of the everlasting hills which are crowned with the city of his God. Heartsick, fainting, and weak, there is no surer word of hope that can cheer his faith and arouse his zeal than the melody of "nearer heaven."

If we are toilers in the vineyard at all, every glowing sunset is the token that one day less is left to journey over. Every new morning is another mile-stone, silently telling us that we are approaching the end of the road. Every hour of labor is an earnest of never-ending rest. The path we travel may be tangled and wild; it may lead up rough and rugged mountain sides, and into dangerous ravines; storms may break over our heads, and the blinding hail

and dripping rain render it almost hopeless; yet in sunshine and in gloom we are ever going onward. At the end of the way is the "house beautiful," where the Master has gone to prepare a place for us.

We know not what lies before us ere we reach our home. Joys may be lying in the way, waiting to clasp us in their fragrant arms. Fairer hopes may spring up like flowers where we tread. Or darkness may be on the wing, and the creeping shadows already looking over the shoulder of the sunshine, yet in the same sweet spirit of submission and gratitude let us take whatever our Father sends.

"If grief await, O! let me murmur not,
He passed through furnace-fires tenfold as hot,
And shall the servant scorn the Master's lot?"

One moment in glory will more than recompense for all the toils and griefs of the way thither. Let us cheer each other by the way with the songs of Zion, and whisper in the ear of every singing one, "Nearer heaven."

„My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of care and danger.
For O! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover." —*T. F. C.*

Rome and the Bible.

In Bologna, October 22., 1553, the bishops, in response to the questions of Pope Julius III., as to the best means for strengthening the Church, gave the following answer: "Of all the counsels we have presented to your Holiness we have reserved the most important for the last, and it is that in all the denominations of Rome the Gospel be read as little as possible, especially in the language of the people. The few texts repeated in the mass is sufficient, and no more should be allowed to be read. Whilst the people were content with this small portion your interests prospered, but as the reading of the Gospels has increased your interests have decreased. We repeat, that this book, the Bible, is that which more than any other has raised against us whirlwinds and tempests. It is, therefore, important to limit and impede its circulation, and truly, if we examine it diligently and compare it with the practices of our Church, we shall see a great discordance, and that our doctrine is distinct from and often contrary to the book. What if the people should so understand it? They would not cease to clamor against us, the whole would be divulged, and we should become objects of universal reproach and hatred. For this reason the few pages in the *missal* must be suppressed with care and caution if we would avoid mobs and tumults."

SOME people are dissatisfied because thorns are put on roses, they ought to be glad that roses are put on thorns.

Psalm 37, 5.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

—Paul Gerhardt.

Who Lit the Lamps?

Upon the rocky coast of Cornwall, there stood some years ago, and may be standing yet, an old fashioned light-house. It was placed amid some dangerous rocks, and was found a great blessing to mariners, in directing them in dark and stormy nights.

You would have thought that everybody would have been glad that the light-house stood upon those rocks, and rejoiced in the good it did. But they did not.

There was a set of wicked men who looked upon that light-house with very angry eyes, and often wished some storm would come and sweep it away. They longed to see the vessels wrecked, that they might gather some of the spoil that came from their destruction. These wicked men were called "wreckers"; and when stormy nights came on, they might be seen looking out for their prey, and even kindling large lights upon the shore to deceive the ships, lead them out of the way, and get them dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Still the light-house stood, watched over and kept by the merciful eye and arm of a kind protecting God.

It was inhabited, at the time I am writing about, by a kind man and his little girl; and it is about this little girl my story must be told. She had a very pious mother, who as she died, had given her holy counsels, and left her a large favorite Bible as her property. You may be sure the last words of her dear mother were not soon forgotten; while the Bible she had left was looked upon with no little reverence and love.

The light-house was so placed upon the rocks that, at low water, when the tide was out, you could walk from it to the shore; but at high water nobody could get to it, as no boat could ride in safety among the breakers and the rocks. All the food the inmates needed, and all other things they used, were thus brought to them, or fetched by them at low water, and the man of the light-house had often to go on shore for them.—One day he had gone as usual, leaving his little girl alone in the light-house, when some of the "wreckers" seized him, and deter-

mined to prevent his going back to light his lamps, in the hope that some ship would thus be wrecked. The poor man was in great distress when he found he was the prisoner of these wicked men, and he begged hard to be allowed to return. But in vain; there they kept him till long after the tide came in, and the dark night had gathered, and it became impossible for him to return. At last they let him go, and he stood upon the shore in great distress. The night was gradually become a very stormy one. The wild winds roared furiously. The rain fell in torrents. The lightning flashed. The thunder rolled terrifically. The sea dashed furiously around the light-house, sometimes covering it entirely with its waves. What was he to do? The lantern at the top of his house was yet all dark. He could see some ships in the distance, and he trembled lest they should be wrecked for want of his lamps being lighted. He knew his little girl was all alone, and too little to do anything to help the difficulty; so there he stood in deep distress, while around him stood the savage wreckers, glorying in the success of their wicked scheme, when, all of a sudden, the lantern of the light-house was lighted up, and its bright and glowing rays shot far across the dark and troubled sea. The wreckers were filled with anger when they saw it. The sailors, far off in the ships, were delighted as they caught its beams; and the kind man himself was overcome with surprise and joy, while he exclaimed, "Who has lit the lamp!"

* * *

Very distressed indeed was the little girl when she found her father did not return as she had expected. She watched the tide come rolling up and covering the rocks, so cutting off all the way to shore. She heard the wind get up, and trembled as she felt it rock the light-house. She noticed the dark night setting in, and saw the storm beginning to rise. She looked out, and there she caught a glimpse of the ships in the distance, and knew if the lamps were not lighted they would probably be wrecked, and in her distress she began to think what could she do. At last a text of Scripture, one of her mother's last words, came into her mind: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." So down she knelt, and prayed earnestly to God to help her in her trouble, and, rising walked up to the lantern at the top of the tower to see if she could light the lamps herself. She saw the long stick with which her father lit them, but she was far too little to reach them. Down stairs accordingly she went, and, with great labor, dragged up a table, and climbed on to it, and tried again, but still she could not reach the lamps. Down again she went to seek for something more to stand on, when her eye fell on her mother's large Bible, which she carried up with great labor into the lantern, and laid it on the table. Then, climbing up, she stood tip-toe on the book, and to her joy found she could just reach the lamps. In a minute all the lamps were

lighted, and the lantern blazed out, to the joy of the sailors in the ships, the surprise and gladness of her father, and the shame and disappointment of the wicked wreckers on the shore.

Such is my little story. It is quite true; and as I have told it to you, I have been thinking of other mariners and wreckers than those on the coasts of Cornwall. I have been thinking of a world of people all in danger of missing their way, and being forever ruined by the results of folly and of sin. I have thought of wreckers in the shape of wicked men and youths, who would fain blight and destroy those by whom they are surrounded, and I have thought of the Church of God, with the light of truth, and the means of presenting the way of peace and safety in her possession, as a light-house for the world, in which also you, my dear reader, may help to kindle the lamps, and save some poor voyager for eternity from destruction and woe.—L. L.

A Blind Girl and Her Bible.

Would you know the value of the Bible? Let me introduce you to a scene of deep and thrilling interest as related by a minister, an eye witness. A young woman, completely blind and deaf, was brought before a number of eminent surgeons to see if anything could be done for her. Her sad condition had been produced by a violent pain in the head. The only method of communicating with her was by tapping her hand, which signified *no*, and by squeezing it, which signified *yes*. The surgeons concluded that her case was incurable, and, in reply to her earnest inquiries, she received the unwelcome *tap*. She immediately burst into tears and wept aloud in all the bitterness of anguish. "What," she said, "shall I never see the light of day, or hear a human voice? Must I remain shut up in darkness and silence as long as I live?" A friend who was present took up the Bible and placed it to her breast. It was a touching and beautiful act. She placed her hands on it, and asked, "Is this the Bible?" Her hand was squeezed in reply. She immediately clasped it and exclaimed, "This is the only comfort I have left; I shall never more be able to look upon its blessed pages, but I can think of the blessed promises I have learned from it;" and then began to repeat some of its promises, "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee"; "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee"; "My grace is sufficient for thee," etc. She dried her tears, became submissive to the will of God, and was happy.

MANY a Christian trusts Christ to carry him through the valley of the shadow of death, who does not rely upon Him to take him through the dread to-morrow. If you are Christ's you have no right to worry. He is a safe pilot. You can trust him in the shallow, quiet river, as well as in the sea beyond.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—By the blessing of God we are permitted, with this number, to begin the sixth volume of the LUTHERAN PIONEER. The work has been done for the Master, and since it pleases Him to bless also the work which is done in weakness, we thankfully go forward, hoping that our little PIONEER will again be welcomed by thousands of old and new friends in the coming year.

—IN Brobst's Almanac for 1884 the statistics of the "Lutheran Church in America" sum up as follows: Synodical Conference: ministers 965, congregations 1373, communicants 237,817; General Council (German Iowa Synod included): ministers 879, congregations 1675, communicants 240,009; General Synod (North): ministers 855, congregations 1436, communicants 129,204; General Synod (South): ministers 165, congregations 241, communicants 17,774; Independent: ministers 718, congregations 1697, communicants 197,164; Total: ministers 3582, congregations 6422, communicants 821,968.

—THERE are at present 120 newspapers in the United States of which the publishers, editors, and chief contributors are colored men. The oldest of them is a paper published in San Francisco, which has already attained its eighteenth year. The average circulation of each of the 120 papers is only 1000 subscribers; very few of them are issued at a profit.

—THE Norwegian Lutheran Missionary Society has been greatly blest in its work during the year 1882. The increase of membership in the interior of the great African island Madagascar has been 1247. The number of catechumens at the close of the year was 1266, while the number of those who attended church had been increased to about 38,000. The mission schools were attended by over 33,000 children. In this part of its mission field that Society has 209 churches and chapels, and 206 parish schools, with 553 native teachers. In Zululand and Natal, Africa, 66 adults were baptized, and 59 were under instruction for baptism. About 870 attended the church, and 500 the schools. In Western Madagascar, where missionary activities have been lately begun, only 5 were baptized, while the attendance at church was about 200.

—WHILE the Scandinavian Lutherans are thus busily at work converting the heathen from dull idols to the service of the living God, the American Methodists have decided to expend \$46,000 in "missionary work" in Scandinavia, thinking that the Lutheran countries of Norway, Sweden and Denmark are heathen countries and need the light of Methodism! They ought to know better than all that.

—FROM official sources we learn that last year 232,000 Germans, 59,000 Swedes, 27,000 Norwegians, and about 18,000 Danes came to our shores. Since two-thirds of the Germans and nearly all the Scandinavians have been bap-

tized, educated and confirmed in the Lutheran faith, this unprecedented immigration places unprecedented opportunities and responsibilities for mission work before the Lutheran Church in America as well as in Europe.

—FINLAND has about 2,000,000 people. They are Lutherans, having 219 learned pastors, 487 churches, and 514 chapels. Their university at Helsingfors ranks high with 1300 students. Instruction is imparted in the Swedish and the Finish languages.

—A society for the promotion of knowledge among the Poles has published a Polish edition of Luther's House-Postil.

—AN unknown citizen of Darmstadt, Germany, has given \$60,000 towards the erection of a new church in that city as a memorial of the Luther year.

—THE Brahma Year-book, for 1883, gives some queer and interesting information about the Brahma-Somaj movement in India, called by its enthusiastic adherents "The New Dispensation." It contains the "records of work and life in the Theistic Churches of India," as they are styled. Here we have a strange mixing of Christian and heathen ideas and practices. These eclectic reformers mean to get some good by sifting the ages. The Pocket-Almanac for 1883, for example, makes this "Harmony of Prophets": on Monday the Rishis are to be honored; on Tuesday, Chaitanya; on Wednesday, Moses; on Thursday, Socrates; on Friday, Buddha; on Saturday, the Scientists; on Sabbath, Jesus Christ.

—DURING the past twenty years 17,000,000 of Bibles, or Bible-portions, in fifteen languages, have been sold or given at the Crystal Palace Bible-stand. One very fruitful branch of the work has been the distribution of Scriptures in Flemish, Dutch, and French by book-post to 1,516 towns and villages in Belgium. Of course, priestly opposition has arisen. The peasants of Zele, in Flanders, were threatened by their Romish priest with a satanic visitation during the night on account of the "bad books" in their possession, and assembled one night, well armed, to receive the foe. To while away their tedious watch, they examined the books, and, becoming greatly interested, read them through the night. Their good report spread through Zele, every copy not seized by the priest was eagerly read, and application made for a fresh supply.

—ABOUT two years ago, one native Chinaman in the village of Kokel, China, was the solitary follower of the Christian religion among the dwellers in that place. Through his influence and that of the ministers, a neat little chapel has been built, which now has thirty church-members and over fifty regular attendants on worship. The native Christians have contributed two-thirds of what the building cost. They now carry on their Sunday services themselves, and provide for the expenses.

—It is estimated that the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews,

founded in 1809, has been the means of converting 100,000 of that people. The Society has placed in their hands 2,000,000 copies of the New Testament in Hebrew. There are now 2,000 Jewish Christians in London and probably 1,000 more in other parts of the kingdom.

—A MISSIONARY of the China Inland Mission, in the province of Kan-suh, says that in Tibetan families every other son is given up to the service of the gods, and is supported by his family. A principal temple has 300 priests; another has 100.

—MGR. SAVARESE, Doctor of Civil and Canon Law, and until recently the Pope's domestic prelate, has left the Roman Catholic Church. He has been received into the communion of a Protestant church in Rome.

—"ARE there men there?" was the noble answer of the Christian natives of Raiatea, whose friends tried to dissuade them from going as missionaries to New Guinea, telling them that there were serpents, wild beasts, and pestilence there. "If there are men there," they said, "we will go."

—WISHING our readers all a happy new year we close our window.

"As thy days, thy strength shall be." It is first the promise for strength according to our need. There are days of darkness, and it is the promise for light in them. There are days of weakness, and it is the promise for strength. There are days of what we call prosperity, and we need a strong hand to hold us calm and steady and true. For oftentimes the most dangerous trial is when we seem not to be tried at all. But in them all the anchor of the promise still holds—"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

If life be a battle, how mad must he be who fails to arm himself for the contest! If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven among unknown waters! If life be a pilgrimage, how unwise is he who strays from the right road, nor seeks to return till the twilight shadows gather around his pathway!

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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No. 2.

Safe At Home.

Land ahead! Its trees are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.

Now my heart with joy is bounding,
As I see the heavenly land,
Hear the golden harps resounding,
From the glorious blood-washed band.

Farewell, earth, thy grief and sadness,
All thy bitterness and tears—
Are exchanged for joy and gladness,
Death and darkness disappears.

Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safe at home at last.

Hark! the tide of rapture swelling,
Thee, Lord Jesus, we adore,
Every life with wonder telling
Praise to Thee for evermore.

"Come Home!"

We recently read a story of a poor woman who lost her only daughter in the vicious whirlpool depths of London life. The girl left a pure home, to be drawn into the gulf of guilty misery. The mother, with a breaking heart, went to Dr. Barnardo, and telling him the story, asked if he could help to find the lost one. The genial doctor said: "Yes, I can; get your photograph taken, frame a good many copies, write under the picture 'Come home,' and send them to me." The doctor had the photographs hung up in places where he thought the lost one would come to visit. One night the girl, with some companions in sin, as she entered one of these places, saw her mother's carte. Struck with astonishment, she looked closely at it, and saw the invitation written beneath. To whom was it addressed? To her? Yes. She saw by that token that there was forgiveness awaiting her, and that night the repenting daughter returned to her mother's arms, just as she was.

Ah! there are many wanderers from their Father's home, lost in a world of sin and misery. The prophet says, "All we, like sheep,

have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way," Isa. 53, 6. The Gospel comes to us and shows us our loving Saviour in whom God has revealed Himself as a God of mercy for all sinners. We behold this Saviour on every page of the Bible and read the loving invitation "Come home!" It gives us the assurance that there is pardon awaiting us since Christ has borne the punishment of all our sins. Yes, there is a loving welcome, full of sweetest forgiveness, for all repenting sinners. In their Father's arms they will find a home full of peace and rest. And those strong arms will carry them in the hour of death to the mansions above where they shall be safe at home.

Sinful wanderer! Behold your Saviour in the Gospel and listen to God's loving cry "Come Home! Come Home!"

Take Hold and Help.

A school teacher relates the following incident as observed from her window: "Two colored men were engaged in loading cotton bales. One of the men shirked. Although he went through all the motions, he did not help much in the work, while the other used all his strength. Finally he turned to his fellow laborer, and surveying him from head to foot, said: 'Sambo, are you a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'Then take hold and help.'" There are many who make a profession of Christianity, but do nothing to help the cause of Christ in the world. Their common excuse is, "I am poor, I am weak, I am unlearned; what can I do?" If you are a Christian you can do something. Think of the widow and her two mites. One grain of sand is not a mountain, but you cannot have a mountain without grains of sand.

Trust in Jesus.

A doctor, who was once visiting a Christian patient, had himself long been anxious to feel that he was at peace with God. The Spirit of God had convinced him of his sin and need, and he longed to possess "that peace which the world cannot give." On this occasion, address-

ing himself to the sick one, he said: "I want you just to tell me what it is, this believing and getting happiness—faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing that brings peace?"

His patient replied: "Doctor, I have felt that I could *do nothing*, and I have put my case in your hands—I am *trusting in you*. This is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus."

This reply greatly awakened the doctor's surprise, and a new light broke in upon his soul. "Is that all?—simply trusting in the Lord Jesus! I see it as I never did before. He has *done* the work."

Yes, Jesus said on the cross, "It is finished," and "whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life?"

From that sick bed the doctor went a happy man—rejoicing that his sins were washed away in the Blood of the Lamb.

„God Spared not His own Son.”

One day a Christian man was pressing on some Roman Catholic neighbors the danger of neglecting their soul's salvation, and in doing so set before them the terrors of the hell that awaits the impenitent. One of them turned on him and said, "You are a father; could you make one of your children unhappy for his whole life, even if he had offended you ever so deeply? And will God be less merciful to us than an earthly parent would be towards his children? If we have been so unfortunate as to offend Him, still will He not spare us?" "Spare *you!*" answered the other; "how could he do that, when He spared not His own Son!"

Jesus!

It is a touching story told of a poor Norwegian mother whose baby died in her arms on the train, that unable to speak, she pointed Bishop Whipple to the one word in the Lutheran Prayerbook which expressed volumes—"Jesus." Blessed is the faith in One who is touched with our sorrows and acquainted with our griefs.

Luther's Dying Prayers.

Luther was a man of prayer. He was a most prominent example of a man who combined working with praying. He prayed all his life long. He constantly breathed the spirit of devotion. He prayed much in the chamber at Eisleben in which he died February 18th, 1546. Many of the prayers which he there uttered, are recorded. His sermons, his table talks, his prayers, were taken down by loving hands, and are preserved to us. The prayers which he uttered in his dying chamber, and within a few hours of his departure from earth to heaven, are rich legacies left to the church. They reveal the internal working of faith in his heart. They present to us the man as he was, strong in the faith, devout in spirit, resolute for the right, self abased in soul, and faithful to the end in the work that God gave him to do. We present them together as they were reported by eye and ear witnesses of the death of one of the greatest of uninspired men.

The following was uttered by him a few hours before his death, as he stood at the window of the little room, or library, of the house at which he stayed at Eisleben. It was his custom in summer and winter, to stand at the window, and looking out, and up towards the heavens, to offer his prayers. This one was uttered with clear voice, and was written down as he spoke it, by the family servant of Dr. Justus Jonas, who was present in the room and heard it. It is as follows:

"O Lord God, heavenly Father, I implore Thee, in the name of Thy dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have, by Thy grace, confessed and preached, that, according to Thy promise, and to the glory of Thy name, Thou wilt be pleased graciously to hear these my prayers. Thou wilt hear me, since Thou hast, in Thy great mercy, according to Thy gracious will, revealed to me, the apostacy, blindness, and gross errors of the popes, before the great day, which is not far off, but just at the door, and which shall follow the light of the Gospel which now shines in all the world. Be graciously pleased to preserve the church of my dear fatherland, even to the end, without any falling away, in the pure truth, and in the constant and faithful confession of Thy word, so that the whole world may know that for this, Thou hast sent me. Grant this, O dearest Lord God. Amen. Amen."

The next was uttered by him soon after, when he could no longer stand, but lay on his bed in his chamber, only a short time before he breathed his last. His mind was still clear, and he spoke these words very distinctly:

"O my heavenly Father, everlasting, merciful God, Thou hast revealed to me Thy dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have preached, whom I have confessed, whom I love, whom I honor as my dear Redeemer and Saviour, whom the ungodly persecute, revile, and blaspheme. O, take my poor soul to Thyself. O heavenly Father, although this body must

be surrendered to decay, and I will be deprived of this life, nevertheless I know certainly, that I am to remain with Thee forever, and that no one is able to pluck me out of Thy hand."

Having uttered these words, he closed by saying: "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit, Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

These, except the word "yes," in answer to the question of Dr. Jonas, whether he died as he lived, in the confession of Christ as the Son of God and Redeemer and Saviour of the world, were his last words. They prove that he was not only a great, but also a godly man. Christ was his all. With simple faith he trusted wholly in Him. His soul was in most intimate communion with God. He was a chosen instrument. God wrought by him. As he lived, so he died, a godly man. With St. Paul he could say: "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ." —E. G.

Liberality of Heathen Converts.

One of the most noticeable things about the churches in missionary lands is their *liberality*. From Southern India Mr. Rendall reports to the *Missionary Herald* that most of the 2,501 church members connected with the Madura Mission "are from the lowest castes and are day laborers, earning not more than *ten cents a day*. Yet most of them give something, and they are giving more and more liberally each year." Mr. Howland speaks of certain Christians in this region who live on \$6 a year, who yet contribute of what they have—possibly at times a few handfuls of rice from their scanty store.

From a letter written by Mr. Tracy, of Tirupuvanam, the *Herald* gives the following interesting extract:

"Through the year they did what they could in their *ordinary* offerings. The total amount was fully up to the sum pledged: an advance of one half of the previous year!

One congregation consisting mostly of women whose dependence is wholly upon their daily labor as coolies, gave \$3.50 and a little over. They had pledged \$3. If any body is disposed to say that three dollars and fifty cents is not much, let me say that it is at least ten per cent of their probable earnings for the whole year. They are poor: they own no fields: their clothing is of the scantiest and often insufficient: the house in which they live, though clean, are such as in any civilized country would be disowned as human habitations. Yet being constantly reminded of God's love, and of his gifts to them, they have given generously. Nor is it a spasmodic effort: they have been growing into it, theirs is a spirit of real self-denying benevolence. I doubt if any church or congregation in the home land can show so good a record.

"Another congregation in less favorable circumstance, because less able to obtain work, and one which has given generously of its labor toward the building last year, of a small church, gave between \$1.50 and \$2. Of their poverty I need only say that their women have not sufficient clothing to properly cover their persons. They would clothe themselves if they could. Their houses are the merest hovels, well ventilated over head, indeed, but not otherwise well at all. Their contribution was probably ten per cent of all the money which they had received during the year. Besides this they had given nearly half as much in Sunday offering during the year. No mean record, it seems to me.

"I will not multiply illustrations. I am convinced that the Christians of this district are having the matter of benevolence kept faithfully before them, and that in proportion to their means they are making a far more generous response than thousands upon thousands in America."

To Those Who do Not Believe in Missions.

You say you do not believe in Missions. Then there are certain other things which you cannot believe:

1. You cannot believe that God so loved the world that He sent His Son to save it, or that it is His wish that none should perish, but that all should come to repentance. You deny God's universal love.

2. You cannot believe that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. You deny its efficiency.

3. You cannot believe that He was the Son of God, or has any claim upon your obedience, who said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature." You deny His authority.

For it is as clear as noonday that if you believed these things, namely, God's loving wish to save all men, and the power of the Gospel to save them, and that it was God's Son, and not an impostor, who gave the command to preach the Gospel throughout the world, then you *must* believe in Missions. Think, therefore, how many denials are involved in your denial of the claims of Missions. What is there left in Christianity for you? To you it has neither efficiency nor authority; it has no crowning glory as a revelation of God's infinite love to the race of man.

Unless you find in the Gospel something which makes it worthy of being preached to all men, you have not found in it that which makes it of any worth to you; you have missed its meaning; you do not know its power. The root of unbelief in Missions is want of faith in the Gospel.—*Church Messenger*.

ADVERSITY does not take from us our true friends: it only disperses those who pretended to be so.



O, little child! lie still and sleep;
Jesus is near,
Thou needst not fear;
No one need fear whom God doth keep
By day or night;
Then lay thee down in slumber deep
Till morning light.

O, little child! thou needst not wake,
Though bears should prowl,
The wolfish howl
And watch-dogs' bark the silence break;
Jesus is strong:
The angels watch thee for His sake,
The whole night long.

O, little child! be still and rest,
He sweetly sleeps
Whom Jesus keeps,
And in the morning wakes so blest,
His child to be;
Love every one, but love Him best,
He first loved thee.

O, little child, when thou must die,
Fear nothing then,
But say "Amen"
To God's command, and quiet lie
In His kind hand
Till He shall say, "Dear child, come, fly
To Heaven's bright land."

Then, with thine angel wings quick grown,
Thou shalt ascend
To meet thy Friend;
Jesus the little child will own,
Safe at His side;
And thou shalt live before the throne
Because He died.

—Norwegian Hymn.

A PEOPLE that gives up God is like a people that gives up a territory: it is a lost people. There is only one greater folly than that of the fool who says in his heart, "There is no God," and that is the folly of a people that says in its heart that it does not know whether there is a God or not.—Bismarck.

Young Atheists.

A suggestive scene took place lately in a railway car that was crossing the Rocky Mountains. A quiet business man, who with the other passengers had been silently watching the vast range of snow-clad peaks by him seen for the first time, said to his companion,—

"No man, it seems to me, could look at that scene without feeling himself brought nearer to his Creator."

A dapper lad of eighteen, who had been chiefly occupied in caressing his mustache, partly interrupted, "If you are sure there is a Creator."

"You are an atheist," said the stranger, turning to the lad.

"I am an agnostic," raising his voice. "I am investigating the subject. I take nothing for granted. I am waiting to be convinced. I see the mountains, I smell the rose, I hear the wind: therefore, I believe that mountains, rose and wind exist. But I cannot see, smell, or hear God. Therefore"—

A grizzled old cattle raiser opposite glanced over his spectacles at the boy. "Did you ever try to smell with your eyes?" he said, quietly.

"No."

"Or to hear with your tongue, or to taste with your ears?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why do you try to apprehend God with faculties which are only meant for material things?"

"With what should I apprehend him?" said the youth with a conceited giggle.

"With your intellect and soul!—but I beg your pardon;" here he paused; "some men haven't breadth and depth enough of intellect and soul to do this. This is probably the reason that you are an agnostic."

The laugh in the car effectually stopped the display of any more atheism that day.

But this is a question that cannot be laughed or joked away. There are such immature lads in colleges who find a Greek grammar too much for their brains to master, yet who loudly proclaim themselves agnostics or materialists, and challenge the Creator of the universe to stand on trial for their verdict.

Johnny's Question.

A young soldier stopped one day at the house of a farmer. They were kind people at the farm-house, and the soldier had good reason for remembering his visit. I will tell you why. Before sitting down to dinner, father, mother, children, and the servants, stood behind their chairs with their heads bowed, while the farmer asked God's blessing on the food. After they had eaten, the farmer gave thanks to God in the same way. Every one then went to work,

and the children to school, all except Johnny, the youngest. The soldier sat down at the window, and as he looked out, kept thinking, "These people love God."

Pretty soon Johnny came up to him, and putting his little fat hand on the soldier's knee, said, "Please tell me something about Jesus." But the soldier began to talk about dogs, horses and cows, anything but Jesus. When he stopped, the little boy looked into his face again, and said, "Do tell me something about Jesus." "I do not know anything about Him," said the soldier, feeling a little ashamed of his ignorance.

"You so big, and not know anything about Jesus!" said Johnny, with a look of great surprise. "If you don't put your trust in Him, when you die you won't go to heaven."

The young man went out and did not get back till after supper. The farmer's wife had something already on the table when he did come, which he was about to eat, when Johnny, still keeping near the stranger, said, "Pray first, then eat." The soldier laid down his knife and fork, and hardly knew what to do. The little fellow, seeing him puzzled, folded his own hands, and asked God's blessing on the soldier's supper. After that, came family prayers. A Bible was put into the stranger's hands, and he read with the rest, and sang with them, and heard the farmer pray for him, who never prayed for himself.

He was deeply impressed. God's Word, which he had read that evening in the Bible, worked at his heart. When he got into his own chamber, he kneeled down by his bed, and prayed: "O God of this house, be my God!" It was the first prayer he had offered in many, many years; but you may be sure it was not the last. And it was not a long time before he could tell little Johnny something about the dear Jesus he loved so well. L. C. P.

"Then I have Got it."

Some years ago, says a missionary, I was leaving a hall in Glasgow, in which I had been preaching the gospel, when a respectable man, with a very eager face, stretched out his hand and grasped mine, saying, "Sir, I am very anxious to get salvation."

I said, "God is very anxious that you should have it."

He listened earnestly to hear what I would say to him, hoping some word would give him peace; but I only put the gospel to him in the most familiar texts of Scriptures. As I reminded him that "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but should have everlasting life," he stopped me by saying: "But I do believe in Jesus."

I replied, "Jesus said, 'He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.'"

A look of astonishment and joy immediately broke over his face as he said, "Then I've got it? Thank God, I've got everlasting life."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—A NEW PAPER.—“The Lutheran Messenger” is the name of a new paper published in the German language by our brethren in California in the interest of our Lutheran congregations and missions on the Pacific coast. We bid it a hearty welcome and wish it God speed. The price of the paper is \$1.00 per annum. Business Letters are to be addressed to Rev. J. H. Theiss, 666 Sixth St., Oakland, Cal.

—LUTHER JUBILEE IN INDIA.—The German missionaries in Ranchi, India, held a grand demonstration in honor of Martin Luther, in which thirty-five thousand native Christians took part. What a striking comment on the far-reaching influence of a single life, that the children of the jungle should thus be found celebrating the birth of one who lived and died on the other side of the globe four centuries ago!

—LUTHER JUBILEE IN AFRICA.—In Africa, too, Luther memorials were held in all the churches of the German colonists, as well as in the native congregations, gathered from the heathen by the different German missionary Societies. The Gospel of the grace of God, which was restored to the Church through Dr. Martin Luther, was proclaimed in the Dark Continent in many tongues 400 years after his birth.

—BOYS AND BAD BOOKS.—Several boys in Milwaukee, the sons of respectable parents, were convicted recently for setting buildings on fire “just for fun.” They had been for some time reading dime novels and other cheap and trashy publications. They began their course of crime by stealing at home until that diversion became too tame, and advanced in wickedness until they set buildings and houses on fire. One of the books mentioned by them as having great influence with them was published last March by a Chicago firm, and has already reached a sale of 400,000 copies. Another book by the same author, of the same pernicious character, and published since, has sold to the extent of 100,000 copies.

—IMPURE LITERATURE.—In reply to the presentment of the Grand Jury at the Philadelphia Criminal Court, Judge Arnold said: “What you say with regard to the exhibition of obscene pictorial papers in shop windows and at stands in the street comes with particular force and timeliness. It will apply also to the display of obscene posters. These things constitute a crying evil. A society ought to be formed for the suppression of them, just as societies have been formed for the eradication of other evils. I remember the time when such pictures as some theatrical managers and publishers of a certain order of pictorial papers now show with impunity would have had to be clandestinely exhibited, if at all, for fear of an indictment. But these managers and publishers have grown bold with toleration. They scatter their vile prints broadcast to pollute society. The effect upon the minds of youth and upon some people who are not young is demoralizing to the last degree. It is high time that steps were taken to wipe out the evil.”

—MISSION WORK.—Very few persons consider the amount of work that is done in the way of sending the gospel to the heathen. The *Intelligencer* remarks, and no doubt, truly, that “in India there are nineteen principal languages and a large number of dialects, yet such has been the activity of the Christian Church during this century that there is, perhaps, not a

person among the two hundred millions who, if he can read, cannot have the access to the Scriptures in his own tongue.” When we consider the scholarship, work, expense and patience that are needed to achieve such a result, we will conclude that no cause of the world today has afforded so great an example of beneficent earnestness. It places foreign missionary work on a splendid elevation.

—A GREAT OFFER.—We learn from the *Examiner* that a citizen of London has offered to the Missionary Union here a mission in complete working order at one of the best points on the Congo River in Africa. “This mission has been hitherto sustained by the personal contributions of one of the wealthiest and most excellent Christian laymen of London. He does not propose to withdraw his co-operation from it, but believes it to be for the interest of the mission that it should be placed permanently under the direction of a fully organized missionary society. Hence his offer to transfer the mission with all that appertains to it to the Missionary Union.”

—FROM ZULULAND.—We have been filled with horror at the news of the murder of a missionary in Zululand by the Zulus—Rev. Mr. Schroeder, of the Hermannsburg Luth. Mission. He was a young unmarried man (his intended being on her way thither for marriage,) of considerable promise as a missionary—singularly meek and inoffensive—who had given no known cause of offense beyond the fact of his being a missionary. He appears to have been killed while he sat at a table, intently studying a book, the murderer giving the fatal stab from behind. He was alone. The house was afterward ransacked, and whatever was carried off was destroyed.

—MISSION IN INDIA.—The Leipzig Lutheran Mission, whose fields include the Tranquebar mission in India, has now 19 Principal Stations, 455 other stations, 20 missionaries, 9 travelling preachers, 66 Catechists and 67 helpers. There are 133 parochial schools with 174 teachers and upwards of 3000 scholars. During the past year 633 heathen were baptized, and 253 confirmed. Upwards of 14,000 communicants are found in the churches of the mission.

—AN AFRICAN MISSIONARY.—A native from the interior was converted at Natal, returned to his own people as a missionary, and for nine years has been laboring among the heathen and savage people, unknown, unpaid, unvisited by missionaries, and unrecognized by any church. In this time several hundred have been converted through his labors; and at one time he and two hundred converts were driven from their own tribe because they were Christians, and compelled to find homes in a strange country. The preacher and the people have remained true to Christianity in the face of persecution. The place now occupied by the preacher is two hundred miles in the interior from the farthest station, and his out-stations reach within fifty miles of the Limpopo river, the northern boundary of the Transvaal. It is now proposed to take up the work, send an English missionary there, and carry on the mission vigorously.

—IDOLATRY IN CHINA.—Dr. Nevius has made an estimate that there are, or were, in round numbers, about three hundred thousand idol temples in China; and at the rate of ten idols to each temple, there would be three million idols. These temples he estimates to have cost at least one billion dollars! And the money which is spent annually by this people

in worship and in the repairs of these buildings, as well as the building of new ones, is simply beyond conception. In Soochow, one of the largest temples has recently been overhauled and repaired, at an expense, it is said, of seventy thousand dollars—largely given by one man, who thereby is supposed to get great merit.

—BIBLE FOR THE ZULUS IN AFRICA.—The first edition of the entire Bible in the Zulu language has been received at the mission stations in that country, from America, where it was printed by the American Bible Society, under the superintendence of Rev. S. C. Pixley. The translation has been made from the original languages, and much labor has been bestowed upon it by different members of the mission during the last thirty-five years. The price is only six English shillings, and two shillings for the New Testament.

—BANNER STATE.—Connecticut must be the banner State for foreign missionaries, no less than thirty-two having gone out from the one sparsely settled county of Tolland.

—OLD STUDENT.—One of the students in the University of Berlin is 69 years of age. He is a Lutheran Missionary from South Africa, desirous to promote the preaching of the Gospel by medical practice (*i. e.*, benevolent) among the heathen. He is said to be a very bright student, most anxious to become an efficient surgeon.

—ON A WHEELBARROW.—Among the difficulties encountered by missionaries in China, as well as other countries which lie far behind in the march of progress, is the lack of transportation. Dr. Nevius, a missionary in China, made a tour in Shantung of 1,000 miles on a wheelbarrow of his own invention, drawn by a powerful mule.

BOOK-TABLE.

MARTIN LUTHER. A Memorial Volume for Schools and Families. Illustrated. By Rev. Enoch Smith. Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa. Price 60 cts.

This handsome volume gives a plain, interesting, and reliable account of Luther's life and work. It is intended especially for the young people, but the older people will also read it with profit and pleasure.

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The Price of our Redemption.

Christ "has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, purchased and won me from all sins, from death and from the power of the devil, not with gold or silver, but with His holy precious blood and with His innocent suffering and death." With these words of Luther's Catechism we confess that the price of our redemption is Christ's holy precious blood and His innocent suffering and death. And in the holy time of Lent we see our Saviour lay down this price of our redemption. Amid untold sufferings and agony He shed His holy precious blood and died in our stead. We are redeemed with a great price. The Bible says, "Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . , but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot," 1 Pet. 1, 18, 19.

The blood of Christ is holy blood, because He Himself is "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." There is no sin in Him. He is the "Lamb without blemish and without spot." Therefore also His suffering and death were innocent. He was not guilty, but we were guilty. He did not suffer and die for His own sins, but for our sins and our transgressions. God "made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," 2 Cor. 5, 21. The sins of the world were laid on Him, and the righteousness which He procured by His holy precious blood and by His innocent suffering and death was procured for all sinners.

The blood of Christ is precious blood, because it is the blood of the Son of God. A drop of that blood is far more worth than all the treasures of heaven and earth. The blood of God's Son is of such great value as to be a full payment for all the sins of all sinners. The sinner who under the conviction of his many sins cries out for pardon and peace can find pardon and peace in the blood of God's Son; for "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John 1, 7.

Reader, what will you do with that holy precious blood which is the price of your redemption? Many reject it, and trample it un-

der foot, and count it an unholy thing, and thereby reject their own salvation. They reject the only way to heaven. The saints in heaven who stand before the throne of the Lamb must know how they got there. And their song comes down to us in the Book of Revelations: "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation," Rev. 5, 9. Oh, dear reader, if you wish to be among those in heaven who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb, do not reject that redemption which has been procured for you at so great a price. Confess from the bottom of your heart: "I believe that Jesus Christ, true God, begotten of the Father from eternity, and also true man, born of the Virgin Mary, is my Lord, who has redeemed me, a lost and condemned creature, purchased and won me from all sins, from death and from the power of the devil, not with gold or silver, but with His holy precious blood and with His innocent suffering and death."

God's Kingdom.

The king of Prussia was once travelling in his dominions, and he passed through a pretty village, where he was to remain an hour or two. The villagers were delighted to see their king. The school children strewed flowers before him, and one little girl had a pretty verse of welcome to say to him. He listened kindly, and told her, she had performed her task well, which pleased her very much. He then turned to the school-master, and said he would like to ask the classes a few questions. Now there happened to be a large dish of oranges on the table close by. The king took up one of these saying: "To what kingdom does this belong, children?"

"To the vegetable kingdom," replied one of the little girls.

"And to what kingdom this?" continued he, as he took from his pocket a gold coin.

"To the mineral kingdom," she answered.

"And to what kingdom do I belong, my child?" he inquired, expecting, of course, that she would answer, "To the animal kingdom." But, fearing that it would not sound respectful to answer to a king that he belonged to the

animal kingdom, she paused and colored deeply, not knowing what to say.

Then remembering the words in the Bible, where it says that "God created man in His own image," she looked up quickly and said, "To God's kingdom, sir."

The king stooped down and placed his hand upon her head. A tear stood in his eye as he devoutly answered: "God grant that I may be counted worthy of that kingdom."

How to be a true Pastor.

BY DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

To be a true pastor and preacher is a great thing; and if our Lord God himself did not give strength, the thing could not be.

It needs a great soul to serve the people with body and soul, goods and honor, and to suffer for it the greatest peril and ingratitude.

Therefore it was that Christ said to Peter, "*Peter, lovest thou Me?*" and repeats it three times, and then says "*Feed My sheep.*" It is as if He said: "If thou wilt be a true shepherd and friend of souls, thou must be so from love to Me." In no other way is this possible. For who will and can suffer ingratitude, spend his health and substance in study, and, for a reward, stand in the greatest peril? Therefore He says: "It is a necessity that thou shouldst love Me."

From Luther's Letter to a Friend.

"Wearied at length with your own righteousness, rejoice and confide in the righteousness of Christ. Learn, my dear brother, to know Christ, and Christ crucified; and learn to despair of thyself, and sing to the Lord this song, 'Lord Jesus, Thou art my righteousness, but I am Thy sin. Thou hast taken what belonged to me; Thou hast given me what was Thine. Thou becamest what Thou wast not, in order that I might become what I was not myself.'"

TRUE obedience to God is the obedience of faith and good works; that is, he is truly obedient to God who trusts Him and does what He commands.—*Luther.*

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—

What I might report from our colored congregations respecting the Luther jubilee has in all essentials been reported already. But it might not be amiss to make mention of the fruits we have reaped. That the name of Luther and the Lutheran Church was unknown to the colored people, at least of this city, until our Mission was established here, is not very strange; nor did it then become widely known. In the past jubilee year it was natural that we should make the people more familiar with Luther and the nature of his work. To this end a Biography of Luther's Life was introduced in our schools, sermons were delivered on the work of Reformation, and short sketches of his life were given in our meetings. The discourses were listened to with marked interest and attention. A joint memorial service to be held in the Mt. Zion Church was decided upon by both congregations; and the sisters of that congregation spared neither money nor labor in order to put the church in a proper festive trimming. To Mr. Vix is the honor due for the neatly worked-out inscription appropriate for the occasion. Had not the inclemency of the weather caused a postponement of the celebration, the audience would have been twice as large. The able address of Rev. Franke was well adapted to create interest and love in the hearts of the hearers for the great Reformer; nor did it fail to do so. Those who have learned a little about him, desire to learn more. Even outside of the congregations inquiries have been made for his Biography and for his Smaller Catechism. Our appeal to work for the spread of the PIONEER that contains nothing but "God's word and Luther's doctrine pure," has by some been liberally responded to. Besides this, our church and our mission has become more known and an increased church-attendance is visible. Yet little good would come of our Luther festival if the colored people do not learn to appreciate more highly the truth which Luther taught and to devote themselves more to the study of the Bible which Luther was instrumental in giving to the people. It is therefore to be hoped that they will not be content with a mere superficial knowledge of the Reformer and his work but inquire into the truth, for which Luther fought so bravely and by which our church has constantly stood and stands to-day; and availing themselves of the christian generosity extended to them by the Ev. Luth. Synodical Conference, they will in the churches and schools of our mission find what they seek.

Another festival to be mentioned is the annual anniversary of the consecration of the Mt. Zion Church. The congregation assembled was one of the largest we have witnessed, and also one of the most unruly. For the benefit of the Mission a collection was taken up amounting to \$5.00. This congregation has resolved henceforth to contribute regularly to Mission pur-

poses. This is a step forward; it is a mark of thankfulness to the Giver of all good for His grace and goodness extended to them through the instrumentality of Lutheran fellow christians. This step is so much more gratifying as the expenses of their own church are somewhat heavy for the few contributing members. Besides this they contribute to the Bethlehem's Orphan Home and to the fund of the sick and needy of the congregation.

A merry Christmas with neatly decorated trees, laden with toys and presents for the children, was celebrated by both congregations at their respective churches. Parents who seldom or never visit us are usually present on such occasions; and the assembly is uncommonly large. This occasion forms no exception to the rule. The St. Paul's Chapel was crowded to overflow, and that part of the Mt. Zion church used for the divine services was filled to the very last seat. Before the candles were lighted and presents distributed a short service was held. With heart and voice the children sung hymns of praises to the Saviour. The prophecies of the Old Testament pointing to Him and the history of His birth were related with accuracy and questions pertaining thereto promptly answered.

Day and Sunday schools are in a prosperous condition. While some we lose and some we discharge, others are waiting to fill their vacant places. It grieves us very much to refuse the many applications that are growing more numerous every year. The character of our schools is known to the people in the districts where they are located. A preference for our schools is manifest from the fact that parents send their children with a view to have them brought up in our church. It pains us very much to send them away; for they are redeemed souls whom God will entrust to our spiritual care. Shall our mission work be successfully carried on, steps should be taken to secure more help and more room. More schools and missionary stations should be erected and thus gather into the vineyard of the Lord as many as can be found. This would doubtless at once be carried out by the Honorable Board of Mission, but it has not the means. It is waiting for the Christians throughout the Synodical Conference to respond to the numerous calls for liberal contributions to the colored mission. May God open the hearts and hands of Christians for our mission work!

Or, "Shall we always live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love to God so cold so faint
And His to us so great?"

New Orleans, La., Febr. 17th, 1884.

MISSIONARY.

Who are the Meek.

A missionary in Jamaica once asked a little colored girl in a missionary school, "Who are the meek?" The child answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

The Purpose of Sorrow and Suffering.

BY DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

God chastens and disciplines those whom He would bring into eternal life; they suffer many severe trials of sorrow and of pain, of misfortune and tribulation, yet God is their friend. We all have our griefs and pains, and if we candidly ask ourselves: Had this trouble not come upon me, would I not have fallen into some other calamity or sin, and is it not better thus, when God by these trials keeps me in faith and brings me to His Word and keeps me at prayer? I say, if we candidly look at our experience in this light, we shall surely find that God is not our enemy, even if He smites us; but that He in reality manifests His love toward us, and would by this discipline keep us from eternal misery. If, therefore, we feel the infliction, let us not suppose that God is angry with us, or that He cares not for us. He disciplines us because we are His children, that we may not fall short of the inheritance which He has in store for us.

If now the Christian is afflicted, he ought not to indulge in effeminate complaints and lamentations, but should remember that he has a merciful God in heaven, who has not forsaken him nor any of His children; who sends these trials and sorrows as reminders of man's trespasses, and as a call to repentance and to a more faithful obedience and filial love.

Did not know it was in the Bible.

A well-to-do deacon in Connecticut was one morning accosted by his pastor, who said, "Poor Widow Green's wood is out. Can you not take her a cord?" "Well," answered the deacon, "I have the wood and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?" The pastor, somewhat vexed, replied, "I will pay you for it, on the condition that you read the first three verses of Psalm 12. before you go to bed to-night." The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make his bed in sickness." A few days after the pastor met him again. "How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?" "O!" said the now enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the old widow's wants."—Selected.

GRACE teaches us, in the midst of life's greatest comforts, to be willing to die, and in the midst of its greatest crosses to be willing to live.

A Noble Confessor.

When Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, was standing before the Judge into whose presence he had been summoned, the latter said to him: "I will give you free if you will but curse Christ, and swear." But the aged Christian, with deep emotion, said: "I have served Him for 86 years, and He never did me any harm: how shall I curse my King who has blessed me?" The judge then declared that if Polycarp would not yield, he would tame him with fire, to which the Confessor of Christ replied: "You threaten me with fire which burns but a moment, and is soon extinguished, but you know nothing of the eternal fire which is reserved for the godless."

Hereupon the Proconsul commanded it to be made known by his herald, that Polycarp had confessed that he was a Christian. The enemies of Christ then cried out: "This is the teacher of Asia, the father of the Christians, the destroyer of our gods, who has deceived many so that they no more sacrifice or pray to them. Let him be burned alive." Wood was now hastily gathered by the multitude. As they were about to bind the aged martyr to the stake, he said: "Leave me as I am. He who gives me strength to endure the flames, will also give me power to stand in the fire without being bound with cords, or fastened by nails." Then, with his hands tied upon his back, he prayed: "Lord God Almighty, Father of Thy beloved and blessed Son, Jesus Christ, Thou God of Angels and of Principalities, and of all Creatures, and of all Saints that walk before Thy face, I thank Thee, that Thou has deemed me worthy on this day, and in this hour, to receive my heritage, among Thy martyrs to the resurrection unto eternal life both of body and soul, and to incorruptibility through the Holy Ghost. For this I praise Thee; I exalt Thee; I glorify Thee through the Eternal High Priest, Jesus Christ, Thy beloved Son, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be honor and praise both now and for ever more. Amen."

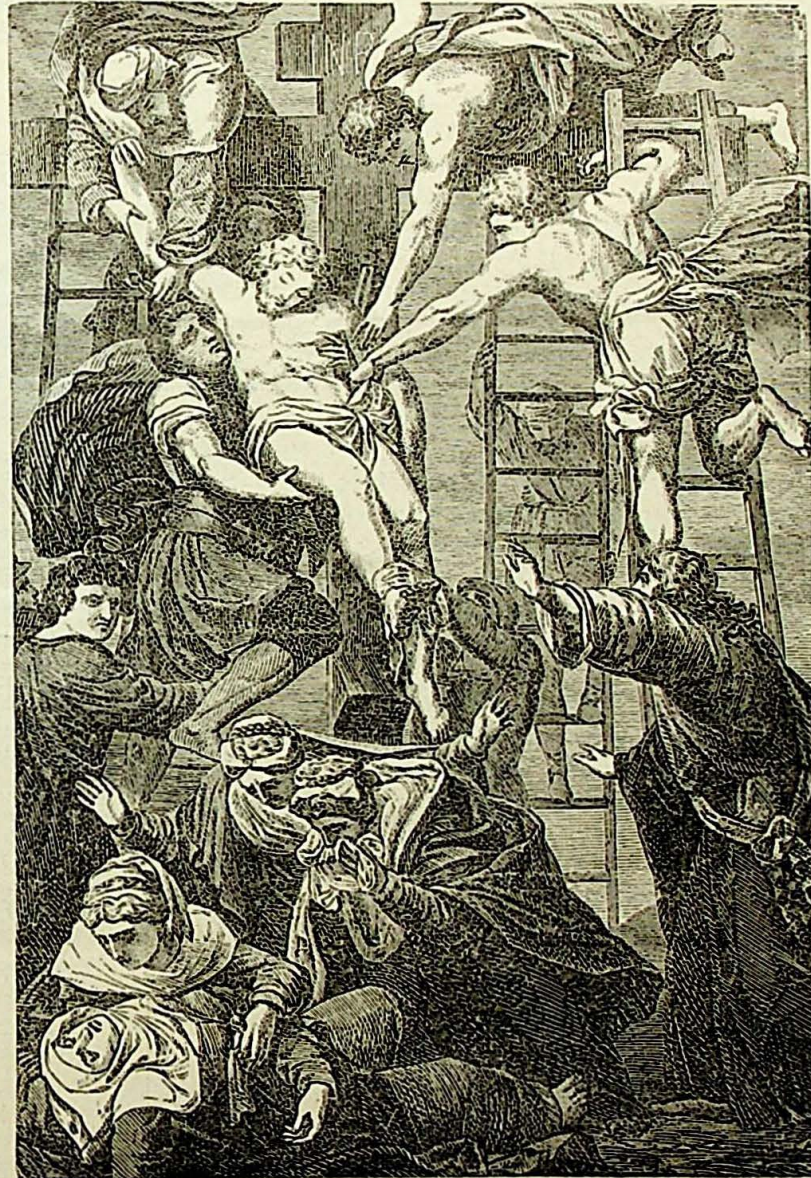
—The fire was kindled and the soul of the noble confessor soon passed into the presence of Him who has said: "Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven," Matt. 10, 32.

How a Story grows.

A farmer was once told that his turnip field had been robbed, and that the robbery had been committed by a poor inoffensive man, of the name of Palmer, who many of the people of the village said had taken away a wagon load of turnips. Farmer Brown, much exasperated by the loss of his turnips, determined to prosecute poor Palmer with all the severity of the

law. With this intention he went to Molly Sanders, the washerwoman, who had been busy in spreading the report, to know the whole truth; but Molly denied ever having said anything about a wagon load of turnips. It was but a cart load that Palmer had taken, and Dame Hodson, the huckster, had told her so, over and over again. The farmer hearing this, went to Dame Hodson, who said that Molly Sanders was always making things worse than they really were; that Palmer had taken only a wheelbarrow full of turnips, and that she had her account from Jenkins, the tailor.

Away went the farmer to Jenkins, the tailor, who stoutly denied the account altogether; he had only told Dame Hodson that Palmer had pulled up several turnips, but how many he could not tell, for he did not see him himself, but was told it by Tom Slack, the plowman. Wondering where this would end, Farmer Brown next questioned Tom Slack, who, in his turn, declared he had never said a word about seeing Palmer pull up several turnips; he only said, he had heard say that Palmer had pulled up a turnip, and that Barnes, the Barber, was the person who had told him about it. The farmer, almost out of patience at this account, hurried off to Barnes, the barber; who wondered much that people should find pleasure in spreading idle tales which had no truth in them! He assured the farmer all he had said about the matter, while he took off the beard of Tom Slack, was, that for all he knew, Palmer was as likely a man to pull up a turnip as his neighbors.



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 a tomb was laid
He, the Lord of Glory.

O Jesus blest!
My help and rest!
With tears, Lord, I entreat Thee:
Let me love Thee to the last,
Till in heaven I greet Thee!

The Sceptic Silenced.

A conceited sceptic, Eunomius, boasted that he had as great a knowledge of God and of His being as of himself, and that none of the divine things were hidden from him. Basilus the Great wrote a letter to him in which he asked him twenty questions concerning the ant. Eunomius was unable to answer even a single one correctly. Thereupon Basilus said to him: If you can not thoroughly comprehend and search out the nature of so insignificant a creature as the ant, how dare you boast that you fully understand the incomprehensible nature and being of God?—From the German.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR Lutheran Immigrant Mission at New York distributed about 30,000 tracts, 3000 Lutheran Almanacs and more than 20,000 church papers during the past year. \$60,400 passed through the missionary's hands. 6230 persons were assisted on their westward journey, and employment was obtained for 107 persons. \$480.00 were given to the entire destitute and \$5,500 loaned to those in temporary need. 3,600 letters and postal cards were received and 2,952 were written by the missionary.

—It is stated that 7000 books and pamphlets on Luther appeared last year in Germany alone. 40,000 addresses were delivered on the same subject.

—THE Lutheran Scandinavians in Minnesota and Dakota give a cold shoulder to the Mormon missionaries. It is reported that sixteen of those missionaries were lately sent among the Scandinavians in those regions, who worked hard to make converts, but finally suspended their efforts, complaining that the "wicked Scandinavians would not receive them in their houses, nor listen to them, nor have anything to do with them." Good!

—MR. F. H. TIBBETTS, one of the survivors of the City of Columbus disaster, relates the following incident of a "stout man" near him in the rigging who was terribly afraid to die: "I told him to pray, but he said he couldn't. I told him that there was little chance for life, and he should take the opportunity to make his peace with God. A young man near me was in great mental distress. He told me he didn't know how to pray and couldn't, he had led such a wicked life. At last he said: 'I will not go before my Maker with a pack of cards in my pocket' and he threw his cards overboard, but he perished with the wreck."

—THE population of India is two hundred and fifty millions—five times that of the United States. One hundred and ninety of these millions are Hindus, whose gods are incarnations of wickedness and lust; fifty millions are Mohammedans, a larger number than own the sway of the Sultan. The English language is spreading at such a rapid rate in India that the people are readily accessible to evangelistic effort in English. The vastness and variety of the field afford scope for the greatest variety of talent, and for an unlimited number of workers.

—ONE of the foremost men of the day is the Chinese Prime Minister, Li Hung Chang, who is called, not inaptly, the Bismark of China. Most of the material progress in the empire, during the last fifteen years, is the result of his wise and far seeing policy. Though not an avowed Christian, he shows a lively interest in mission work, substantial proof of which may be seen in the hospital at Tientsin founded through his generosity. In a public address not long since, he declared that the religion of Jesus must be a power of good since it led its followers to such deeds of true philanthropy and self-denial.

—A HINDOO paper published in Bengal speaks as follows of the excellence of the Bible: "It is the best and most excellent of all English books, and there is not its like in all the English language. As every joint of the sugarcane, from the root to the top, is full of sweetness, so every page of the Bible is fraught with the most precious instruction. A portion of that Book would yield to you more of sound morality than a thousand other treatises on the same subject. In short, if any person studies the English language with a view of gaining wisdom, there is not another book which is more worthy of being read than the Bible."

—THE American Bible Society's colportage work for the year ending October 31 has been as follows: "Over 500 different men have been employed for a longer or shorter period. They have rendered 46,674 days of service, visiting 650,940 families. They found 87,080 families without a Bible in their homes, and supplied 66,546 of these families, besides 37,556 individuals. Thus they have put in circulation 349,010 copies of the Scriptures. Of these 277,585, of the value of \$105,710.84, were sold, and 71,425, of the value of \$17,688.09, were given. A statement was made respecting the distribution of Bibles in Matanzas, where large numbers of Cubans have manifested a desire for evangelical instruction. Report was also made of Mr. Milne's tour across the continent of South America from Buenos Ayres to Arica, in Peru, the results of his sales being everywhere encouraging."

—APEMAMA, one of the Gilbert Islands, a group of the Pacific Ocean, was formerly inhabited by naked savages. These wild and barbarous men have, however, been transformed by the power of the Gospel. Through the devoted labor of the Rev. Hiram Bingham, the language of the natives was reduced to writing a quarter of a century ago, and then followed quickly the translation of the New Testament, the fourth edition of which has just been published by the American Bible Society.

—THERE are now in Spain about 5,000 Evangelical Christians, with perhaps 3,000 additional attending, more or less regularly, the various mission services. In Madrid there are five Protestant chapels, and about five hundred regular members. In Seville there are some 300 members, the remainder being found in Corunna, Oviedo, Bilbao, San Sebastian, Valladolid, Salamanca and Barcelona, and a few minor stations.

—T. V. HARRISON, of Clark County, Mo., has a Bible with a history. It was printed in 1700, and in 1733 belonged to Joshua Swank, an ancestor of Mr. Harrison, who was then living in Eastern Kentucky. In that year a party of Indians led by Simon Girty were prowling near, and one transfixed Mr. Swank's body with his spear, who fell to the ground with the open Bible beneath him, the point of the spear cutting from the ninth chapter of Esther to the seventeenth chapter of I. Samuel. The Indian set his foot on the Bible to pull out

his spear, and thirty years ago the print of his bloody foot could be seen. Now it is a dull, rusty stain.

—To a party of Irish pilgrims the pope lately said, "We live on charity, for all we had has been taken from us." Just think of the poor pope living in a house with 11,000 rooms, and strolling around in his beautiful gardens, museums, and galleries, and sometimes carried in a chair quilted with white satin. Think of the apostle Peter living in such a house and carried in such a chair; or of Paul—the tentmaker. Oh, the poor pope. We close our window.

Short Stops.

—A DANCE to be recommended:—Fashionable young people are calling upon somebody to invent a new dance. Suppose somebody invents one wherein the young lady dances around the house and helps her mother at housework—how would that step take?

—SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY BOOKS.—The Sunday School Library often does more harm than good. One Sunday morning a father said to his son: "Glad to see you dressed for Sunday School, George; it's the first time you have been for six weeks." George: "I know it, father; but Tom Green says the new pirate and cannibal books have come, and I'm going every Sunday, steady."

BOOK-TABLE.

PASSIONSPREDIGTEN von G. Stoeckhardt. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 85 cts. postage paid.

This handsome volume contains eighteen valuable sermons on the sufferings of Christ. In a most masterly manner the sufferings of Christ are presented as a mirror in which we behold the greatness of God's wrath over sin and also the greatness of God's grace for all sinners.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

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Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.
Cor. Franklin and Thalia Strs.
Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

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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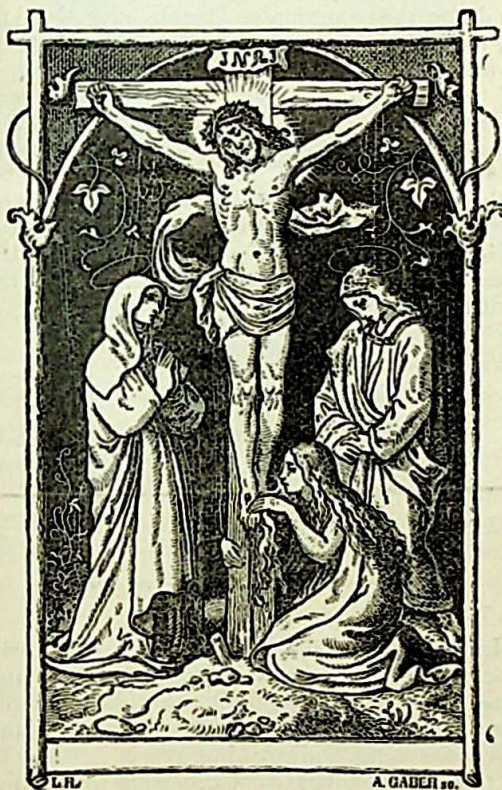
R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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No. 4.



"It is Finished."

Come to Jesus with thy sadness,
Come with every sigh and groan.
All thy unbelief is madness,
All thy griefs could not atone.
It is finished! Hallelujah!
Jesus saves, and He alone.

See! for sin, what bitter anguish
Jesus bore upon the tree;
See Him left by God to languish
In atoning agony!
It is finished! Hallelujah!
Jesus died from wrath to free!

At the cross is now thy station;
Lo! without thy grief or prayer,
What a full, a free salvation
God has waiting for thee there.
It is finished! Hallelujah!
Frees from all thy anxious care.

*Rest in the Lord! wait patiently for Him. Be
silent to God, and let him mold thee. Keep
still, and he will mold thee to the right shape.*
Luther.

Blessed Hope!

In certain parts of Germany it is a custom with some people to go out into the grave yard at the dawn of Easter morning and sing hymns of praise at the graves of their beloved ones. It is a beautiful custom which gives expression to the Christian's blessed hope on Easter Day. The Easter tidings of a risen and living Savior give us the assurance that there is a life beyond the grave in which those who fall asleep in Jesus find a home of eternal joy and bliss. When we have laid the bodies of our beloved ones in the dark and silent grave, it is indeed sad to go home and leave them behind; but it is not we that go home and leave them behind; no, it is they who are gone to the better home and left us behind. We, however, have the blessed hope of meeting them in that eternal home. Therefore St. Paul says, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him," 1 Thess. 4, 13, 14. Yes, there will come a day of resurrection, when the shout of the living Saviour shall be heard and the dead in Him shall gladly respond to the joyous call; "then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them [mark that, afflicted one, sorrowing over the grave of a sleeping saint or child, *together with them*] in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord," 1 Thess. 4, 17.

The Debt Paid.

Henry Clay, the eminent American, was at one time greatly troubled by a debt of \$10,000 due to the Northern Bank of Kentucky at Lexington. Some of his friends in different parts of the Union heard of his condition, and quietly raised the money and paid off the debt. Not knowing what had been going on, he went to the bank one day and, addressing the cashier, said: "I have called to see you in reference to that debt of mine to the bank." "You don't owe us anything," replied the cashier. "Why!

How am I to understand you?" "A number of your friends have paid off the debt and you do not owe this bank one dollar." The tears rushed to Mr. Clay's eyes, and, unable to speak, he turned and walked out of the bank.

This is a faint image of what Jesus has done for us. Our debt is so great that we could never pay it off. Our sins are so many that no creature could atone for them. But the debt must be paid. If not paid, we would be thrown into the prison-house of eternal death and damnation. And now behold the greatness of Christ's love! He, the eternal Son of God, became man, and taking our place under the law, he met all the demands of God's law in our stead and fulfilled all that the law required of us. The debt which we owed He paid off with His holy precious blood and with His innocent sufferings and death. When He cried out on the cross: "It is finished!" full payment for all our debts had been made, and the hand-writing that was against us had been blotted out. And the glad Easter tidings of a risen Savior give us the assurance that this payment has been accepted by God the Father. By raising Christ from the dead He solemnly declared before heaven and earth that He is perfectly satisfied with the work of His Son and that the price which His Son laid down has been accepted as the full payment of all our debt. With the Gospel, therefore, God gives us a receipt in full, and the sinner who believes the Gospel accepts this receipt and knows with the unerring knowledge of faith, which rests upon God's own receipt, that his debt is paid. Happy believer! Well may tears of gratitude rush to his eyes and well may his heart be filled with a joy which his lips cannot express.

SAITH an old divine, "Make me what Thou wilt, Lord, and set me where Thou wilt. Anywhere where I may be serviceable. Let me be employed for Thee, or laid aside for Thee, exalted for Thee, or trodden under foot for Thee. I freely and heartily resign all to Thy pleasure and disposal."

A BELIEVER'S dying day is his crowning day.

Letter from New Orleans.

DEAR PIONEER:—

The death of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, to whose memory these lines are written, was a great loss to the Colored St. Paul's Church. Alfred Anderson was the first adult member that the Lord added to our congregation here, and alas, the first one which he was pleased to take away. The loss is the more severely felt as the deceased was not a mere well-wisher of the church as many term themselves, but an active member and a faithful "worker together" with us for the welfare of our church. In our pioneer mission work the cooperation of active, zealous members is very much needed. It seemed to us as though we could not bear to lose him. When we most needed him he was taken from us. Unsearchable are the ways of the Lord!

The deceased was a native of Baltimore, Md. Some time before the war he emigrated with his mother into Louisiana. Attending a religious meeting once he was brought to the consciousness of his lost condition and to faith in his Savior. Shortly after he was baptized. He now began to frequent churches of the Baptists and Methodists, but could never consent to become a member of either, though often urged upon. It was the noisy, disorderly conduct carried on in the house of God that kept him back. He was of a quiet disposition, humble and modest in his manners; noise and unbecoming gayety of any kind was disgusting to him. He visited churches of other denominations; but the result was the same; he found not what he sought: a plain setting forth of the Gospel truth. At last his visits to any church became more and more rare. Carelessness and indifference was the consequence. In this state he was found at the time we began our mission work here. A neighbor of his, then a little school girl, now a prominent member of our church, invited him to the Ev.-Luth. St. Paul's Chapel. The Lutheran name was entirely new to him; but like many others who visited our church at that time, he came more for the sake of curiosity than for any desire to have his soul saved. Yet this day became a turning point in his life. In his boundless mercy God had not withdrawn his hand from the erring sinner. After years of carelessness, indifference and unbelief the Savior here sought him and found him. "For the first time in my life," he stated afterwards, "I experienced the truth of the words of the Psalmist: 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.'" He resolved henceforth to dwell in His house the remaining days of his life; nor did he violate his promise. But his days were soon numbered. His health, which had begun to fail several years ago, became so seriously impaired as to compel him to suspend his labors in the Custom House where he was employed. An attack of pneumonia confined him to the bed; he recovered sufficient strength to walk about, but his former physical vigor he never

regained. One Sunday afternoon, in the month of September, he was seen working his way to the church. Now and then he paused to take breath and to rest. But he reached the church and listened as usually with attention and attraction to the Word of God. It was his last walk and his last visit to the church militant. From that day the old disease assumed a more dangerous form and he sank rapidly. During his illness we visited him frequently and we always found him strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, though deeply humbled because of his sins. But a few moments before he expired we heard him repeat the words of Paul: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." To this he added a short prayer. The words were indistinct and the voice was faint, but plain and audible to him who heareth before we ask. On the 20th day of November he committed his soul to the Savior, who had redeemed it and cleansed it with His blood.

On the day following his mortal remains were conveyed to the St. Paul's Chapel where a funeral sermon was delivered to a large audience, after which they were consigned to the society tomb.—Mary Anderson, the wife of the deceased, survived her husband but for a short time. On the 27th day of February this year she peacefully and joyfully fell asleep. For some time she visited our church in company with her husband. It was his fervent desire that she, too, should join his church; and shortly after his death she became a member. But she was not a diligent church goer. Being left to battle her way alone through the world she was "careful and troubled about many things and the one thing needful" was neglected. Before her leaving this world however she underwent a great change, that change which every one must experience who is to enter the kingdom of God. Days of sickness and two trials were in store for her, but they were days of wholesome visitation in which God knocked at her heart more loudly and peacefully than ever. And he was admitted. For three weary months she was confined to her room suffering from dropsy. As to her recovery there was little or no hope and she knew it, and set her house in order. Fourteen days before her decease we administered to her the Lord's Supper. This greatly strengthened her faith. She declared now that she was prepared to depart at any moment and besought the Lord to come quickly. Her last days were of heartrending agonies. Her disease made it impossible for her to be in any other than a standing position. Night and day alike she stood leaning on a chair. At last God came to her relief. She asked to be brought to the bed being unable to stand any longer, but before she reached it she expired. Without any struggle she calmly yielded up her soul into the hands of Him who gave it, in the sure hope of eternal life.

The funeral discourse was delivered at the house where she resided and her mortal remains

put with those of her husband in the society tomb, awaiting the great resurrection day.

New Orleans, La., March 17th, 1884.

MISSIONARY.

The Spanish Artist and the Last Supper.

A Spanish artist was once employed to paint the "Last Supper." It was his object to throw all the sublimity of his art into the figure and countenance of the Lord Jesus; but he put on the table in the foreground some chased cups, the workmanship of which was exceedingly beautiful. When his friends came to see the picture on the easel, every one said, "What beautiful cups!" "Ah!" said he, "I have made a mistake; these cups divert the eyes of the spectator from the Lord, to whom I wished to direct the attention of the observer." And he forthwith took up his brush and blotted them from the canvas, that the strength and vigor of the chief object might be prominently seen and observed. Thus all Christians should feel their great study to be Christ's exaltation; and whatever is calculated to hinder man from beholding him, in all the glory of his person and work, should be removed out of the way! "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Let the sentiment and language of Paul be ours.

"Him in all my works I seek,
Who hung upon the tree;
Only of His love I'll speak,
Who freely died for me;
While I sojourn here below,
Nothing I desire beside;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified."

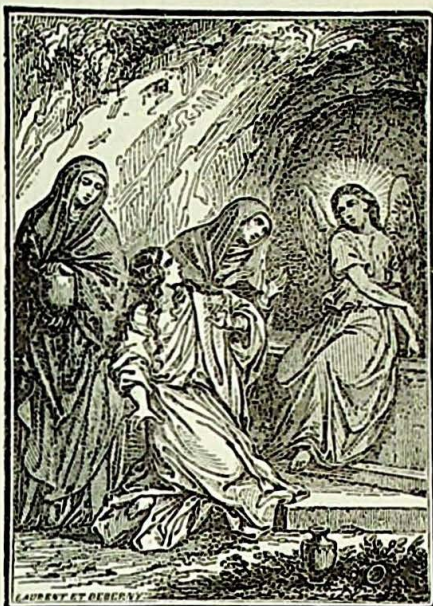
An Image of the Resurrection.

In the year 1539, on the 11th of April, Doctor Martin Luther was in his garden, and with many a deep thought, he looked at the trees—how fair and lovely they were, budding and blossoming and growing green. He said, "Praised be God the Creator, who in the spring-time out of dead creatures makes all living again. Look at the little twigs so sweet and full; pregnant with new life. There we have a beautiful image of the Resurrection of the dead. The winter is death; the summer is the Resurrection of the dead, for then all live again and grow green."

Love for the Bible.

A blind girl, who had received a copy of the Bible in raised letters, read it so eagerly and constantly with her fingers that they were soon so worn that every line she read was marked with blood; and ere long her fingers became so sore that she could no longer use them. Thinking that for weeks she could not read her Bible again, she raised it to her lips for a loving good-bye kiss. As the raised letters of the page touched her lips, a thrill of surprise flushed her face, for she found she could read the page with her lips; and so, while her fingers recovered, she moved the pages across her lips; with greater relish than for physical food. God's words were found, and she did eat them, and they were unto her the joy of her heart—"sweeter than honey and the honey-comb."

That girl read her Bible not merely as a duty, but as a delight.



“Be not affrighted. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: He is risen; He is not here.”
Mark 16, 6.

Easter.

There hangs in the minister's study such a pretty picture: just a sketch in black and white of two little children, snuggled up together under an old umbrella at the foot of a great stone cross. Overhead is sweeping a terrible storm: the clouds are dark almost as night; the branches bow and sway in the driving wind and rain, while the young green leaves go whirling off with the frightened birds before the blast. But the little, round, German faces under the umbrella are serene and almost smiling as they crouch in the shadow and shelter of the cross.

The minister's children are very fond of this picture: for them it tells a sweet story of loving faith and trust in this very blessed Easter-time. And when the holy day is over, they are very apt, yes, very certain, to look up at the picture and say, “Papa, now please tell us about Hans and Gretchen.”

So the children's father tells the story always every year; and the children settle back in their chairs, listening with wide-open eyes, that wander from their father's face to the picture and back again while he tells the story:

“I was a young man ever so many years ago,” he begins. “Just out of college, I strapped my knapsack on my back and went tramping about Germany to learn the German language, and to see what I could see.

“Easter was late that year, and spring had come early. The sun shone all the week, and every day was fairer and more spring-like than the last, and every one was hoping for a beautiful Easter, until it came to be Saturday afternoon, and I was tramping toward a pretty little town that lay snugly under the shadow of some beautiful snow-capped mountains.

“I had been wandering through the fields near the roadside all day, picking flowers and singing all the Easter carols I could remember,

and thinking of the great resurrection from the sleep of death that every opening flower and springing leaf ought to remind us of, when suddenly it seemed to be growing very dark around me, and looking up I saw that the great storm clouds were gathering over the mountains.

“It was time for me to be in a hurry, I thought, and I jumped over the hedge into the road, and set off at a brisk walk down the road toward the village. But before I got very far the rain began to come down, while at the same time the wind tossed the branches about, blowing off their new green leaves, and crashing them together until it seemed as if it meant to tear them all to pieces.

“It thundered and lightened, too, blinding my eyes with the quick flashes, and roaring so loud that I heard it above the noise of the storm. It was a terrible time to be alone and out of doors. I stumbled along, until suddenly I heard such a strange sound that I forgot all about the storm, and stopped to listen.

“It was the sound of children's voices, and they were singing, clear and loud, a verse of a quaint old German carol. These are the words I heard:

“In the bonds of death He lay,
Who for our offence was slain;
But the Lord is risen to-day,
Christ has brought us life again;
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud with cheerful voice,
Hallelujah!”

“The voices grew louder and the words clearer as I stumbled on, until, suddenly, at the corner of the road, I saw in front of me an old grey, weatherbeaten cross, and resting on the broad stone at its foot an old red umbrella, and from under it came the sweet singing.

“Two little children were seated snugly close together under the cold umbrella—a bright boy and a house-wifely-looking little German girl, with braids of brown hair tucked around her head, and big blue eyes.

“‘Oh, good sir, how wet you are,’ she said, in a sweet voice, as I came up to them. ‘Come under the umbrella with us; there is room.’

“So the basket was set out in the rain, and I sat down under the red umbrella, for the sake of their company in the terrible storm. I was so wet already that ten umbrellas couldn't have helped me.

“‘I heard your singing first of all,’ I said, after the children had told me that their names were Hans and Gretchen, and that Hans was nine and Gretchen ten years old. ‘What were you singing?’

“‘The carol,’ the little boy answered. ‘The sir knows to-morrow is Easter-day. We were singing the Easter carol.’

“And then he repeated the verse beginning,

“In the bonds of death he lay.’

“‘And you are not afraid,’ I said, ‘sitting out here in this terrible storm?’

“‘The dear God is taking care of us,’ said Gretchen, softly. ‘And besides, does the sir not see we are sitting in the shadow of the cross?’

“‘Gretchen doesn't mean just this stone cross,’ the boy explained; ‘that couldn't save us, you know, if God should let the lightning strike here. She means what the minister told us last Sunday; don't you Gretchen?’

“The little girl nodded.

“‘And what was that?’ I inquired.

“‘By His death on the cross the dear Lord saved all the people in the world from everlasting death.

“‘From His cross the Lord went to the sepulchre, rose on the third day, and conquered death forever.

“‘In the shadow of the cross, that is, remembering always what He has done for us, is the safest place for little children and grown up people, because the Lord can always save us, and always will; we trust in Him,’ said Hans.

“‘So we're not afraid,’ said little Gretchen, cheerfully. ‘To-morrow is Easter, the dear Lord's day. He'll take care of us! He died to save just such little children. I'm never afraid to think of lying asleep in the grave a little while.

“‘When little children lie asleep in the grave nobody sees them; but there will come a day when the dear Lord will call them; then they will come out and be alive again.’

“‘Yes, the dear Lord,’ said Hans, ‘conquered death, and lives again. He'll take care of us.’

“‘Do you know what this storm is like, children?’ I said, after a while. ‘It is like the world that is full of sin and suffering and trouble, and you have found the only safe and quiet place in it. Under the shadow of the cross, thinking about the dear Lord and what He has done for us; and if the sun shines out to-morrow, and you have your happy, beautiful Easter-day, it will only be a promise of what will come when the heavenly Easter dawns.’”

* * *

There was silence in the study when the minister finished, and then one of the children said.

“Tell us the rest, papa—how it was a beautiful Easter-day after the rain, and how you heard Hans and Gretchen sing their Easter carols in the church with the other children at sunrise, and how much you loved Gretchen and Hans in a little while, and how you made the picture to help you to remember the shadow of the cross, and how you hung it up here when I was a baby, to help me and all the rest of us children to remember too when we grew up a little. Tell us about it, please, papa.”

“But, Jennie, my dear,” said her father, smiling, “you have told us all about it now. There is nothing left for me to say, only this: God grant, dear children, that you may always be safe in the shadow of the cross in this world, and in the world to come have life eternal, an everlasting Easter-day.”

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

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR Colored Lutheran Day Schools are well attended. In New Orleans there are 215 scholars, in Little Rock 116, in Meherrin, Va., 40 scholars.

—OUR LUTHERAN HOSPITAL in New York City publishes the following report for the past year: Patients treated, 107; Prescriptions, 1287; average daily expenses for each patient, 56½ cents; receipts from different sources, \$6,836.12; expenditures, \$6,210.01; balance in treasury, \$426.11.

—Two hundred and seventy-two new Lutheran houses of worship were dedicated in this country last year, says the *New York Witness*. Of these, 162 were built by German, 62 by English, 7 by German-English, 26 by Swedish, 7 by Norwegian, 7 by Norwegian-Danish, and 1 by Danish congregations.

—FROM the report of our Lutheran Immigrant missionary in Baltimore we learn that during the past year 1185 persons were assisted on their westward journey and for many of them employment was obtained. \$8,565.47 passed through the missionary's hands. \$653.95 were loaned to those in temporary need, and the entirely destitute were taken care of. 724 letters and postal cards were received and 656 were written by the missionary.

—IN our Lutheran Churches at Ft. Wayne, Ind., there will be 145 confirmed this year: In St. Paul's congregation, 68; Emmanuel's, 51; Zion's, 26.

—IN Milwaukee, Wis., there are 4634 pupils in the Lutheran parochial schools of the churches connected with the Wisconsin and Missouri Synods.

—LUTHER, it appears, was not forgotten even among the Japanese! In Osaka, a city of 375,000 inhabitants, a meeting was held of upwards of 600 educated Japanese, among whom were many leading statesmen, attorneys, physicians and men of letters. A very able address was delivered in the Japanese by a native converted to Christianity, concerning Luther's Life and Work.

—THE German Emperor has sent a copy of the Bible to the Emperor of Japan, commending the principles of the Holy Book as a safe basis for governments.

—AT a sale of books a few days since in New York City a copy of the second edition of the Bible, as translated into the Indian language by John Eliot, was disposed of for \$950. It is one of three of this edition known to be in existence, the other two being in public libraries. It was published at Cambridge in 1685.

—THE Unitarian church at Elizabeth, New Jersey, offered a young Christian lady of that town an annual salary of \$1500 if she would sing in the Unitarian choir. But she nobly declined the offer on the ground that she could not sing for a church denying Christ's divinity.

—SIX years ago the number of missionaries in the world was estimated at 2000, and the

amount given to foreign missions at \$6,000,000; to-day there are 2,829 missionaries, a gain of 829, and the foreign mission contributions are \$8,967,500, a gain of nearly \$3,000,000.

—IN a colportage tour in Italy, the Rev. Mr. Eager found a surprising amount of ignorance. In one place of ten thousand inhabitants the almost universal response to his offer to sell the New Testament was, "We do not know how to read."

—THE whole Bible has been translated into nine African languages, the New Testament into nineteen, and parts of the Bible into thirty-one.

—THE Swedish Lutheran Mission station at McKullo, East Africa, now includes 76 members, and returns baptisms during the year covered by its report of 6 converts and 9 Christian children. The boys' school contains 43 pupils, who are arranged in four classes. Besides their native language the boys are taught Ethiopic (the church language of Abyssinia), Swedish and German, history, geography, mathematics, and religion. The missionaries attach particular importance to the discipline of learning language, and they profess to find that it is well for the pupils to know Swedish, so that newly-arrived missionaries can begin to instruct them at once. Swedish literature is also largely depended upon as a medium of instruction.

—THE British and Foreign Bible Society, whose Bible depot at Alexandria was burned during the rebellion of Arabi Pasha, waived its claim for damages from the Egyptian Government. This was done for the reason that a committee ascertained that the amount would ultimately be drawn from the impoverished taxpayers of the country. The appreciation of the Egyptian Government of this act of disinterestedness has been fully shown by Cherif Pasha, who, in the name of the Khedive, has sent a communication thanking the Society.

—AN "Anti-Bad Literature Society" is in process of formation by the Evangelical Ministerial Association of Pittsburgh and Alleghany. It proposes to exert its influence to arrest the rising tide of bad books, newspapers, pictures, etc., a great work, a needed work.

—THE London *Daily Telegraph* has an interesting letter from Stanley Pool on the Congo River in Africa, where Mr. Stanley himself has now established his headquarters, and which has recently become a centre of missionary operations. The Pool is described as an expanse of the Congo, twenty-five miles long by sixteen broad, abounding in islands, on which are many hippopotami, elephants and buffaloes. The town bears the name of Leopoldville, in honor of the King of Belgium. Mr. Stanley has a comfortable dwelling, with offices and storehouses for the expedition, and there are many neat houses for his Zanzibar helpers. The English missionaries have rented from the Association, of which Mr. Stanley is agent, a few acres for a nominal sum. Not far from

the town, the Livingstone Island Mission has commenced building operations. The gardens and banana-groves near the station are already yielding a large amount of food, while the stock-breeding establishments are so far advanced that the question of supplies for the future seems likely to be easily settled. The Belgian King has given orders for the construction of a light-draught steamer for Mr. Stanley's use on the upper waters of the Congo. The day is near at hand when the dwellers on the banks of this river, a thousand miles from the ocean, will be startled by the whistle of a steamer. The explorer, if not a missionary himself, should be followed at once by the missionary.

—MR. STANLEY judges, from what he has seen of the density of the population of Central Africa, that the Congo River basin must have 49,000,000 residents.

—No more items, and so we close our window.

WHEN MOSCOW was burning, there was a party dancing in the palace right over a gunpowder magazine. They did not know the flame was approaching, so the leader of the festivity shouted, "One dance more!" and the voice was taken up through the palace, and the cry was, "One dance more!" and the music played, and the feet bounded, and the laughter rang out; but suddenly, through the fire and the smoke and the thunder of the explosion, eternity broke. Alas! that some will dance on in their sins, and their frivolities, and their worldliness, until in an hour that they know not eternity breaks in and they are destroyed, and that without remedy.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.
113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.
Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.
Cor. Franklin and Thalia Strs.
Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

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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No. 5.

A Little While.

Hebrews 10, 37.

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

"A little while"—He'll come again!
Let us the precious hours redeem;
Our only grief to give Him pain,
Our joy to serve and follow Him.
Watching and ready may we be,
As those who long their Lord to see.

"A little while"—'twill soon be past;
Why should we shun the shame and cross?
Oh, let us in His footsteps haste,
Counting for Him all else but loss!
Oh, how we'll recompense His smile,
The sufferings of this "little while!"

"A little while"—come, Saviour, come!
For Thee Thy bride has tarried long;
Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song.
To see Thy glory, and to be
In everything conformed to Thee.

—Selected.

Our Ascended Saviour.

Forty days after His resurrection Christ ascended into heaven. This event we commemorate on Ascension Day. It is a day of rejoicing; for He who ascended into heaven is our Saviour. St. Paul says, "He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that He might fill all things." The Son of God came into the world as our Saviour to redeem us lost and condemned sinners. From His ascension we learn that He really is our Saviour; for His ascension gives us the assurance that the work of redemption, to accomplish which He came into this world, is perfectly finished. Therefore the Psalmist cries out rejoicingly: "Thou hast ascended on high, Thou hast led captivity captive: Thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also," Ps. 68, 18. The captivity in which all men are held by nature is the captivity of sin, death, devil and hell.

All men by nature are the captives and slaves of these cruel tyrants. Christ in His great love came into the world as our Deliverer to snap our bonds and to set us free. He took our place and in our stead was thrown into prison. But, behold! our enemies could not hold Him captive. He, the powerful God-man, broke the prison. Rising from the grave, He came forth as the conqueror over all our enemies; and ascending into heaven He led our captivity captive, He made our enemies captives and slaves. He was crowned as the great Hero and as the Lord over all things: our enemies were put under His feet. Through Him deliverance, forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting are procured for all sinners. These are the gifts which He received, not for Himself, but for men, for all men, yea, for the rebellious also. These gifts He offers to every captive sinner in the Gospel. They who accept this Gospel in true faith enjoy the gifts which Christ received for all men. They are no longer captives, but masters over sin, death, devil and hell. Their captivity is led captive, and as their enemies are put under the feet of Christ, their representative, so those enemies are also put under their feet: they are Lords and kings.

Ascension day is a day of rejoicing; for the ascended One is our Saviour. Let us therefore sing with the Psalmist: "God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises. For God is the King of all the earth," Ps. 47.

Christ's Blessing.

BY DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

St. Luke in his Gospel says of Christ: "While He blessed them He was parted from them, and was carried up into heaven." This blessing was not a mere expression of good will, a parting wish, such as we employ when bidding each other farewell. He wished them success and joy in the holy office which He had intrusted unto them, of preaching the Gospel unto all creatures throughout the world. This

preaching was not ordained in behalf of trees, stones, birds or fishes, but in behalf of mankind, as is clearly evident from what follows: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Stone and wood cannot believe, nor did Christ give a command to baptize them. As therefore faith and baptism pertain alone to men, so does also the preaching of the Gospel. To such preaching Christ ordains His apostles; when He lifts up His hands He blesses them. He thus not only wishes them success, but helps them and grants them prosperity, and bestows His blessing in the administration of their office.

This benediction of our Lord Jesus Christ still continues, and is efficacious wherever the holy Gospel is preached in its purity, so that this preaching is not in vain. This blessing bestowed upon the disciples by the Lord, at the very time of His ascension on high, is full of consolation for us. He thereby invites us to keep in mind His going to the Father, and to rest assured under all tribulation that the blessing of His ascension is with us, and that He will employ its glorious effects for our benefit. If His purpose were otherwise, if He were angry with us and would not use us in His kingdom, He would certainly not have departed on high with these tokens of love towards us. The fact of His raising His hands in blessing over His disciples, thereby promising them all success and prosperity in their holy office, to which He had called them, is an assurance unto us that the Lord is our faithful, true Friend, whose blessing is ever upon us as long as the Gospel is preached.

How to Have Peace.

A friend once asked Prof. Franke how it was that he maintained so constant a peace of mind. "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a day. Wherever I am, whatever I do, I say, 'Blessed Jesus! I have truly a share in Thy redemption; Thou hast forgiven my sins, and art guiding me by Thy Spirit. Thine I am; wash me again and again.' By this constant converse with Jesus I enjoy serenity of mind and a settled peace in my soul."

Letter from Little Rock.

DEAR PIONEER:—

The first quarter of this New Year has been added to the past and we trust it cannot but be interesting to every lover of missionary work to learn what has been accomplished during this time by the gracious aid of God.

Although our first quarterly report cannot tell of many new members who have been added to our little flock, still we have reason to be cheerful. God's Word is still true. It shall not return to him void. In *all* sowing of the Word, in the sowing among our people *here*, too, some good will be and has been accomplished.

As far as concerns the attendances of the appointed services we can only say that they have been smaller than we have ever before been accustomed to see them for such a length of time. We had, of course, exceptional Sundays, on which our chapel was even *crowded*, but these were very few. As a rule we have fair attendances when we have fair weather; and as fair Sundays have been very rare, we may justly attribute the cause of our scanty attendances to the inclemency of the weather. On this account we are therefore not at all discouraged.

The number of our congregation is increasing gradually, and some of the members are diligently assisting their pastor in his work by imparting to others what they have learned and by inviting them to our services.—On the third Sunday after Epiphany Mr. J. Brooks and Mrs. E. Smith were initiated into the Church by the rite of confirmation, for which purpose they were duly instructed; and on the Second Sunday in Lent Mrs. M. Stockings solemnly promised to continue in the confession of the Ev. Luth. Church by the gracious help of God. All three had a trying time of it. Especially was Mr. Brooks worked upon and stormed at by his pretended friends, who, seeing that their "warnings" availed nothing, have given up all hopes of ever bringing him back into the flock from which, they say, he has gone astray. Mr. Brooks says he loves to go astray in this way. May he ever remain a member of Christ's fold, into which he has been gathered, and distinguish the voice of the good Shepherd from that of the hireling.

On the last Sunday of March four children were baptized: two of Mr. Brussar's and the only two of Mr. Bosley. The parents of both families speak highly of our church and are greatly inclined to join us. They are willing to be instructed from our Catechism and we hope to be able to say in our next letter that they *have* joined us.—Mr. Pybon and his family are now being instructed preparatory to Baptism and Confirmation. Although there are as yet many stones in the way on the part of Mrs. Pybon, still we hope that God's Word, which is mighty, will roll them away. She is willing to be instructed and we trust that the day is not far off when she with her husband and eight

children will be baptized, which will be to us an occasion of great rejoicing.

The Sunday school is flourishing. The enrollment shows 86 scholars of which, however, never more than two thirds are present. The record of our Day school shows that 85 scholars are enrolled, which number would nicely fill the room, if all would attend regularly. The average daily attendance, however, was only about 55. The school was somewhat larger last year.—On Easter Sunday our chapel was almost crowded. Mrs. K. Kergsner was confirmed. The Lord's Supper was administered, of which eight partook.

You see, dear PIONEER, we have no reasonable cause whatever to be sorrowful and to let our hands drop idly and give up in despair. The temptation to yield to such discouragement is indeed quite often great; we so easily think and say, all seems to be in vain. But then it is when we are getting our part and the Lord's part mixed. That would be expecting the Lord to do the work, and we to do the *caring* or rather the grumbling. The Lord's work it is, indeed, but He wants to use us as instruments in doing it. And although we are unequal to the task, His divine answer is, "My grace is sufficient for thee." This grace prepares, encourages and assures us of ultimate triumph.—May we all, therefore, continue in taking a living interest in the propagation of the Gospel and the spread of Christ's Church among the colored people also.

Little Rock, Ark., April 13., 1884.

E. MEILAENDER.

Dancing.

BY A CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

I am not such a fanatic as to contend that there is anything harmful in keeping time with the feet to music, or in gracefully assuming attitudes that are pleasing to the eye; and yet I must declare that there is no amusement that has done more to ruin the youth of the present period than the dance as it is now conducted, and the associations by which it is surrounded.

An eminent minister of the Gospel lately remarked in my hearing, that if the "sex" was taken out of the dance, it would lose its attractiveness in less than six months. I have known of more young people of both sexes taking the first step to ruin in the dancing school (followed by the dancing party and ball-room) than in any other place, and I cannot see why it is less proper for a young man to put his arm around the waist of a young lady, who is comparatively a stranger to him, when seated on a sofa or chair, than when on the floor engaged in dancing.

I can call to my recollection very many young girls who began a career of sin and disgrace by allowing liberties to be taken with them in dancing that they never would have thought

of permitting if dancing customs had not made them allowable.

I can also state from personal knowledge that men of dissolute habits realize that their greatest opportunity for carrying out their evil purposes lies in the dance.

When King David danced before the Ark of God, as an expression of his joy and thankfulness, he did not need that he should be assisted by a female in order that his tribute of gratitude and praise should be acceptable to God. The most popular dances of the present day were invented and instituted by persons of grossly immoral character, whose presence would not be tolerated in the society that uses their inventions as its greatest source of amusement.

I have never known of any moral benefit to arise from learning to dance; and dancing-masters are usually of a character to give but little countenance to morals and religion. I know of no dancing-master that I should be willing to have become the friend or associate of a daughter of mine.

I believe that moral people should avoid all amusements that have immoral tendencies or surroundings; and so while there may not be any real improprieties in certain dances, still I realize the fact that young people will never be content to go to a dancing party and be above engaging in all the dances. Young people never like to be singular, or thought prudish when out in company.

The only safe and prudent course to pursue is not to know how to dance at all, and I cannot see how any Christian parent can offer up the Lord's prayer that their children be not led into temptation, and then send them to dancing-school.

Graceful manners and politeness can be learned just as well elsewhere as at dancing-school. So long as dancing continues to be the principal amusement of the vicious, lowest, and most degraded class of the community, and so long as it is made the medium for allowing the taking of liberties between the sexes that would not be proper under other circumstances, I believe it should be avoided and denounced by all the moral and religious portion of the community; and young people should seek sources of pleasure and amusement that are elevating in their tendency and of undoubted propriety, at all times and under all circumstances.

Don't.

Don't read books and papers which suggest thoughts you would not utter. They stain the soul; they burn the heart. Can you thrust your hand into soot and bring it out white and clean? Can you singe your clothes, and not have the smell of fire on your garments? Beware of books which are *suggestive* of evil, though they be clothed in the purple and gold of fine language.

Hindoo Idols.

Our picture shows us three idols worshiped by the heathen of India. In costly temples these images are sometimes richly ornamented, even if rudely carved. It is by no means rare to find their eyes made of diamonds or other precious stones. Besides these large images made by the natives for the temples of India, there are smaller images intended for household use. And it is sad to hear that whilst missionaries are at work to bring the poor people of India from the worship of dumb idols to the service of the true and living God, English merchants in Birmingham furnish these smaller idols for household use to Hindoo idolaters. It is a shameful business to which they are driven by the love of money which they have made their idol.

Looking at our picture, dear reader, you will be glad that such images are not worshiped in our country. But remember, there are many other idols in the world. Every thing which man puts in the place of God and in which he trusts is an idol—a false god. Let me tell you a story. The Rev. Dr. Candee was wont to illustrate his sermons by exhibiting the various idols which men worship in heathen lands. On one occasion he held up a dollar and cried out: "Here is the American idol!"

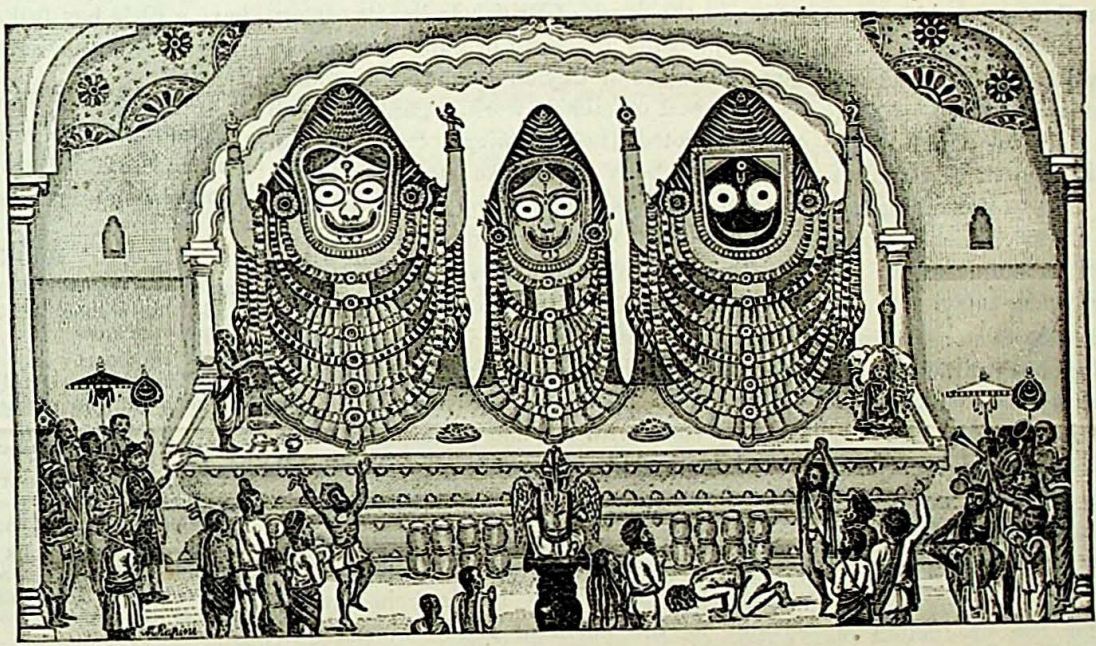
Envyng A Rich Man.

Some years ago there lived a man in Philadelphia who was envied by hundreds. Jacob Ridgeway was worth five or six millions of dollars, a fortune which was then exceeded only by Girard's and Astor's. Now the most selfish sort of envy is that which makes a man unhappy in view of the wealth of another, and scores of men thus made themselves unhappy whenever they came in contact with Mr. Ridgeway. The following story shows how he reprov'd one who openly expressed this feeling: "Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know." "Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway, "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied." "What, sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why, you are a millionaire! Think of the thousands your income brings every month!"

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance and wear more than a suit at a time. Pray, can't you do as much?" "Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rentals they bring you." "What better off am I for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why I can't eat it or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I." "But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses—in fact, anything you desire." "And after I have bought them," responded

would he hesitate to give the name of the person who was most concerned. He is ready also to furnish the precise date and locality of an event in the history of a young man, that speaks in thunder tones to those who deliberately make light of God and of His word. This young man, just entering upon the practice of medicine, had become a scoffing infidel through the reading of Ingersoll's wretched books, and other vile productions of hell. He seized every opportunity to pour forth a tide of shocking blasphemy against Christ, and held up the Bible among his companions to coarse and obscene ridicule. At length he went so far in his desperate wickedness that he uttered a wilful lie, and perpetrated a monstrous fraud, in order to express his contempt for Christianity. He pretended to be converted, and asked per-

mission in a meeting of Christian young men to confess the Lord Jesus publicly by leading in prayer. His request was gladly granted, but meanwhile he had carefully prepared a prayer filled with horrible irreverence, and thoughtfully planned insult of the Saviour. Spreading the manuscript before him on a seat, he kneeled down, and commenced to read his ribaldry, when his voice was suddenly hushed, and his body was heard to fall upon the floor.



Mr. Ridgeway, "what then? I can look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind, can do the same." "I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I 'desire,' I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world, the happier we shall be." "All my wealth can't buy a single day more of life—cannot buy back my youth—cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death, and then, what will all avail, when in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

An Infidel's Prayer.

The following incident has just been related by a minister, whose veracity will not be questioned by any who know him. It occurred under his personal observation, and hence it is not a story manufactured to illustrate a point. He has no objection to the use of his name, nor

The young men who were present hastened to him, but found that he was dead, and in unspeakable awe they carried forth the corpse, the ghastly pallor of the face and the stony stare of the eyes haunting them, as they bore all that was left of the scoffer to his home. Ever and anon God causes his voice to be heard, and lets his hand be seen, among the children of men, at least enough to show that His eye is still upon them. If there are not many such instances, it only proves the long suffering of God, but that long suffering, despised and set at nought, may give place, and sometimes it does give place to sudden and overwhelming judgment. "God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded," (Ps. 64, 7.). "He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," (Prov. 29, 1.). It is a serious thing to belittle the claims of Jesus Christ to our faith, respect and obedience. Alas! alas! alas! for the doom that shall sooner or later overtake the despisers of His offered grace.

—James H. Brookes.

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—OUR Lutheran pastors in Pittsburgh have started a new paper in the interest of the Concordia Orphan's Home near that city. The first number of the "*Pittsburgher Kirchen- und Waisenbote*" has been received. The little messenger starts on his journey very lively, and there is something charming about him, which, we doubt not, will open him many Lutheran homes. The price of the monthly is 25 cts. per annum and it can be had by addressing Mr. E. H. Myers, 645 Liberty Str., Pittsburgh, Pa.

—THERE are five German Lutheran churches in Pittsburgh in connection with the Synodical Conference. These churches support eleven parochial schools in which more than 1000 pupils are daily instructed.

—THE Protestant churches are making rapid headway with religious work in Mexico. Their mission schools are crowded with children and the number of their communicants is steadily increasing. It appears to be the policy of the Government to foster the growth of the Protestant churches with a view to weakening the influence of the Romish church, which has been in times past, and is yet, a hindrance to the growth and prosperity of the country.

—SAYS the *Christian Advocate*: "Times change. There is a Bible-stand near the Piazza della Signoria, in Florence, where Savonarola was burned at the stake in 1498. A resident thus writes: 'The ashes of the celebrated prior of S. Marco were thrown into the Arno, but the Word for which he and many others suffered is now being publicly sold midway between the stake and the river.'

—AN establishment for the production of cheap Bibles for general distribution occupies the ground in Coldstream, Scotland, on which stood the priory from which, in the reign of Henry VIII., the Pope's legate published a bull against the printing of the Scriptures.

—THE remarkable interest taken in Christian mission by the average Scotchman was singularly shown recently at Aberdeen. The proprietor of the Devanha House at that place, who is an officer of the Free Church, erected a canopy, with seats for 1200 persons, and called a missionary convention. The canopy was found large enough for the morning session, but in the afternoon large numbers were compelled to find seats on the lawn outside, and in the evening the greater part of the lawn was covered with an audience numbering about 5000. Think, says the *Foreign Missionary*, of the proprietor of some Saratoga hotel erecting such a tent on his lawn for a foreign missionary meeting; and what is perhaps stranger still, think of such an audience of Americans—1200 in the morning, a large number in the afternoon, and 5000 in the evening, turning out to hear speeches on foreign missions!

—DURING a visit made to New Guinea and the adjacent islands, a band of missionaries

and native teachers spent a night on Darnley Island, when a project was formed to establish a mission on another of the islands, named Murray Island. Some of the natives of the island in question seemed specially intent on intimidating the teachers, and convincing them that a mission there was perfectly hopeless. "There are alligators there," said they, "and snakes and centipedes." "Hold!" said Tepeso, one of the teachers; "Are there men there?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "there are men; but they are such dreadful savages that it is no use your thinking of living among them." "That will do," responded Tepeso. "Wherever there are men, missionaries are bound to go." A noble reply, worthy a disciple of Him who commands his followers to "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

—MADURA is a district, with a city of the same name, in the south of British India, its eastern boundary being the strait or gulf which separates the island of Ceylon from the mainland. It is the seat of mission work, regarding which we find noted the following: "A christian church has been built with stones from the ruins of a heathen temple, by the native converts connected with the Madura Mission."

—THE Church Missionary Society reports that a bribe of £5,000 was refused by a native missionary in India. His old invalid aunt came and embraced his feet, saying, "I will give 50,000 rupees up to you this moment if you will only come with me and promise not to be a Christian." He answered her, "I cannot sell my soul for money."

—IN India there exist special mission societies for the care of lepers. Within a year twenty-eight have been baptized in several asylums in the north of India—nineteen in one day in one place.

—BUT very little attention is paid in China to the education of women. A lady missionary, who has been teaching and traveling for nearly ten years in China, says that out of eight hundred women whom she had visited, only four could read at all, and only one could read the Chinese language well.

—THERE is a Chinaman at work in Tahiti, in the South Sea Islands, who expends \$20 a month out of a salary of \$25, for Bibles to distribute among his countrymen.

—RECENT letters from the agent of the American Bible Society in Japan state that a number of Japanese Christians have presented a formal and earnest appeal to be allowed to take part in the work of translating the Old Testament. They speak of the blessings which had come to them through the New Testament, which had been already published and widely circulated; of the evils which would ensue if the remaining work was not properly done; and of the want of uniformity in style which would mark a translation produced by the labors of many different scholars working apart.

—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.

—ACCORDING to the *Gospel in all Lands*, the Rev. Thomas Crosby writes that there never was a greater interest taken by the Indians among whom he labors in the study of the Bible than now. "We have had as many as sixty and eighty old people meet after the Sunday morning service, to commit to memory the text in their native tongue. These old people, many of them gray-headed and with staff in hand, seem to delight to stay for the text, and thus they go off with one more verse of God's Word to comfort and bless them. One old woman said: 'Missionary, you think, perhaps, that I forget all the good words. No, I have a little box full of pebbles, and I have a text in my heart for every pebble I put into it.'"

A SIGNAL.—Red on a railroad signifies danger, and says "Stop!" It is the same thing displayed on a man's nose.

BOOK-TABLE.

THE THIRD READER. Illustrated. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 40 cts.; postage 9 cts.

This is a worthy successor of the Second Reader, which has been so gladly welcomed in our parochial schools. The reading matter is well selected, and in binding, paper, print and illustration the Reader is a joy to look upon.

BAU, LEBEN UND PFLEGE DES MENSCHLICHEN KOERPERS. By Dr. H. Duemling. Louis Lange Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.00.

A most valuable book for the family and school, containing an immense amount of information on a large variety of important subjects relating to the physical life of man.

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Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

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Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
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Divine services at 3 o'clock and 7 o'clock.

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No. 6.

The Faithful Comforter.

"The Holy Ghost—He is faithful."
Heb. 9, 15. 23.

To Thee, O Comforter Divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great Covenant of Grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown,
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, who art with God the Son,
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia! Amen!

—F. R. Havergal.

The Spirit's Work.

The work of our redemption is finished. Christ took our place under the law and suffered and died in our stead. He thus redeemed us from sin, death, devil and hell and procured for all men forgiveness of sins and life everlasting. This is Christ's work for us on which our salvation rests. But these benefits of Christ must become our own. There must be a work done in us in order that we may personally enjoy the redemption which Christ procured for all men. This work can not be done by any power of man; for man is "dead in trespasses and sin." It is the work of the Holy Spirit. No man can have a saving knowledge of Jesus as the Saviour and Lord over all, unless the Holy Spirit work this knowledge in him. The Bible says, "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost," 1 Cor. 12, 3. In our Lutheran

Catechism we therefore confess: "I believe that I can not by my own reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ, my Lord, or come to Him; but the Holy Ghost has called me by the Gospel, enlightened me with His gifts, sanctified and kept me in the true faith."

This work of the Spirit is done through the Gospel. By the Gospel the Holy Spirit works true faith in the heart of the sinner who, by the power of the same Spirit in the law of God, has come to the knowledge of his sin and of his lost condition. Therefore the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," Rom. 1, 16. With the hand of faith the sinner accepts all the treasures of Christ offered to him in the Gospel. By the Spirit's work in us we are thus made partakers of Christ's work for us. And He who works faith in the heart of man also preserves it until the end. Through the Gospel the Holy Spirit comforts, and guides, and keeps us in the true faith until the end of our pilgrimage. How great and necessary is the Spirit's work and how manifold are His blessings! By the eternal welfare of your immortal soul I beseech you, Do not resist the Holy Spirit!

Worthy in Christ.

Out of Christ we have no worth or worthiness at all, do what we may; but in Christ the vilest of the vile are infinitely worthy, for they are clothed with the righteousness of God. A wicked swearing teamster, who had been the terror of the neighborhood, was led by the Spirit through the hearing of the Gospel to believe in Jesus, and it became known that he would partake of the Lord's Supper. Driving through a town where he was well known, he was met by an old woman with the question, "They tell me, Thomas, that you be going to take the Sacrament on Sunday; is it true that you be?" "Yes, by the grace of Christ, my Saviour," he replied. "But, Thomas, do you think that you be worthy?" said the old woman; "I don't mean to reflect on ye, but you know what kind of man you have been, and what kind of life you have led, and do you think, Thomas, that you be worthy?" "As

worthy as any man in Coalford," was the reply, "for I am a poor worthless sinner saved by the grace of God through the precious blood of Christ. I trust in Him alone." Such is ever the language of faith leading the sinner to lose sight of self in the believing, adoring contemplation of Christ, who so graciously and sweetly says, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," John 6, 37.

"But I am a great sinner, sayest thou?
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

But I am an old sinner, sayest thou?
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

I have served Satan all my days, sayest thou?
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

But I have sinned against light, sayest thou?
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ.

I have no good thing to bring, sayest thou?
I will in no wise cast out, says Christ."

An Important Duty.

The Holy Spirit's work is done through the means of grace. These means of grace are entrusted to the Church. She must see to it that they are brought to men for the salvation of souls. This is the duty of all Christians, and it is a most important duty. As it is the Holy Spirit's good pleasure to lead souls to Christ through the preaching of the Gospel, Christians indeed have nothing more important to do than to make the necessary provision for such preaching. They can not suffer souls to die for lack of that Gospel which the Holy Spirit uses to work faith in the Saviour of sinners. True Christians know from their own experience the great value of the Holy Spirit's work, they realize in their own hearts the blessedness of that work, and this makes them active and zealous in performing their important duty of bringing the life-giving Gospel to dying men and spreading the blessings of the Holy Spirit over a ruined world.

THE Bible speaks to man in every condition and walk in life, from the holiest saint to the most hardened sinner.

The Solitary Bible-Man of South America.

George Smith was of German birth, and a bad boy. What would his discouraged mother have said had one told her what was to be the future career of her son? It was in a prison in Rio Janeiro, where he was sent for robbery, that he got hold of a Bible. He studied it well. The Holy Spirit led him to accept the Saviour as his, and George became a new man in Christ Jesus.

After leaving prison he set to work to earn money for the purchase of Bibles; and with a box of these strapped upon his broad, strong shoulders, he started out on the work of all his future years. He was supposed to have gone thus through every province in the Empire. He used often to go with caravans on their four to six months' journeys. At night he would read the Bible to the men till "they delighted to listen." He visited the priests, and tried to induce them to read the Bible. If they abused him, he denounced them. He would accuse and warn them in presence of the crowds that would gather to hear them till the priests, in shame and terror, would sneak away, or call upon the people to "defend the faith." But stoning, imprisonment, and threats of death were all lost on heroic and faithful-unto-death George. He held on his chosen way. In the houses of poverty and sickness he read in softened tones the Holy Book, and his words were full of consolation. At long intervals he appeared at the American Church at Buenos Ayres, and attended meeting there. Quiet, happy, contented he seemed, though destitute of all home-comforting and companionship.

Years passed, and his tall form began to bend; his giant shoulders began to feel the burdens. He perhaps pined now for voices of sympathy. Evil for good, in large measure, had been given to self-sacrificing George Smith; and at last—at last his strong heart was breaking. They saw this who saw him last in the city; and in answer to questions, he confessed his loneliness. But once more a strong man (using all his strength to do it) lifted the heavy load of books to the bowed shoulders of George, and for the last time he walked away!

Now with the Master the lonely man finds sympathy and love and home, and he is comforted.—

What the Children can do.

The American Board of Missions has missionaries stationed on the islands of the Pacific Ocean. As these islands are situated out of the regular course of trading vessels, it was very desirable that a missionary vessel should be built to ply between these various islands and the Sandwich Islands.

The work of raising funds for such a vessel was intrusted to the children, and joyfully and generously they responded to the appeal, and in 1856 they raised money to build the first "Morning Star," which for ten years sailed to

and fro on its messages of mercy. In 1866 it was necessary to build another, and that work the children again undertook—150,000, among whom were three to four thousand Hawaiian children, raising in all \$24,000. This second "Morning Star" was wrecked after a useful career of two years. When the news of this disaster came to the East, the children again went to work to replace the ship, and the present "Morning Star" sailed from Boston in 1870, on the errand it has been pursuing for thirteen years. The growth of the mission has been so encouraging that a larger ship is now required, and Captain Bray, of the "Morning Star," has come to this country to secure, through the children, of course, the building of a steam vessel of about 425 tons, or double the size of his present ship. Though it is but a few weeks since the appeal was made, the children have already subscribed over half the \$45,000 needed.

The children's new mission steamer will be ready to sail from Boston by the first of October. This is a proof of what can be done even by the children, by small offerings, if they unite in a good work for the glory of God's Kingdom.

—*Olive Leaf.*

"Getting Religion"—Wherefrom?

A German Methodist writes: "They (Methodists) merely give them (the young) catechetical instruction, and then, if they want to join their church, they must first *get religion.*"

Now the question arises, where do they get this religion from? Lutherans get true religion from the instructions of the Word of God. They teach and learn this word faithfully in school, catechetical class and from the pulpit, and thus God gives them religion in and through His holy Word. But here a Methodist confesses, what we have always charged against his people, viz.: that they do not get their religion from the Bible, the Word of God. And yet it is only from the Word of God that true religion can come. For read what the Bible itself says: "The law of the Lord is perfect, *converting* the soul." "Is not my Word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." "He that heareth my *Word*, and believeth on Him that sent me, *hath everlasting life.*" "It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the *words* that I speak unto you, they are *spirit* and they are *life.*" "Now ye are *clean* through the *Word* which I have spoken unto you." "Peter shall tell the *words* whereby thou and all thy house shall be *saved.*" From this we learn plainly, that the Word of God, correctly taught, *converts, melts, breaks* the heart, gives *faith, spirit, life, sanctification* (cleansing) and *salvation*. And these constitute true religion. But can these elements of true religion ever be gotten out of a mourner's bench, by belaboring it day and night; or out of the empty air by screaming into it; or out of one's own corrupt nature by exciting it into a high fever or a swoon? No,

no, whoever works a religion for himself out of bench, air or self, has a *false* religion. The TRUE religion God has placed in His Word and Sacraments; and whoever seeks it there will find it, but whoever thinks he has found it somewhere else has simply deceived himself.

—*Church Messenger.*

Heathenism in Africa.

Consul Du Verge, at St. Paul de Loando—and not a missionary—writes thus of the terrible heathen cruelties of the West Coast tribes of Africa. The natives of Dondo, in the Province of Angola, bury their dead other than chiefs, anywhere; it may be a few yards from the door of his cabata, or in the road. But sobas, or native chiefs are interred with more ceremony. For three months the corpse is kept above the ground, sitting in a chair, and daily enveloped in new pieces of cloth, which are stolen during the night by his former subjects. After this lapse of time he is deposited in his grave, two grown-up slaves being decapitated and their bodies being interred with him, as well as a boy and girl, both alive, the former holding the soba's pipe, and the latter a vessel with water. Another barbarism not yet abolished is judgment by fetish, which Mr. Du Verge has witnessed more than fifty times on the west and southeast coast. The accused, to show his innocence, swallows a certain amount of deadly vegetable poison; if he vomits it he is innocent, but if his stomach retains it he is guilty of the crime imputed to him, and dies. When a soba dies, his successor is not allowed to continue the work which the deceased chief may have begun, or to inhabit his residence. Whatever unmovable goods, houses, and other property belonged to him are allowed to fall into ruin, while all movable goods are stolen by his subjects immediately after death. For a whole year his spirit is supposed to reign, his successor having no power whatever; the whole kingdom or tribe remains therefore in a state of anarchy.

Affliction.

Two painters frescoed a church. Both worked on a scaffold some fifty feet from the floor. Now one of the painters was so pleased with a nice picture which he had just finished; that in gazing upon it he stepped to near the edge of the scaffold. His friend noticing the danger was terrified. He dared not cry out to his friend, lest the same taken by sudden fright might tumble; and if he did nothing to warn him, his fellow-painter was still in greater danger of being precipitated, so he quickly hurled his brush at the picture. His friend rushed forward to save it from destruction, and was just beginning to abuse the spoiler, when he was shown the imminent danger and that the spoiling of his nice work had saved him. Then he gave thanks. Thus God often destroys some nice thing for us in this world, to keep us from falling headlong into the pit of temporal and eternal ruin.

Philip and the Ethiopian.

The Bible story which our picture illustrates can be read in Acts 8, 26—40. The Ethiopian was a man of great authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians in Africa. He had come to Jerusalem for to worship. On his way home to Africa and sitting in his chariot, he read the prophet Isaiah. Philip, one of the deacons of the Church, was ordered by the Holy Ghost to join himself to the chariot of the officer. Having promptly obeyed the direction, he asked him whether he understood what he was reading. "How can I," was the reply, "except some man should guide me?" And he desired Philip that he would come up and sit with him. The place he was reading was the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, which so clearly and beautifully sets forth the atoning work of Christ. And Philip began at the same Scripture and preached unto him Jesus. He told him all about Jesus, and showed him how all the things of which the prophet speaks have been fulfilled in Him, and that God has raised Him from the dead to be a Saviour for all men. The Ethiopian accepted the Gospel in true faith, and upon his confession that Jesus Christ is the Son of God he was baptized and "went on his way rejoicing." His thoughts were not occupied about himself, but about Christ and His finished work of redemption, in which alone he trusted, and hence he pursued his journey filled with peace and gladness.

How great is God's loving care for a single soul! He took Philip away from the crowded city of Samaria, in order to provide the needed instruction for the African on his way home in the desert. We must not despise small audiences or even a single hearer, but gladly preach the Gospel even to "a congregation of one."

Who Made All That?

It is related that when Napoleon Bonaparte was returning to France from his expedition to Egypt, a group of French officers, standing one evening on the deck of the vessel that bore them over the sea, entered into a discussion concerning the existence of a God. Filled with the infidel spirit of the times they all denied this truth. It was at length proposed to ask the opinion of Napoleon on the subject, who was standing alone, wrapt in silent thought. On hearing the question, "Is there a God?" he raised his hand, and pointing to the starry sky, simply said, "Gentlemen, who made all that?"

MEN of prayer are men of power.

"Couldn't Burn those Ten Chapters."

A Romish priest in Ireland one day met a little boy coming across a field from the parish school with a Bible in his hand. "Do you go to that place?" asked the priest, pointing to the Protestant school.

"Yes, your reverence," replied the boy. "I thought so," said the priest, "by the book you have in your hand. It is a bad book; give it to me."

"That book is God's Word," said the boy, "and it teaches us the way to get to Heaven when we die."

"Come home with me," said the priest. The boy did so, and on entering his study



the priest took the poor boy's Bible and threw it on the fire.

"You shall never read that book again," said the priest; "it is a bad book; and, mind, I shall not suffer you to go to that school again."

The Bible was soon in flames, and the poor boy at first looked very sad; but as the priest grew more and more angry, and told him there was an end of it all now, the boy began to smile.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the priest. "I can't help it," said the boy. "I insist upon your telling me why you laugh!" said the priest.

"I can't help laughing," replied the boy, "for I was thinking your reverence couldn't burn those ten chapters I've got by heart."

Happy boy! He could say with good King David, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

A Story of the Bible.

Some years since, an American ship, sailing on the South Pacific Ocean, struck a hidden rock, and speedily filled with water. The captain and crew, seeing she would soon go to pieces, took to the long boat and started out to find land or a friendly vessel. For two weeks they went on without seeing either sail or shore. On the morning of the fifteenth day, an island rimmed with coral reef came into view. As they drew near this, they saw the people of the island thronging the beach.

The sight of these people filled their minds with the greatest anxiety. They knew that the inhabitants of many of the Islands were savages and cruel; and situated as they were, they were afraid to venture towards the shore, lest a worse fate than that which had already befallen them might be theirs. If these half-naked natives were only waiting to murder them, or sacrifice them to their gods, it was better for them to still trust the chances of the sea.

While they were thus debating the matter, one of the natives dashed down through the surf, and, holding a book aloft, cried, in good English, and with a loud voice, "Missionary! Missionary!" In an instant their fears were gone, and they turned towards the shore. The book they felt sure was the Bible; and the missionary had been there, to teach its blessed truths. Nor were they disappointed. The natives rushed to meet them, helped them through the surf, and, when they had gotten safely to land, provided for all their wants with Christian kindness and love.

Just such assurances does the Bible ever bring to human hearts. Infidels may scoff at it and make light of its teachings; but to the doubtful and fearing, its presence is always a delight and its power a sure defense. God help us to prize His blessed word more and more. —Y. P. M.

"Was it Our Jesus?"

A little three-year old girl stood at the window one Sunday "watching for papa," who was at church. Soon she spied him coming; as he entered, she said:

"Papa, what did Mr. R— preach about this morning?"

Her father replied, "He preached about Jesus."

"Papa, was it our Jesus?" she asked.

"Yes," said her father, it was our Jesus."

The eyes brightened at the thought that papa's minister knew her Jesus and spoke about Him to his congregation.

Do you, dear reader, claim this Jesus as yours?

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—FROM May 7th—17th the Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio and other States held its sessions in the beautiful chapel of the new seminary at St. Louis, Mo. There were present 284 delegates, and a large number of visitors from different parts of the United States and Canada. The truth that every doctrine of faith must be taken from those passages of Scriptures in which God expressly reveals that doctrine formed the subject of the doctrinal discussions. Most of the sessions were devoted to business matters. The interests of the Synod's educational institutions and mission work among the Jews, Immigrants and colored people were considered and the necessary provisions made.

—WE have received the annual report of the Martin Luther Orphans' Home, Boston, Mass. 41 orphan children and several aged persons are provided for in this Home, which is kept up by the voluntary contributions of Lutheran congregations.

—THE Luther statue was unveiled at Washington on May 21. A correspondent writes: "There were about 7,000 spectators. Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, presided, and Senator Conger, of Michigan, delivered an address. The cord attached to the flag covering the statue was then pulled, and as the drape fell, disclosing the face of the great Reformer, the Marine Band rendered Luther's famous battle hymn. The statue is doubly appreciated in Washington as a change from the line of statues of the military heroes with which the city is so liberally ornamented. Just now the Luther statue glistens like new copper, but a few years' exposure will tone it to the rich bronze hues of the statues near it. Near by are the statues of Gen. Thomas, and McPherson, and Scott. In this neighborhood of warlike heroes on horseback the figure of Martin Luther has a certain grandeur as we behold the great Reformer in his simple ministerial robes and carrying the Bible in his left hand."

—MORE than two-thirds of the boys, nearly all that could read, in the New York House of Refuge, Randall's Island, had been in the habit of reading vile and trashy publications. So says the superintendent. Many other boys are on the same road to ruin.

—THE son of a wealthy farmer near Muncie, Ind., recently committed suicide, and the cause given for the horrible deed was the excitement occasioned by reading dime novels and other pernicious literature.

—IT is claimed that the Missouri botanical gardens, near St. Louis, have a complete collection of living specimens of all the plants mentioned in the Bible.

—THE annual report of the British and Foreign Bible society presents, in one view, the immensity of the circulation of the Scriptures going on all the time, and in all parts of the habitable globe. This one Society has issued during the past year, of Bibles, Testaments and portions, about 10,000 a day; a total of 2,938,000;

and from its organization, 93,053,000! Add to this the Hibernian Society's issues, 65,675; the issues of the National Society of Scotland, 468,775, and those of the American Bible Society, 1,524,773, and we have a total issue for the past year, by four great societies, of 4,989,224 copies. And to this must be added the issues of many smaller societies, of private enterprise, and the vast multitude of the revised New Testaments, if we would compass the work of publishing the Scriptures as recorded in 1881—2. This is simply prodigious, falling not much short of six and a half or seven million copies. But we do not get the full significance of this work till we follow the colporteurs of a great society like this into every nook and corner of the habitable globe—about 300 scattered throughout Europe, and 200 in the regions beyond.

—THE *Reformed Messenger* says: A Philadelphia clergyman was to receive an educated parrot as a fee for marrying a couple, and loaned the groom two dollars and a-half to buy a cage in which to bring it home, but never heard of the parties afterwards.

—THE late Mr. Marquand, of Connecticut, once said to one who thought to do him a favor by preventing an applicant for aid from calling upon him: "I do not thank any man for coming between me and a solicitation for any worthy cause." A Christian should never be troubled because he is asked to give. If he cannot give he may well be sorry; but if he does not wish to give he ought to be more than sorry—he should be alarmed. Lack of money is by no means so sad as is the lack of a disposition to contribute of what one has. A man often shuts the door in the face of his best friend when he shuts off an appeal to his benevolence.

—AT one of the May meetings in Boston a distinguished D. D. said in vindication of his course as a Christian preacher and reformer, "I am not afraid of the devil!" Another said in reply, "That is not the great point, but this: "Is the devil afraid of you, Doctor?" We must have good evidence that the father of lies is afraid of our influence.

Short Stops.

—AN Eastern Paper thinks that "one reason why the world is so unwilling to join the church, is because the church is so very willing to join the world." There is much truth in this.

—THE first American flag was made by Lutheran ladies, members of the Old Swedes Lutheran Church in Philadelphia.

—MANY persons count their losses off the Lord. The way it is done is illustrated by a little girl who coaxed two nickels from her father, saying she would spend one for candy and the other she would give to the missionaries. Before executing her expressed intentions she lost one while at play, and running to her mamma, said: "O mamma, I have lost my missionary nickel."

—MANY parents may learn a lesson from the colored mother who led her toddling baby to the table in the church, and lifted him up that he might drop his penny into the basket from his own fingers. "Have patience, brother," she said, to a scowling deacon; "I want to bring him up to it." She had struck the right principle. If men and women ought to give to support and spread the Gospel, the children should be brought up to do so, that they may carry on the work when their parents have gone to their reward.

—IN St. Peter's church in Rome there is room for 54,000 persons, but there is no room for the Gospel in that temple of the pope.

—THE BOOK TRUE.—A colored man was once told by a friend that some man had said the Bible was not true. Now, this poor man had never thought anybody could doubt the Bible; but his quick way of disposing of the novel difficulty was, "Dat Book not true! Why, I take it into my house, and I sit down and read it, and it make my heart laugh. How can it be a lie dat make my heart laugh? I was a drunkard, thief, and liar, and dat book talk to me and make me a new man. Dat book no lie."

BOOK-TABLE.

LUTHER'S LETTER to his little son Hans. With five illustrations. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price, by the dozen @ 6 cts.; by the hundred @ 5 cts.; single copy 8 cts.

A charming little book for the little ones. The same can be had in German.

SACRED PLACES. By Rev. E. Greenwald, D.D. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price, 50 cts; by the dozen @ 35 cts.; by the hundred @ 30 cts.

This excellent work on Sacred Places is "designed for the older scholars of the Sunday School." By its use they will be made acquainted with the sacred places mentioned in the Holy Scriptures and will thus be aided in their Bible study.

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny. Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening. Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Sts. Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening. Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock. Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening. N. J. BARKE, Missionary.

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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No. 7.

All for Christ.

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart; it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

—Selected.

"This is What I Want."

A Hindoo, being anxious about his salvation, asked his priest, how he might make atonement to God for his sins. "Thou must drive," said the priest, "a number of iron spikes through thy sandals, and on these sandals thou must place thy naked feet, and walk to the holy station, at the source of the Godavery river (about four hundred and eighty miles). If, through loss of blood, or weakness of body, thou art unable to go on, thou mayest halt and wait for healing and strength. When thou hast thus reached the station, thou mayest hope, that thy soul will be cleansed."

The poor Hindoo was in earnest to save his soul, and set out on his painful journey. At length he could go no further and sat down beneath the inviting shade of a wide-spreading tree. It happened that a Christian missionary resided near the spot; and at this very tree he had been accustomed to take his stand, and

to proclaim the words of life to all who would gather to hear. The poor foot-sore Hindoo had not been here long before the missionary came to his usual labor. He cried aloud—"The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin," (1 John 1, 7.). He began to show what sin was in the sight of God. He pressed guilt home upon his hearers and showed the utter hopelessness of man saving himself by his own doings or sufferings. He went on to show God's way of salvation through the bloodshedding of His own well-beloved Son.

These glad sounds fell upon the ears of the poor Hindoo like rain on the thirsty soul. He drank in every word; and, at length, plucking off his torturing sandals, he sprang up, and cried out with joy—"This is what I want! This is the thing for me!" He followed the missionary home; gladly received the word, and believed it; and became a lively witness that the blood of Jesus Christ does indeed cleanse from sin. It had cleansed him.

Now, my dear reader, in the Gospel God presents to you also Christ, His beloved Son, whom He has delivered up to be a sacrifice for guilty man. To you, as to the poor heathen, comes the blessed message—"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" from all sin; from ALL! That blood which made atonement for sin, has been shed once for all, and now, by its cleansing power, it saves all who trust in it. It does not need anything of yours to be added to it. Oh, no! Christ is the only Saviour, and He must be a whole Saviour: He will not share the glory of His finished work with you. You must be saved like the poor Hindoo. He threw away his sandals when he found Jesus as his Saviour; in like manner do you throw away whatever you find in your own sinful self, and cling only to Jesus.

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

"The Church in the world," says a recent writer, "is like a ship on the ocean. The ship is safe enough in the ocean so long as the ocean is not in the ship. The Church is safe enough in the world so long as the world is not in the Church."

The Lord's Freemen.

Christians enjoy true freedom. They are the Lord's freemen, having been set free from the curse and slavery of sin by faith in the Saviour. They who reject the Saviour remain the slaves of sin and the devil, no matter how much they speak of liberty. There is no true freedom without the Saviour. He redeemed us from the slavery of sin with His holy precious blood, and those who believe in Him enjoy the freedom which He procured with His own sufferings and death. And with thankful hearts they serve Him, not in slavery, but in freedom. They serve Him, not in order to be saved, but because they are saved. Their service is the service of freemen.

It is said that just before the civil war in this country, a wealthy gentleman, who was walking the streets of a southern city had his attention called to a group of colored slaves about to be sold. One of them was weeping bitterly, and when he asked her why she was crying, she replied that she did not know what kind of master was going to buy her, nor where she was going. He said nothing more, but when she was placed upon the block for sale, he bid a higher price for her than any one in the crowd, and she was given to him, as his property. She was still weeping, because she did not know him, nor where she was going, until he gently said, "I have not bought you to make a slave of you; I have bought you to set you free." She instantly turned to him with the glad cry, "Let me go with you; I will serve you all my life." But she served him, not to be redeemed; she served him with a free and happy heart, because she was redeemed.

He Has Peace.

A pastor tells of an aged Christian lying in the Consumptives' Home, very near his end. He was asked the cause of his perfect peace, and replied: "When I am able to think, I am thinking of Jesus; and when I am not able He is thinking of me."

Why should he not have peace?

"Follow Your Orders!"

There are many who lose all interest in mission work as soon as they do not see the results which they expected. Whenever the reports of missionaries in a certain mission field do not speak of large numbers of converted souls, they think that mission field should be given up. But we say No, a thousand times, No. It is our duty as Christians to simply obey the command of the Master: "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature," regardless of consequences. We know that this Gospel will not be believed by all. When Christ added, "he that believeth not shall be damned," He plainly intimated that the preaching would not be always accepted. As it was with Paul who was filled with the Holy Ghost, and was the most successful missionary that has ever lived, so it is now, and so it will be to the very end, "some believed the things which were spoken, and some believed not," (Acts 28, 24.). We have nothing to do with results. They are in God's hands. For us there is honor enough, joy enough in simply obeying our marching orders, "Go, preach my Gospel."

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

Luther on Private Prayer.

In the year 1534, Luther gave a good friend, the barber, Master Peter, the following directions how to pray:

"Dear Master Peter: I gave you the best directions I can, and which I myself observe with regard to prayer. May your Lord God enable you and all others to adopt a better course. Amen. First, when I perceive that foreign employments or thoughts have rendered me too cold or indisposed to prayer (for the flesh and the devil never cease to hinder prayer,) I take my psalter, run into my closet, or, if day or time be suited, into the church, and begin wholly after the manner of children, verbally to repeat to myself the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and, according as I have time, several declarations of Christ, Paul, or the Psalms. Therefore, it is a good thing to let prayer be the first thing in the morning and the last at night, diligently guarding against these false deceptive thoughts which say: 'Delay a little longer, in an hour or so I will pray—I must first attend to this or that;' for amidst such thoughts we forget prayer, and engage in business which then so occupies our attention that prayer is neglected for that day. And although some works may occur which are as good as prayer or better than it, espe-

cially if necessity requires them, according to a declaration which passes under St. Jerome's name: 'All works of believers are prayers,' ** Yet are we to be on our guard lest we ourselves at last invent as necessary, works that are not necessary, and thus become negligent, indolent, cold and indisposed to pray.

"When now through such verbal repetition, the heart has been kindled, and has come to itself, then kneel down, or stand with folded hands and eyes raised to heaven, and speak or think as briefly as you can: 'O God, my heavenly father, I am a wretched and unworthy sinner, not deserving that I should raise my hand or eyes up to Thee, or pray to Thee. But because Thou hast commanded us all to pray, and in addition also promised to hear us, and besides hast Thyself taught us, through Thy dear Son our Lord Jesus Christ, both words and forms, I come to render obedience to Thy command; and relying upon Thy gracious promise, with all Thy holy Christians upon earth, pray in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, as He has taught me: Our Father who art in heaven,' etc.

The People's Message.

WHAT THE PEOPLE REPLIED, AND WHAT CONSCIENCE ADDED.

The quiet of a Sunday morning was broken by the tones of a church-bell. Over the town floated its full rich music, and then came back again the faint echoes. The bell seemed charged with a message to the people, which it was telling with all its might, and the message ran thus:

"Come—come. Come—come. Come—come."

But although well understood it was not heeded by many, and this was what the people said who did not heed it, and what conscience said to them:

Bell—"Come—come."

People—"We do not feel very well to-day."

Conscience—"Isn't it strange there are so many sick people on Sunday? Many who are well enough on Saturday night are unable to go out on Sunday, and those who are sick on Sunday recover when Monday morning comes. It might seem as if some weekly epidemic visited the town with a full supply of headaches, colds, fevers and other disorders."

Bell—"Come—come."

People—"The weather is too unpleasant to-day."

Conscience—"Yes, the weather on Sundays is always wrong—too hot, too cold, too cloudy, or too windy. Sunday heats are so exhaustive, Sunday rains are so piercing, that no one but the minister and sexton should go out to church!"

Bell—"Come—come."

People—"Our garments are not good enough."

Conscience—"There are a great many directions in the Bible about how we should come

before the Lord, but the quality of clothes is not mentioned. The church isn't a millinery establishment or a show-room. In the old times the rich and poor met together, for the Lord is Maker of them all."

Bell—"Come—come."

People—"We are better than some who go to church."

Conscience—"You may be much better than some, but are you satisfied with that? Will it do to tell the Lord so? There is something in the parable of the Pharisee and Publican bearing upon this point."

Bell—"Come—come."

People—"We haven't any seats in church."

Conscience—"Yes, there are always seats there for all who come. There need be no fear of intruding, for all are welcome, and there need be no fear of wearing out your welcome, for you are urged to come every Sunday."

And so the church bell kept ringing out its message, "Come—come," and some heeded the message, came, thanked God for the privilege of coming, and resolved to come always.

Others still refused, and conscience went to sleep, murmuring, ere it slept, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—*Christian Weekly*.

A Sure Sign.

A well-known physician was attending a sick man recently, and left him at night doing well and in a fair way to recover. The next morning when he called he found the family in tears, and supposed the patient had been taken worse in the night; he did not stop to ask any questions, but hurried to the man whom he found as comfortable as possible, much to his surprise. He then sought the family and asked the meaning of their grief.

"Oh, my poor dear husband!" sobbed the wife, with her apron over her head. "There's no hope in the world for him!"

"My poor son!" groaned the mother, "he's a dead man!"

"Papa's going to die!" chorused the children with dismal cries.

"I should be glad to know what this all means," said the doctor angrily; "the man is not nearer dying than I am; he will be up and out in a week."

"Oh no, no!" sobbed the whole family in consent.

"I should like to know why not?" asked the doctor with natural curiosity.

"Be-cause," said the wife uncovering her head, "a dog came and howled under the window three times la-last night, and that is a su-sure sign of death!"

"A sure sign," repeated the old mother, shaking her head dolefully.

"I wish I could find that dog!" exclaimed the doctor, "I'd go a mile out of my way to kick him!"

The man got well in spite of the sure sign.

A Living Saviour.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PASTOR HARMS.

A child of six years lay upon a sick bed, and a little friend of the same age stood at his side. They were talking about their Saviour, each insisting that his own Saviour was the loveliest, the strongest, and best Saviour; and to one who sat by and listened to the talk, it seemed something like a breath from heaven. The children evidently had a living Saviour, and each his own Saviour, and it is just here that many older people are lacking. They have no *living*, no *own* Saviour, their God and Saviour is to them but as a thought.

As the two boys went on with their talk, the one said to his sick friend:

"Listen, Henry, I can easily prove that I have the best Saviour. He has given me a little colored brother in Africa, and his name is Karl! Father read it out yesterday from the mission paper."

"O yes! thou dost mean the little Kaffer boy, who has been baptized by our missionaries in Africa. Father told me about it, and we wept with joy because the poor heathen boy had become a Christian, and now loves the Lord Jesus. But, Peter, why dost thou say that the little boy has been given to thee for a brother? Is he not my brother, too?"

"No," Peter said, stopping to whisper to his friend, "thou must not tell anybody, but I asked the Saviour to give me a little colored brother in Africa. I asked father once, if there were any little children in Africa like us, and he said there were little boys and girls there, but that they did not know the Saviour, and that I must pray for them that they might become Christians and be baptized; for the Saviour loved colored just as much as white children, and that they would then be our brothers. And since that I have very often asked the dear Saviour to give me a little colored brother in Africa, for I thought if there were one there would soon be others. Father heard me praying about this once when I did not know he was near me. When I finished, he smiled pleasantly, and said:

"Now, Peter, what are we to call this little colored brother in Africa, when thou hast one?"

"I thought, I shall certainly have one, because I have asked the Saviour to give me one; so I said, 'He shall be called Karl.'"

"And why Karl?" asked father.

"I did not know why myself. And now think how glad I was when father read from the mission paper that a little boy had been

baptized. I asked, 'Is he called Karl?' Father did not know, but he said: "Now, Peter, is that thy little colored brother?"

"Yes," I said, "if he is called Karl." And so he is, for father read it out yesterday. Dost thou not see now that the Saviour has given me this little colored brother?"

The sick boy lay quite still, as if he were thinking, and apparently a little troubled. Soon he raised his little white face, beaming with kindness and love.

"Peter, thou hast really a good Saviour, almost as good as mine. I felt troubled so, because I have not been a very good boy, and have never even asked the Saviour to give me a little colored brother in Africa. But just now he told me to be quiet, and that he had forgiven me; and now I feel quite happy again, and if I may live a little longer, I will ask my

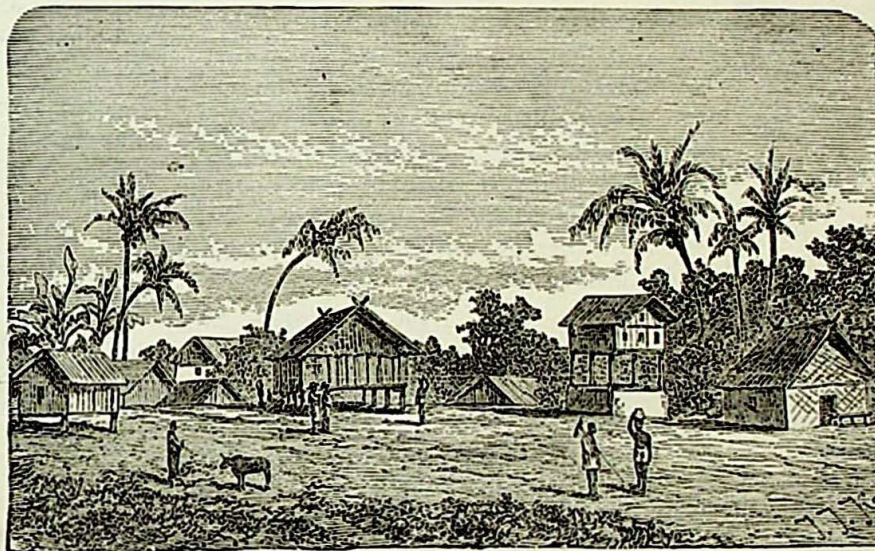
have not had much pain, and when I had, I said to the Lord, 'I am a little child, and very weak,' and then the pain all went away."

"Well, Henry, thou may'st now rejoice; the dear Saviour is coming for thee, and will take thee very soon." And he went to call the child's parents.

The boy's eyes beamed with heavenly light, as he gave a hand to each, bade them greet the pastor for him, and he would greet the dear Saviour for them, and asked them to sing a hymn which he especially loved, because the name of Jesus was so much in it. And as they sang,

"I will kiss my Jesus,
Who takes me in His arms."

his head sank back upon the pillow, as he softly repeated the words. The Saviour had taken him.



MISSIONARY VILLAGE IN AFRICA.

dear Jesus, as thou hast done, to give me also a little colored brother in Africa.

"But, Henry, thou wilt soon be better, and then we can play church together, and sing, and I will pray with thee that thou also may'st have a little colored brother.

"No, Peter; did I not tell thee I have the best Saviour of all? And I have, for he is soon coming to take me to heaven. The pastor told me so, when he was with me alone, and prayed with me. And I was so glad. I cannot tell how glad I was. For just think, I shall go to heaven, and Jesus will take me in His arms, and say, 'Now, dear Henry, thou art my beloved child. Come play awhile with angels, and thou shalt sing with them.' So the pastor told me, and at first I was afraid, because I should not know the tune. But the pastor said I would soon learn it, for the Lord would teach me; and now I think every day that the Saviour will come for me very soon."

The friend who was sitting with the children, noticing a change in the boy's face, took his hand and asked:

"Art thou in pain, Henry?"

"No," he said; "in my whole sickness I

temper. The next day a major of the regiment said to him:

"Well, sir! I think you gave me some very sharp hits yesterday. But it is of no use. I can not control my temper when I am provoked."

The chaplain told him that this was one of the vain excuses which men were wont to make. "You know very well," said he, "that were the same provocation to happen in the presence of your earthly king you would control yourself. And yet you dare to say that the continual presence of God, the King of kings and Lord of Lords, imposes upon you neither restraint nor fear!"

His friend, the major, looked at him for a moment and then said: "You are right, chaplain, you are quite right. Hereafter, whenever you see me in danger of failing, remind me of the King, our God."

HE sees thee in thy poverty and wretchedness, and knows thou hast nothing to pay; therefore he freely forgives, and gives thee all.

—Luther.

I learned all this from a friend who was present, when he brought me the greeting of the dying boy; and I now tell it for the first time, since the boy Peter has also gone to his Saviour. In his life I could not tell it.

Is it not a precious thing to have a *living* Saviour? This simple child's prayer is a noble prayer, since it is the prayer of one who *believes what he asks*.

"Remind Me of the King."

A chaplain of the Prussian army once preached a very earnest sermon on the sin and folly of yielding to a hasty

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—WE have received the first number of a little Monthly which will be heartily welcomed by all our German pastors since it supplies a want long felt in our church. The name of the Monthly is *Liturgische Monatsschrift*, and its object is to present in each number liturgical forms for such occasions as are not provided for in the Liturgy which is used in our congregations. The first number brings an excellent liturgical service for the dedication of a church. The Monthly is edited by Rev. F. Lochner, of Springfield, Ill., who is known as an able judge in all questions relating to Church Liturgy. The price is 50 cts. per annum, and all orders are to be sent to Rev. F. P. Merbitz, Box 58, Beardstown, Ill.

—ANOTHER volume of Walch's edition of Luther's Writings has left the St. Louis press, and contains the second part of the celebrated "Family Sermons" of Luther. In speaking of this volume the *Workman*, of Pittsburgh, says: "The printing, paper and binding leave absolutely nothing to be desired. The Missouri Synod, in the publication of the "House Postille" so early in the series, has wisely taken time by the forelock, before other and imperfect editions could find their way among our people. The two volumes, bound in one and containing nearly 3,000 pages, is sold for the small sum of \$5.00, and 65 cents postage. This volume, or the half of the whole, is offered for \$2.75, and 35 cents postage. Our German pastors could not do a more useful work than to get old Brother Martin to help them to preach in every family in their charge." Address Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

—THE graduating class in our Seminary at St. Louis this year numbered 38 students. Our little PIONEER intends to pay them a monthly visit in their future homes.

—THERE are 44 children in our Lutheran Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Norris, Mich. There is hardly room to receive all that have already applied for admission for the coming year.

—THE Wartburg Orphans' Home, situated at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., recently celebrated its eighteenth yearly festival. On this occasion a new chapel was dedicated. The money for the erection of this building, about \$6,000 in all, was contributed by an unknown friend. Sixty-two children find a Christian home in this institution.

—A MISSIONARY in Mexico reports that on the grogshops in that country the following frank and significant titles may be seen: "The Vesuvius," "The Shipwreck," "The Delirium Tremens," "The Little Hell."

—ON the 7th of May the British and Foreign Bible Society held its eightieth annual meeting in Exeter Hall, London. In the business report it was stated that during the eighty years of its existence this society distributed 100,035,933 Bibles. It was resolved to issue Bibles

with good paper and good print for the price of one penny.

—DURING the present century 150,000,000 copies of the Bible have been printed in 226 different languages.

—CHARLES READE, the well-known English writer, wrote his own epitaph, which is to be engraved on a plain grave-stone. In this epitaph he says, "I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man, which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature cannot. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins.'"

—EDWARD SIMMS, in England, is said to be the oldest organist. He was born in 1800 and performed his first service when only ten years old. Since that date, a period of 74 years, he has continued in the constant exercise of an organist's duties, and still conducts a full choral service without assistance.

—A CHURCH WITH A SINGLE MEMBER.—In the Presbytery of Lackawanna, Pa., there is a church with only one member, a woman. But she seems to be an efficient member, for the report is that during the past year that church has raised more money for the Lord's work than many churches with fifty male members.

—NOTING the fact that a city councilman of Pittsburg, Pa., was recently sent to the workhouse for sixty days for disturbing worship in one of the local churches, *The Christian Advocate* admonishes "those rough boys and giggling girls who in some places disturb our worship" to learn a lesson from his fate. As to dealing with such offenders, it says sternly, "Expostulate once *privately*, once publicly, then turn the disturbers over to the law."

—THE missionaries in Southern India report, that during the Luther Commemoration at the stations of the Basel Society the Jesuits busied themselves with distributing dirty libels against Luther among the native Christians. Rome is the same everywhere.

—DR. JESSUP said that once while visiting a Turkish official who had lived for some months as a neighbor to a brother missionary, he was told in a burst of confidence that this brother was a most remarkable man; that his conduct was, in fact, quite unaccountable, for in all the time he, the Turk, had lived next to him, separated only by a wall, he had never heard his wife scream once or make the least disturbance. That a man could live with his wife for a twelvemonth without beating her or having a family quarrel was quite incomprehensible to the Turkish mind.

Short Stops.

—"OFFENDED."—A certain pastor preached against the sins prevailing among some of his people. Thereupon the servant of a rich man came to him with the complaint: "You offended my master in your sermon to-day." The pastor replied: "Your master would not have felt himself offended by me, had he not been conscious of having first offended my Master—the Lord Jesus; and if your master will persist in offending my Master, then let him be offended." Let all who take offense at their pastor's sermons, ask themselves, before they complain, whether they have not greatly offended the Divine Master, who directs his ministers to rebuke his offenders.

—BLIND Leaders of the Blind. In many a church it is as that farmer's wife told the deacon, when he asked her how things looked in the church: "Blind above (in the pulpit,) and blind below (in the pews): "You walk as you are led."

—"MOTHER," said a little urchin when he came home, "I have seen such a smart preacher. He stamped and made such a noise, and then he got mad; he shook his fist at the folks, and there wasn't any body dared go up and fight him." A wholesome rebuke for some preachers.

—THE question put to a noted talker and theorizer was a very apt one: "What have you done?" It is doing in the world that is valuable; talk is cheap and fruitless.

—A JOB.—He who has nothing to do in this world but to amuse himself, has got the hardest job on hand.

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Sunday School from 2 to 4.

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Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Strs., Little Rock, Ark.
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Sunday School from 10-12.
Catechumen class meets from 7-8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8-9 Wednesday evening.
E. MEILAENDER, Missionary.

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No. 8.

The Open Door.

Within a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas, her children asked
One night in vain for bread,
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that He was good;
So, with her little ones around,
She prayed to Him for food.

When prayer was done, her oldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, "In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied His prophet's need."
"Yes," answered she, "but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed."

"But, mother, God may do again,
What He has done before,
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclose the door."
Then little Dick, in simple faith,
The door threw open wide,
So that the radiance of the lamp
Fell on the path outside.

Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire wherefore the door
Was open so at night.
"My little Dick has done it, sir,"
The widow, smiling, said,
"That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread."

"Indeed," the burgomaster cried,
"Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my house, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had."
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

The supper ended, little Dick
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, "Many thanks, good Lord,"
Then shut it fast once more.
For though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.

HE that sincerely gives his heart will not deny his money.

"Come As You Are."

We recently read the following story which suggests an important lesson:

Early one morning a fire broke out in one of the houses in a narrow street in London. The alarm was given by a policeman on duty, and speedily the engines were heard rattling along to the scene of action; but ere they could get to work, the flames began to break forth, and rise high into the air. Presently a young man was seen to appear at one of the upper windows of the house in his night-clothes. The fire-escape, which had also arrived, was placed against the house, when a fireman went up the ladder, and called the young man to make all haste, and escape for his life. But to his surprise, the young man refused to come away just then, saying he wished to dress first. The fireman repeated his warning with greater earnestness, "Come as you are! come as you are!" but in vain, for he still said he would come when he got dressed.

When one below in the street heard this, he broke open the front door, and tried to go up the stairs. But the wind coming through the open door soon fanned the flames into greater fury, and compelled the man to retreat. The youth within had gone to his bedroom to dress, and the fireman could not enter through the window on account of the heat and smoke. The flames rose higher and higher, when suddenly the stairs gave way, and the roof fell in with a terrible crash, burying the poor young man beneath the ruins. A day or two after, when search had been made for his body, it was found amid the wreck and rubbish, all charred and blackened.

A sad and awful death surely! But for his own foolish refusal the young man might have escaped, if with nought else, at least with his life.

Reader, may not this picture forth to you the still greater foolishness of those who, from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, and on to death itself, refuse to "flee from the wrath to come!" Many are convinced of their sin by the law of God. They know the danger in which they are. They know that at any moment they may be carried away into eternal death. Still they refuse to go to the

Saviour of sinners who in the Gospel calls upon them to come just as they are. They want to do this and to do that before they come. Oh, how foolish! "The time is short;" and you know not what a day may bring forth. Then escape for your life! Look not behind you! In the Gospel an Almighty Saviour stands ready to receive you, and His word is, "COME AS YOU ARE! COME AS YOU ARE!"

A Receipt in Full.

There is a story of Martin Luther that Satan came to him, as he thought, with a long black roll of sins, which truly might make a swaddling band for the round world. To the arch enemy Luther said,—

"Yes, I must own to them all. Have you any more?"

So the foul fiend went his way and brought another long roll, and Martin Luther said,—

"Yes, I must own to them all. Have you any more?"

The accuser of the brethren, being expert at the business, soon supplied him with a further length of charges, till there seemed to be no end to it.

Martin waited till no more were forthcoming, and then he cried:

"Have you any more?"

"Were these not enough?" said the fiend.

"Ay, that they were. But," said Martin Luther, "write at the bottom of the whole account, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

Cripples in the Church.

In treating the subject of what it calls "Cripples in the Church," the *Golden Rule* says that some are without arms; they have never helped any one over the rugged places in life. Some are without feet; they have never gone an inch out of their own way to serve others. Some are voiceless; they have never, even by word, encouraged any one who was cast down. Some are deaf; they have never listened to the voice of suffering. Some are without hearts; they do not know what sympathy and generous feeling are. What an appearance a procession of such characters would make, if they could be seen as they are on the street!

First Persecutions.

Christ, the great Head of the Church, had given full warning to His disciples that in the world they should have tribulation. He had told them, "The time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."

We are not, therefore, surprised to read of two violent persecutions of the Christians in Jerusalem in the first twelve chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. The first we all well remember, because to it Stephen, the first Christian martyr, fell a victim. Good results sprang, however, from their bitter sufferings, for the Christians were scattered in all directions, and wherever they went they were found telling those around them of the Saviour. The man who was very active in this persecution was Saul of Tarsus, and we know the wonderful way in which God called him to be a Christian and an Apostle.

The second persecution was raised by the wicked King Herod. St. Peter was miraculously delivered by an angel the night before his intended martyrdom; but St. James was really put to death. There is a beautiful story told in history about this first of the chosen twelve who suffered death in His Master's cause. The man who had been the principal means of his seizure and condemnation was standing near by when he was dragged away to the place of execution. There he saw the happy peacefulness of the apostle's face and manner in the midst of the frightful tumult and deathly preparation. He was struck with remorse and turning round he loudly confessed his faith in Jesus to the angry crowd. They seized and bound him and carried him also away to execution. On the way he earnestly begged the apostle James to forgive him the harm he had brought upon him. The answer he received was, "Peace be unto thee," and an affectionate kiss. In a few moments both were beheaded.

The Christian's Heaven and Hell on Earth.

The Christian has two Heavens, while the world has none. Or is the elegant table of the worldling, bending under the weight of good things, his heaven? Then what will his heaven be, when he is sick and unable to eat? If power, honor, or splendor, be his heaven, he must always stand in fear of falling from his heaven into the opposite hell, viz., from honor into shame. That constant fear is already a sufficient hell for him. Or may the money-chest be his heaven? Surely a worthless heaven which cannot protect itself against moths and thieves. And where will his heaven be when he must leave all? The heaven of the wicked is not worth a penny.

The Christian, however, has two and much better Heavens. One he already possesses here, on earth; the other he hopes for beyond. On earth his heart is his heaven. Where God

dwells with His grace and merciful love, there Heaven must be, Isaiah 57, 15. Now, God dwells in the Christian's heart through faith in Christ Jesus, Ephesians 3, 17. Hence the Christian already sits in Heavenly places, in Christ Jesus, Ephesians 2, 6. He has a Heavenly Spirit (the Holy Ghost) dwelling within him, as the pledge of his inheritance. He partakes of Heavenly nourishment, of the bread of life, of the hidden manna, John 6, 51. He has Heavenly guardians and servants about him, the holy angels, who bear him upon their hands, Ps. 91, 11. He wears Heavenly clothing, being clothed with the Sun of righteousness (Jesus), with the garments of salvation, and covered with the robe of righteousness. He has a bridegroom from Heaven, Jesus. He already tastes the powers of Heaven, and, one by one, sweet drops of joy enter his heart. He daily lays up for himself treasures in Heaven, Matth. 6, 19. Still more. He has not only his heart in heaven (Matth. 6, 21.), but also his feet, Philippians 3, 20.—Will you deny still that the Christian, the child of God, has a Heaven here on earth besides the one he hopes for in the world to come?

That Hell which awaits the wicked after death or the hell they carry within their bosoms (their souls being veritable hells wherein as many devils dwell as sins rule therein), the Christian knoweth not of. Yet he has also a hell to contend with here on earth, namely Sin. Sin is as painful to him as the torments of Hell are painful to the damned. Like Paul, he sighs daily, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Romans 7, 24. Oh! when will the time appear, that I may take off the soiled garment of my flesh, and shine in white garments? Revelations 7, 9. I am waiting for my end at every hour of the day; I desire my last hour to come at every moment; it will bring me eternal life. God grant it!—*Dr. H. Mueller.*

Dangerous Reading.

A story is told of a resident of Lexington, Ky., who, being importuned to subscribe for one of the daily papers of that city, consented to take it if the publisher would send him the sheet blank. They agreed, and it goes to him regularly unprinted. He as regularly keeps it on file, and pays for it with punctilious exactness. This is amusing, and at the same time seriously suggestive. It may well be a question whether most of the secular papers, which come into our homes, would not "pay" better if they came in the unprinted form preferred by the eccentric Kentuckian.

We begin to think that some of the most dangerous reading is to be found in the daily newspapers. With flaming head-lines and detailed particulars, these relate stories of crime with every accompanying horror sensationally told. Nothing worse, or more depraving, than some portions of our leading and influential journals can possibly be set before the eyes of

boys and girls. And, as if there were not enough of this filth to be dragged out of our own gutters, one of these papers, which professes to be the champion of morality, and is accepted as such by a very large proportion of our religious families,—is accustomed to regale its readers from time to time with letters from Paris, devoted mainly to minute detail of the worst social and domestic scandals of that city.

The fastidious parent, who would not suffer a questionable story-paper or novel to enter his dwelling, is not alarmed when he sees his young people absorbed in the sheet which brings them the news of the day. Indeed, he probably feels pleased when he observes them thus engaged. Yet there is need of espionage, since,—conducted as journalism now is,—those newspapers have the largest sale which tell in the most entertaining way the stories of evil.

Believing, but Not Understanding.

"I will not believe anything but what I understand," said a self-confident young man, in a hotel one day.

"Nor will I," said another.

"Gentlemen," said one who sat close by, "do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you don't understand?"

"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio.

"Well," said the stranger, "in my ride this morning, I saw some geese in a field eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Certainly," said the three unbelievers.

"I also saw the pigs eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," said the three.

"I also saw sheep and cows eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," was again replied.

"Well, the grass which they had formerly eaten, had by digestion turned to feathers on the backs of geese, to bristles on the backs of swine, to wool on the sheep, and on the cows it had turned to hair; do you believe that, gentlemen?"

"Certainly," they replied.

"Yes, you believe it," he rejoined, "but do not understand it?"

They were confounded, and silent, and ashamed.

Honey from the Scriptures.

Do not think it enough if you learn to spell and read, and to say the words of the Scriptures, but seek to learn the truths of the Scriptures. Do as the bees do. A bee, when it sees a flower, does not fly round and round it, and then fly off again, like foolish, idle butterflies. It settles on the flower and sucks the honey out of it. You should do as the bees do; you should settle your thoughts on what you read, and try to suck the honey out of it. Every verse in the New Testament has its honey. Every verse contains a spiritual truth, fit to nourish some soul or other.

It's Just as God Sent it.

A Christian merchant of London once sought rest from the cares and labors of his business in the country. He spent some weeks in his native county of Cumberland. One day, while enjoying his holiday, and walking through a most beautiful part of the country, he went on and on. The blue sky above and the high hills around made him think of the many wonders of his merciful God in the work of creation.

At length he found out that he had lost his way, as people say, and soon feeling weary by the walk, he began to look about him for some house, where he might get food and rest, and also be shown the right road. Well, on he went till he came in sight of a farmhouse, toward which he at once bent his steps. Upon asking the kindly-looking folks to allow him to rest, and give him some bread and milk, he was at once invited inside and made to sit down.

While the refreshment was being prepared, he looked around him, and noticed an old woman sitting in a corner, with a large Bible before her, and a big pair of spectacles on her nose. The milk and bread were soon before the traveler; upon which he bent his head to ask a blessing upon the food. The old woman, on seeing him bend his head, thought he was examining the milk and was doubting its sweetness. She therefore said, "The milk is good, man, it's just as God sent it; drink it up, man!"

The traveler assured her he did not for a moment doubt the sweetness of the milk and would gladly "drink it up," and, in return, asked her whether she did the same with the "sincere milk" of God's Word, which He had sent to her, and which she then had before her? did she simply believe it, and thus drink it up, as her own to live upon and grow thereby?

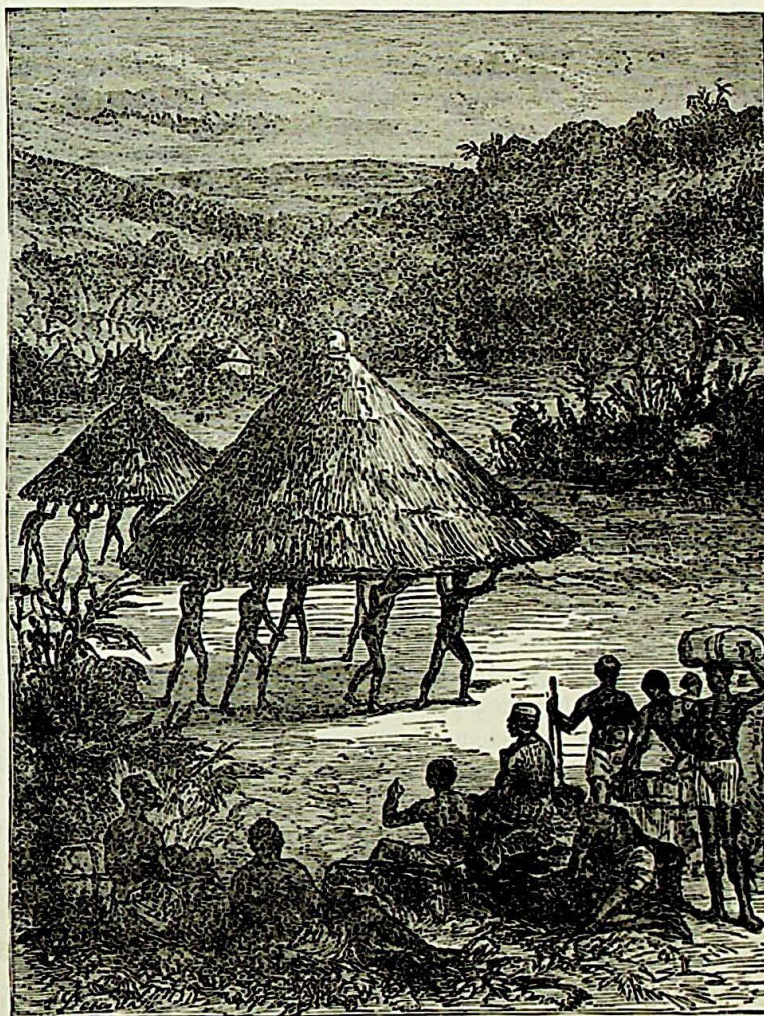
"Yes, I hope I do," said the old lady.

"Well, then, you know, of course, that all your sins are forgiven, that you have eternal life, have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and are just waiting for God's Son from heaven?"

"No, no," said the old lady, "I can not say all that; I wish I could. Indeed, man, I think no one can go as far as all that."

Our friend asked her to turn to the third chapter of John's gospel, and lovingly pressed her to "drink up just as God sent them," the 14th to 18th verses; then other Scriptures were looked at, such as "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." "For when

we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." "For God commendeth his love, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." And again, "He that believeth hath everlasting life." And, "These things have I written unto you that ye believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life." While thus earnestly begging her to take them, as from God himself, whose word it was, the truths were brought home to her soul; and soon the old lady began to be glad, and at the same time to wonder she should have read her



A SCENE IN AFRICA.

Bible so many years, and not have seen such sweet and glorious truths before.

A happy time these two had together over that old Bible—our friend delighted to be thus used of God; and the dear old woman, with tears of joy, thanking God that the traveler had been permitted to lose his way, that she might find the Saviour to be to her "the way, the truth, and the life."

And now, dear reader, let me ask you, have you drunk it up, just as God sent it? I mean His loving, simple Word as you find it in the Bible. It is no human cistern, no broken cistern which holds no water; it is the deep, deep well of God's love, it is the great stream which lies before you in that sweet Word of God; by Peter spoken of as the "sincere—pure—unadulterated—milk." Oh! drink it up, just as God sent it!

Tasting Death.

In a time of great darkness, when Romish priests were doing their worst to suppress divine truth, a party of soldiers, under a very cruel leader, were one day riding along a road in Scotland, when they met a lad carrying a book. Upon being questioned as to the nature of the work, he replied with a fearless upward glance—

"The Bible."

"Throw it into the ditch!" shouted the fierce commander.

"No," said the boy, "it is God's Word."

A second order to the same effect only caused him to grasp his treasure more firmly. A very cruel command followed.

"Then pull your cap over your eyes," was the mocking retort. "Soldiers, prepare to fire!"

For a moment the soldiers hesitated, but their leader's face was stern. The lad never flinched; he was not afraid to face death, or taste its bitterness, because he knew he should pass through it into the immediate presence of the Lord who loved him, and who redeemed him at the cost of his own precious blood. He heard a voice, unheard by others, whispering to his inmost soul, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"I will not cover my eyes," he said, firmly. "I will look you in the face, as you must look me in the face at the great judgment day."

Wonderful words from one so young at such a time of peril. Another moment, and he lay shot through the heart, but his spirit was with the Lord who gave it.

Dear readers, nowadays few are called upon to die for their faith; but do you esteem God's Word

your dearest treasure? Would you have all fear of death removed? Then look in simple trust to him "who by the grace of God tasted death for every man."

Praying Together.

The Governor of Surinam once asked his colored people, why they were so desirous of being together when they prayed; each one might pray for himself. It so happened that he was standing by a fire of coals. An old colored woman said to him: Dear Master, if you lay each of these coals to itself, it will die out; but see what a glowing fire they give when they are all together.

LET not thy tongue say what thy heart denies.

With the Lord.

The following letter informs us of the departure of our beloved missionary at Little Rock, Ark.

DEAR BRO.!

It is with pain and grief that I bring to you and to the readers of the PIONEER the sad and melancholy intelligence of Bro. Meilaender's death at Little Rock, Arkansas.

Bro. Meilaender, our beloved missionary at Little Rock, died here last Saturday (July 19.) at 5 P. M., after a lingering sickness of 15 days. When he died he was 25 years and 7 months old, and had been married but 3 months. His sickness was "typhoid-malarial fever."

We do not doubt that he died a blessed death, his only comfort, advocate, shield, and strength on his sick-bed being *Jesus Christ*, our Saviour. His aged father from Cleveland, O., hastened to his sick-bed, but alas, too late; when the poor father arrived his son was already dead. His father- and mother-in-law from Indianapolis, Ind., were present when he died. Bro. M.'s body was taken to Indianapolis on Monday, and buried there Wednesday.

God grant that we may find another Missionary for Little Rock at once.

Yours Fraternaly
C. F. OBERMEYER.

A Lutheran Missionary Festival.

We clip the following from a Fort Wayne paper: The Lutheran Mission feast on the Concordia college grounds yesterday was very largely attended, not only by the Lutherans of this city, but also from all parts of the county. The exercises were held in the beautiful little grove on the grounds, where a speaker's stand, a band stand, and a large number of seats were placed in position.

The exercises opened at 10 o'clock with a selection by the St. Paul's band, which also accompanied the singing of the hymns by the congregation. The sermon in the forenoon was by Rev. F. Dreyer, of Zion's church, and was pronounced by all an excellent one. The noon hour was spent in social intercourse and eating lunch; the majority partook of lunch in the dining room of the college, which had been provided by the ladies. At 2 o'clock the religious exercises again began by the singing of a hymn by the entire congregation, after which Rev. E. Kaehler preached a sermon, his text being "Thy Kingdom Come." After another hymn, Prof. Bischoff, editor of the *Lutheran Pioneer*, spoke about the Lutheran Mission among the colored people in the south. This synod now has a regular colored congregation at Little Rock, Ark., two in New Orleans, and one in Virginia. Each of these congregations has a parochial school connected with the church. Rev. H. G. Sauer gave a brief history of the mission work among the Germans in the newly settled country in the west, where the Synod employs seventy traveling missionaries.

The collections together with the proceeds from the lunch amounted to \$650.00. The occasion was a feast long to be remembered by all the participants.

Polynesia.

"THE JOHN WILLIAMS."—Three vessels by this name have been in the employ of the London Missionary Society in caring for its work in the South Seas. In May last Captain Turpie, who has sailed in this service for twenty-six years, made an address in London giving an interesting account of the work he has witnessed while in command of the John Williams. The home port of the vessel is Sydney, Australia, from which place she sails, usually in March, for Tahiti, four thousand miles, and the missionary on board visits the islands in the Austral and Society groups. Captain Turpie says that in the Austral group instead of heathen temples with human sacrifices, the natives build ships, and sail them, export their own products, and import cotton, and that they have chartered vessels to go to San Francisco and bring chapels, paying for them before they are opened. Of one dark island of the Ellis group Captain Turpie says: "I think we were the first white men that they had ever seen. We were two hours in effecting a landing amongst them, and when we did so we had to stand another hour to be put through heathenish ceremonies to propitiate the gods, lest we should bring disease into the island. When we asked the old king to allow Christianity to be introduced into the island, he said, 'No; the gods of Nanomango are my gods; we know of no other, and do not want you or your message.' They were herding together at that time like beasts, and that is a mild way of putting it. In that island now, under the care of a young Samoan teacher, named John, the people have learned to read and write, and they are reading the Word of God in their own tongue, for you will bear in mind that the Scriptures were translated into their language, as they speak nearly the Samoan tongue. All this has taken place in less than eleven years." Of New Guinea, and what has been accomplished there, Captain Turpie says: "Two years ago I was returning from New Guinea to the Loyalty group, after landing a devoted band of teachers there, and in conversation with one of the teachers belonging to Murray, I said to him, 'Did you not feel nervous when you were landed, to do your best at East Cape?' He said, 'No, I did not.' I said, 'I think I should.' 'Well,' he said, 'here is the difference between you and me. I know in my own experience what the Gospel has done for myself. I was born in heathenism, I lived almost to maturity in heathenism, and I know what the Gospel has done at Murray. It has changed the people of Murray entirely, and I have full faith that it can change the people of New Guinea. On that faith I went, and on that faith I will go back.' I speak from experience as a ship-master

when I say that ships from Australia bound to China, to the East Indies, to Ceylon, to Mauritius, avoided the New Guinea coast as they would the pestilence, and that little or none of it was known until the London Missionary Society commenced its work there, and now a shipwrecked crew may find succor and help from its inhabitants. All this has been secured, though the society only commenced its operations there some seven years ago."

Lutheranism on an Island.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, London, has been describing in a charming series of letters the primitive island of Rugen, off Pommerania, in the Baltic Sea. It is a wild, unfrequented lovely spot, the seat of the ancient worship of the goddess Hertha, by the Black Lake, which Tacitus mentions. We extract a picture of the worship of to-day:

"The entire population of Rugen is Lutheran. All is still primitive here, and service continues to be held out of doors. We went on Sunday evening, and found the congregation awaiting the pastor in a semi-circular space cut out of the forest. Planks were laid on the mossy turf, and, like the early Christians in the time of persecution, here we sat till the pastor should arrive. His gown and bands were hanging in readiness on a bush hard by, and when at last he appeared he made his toilet for the pulpit behind a tree; then, standing in the midst of us, preached a sermon and gave forth the hymns, the congregation forming the choir—a pretty, touching ceremonial."

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.
113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.
Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.
Cor. Franklin and Thalia Strs.
Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Strs., Little Rock, Ark.
Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10—12.
Catechumen class meets from 7—8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8—9 Wednesday evening.
E. MEILAENDER, Missionary.

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Dead in Sin.

The Bible speaks of the unconverted as dead in sin. St. Paul writes to the Ephesians that in their natural state they were "dead in trespasses and sins." Eph. 2, 1. To the Colossians he says, "Being dead in your sins," Col. 2, 13. Of an unconverted woman who has made worldly pleasure the aim and end of her existence it is written, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth," 1 Tim. 5, 6. St. John says, "He that hath not the Son of God hath not life," 1 John 5, 12. Of those who profess to be Christians whilst they are still in their natural state it is said, "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death," 1 John 3, 14.; "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead," Rev. 3, 1. Of all the children of Adam, old and young, rich and poor, educated and uneducated it is thus plainly said in the word of God, that apart from Christ, or until Christ is received, they have no life—they are spiritually dead. There is not a spark of spiritual life in that nature with which every man is born into this world. That nature is called "the flesh," and it is said of it that it "is death," "enmity against God," "not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Hence our Saviour's solemn testimony, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again," John 3, 6, 7. "They that are in the flesh can not please God," Rom. 8, 8. They may run the round of the sciences, they may explore the depths of philosophy, they may become familiar with the fine arts, but if they are in the flesh, if they have only the nature inherited from fallen Adam, if they are not born again, if they are not made spiritually alive, they can not enter the heavenly kingdom, they can not please God, for "without faith it is impossible to please Him," Heb. 11, 6.

"O dead in sin!
Wilt thou still choose to die
The death of deaths eternally?
Dost thou not feel the gloom
Of the eternal tomb?"

"O dead to life!
Wilt thou the life from heaven
Reject the life so freely given?
Wilt thou choose sin and tears
Through everlasting years?"

"O dead to Christ!
Wilt thou despise the love
Of Him who stooped from joy above
To shame on earth for thee,
That He might set thee free?"

"O dead to God!
Wilt thou not seek His face?
Wilt thou not turn and own the grace?
Wilt thou not take the heaven
So freely to thee given?"

What Christ is to Us.

We are condemned and killed by the law, but by Christ we are justified and restored to life. The law astonisheth us and driveth us from God; but Christ reconcileth us to God and maketh for us an entrance, that we may boldly come to Him. For He is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Now, if the sin of the world be taken away, then it is taken away from us also which do believe in Him. If sin be taken away, then is the wrath of God, death and damnation taken away also. And in place of sin succeedeth righteousness; in place of wrath, reconciliation and grace; in place of death, life; in place of damnation, salvation. Let us learn to practice this distinction, not in words only, but in life, and in lively experience, and with an inward feeling. For where Christ is, must needs be joy of heart and peace of conscience; for Christ is our reconciliation, peace, life, and salvation.

—*Luther on Galatians.*

Taught of God.

If all the blind men in the kingdom should endeavor to bear me down that the sun is not bright, or that the rainbow has no colors, I would still believe my own eyes. I have seen them both; they have not. I cannot prove to their satisfaction what I assert, because they are destitute of sight, the necessary medium; they would not—they could not—hesitate a single moment, if they were not blind. Just so they who have been taught of God, who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, have an experimental perception of the truth which renders them proof against all the sophistry of the infidel.—*Newton.*

Freethinkers.

Free thinking has for its result free acting. A man who does not believe in God will act according to the sinful desires of his corrupt heart. An old gentleman once said to a visitor, "Do you believe in God, sir?" The reply was, "God is a mere notion of some superstitious people, which men of thought have long since abandoned." "Very good, sir; and may I ask if you believe in the ten commandments?" "No, sir," was the reply; "they can be demonstrated to be the offspring of a barbarous age." The old gentleman rang his bell, and when the servant appeared, said, "John, stand by the hat rack until this person goes. Nothing is safe when a man neither believes a God nor the devil."

And one day two French freethinkers dined with Voltaire and began to speak against the existence of God. But Voltaire, who himself was a scoffing freethinker, stopped them at once. "Wait," said he, "till my servants have withdrawn; I do not wish to have my throat cut to-night."

The Endless Rest.

There are no weary heads or weary hearts on the other side of Jordan. The rest of heaven will be the sweeter for the toils of earth. The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. Jesus now allows us to rest upon his bosom. He will soon bring us to rest in His Father's house. His rest will be glorious. A rest from sin; a rest from suffering; a rest from sorrow—the very rest that Jesus himself enjoys. We shall rest, not only with Him, but like Him. Thanks be unto God for the rest we now enjoy. Ten thousand thanks to God for the rest we shall enjoy with Christ! Wearied one, look away from the cause of thy present suffering, and remember there is rest remaining for thee. A while and thou shalt enter into rest.

To ask God for a promised blessing and not expect to receive it, is either to doubt His faithfulness or His power.

The Drunkard Saved.

A pastor in one of our large cities relates that one morning, whilst he was at work in his study, a stranger was brought to him by an officer of a Temperance Society. The stranger being left alone with the pastor told him his story which was as follows: Ten years before he had sold his interest in a business in which he was engaged for \$250,000. He had lived in great style with his wife and two children, had owned a pew in a fashionable church and had commanded the respect of the social circle that gathered about him. Investing his means in a new undertaking that promised greater wealth, he was led into the daily habit of drinking brandy and whiskey, until the habit held him as with the grasp of a giant.

When intoxicated he was a fool, and by rash ventures soon lost his property, being at last obliged to send his wife to her father's house for shelter, while he drifted to a distant city in the hope of starting life anew. His craving for strong drink was terrible, and finding it impossible to resist any longer the demon of thirst, he had fled that morning to a Temperance Society and had signed the pledge.

Said the minister solemnly, "Your pledge that you seem to lean upon for strength is not worth a broken straw. Have you not promised your wife that you would stop using intoxicating liquors?" "Yes," he answered with a sob, "God knows how often I have pressed her to my heart, and told her with tears that she should be grieved no more by my conduct." "And do you think that there will be a stronger power in the mere fact of writing your name on a piece of paper than you found in your love for wife and children?" The miserable man only groaned, "I fear I am as helpless as before."

"You are indeed altogether helpless, for let me say to you kindly but plainly, that if you were to fall upon your knees and, placing your hand upon my Bible, take the most awful vow the human mind can frame never again to touch strong drink, I would not trust you out of my sight. From the teachings of God's word as to the depravity of human nature, I fully believe that you would be drunk again, perhaps in a day." "It is too true, too true," he said, as his frame shook with the violence of his emotions, "and I am lost."

"Yes, my friend, you are lost, and so utterly lost, there is but One who can save you, or do you any good." "Who is that?" he eagerly inquired. "The Lord Jesus Christ," replied the minister; "and mark, you must go to Him with the deep conviction that you are not only lost as a drunkard, but lost as a sinner by nature." Having then shown him his sinfulness and condemnation by the law of God, the pastor urged him to accept Jesus as his Saviour from every sin and as his all in all. "You must sincerely take Him in everything, committing to Him your soul and body for time and eternity, and actually believing in Him as your complete

Saviour, or He will be nothing to you. Many an ardent temperance man is as much a child of the devil as the worst drunkard. Salvation from sin is to be found only in Jesus."

The Gospel was then preached to him in its fulness and simplicity, and by the power of God's grace he was brought to faith in his Saviour and left the pastor's study with a heart overflowing with joy.

Several years have passed since that interview, and the last message received from the happy man showed that he was cleaving with ever-increasing love to the Lord, who had shattered the chains of his degrading slavery.

Blessed be God, there is hope for the poor drunkard, but that hope is not found in telling him to join Christ, as he would join a Temperance Society, accepting Him merely as an experiment to see whether He will help him to conquer that one sin of drunkenness. He must be taught that drunkenness is but a symptom of a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; and that nothing will do him any good until he is born again and receives the Saviour as the one "who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

Are You the Clapper?

A clapper in an old church tower professed to be greatly grieved because the bell it hung in was cracked. It was ever and anon telling of its grief in most dolorous tones, and excited the sympathy of many unsophisticated people. But the knell coming along said, "Cease your whining, Master Clapper; remember in the first place that you cracked the bell, and in the second place nobody would know it was cracked if you didn't tell them." When you meet a man who is always complaining of the coldness of the church and the want of harmony among its members, tell him this fable. Those who make the most complaint are often those who are most to blame. How is it with you, any way—is there a cracked bell in your church, and are you the clapper?—

How he stopped Swearing.

"While trudging along our mud-covered clay road through a lonely region," writes a missionary in North Carolina, "I came to a narrow strait where a loaded wagon, drawn by an ox and a mule, obstructed the way, being stuck in the mud. On the wagon sat a colored boy, trying with his whip to make his team to 'get up heah.' I said, 'How is it you don't use any bad words while urging your team to pull?' 'No, sah! I ain't mad much, nohow; and a lady what teach me in Sunday-school tole me, when I got mad at de mule, jis' to bite my finger and say 'Shovel and Tongs!' as loud as I can holler and it would be a heap better den cussing; and I hauled big loads of wood all las' week and didn't cuss nary time.'"

Swearing Parrots.

A recent advertisement of a New York bird-fancier offers to purchasers the opportunity of buying some "swearing parrots." There is one advantage in thus candidly labeling the unfortunate pupils of accomplished teachers of profanity—they will not be likely to find changed surroundings in the homes of their new owners, for the proud possessor of a swearing parrot will be pretty sure to be fond of the sort of language which his bird will give him; nor will all the wickedness in his house, nor the worst wickedness, be behind the bird-cage bars. Indeed, we are inclined to think that most of the profanity in the world comes from swearing parrots,—from boys and men who do not swear because they really think swearing a commendable form of speech, or an aid to eloquence, or a pleasure to society, but who use profane language merely because they have heard others use it, and have had just brains enough to imitate other people's vices.—S. S. T.

Theatres.

A correspondent of the *New York Churchman*, writing on the compatibility of Christianity with theatre-going, comes to the following conclusion:

The great majority of operas, plays and farces are licentious, pandering to the worst passions of the idle and corrupt, setting a premium on vice and sneering at virtue, abounding in oaths and indecent jests. There are said to be a few pure plays, but to discern these, and patronize these only, requires an amount of "good taste" (not to say religious sentiment) possessed by very few. The theatre in all ages has been the first lesson learned by the beginners in vice. It stands at the entrance of a way, stations on which are the race course, the liquor saloon, the brothel, the gambling house, and the end—death. When a young man sets out to be a rake, he begins first of all with the theatre. The theatre, by exacting large outlays of money and giving little in return, encourages extravagance. It also compels late hours and waste of time. Its surroundings are the resort of the idle and the vicious. Where the theatre is, the bar room and the brothel are usually not far off. Nor am I entirely ignorant of what I am talking of. I have been considered a veteran theatre-goer. During ten years of my life I rarely missed an opportunity of attending the theatre. I have seen all sorts of plays in all sorts of theatres, both "high-toned" and cheap. I have seen every living American actor and actress of note. A few years ago I determined to live a Christian life. Result: I do not go to theatres now, and I try to keep every one else from going. Why? My observation teaches me that religion and the theatre are two conflicting things.

THE way to forget our miseries is to remember our mercies.



The Zulus.

Perhaps you would not like to meet the man whom you see in our picture. You need have no fear of meeting him in one of our streets; for he lives far away from here. He is a Zulu warrior. The Zulus live in South Africa. Their villages are made up of a series of huts like huge bee-hives, placed in circles, the cattle-pen being in the center. The huts are about ten feet in diameter and five feet high. The single hole through which entrance must be made serves for door, window, and chimney. Neither tables, nor chairs, nor beds are to be seen, only a few mats, and pots, and blankets. The men and women sit and sleep on the ground. The usual clothing of the wild natives consists of a slight covering made of skins worn about the loins. They sometimes ornament themselves with beads and skins and necklaces of lion's teeth or claws. The warriors especially ornament their bodies in high style as you see in our picture. Such work as digging, carrying burdens, and cutting wood is done by the women. The men hunt, and fight, and take care of their cattle. The wealth of a heathen Zulu consists of his cattle and his wives. He exchanges from ten to twenty cows for a wife and sells his own daughters for cattle. His wives are simply slaves. His ideas of religion are extremely low and debased. His faith is in witchcraft, in goblins to be feared and appeased, and in the spirits of the dead to be worshiped. He uses charms, and the witch-doctor, who is supposed to drive away evil spirits, has a terrible power over him. The rain-doctor, who claims to bring showers, is also a noted character among the Zulus.

For many years Norwegian and German Lutherans have been carrying on mission work in Zulu land. They find it a hard field of labor. Their mission stations suffered greatly during

the war which a few years ago was waged between the British and the Zulus. May God bless the labors of the missionaries to the salvation of many souls in Zulu land.

Only Believe.

It is related that Mr. Patrick of Scotland once met with a woman who had long and vainly struggled in the bondage of sin, and doubt, and fearfulness, and who as yet found no relief for all the anxieties of her burdened heart. Looking afar off for something not promised by the Lord, she had forgotten that God hath said, "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart," and in striving for peace in laboring, and peace in feeling, she overlooked the simple method of "peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Placing himself beside her, and looking her steadily in the face, Mr. Patrick said:

"Do you believe the Bible?"

"I do," she replied.

"Can ye tell me who made the world?"

She smiled a little contemptuously, and after a pause said, "It was God!"

To which he immediately replied, "How do you know? Were ye there to see?"

"No, I was not there, but the Word of God says that he made it."

"Ah! well, you believe all the Bible says, do you?"

She said, "Yes."

"Ah! well, we'll see. 'This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him!' Who said that?"

"The Father."

"Well, will ye do as the Father bids ye? He commands ye to hear the Son."

To this she assented.

"Well, then, what does the Son say? 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' 'Daughter, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee.' And will he not say the same to you? Is he not saying it even now? If ye do not believe that, ye do not believe him. I tell ye, ye do not believe all the Bible."

The poor, doubting soul saw at once her sin and infidelity in rejecting the testimony of God concerning the grace and love of Christ, and accepted his promises and found "peace in believing."

It may be considered a light and merely a negative matter *not* to believe, but the Bible does not consider it so, for all who do not are expressly declared "condemned already." Not merely at some future and far-off judgment, but *already*. Not believing brings the sinner under this condemnation of God, and nothing but the brittle thread of life separates his soul from perdition. Snap that thread, and the sentence of condemnation is executed. Believe, and this "condemned already" will be changed to "no condemnation." Continue in unbelief, and it will be changed to condemned *eternally*.

"Vengeance is Mine," Rom. 12, 19.

When General Jackson was a candidate for the presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject for reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was placed upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it, he sent for his trusty old servant, Dunwoodie.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him."

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and, though she heard not a word, she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood every thing. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before the horse, and cried out:

"O, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live! Let that poor editor live!"

"Let me alone," he replied; "how came you to know what I was going for?"

She answered, "I saw it in the paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back."

He replied, furiously, "But I will go—get out of my way!"

Instead of this she grasped his bridle with both hands.

He cried to her, "I say let go my horse! The villain that reviles my wife shall not live!"

She grasped the rein but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that *she* was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart and prayed for them—that he should forgive, if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her entreaties and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying:

"No, General, you *shall* not take the life of even my reviler—you *dare* not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!'"

The iron-nerved hero gave way before the Word of God. He turned his horse homeward, saying, "I yield to the words of the Almighty."

The learned and well-known John Newton departed this life on the 21st of December, 1807. In the last days of his life his memory almost entirely failed him. In these days he was wont to say to those who came to see him: "May all things pass from my memory, two things I shall not forget: First, that I am a great sinner and second, that Jesus Christ is a great Saviour. Those two truths are worthy of being remembered."

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—AT the recent meeting of the Evangelical Lutheran Conference at Cleveland, Ohio, much time was devoted to the interests of our Colored Mission. It was resolved to carry on this mission with greater vigor than heretofore.

—WE have received the reports of the Lutheran Orphan Asylums at Addison, Ill., and at St. Louis, Mo. In the Home at Addison there are 102 children. The receipts during the past year were \$8452.25, the expenditures \$4479.49. In the Home at St. Louis there are 80 children. The receipts during the past year were \$10821.66, the expenditures \$9684.02.

—THE Lutheran Hospital at St. Louis has found a new home in a large and beautiful building near the Concordia Seminary. There were 82 patients in the Hospital during the past year.

—FROM the Catalogue of the educational institutions of the Lutheran Missouri Synod we see that these institutions are in a prosperous condition. During the past school year there were about 900 pupils and 34 professors. Of these the seminary at St. Louis had 107 students and 6 professors; the college in Fort Wayne 176 students and 7 professors; the practical seminary at Springfield, Ill., 189 students and 4 professors; the teachers' seminary at Addison, Ill., 151 students and 7 professors. The Synod also has preparatory schools at Concordia, Mo., Milwaukee, New York, St. Louis and New Orleans, with together 267 scholars and 12 teachers.

—FIVE years ago there were but two German Lutheran congregations in Arkansas. Now there are eleven with seven church buildings.

—NINE years ago there was but one Lutheran missionary and a struggling congregation in northwestern Wisconsin. Now there are seven pastorates and about 24 congregations.

—THE most of the large number of Norwegians in this country are Lutherans. The largest body is the Norwegian Synod, with its 184 pastors, 607 congregations and 72,676 communicants.

—THE Norwegian missionaries among the Zulus in Africa have suffered along with the others from the troubled condition of the country, yet they are able to report many evidences that the gospel has taken deep root among their people. Of their stations, Ekome, Ekombe, and Ugoje, lie in the so-called Reserve, while the other three stations are in the country that was restored to Cetewayo. At the former station the mission house and church have been rebuilt, and a seminary has been established, where four students are taught.

—FOR the last thirty-four years the Bible Societies of England and America have printed over ten thousand copies for each business day. And at an outlay of almost \$65,000,000,000, over one hundred and forty-five million copies of the Scriptures have been published by these two societies since their formation in 1804 and 1816, the dates of their respective organiza-

tions. If, as has been estimated, the numerous Bible societies and private publishers have issued as many more copies, the number of copies of the Scriptures printed would about equal a copy for every family now living on the globe.

—THE following we clip from the *Protestant Standard*, which speaks for itself: "The four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birthday brought out 7,000 publications regarding him as a reformer. We do not wonder that the Roman priests gnashed upon the Protestants and tried to stem the great wave of popular feeling evoked by Luther's memory. But the protests and twaddle of the pope's lacqueys have been swept under as with a tidal wave."

—DR. BROWN of Edinburgh, formerly a Romish priest and Professor of Metaphysics and Theology, has renounced Romanism and become a pastor of a Protestant church in Scotland.

—THE residents of Galicia, the northeastern province of Austria, are petitioning the Emperor to expel all Jesuits from that province. Their demands are so extortionate that the people are unable to pay the government taxes and keep from starvation.

—THERE are nearly one thousand Romanist converts in the Protestant churches of Rome, as the result of ten years' mission work.

—IN Bolivia, South America, where, in 1877, a devoted Italian Bible colporteur was cruelly murdered on account of religious hatred, two agents of the Bible Society last year passed the same region, were kindly received, and sold 581 copies of the Scriptures in four days.

—FORTY-ONE years ago thirteen missionaries met in Hong Kong to consult as to the means of working to the best advantage in China's five newly-opened ports. Nineteen years ago there were ninety-one missionaries at work in the seaboard provinces of the empire. To-day there are four hundred and twenty-eight—a large number, it is true; but what are they among so many, now that the whole empire is open to Christian laborers?

—WAH SIN LEE, a Chinaman, who has saved over \$15,000 in the laundry business, has applied for admission to the Cornell University. He says that he has been converted to Christianity, and that he intends to go out as a missionary to China.

—ONE of our exchanges has this remark on the gift of a late member of its church: "Our church and missions were handsomely remembered last week in a liberal gift from the hands of Mother Sarah Schafstall, of Fairfield Co., O., recently deceased. She gave \$50 to Japan, \$50 to Germany and \$50 to the Ohio Conference, to be used at their own discretion. Many have given more money, but none greater gifts, for she gave *all she had*."

—IN reply to several inquiries we state that the editor of this paper did tender his resignation at the recent sessions of the Synodical Conference, but, we are sorry to say, it was not accepted, and we—close our window.

Short Stops.

—A SPORTING MAN said, after hearing Bob Ingersoll's (infidel) lecture: "It was a spicy thing to laugh at for an hour, but not a very cheering doctrine to have around when there is a funeral in the house."

—WHAT CAN YOU DO?—There was once a man who wanted to be made an elder in a church. His pastor began to question him about his qualifications for the office. "Can you teach?" "No, I am not educated." "Well, what can you do?" "If anything is brought up in the session that I do not like, I think I can manage to raise an objection." Whether his ambition was gratified by an appointment to the eldership is not stated, but it is safe to say that a good many men like him have had church offices of some sort. Very able men in the objecting line are not rare.

—CHEAP NOTORIETY.—The New York *Tribune* said recently: "The readiest way for a mediocre man to gain notoriety is for him to proclaim himself an infidel and attack the Bible. His blows may be as feeble as a hen's pecking, but they are sure to attract notice, because of the holy and tender regard in which the object he assails is held by the noblest part of the race." It requires no more genius to obtain notoriety by infidel assaults on the Bible than it does to obtain it by murder or burglary or any other conduct that shocks the moral sense of the community.

TOO MANY of us are like the little girl, who, at the close of her evening prayer one day, said, "Now, good-by God; good-by Jesus Christ; I'm going to Boston to-morrow."

Evangelical Lutheran Colored Churches,

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EV. LUTH. ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL.

113 Annette Str., between Claiborne and Dirbigny.
Divine services at 10 o'clock Sunday morning and at 7½ o'clock Wednesday evening.
Sunday School from 2 to 4.

EV. LUTH. MT. ZION CHURCH.

Cor. Franklin and Thalia Strs.

Divine services at 7½ Sunday evening and at 7½ Thursday evening.
Sunday School meets at 9 o'clock.
Adult catechumen class meets at 7½ Tuesday evening.
N. J. BAKKE, Missionary.

St. Paul's Colored Lutheran Church,

Cor. Rock & 12th Strs., Little Rock, Ark.

Divine service Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.
Sunday School from 10—12.
Catechumen class meets from 7—8 Wednesday evening.
Singing-school from 8—9 Wednesday evening.

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No. 10.

Farewell To My Bible.

BY A DYING SAINT.

O Book! life's guide! how shall we part,
And thou so long seized of my heart?
Take this last kiss; and let me weep
True thanks to thee before I sleep.

Thou wert the first put in my hand,
When yet I could not understand,
And daily did'st my young eyes lead
To letters, till I learned to read;
But as-rash youths, when once grown strong,
Fly from their nurses to the throng,
Where they new consorts choose, and stick
To those, till either hurt or sick:
So with that first light gained from thee,
Ran I in chase of vanity.
Cried dross for gold, and never thought
My first cheap book had all I sought.
Long reigned this rogue; and thou, cast by,
With meek dumb books did'st woo my eye,
And oft left open would'st convey,
A sudden and most searching ray
Into my soul, with whose quick touch,
Refusing still, I struggled much,
By this mild act of love, at length
Thou overcam'st my sinful strength;
And having brought me home, did'st there
Show me that pearl I sought elsewhere—
Gladness, and peace, and hope, and love,
The secret favors of the Dove;
Her quickening kindness, smiles, and kisses,
Exalted pleasure, crowning blisses,
Fruition, union, glory, life,
Thou did'st lead to, and still all strife,
Living thou wert my soul's sure ease,
And dying mak'st me go in peace:
Thy next effects no tongue can tell;
Farewell, O book of God, farewell!

—Selected.

An Open Bible.

One of the great blessings of the Reformation by Dr. Martin Luther is an open Bible. Before Luther's time the Bible was shut, buried away in dusty libraries and in dead languages. Even the priest, who were called to be the teachers of the people, knew very little of it. Many of them could neither read nor write. The Romish church kept away the Bible, the light of God, that people might not see the false human doctrines by which they were cheated out of their souls' salvation. The Bible

was said to be a book which could bring no good to the people, a dark book which the people could not understand.

The time of deliverance came. Through the blessing of God in the glorious Reformation of Dr. Martin Luther the Bible was again given to the people. It became an open book. From the Bible Luther learned the way of salvation and found peace for his troubled soul. His heart's desire now was to see that precious book in the hands of the people. He therefore translated the Bible into German and thus brought the word of God into the homes of the rich and the poor. By his masterly translation the desire of other nations was awakened to have the Bible in their own languages. The time had come for which the popular preacher Eberlein had sighed, "when every Christian would have a Bible in his house, so that every person who could read might study it daily more or less, turning his heart to God and cherishing right regards for his neighbor. God grant that we may live to see that day!"

When that day came, the people rejoiced. They gladly read and studied the precious Book. Cochlaeus, a bitter enemy of the Reformation, in speaking of Luther's translation of the New Testament, says: "Copies of this New Testament have been multiplied to an astonishing amount, so that shoemakers, women and laymen of all classes read it, carry it about with them and commit its contents to memory. As a result of this they have within a few months become so bold that they have dared to dispute about faith, not only with Catholic laymen, but with priests and monks; yes, even with Magisters and Doctors of Theology. At times it has even happened that Lutheran laymen have been able to quote off-hand more passages of Scripture than the monks and priests themselves; and Luther has long ago convinced his adherents that they should not believe any doctrine that is not derived from the Holy Scriptures. The most learned Catholic theologians are now looked upon by the Lutherans as ignorant in the Scriptures, and here and there laymen have been heard to contradict the theologians in the presence of the people, and to charge them with preaching falsehoods and things of man's devising."

We still have an open Bible. Every one can read it in his own language. What a great blessing this is! The Bible is the Rule of faith by which we can judge all doctrines and guard our souls against error. It is God's word which tells us the true way of salvation and works in our hearts faith in our dear Saviour. It is God's rod and staff which comfort us when we walk through the valley of the shadow of death. Let us love the Bible! And when we on Reformation day thank God for the many blessings of the glorious Reformation, let us also thank Him for that great blessing of an open Bible.

Sin and the Believer.

When the apostle speaks about sinners who believe in Christ, he says, "Ye who sometimes were far off are *made nigh* by the blood of Christ"; but when he speaks about sin, he says, "that Christ appeared to *put away* sin by the sacrifice of himself."

Thus the sin which God hates he *puts away*, and the sinner whom He loves He *brings nigh*, and all through THE BLOOD of His dear Son!

Dear reader, have you been *made nigh* by the blood of Christ?

Faith and Unbelief.

The one grand distinction, before God, by which a man's state and destiny are determined, is the *belief* or rejection of the truth. To *believe* is to be saved; to live and die in *unbelief* is to be sealed up in hopeless and endless condemnation. True faith and certain salvation, continued unbelief and eternal misery are linked together in the word of God. It is not by human effort; is it not by our own merit or our own exertions, that we can be saved: it is by grace through faith. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For the Scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed," Rom. 10, 9—11.; "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him," John 3, 35.

Sayings of Luther on the Bible.

THE BIBLE ABOVE ALL BOOKS.

The Holy Scripture, or the Bible, is full of divine gifts and virtues. The books of the heathen taught nothing of Faith, Hope, and Love; nay, they knew nothing at all of the same; their books aimed only at that which was present, at that which, with natural wit and understanding, a human creature was able to comprehend and take hold of; but to trust in God and hope in the Lord, nothing was written thereof in their books. In the Psalms and in Job we may see and find how those two books do treat and handle of Faith, of Hope, of Patience, and Prayer.

To be short, the Holy Scripture is the best and highest book of God, full of comfort in all manner of trials and temptations; for it teacheth of Faith, Hope, and Love, far otherwise than by human reason and understanding can be comprehended. And, in times of troubles and vexations, it teacheth how these virtues should light and shine; it teacheth also, that after this poor and miserable life, there is another which is eternal and everlasting.

HOW TO STUDY AND KNOW THE BIBLE.

The chief lesson and study in Divinity is, well and rightly to learn to know Christ, for He is therein very friendly and familiarly pictured unto us. From hence St. Peter saith: "Grow up in the knowledge of Christ": and Christ Himself also teacheth that we should learn to know Him only out of the Scriptures, where He saith: "Search the Scriptures, for they do testify of me."

We ought not to measure, censure, and understand the Scriptures according to our own natural sense and reason, but we ought diligently by prayer to meditate therein, and to search after the same. The devil and temptations also do give occasion unto us somewhat to learn and understand the Scriptures by experience and practice. Without trials and temptations we should never understand anything thereof; no, not although we diligently read and heard the same. The Holy Ghost must be the only master and tutor to teach us therein, and let youth and scholars not be ashamed to learn of this tutor. When I find myself in temptation, then I quickly lay hold and fasten on some text in the Bible which Christ Jesus layeth before me; namely, *that He died for me*, from whence I have and receive comfort.

The Bible the best Book.

A society of infidels in England used to assemble at each other's houses for the purpose of ridiculing the Scriptures, and hardening one another in their unbelief. They one day set apart one evening meeting to the burning of the Bible. A large fire was prepared, the Bible placed on the table, the glasses round it,

from which they proposed to drink a blasphemous dirge. One of their members was fixed upon to perform the task; he took up the Bible, and was walking forward to cast it into the fire when he was arrested by himself looking upon the book. The passage which he had learned in his youth came to his mind: "The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day," John 12, 48. He trembled, turned pale and laying down the Bible on the table, he said, "No, we will not burn *that* book till we get a *better*."

Soon after this, the same young gentleman died, and on his death-bed received unshaken hopes of forgiveness, and of future blessedness, from the book he was once going to burn. He found it, indeed, the best book, not only for a living, but a dying hour.

The Bible Valued.

What a great blessing is it to have the Bible in our own tongue! We are told, that when Cranmer's edition of the Bible was printed, in 1538, and fixed to a desk in the churches, the ardor with which men flocked to read was incredible. They who could, procured it; and they who could not, crowded to read it, or to hear it read in churches, where it was common to see mechanics meeting together for that purpose after the labor of the day. Many even learned to read in their old age, that they might read the Bible. Mr. Fox mentions two workmen who joined each his little stock, and bought a Bible, which they diligently read; but being afraid of their master, who was a zealous papist, they kept it under the straw of their bed.

A pious woman, being very poor, and not having any candles in the evening, would fetch a handful of straw from her house, and kindling it, would get her husband to make haste and read as much out of the Bible as he could while the blaze lasted, which she marked diligently, and with a great deal of care and joy.

A prisoner in a dark dungeon, when the light was brought to him for a short time to eat his meal, would pull out his Bible, and read a chapter, saying that he could find his mouth in the dark, but not read in the dark.

Robert, King of Sicily, said: "The holy Book is dearer to me than my kingdom; and were I under necessity of quitting one, it should be my diadem."

Dr. Harris wrote in his last will: "I bequeath to all my children, and to my children's children, to each of them, a Bible, with this inscription, "None but Christ."

The Bible in a Barn.

When the New York Bible Association was making exertions, some years ago, to supply a copy of the Scriptures to every family who were without it, one of their distributors called at a house where he met with an angry repulse.

"Take it off to the barn," said the father of the family; "I'll not have it in the house."

"Very well," the distributor replied; "I do not know that I could leave it in a better place. Our blessed Saviour once lay in a manger." He went to the barn and placed the Bible in a safe place. As he left, a prayer went up to God, that He would incline the man to take it into his house, and bless its contents to the conversion of his soul.

For several days the thought of his rejection of the Bible followed him wherever he went and in all he did. He could not get it off his mind. "The man was very civil," thought he. "After all, the book won't hurt me; and to tell him to put it in the barn was folly! I dare say he left it there; I'll go and see." He went, and found the Bible, and as he turned over the leaves, he came to the place where it is written, "Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger." The man wept because of his guilt and folly. It was the Spirit's work in his heart.

Reader, it may be you have never rejected the Bible—I mean the book itself. Perhaps you possess one—the gift it may be of a praying mother, or godly father or some other Christian friend. Do you read it?

Witnesses for the Bible.

Shortly before he died, Patrick Henry, laying his hand on the Bible, said:

"Here is a book worth more than all others, yet it is my misfortune never to have read it, until lately, with proper attention."

With voice and gesture, pertinent, and all his own, John Randolph said:

"A terrible proof of our deep depravity, is that we can relish and remember anything better than **THE BOOK**."

When the shades of death were gathering around Sir Walter Scott, he said to the watcher, "Bring the Book."

"What book?" asked Lockhart, his son-in-law.

"There is but **ONE** book," said the dying man, and the Bible was brought to him.

The Mother and her Bible.

It is related of the mother of Rev. T. Peck that on one occasion, returning from a neighbor's to find her humble home on fire, she rushed into the burning building, and coming out with her eyebrows singed, she exclaimed, "I have got my Bible, the rest may go!" Referring to this incident in the presence of a large company of friends at his residence, a few months before his death, Rev. Peck took up that old Bible, saying, "Here it is—the book out of which five sons studied theology, under the tuition of my godly mother."

Luther Translating The Bible.

In our picture we see Luther at work in his room at the Wartburg. He was secretly taken to the Wartburg Castle as to a safe hiding place, in the year 1521, by order of his friend, the Elector of Saxony, who wished to save him from the clutches of his enemies and to protect him from the knife of the hired assassin. Luther remained ten months at the Wartburg, where he was known as Squire George. He laid aside the garb of the monk, and allowed his hair and his beard to remain unshorn and unshaved. Upon going outside of the Castle, he had to gird on a sword and behave like a knight.

During his stay at the Wartburg Luther was not idle. His desire had been to place the word of God in the hands of the people. He therefore devoted much of his time at the Wartburg to the translation of the New Testament. He bestowed so much labor and zeal upon this work that he had finished it before he left the Wartburg. After his return to Wittenberg he reviewed the whole most carefully with the help of his learned friend, Melancthon. The first copy was struck off on September 25th, 1522. Soon three presses were employed, striking off 10,000 sheets every day.

Whilst the New Testament was going through the press, Luther began the translation of the Old Testament. The demand for the translation was so urgent that Luther could not wait until the whole was completed before he published. As one part was finished, he gave it to the press. In the year 1534 the work was completed, and in the summer of that year, 350 years ago, the whole Bible, as translated into German, by Martin Luther, was printed and published. In a few months a new edition had to be printed. Of this work of Luther Melancthon well said: "The German Bible is one of the greatest wonders that God has wrought, by the hand of Dr. Martin Luther, before the end of the world."

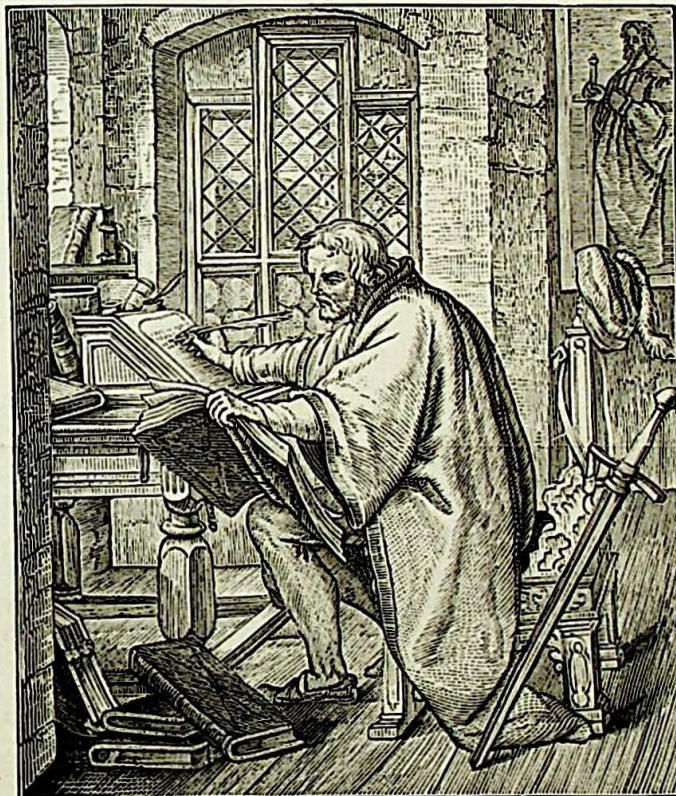
My Bible—Your Bible.

A Lutheran pastor was one day called to visit a sick woman whose end was rapidly approaching. She believed in her Saviour and was glad to be with Him soon. Her husband, however, was a proud infidel. The last hour came. The husband stood at the death-bed of his beloved wife. With the little strength that was left her she took from under her pillow a small, well-worn Bible, and handing it to her husband, she said: "Do you know what book this is?" "Yes," was his reply, "it is your Bible." "It has indeed been my Bible," said she; "it has been my all in all; it has comforted

me and saved me. I now go to Him who gave it to me; I need it no longer." Laying the Bible in his hands, she said, "Do you know, beloved husband, what I now do?" "Yes, my dear, you are giving me your Bible." "No, my dear husband, I give you *your* Bible; keep it and please promise me that you will read it." "Yes, my dear, I will."

Three weeks passed by and one day that same man came to the pastor's study. "My friend," said he, "I now know what my dying wife meant when she gave me that Bible. Yes, it is *my* Bible; every word in that book is written for me. I daily read it and thank God that it is *my* Bible. And I now wish to join your congregation of which my dear wife was a member."

though only to die of his wounds. "But I have such consolation," she said; "he was so peaceful and happy, and he brought comfort to me and his father." "How was this?" asked the Bible agent. "Oh," said she, "he found all his comfort in one little book which he had always with him." The Bible agent begged to see the book, and they brought him a copy of the New Testament, of which the first fifteen or twenty pages had been torn out; but on the inside of the cover was written, "Received at Toulon (with the date), despised—neglected—read—believed—and found salvation." The place and the date were recognized by the Bible agent, and thus he reaped the seed he had sown.



The Soldier and the Bible.

In the year 1855 a Bible agent with New Testaments came to Toulon in France while the soldiers were embarking for the Crimea. He offered one of the Testaments to a soldier, who asked him what book it might be. "The Word of God," was the answer. "Let me have it then," said the man. But when he had received it, he added, laughing, "Now it will do very well to light my pipe." The Bible agent felt sorry he had so bestowed the treasure; but he said to himself, "Well, as I have given it, it must go."

In the month of March, 1856, that same Bible agent found himself in the centre of France; he sought a lodging at an inn, where he found the people who kept it in great distress, having just lost their son. The poor mother explained that her son had gone to the Crimea as a soldier, and came back home,

A Bible Baked in a Loaf of Bread.

There is a Bible in Lucas, in the State of Ohio, which was preserved by being baked in a loaf of bread. It now belongs to a Mr. Schebolt, who is a native of Bohemia, in Austria. This baked Bible was formerly the property of his grandmother, who was a faithful Protestant Christian. During one of the seasons when the Roman Catholics were persecuting the Protestants in that country, a law was passed that every Bible in the hands of the people should be given up to the priests that it might be burnt. Then, those who loved their Bible had to contrive different ways in order to try and save the precious book.

When the priests came round to search the house, it happened to be baking day. Mrs. Schebolt, the grandmother of the present owner of this Bible, had a large family. She had just prepared a great patch of dough, when she heard that the priests were coming. She took her precious Bible, wrapped it carefully up, and put it in

the centre of a huge mass of dough, which was to fill her largest bread tin, and stowed it away in the oven and baked it. The priests came and searched the house carefully through, but they did not find the Bible. When the search was over, and the danger passed, the Bible was taken out and found uninjured. That Bible is more than a hundred and fifty years old; yet it is still the bread of life, as fresh, as sweet, and good as ever.—*Zion's Herald.*

THE BIBLE is a very large, wide forest, wherein stand many trees of all kinds, from which we can gather many kinds of fruits. For in the Bible we have rich consolation, doctrine, instruction, exhortation, warning, promise and threatenings. But in all this forest there is not a tree which I have not shaken, and broken off at least a pair of apples or pears from it.—*Luther.*

The Bible in Spain.

A Minister of the gospel who resided for a time at Gibraltar, made several excursions into the Spanish territory for the purpose of distributing a few Bibles and Testaments among the benighted people of that unhappy country. At one time he visited the house of a shoemaker. He found this poor man greatly dissatisfied with the existing state of things, and yet unable to see any door of hope. "Why do you not get the Bible and read that?" said the minister. "Ah!" replied the shoemaker, "I wish I could get it, but the priests take care that we poor Spaniards shall not have the Bible." "Well, now," said the minister, "I know the risk I am running, and if the priests learn I am distributing copies of God's word, I shall be murdered before I get back to Gibraltar; but I think I can trust you. Would you really like a Bible to read?" "There is nothing I should like so much," was the reply. A copy was then given to him, which he received with evident delight, and with many expressions of gratitude. On being asked if his friends who met with him during the week would also like copies, he declared that they would be highly prized, and diligently read, and he received several more books for their use. The minister gave him a few parting words of exhortation, told him where he might be found, and after distributing the remainder of his little volumes, reached Gibraltar in safety. Some weeks after this, the minister sat alone in his room. A Spanish peasant, dressed in his gay holiday attire, called at the house, and asked to see the minister. He was shown up into the minister's room. "Don't you remember me, sir?" was the exclamation of the Spaniard on perceiving he was not recognized; and on receiving a reply in the negative, he added, "Don't you remember, sir, calling at the house of a shoemaker a few weeks ago, and leaving him some Bibles?" "Yes," replied the minister, "but I really did not recognize you again in your smart holiday dress." The man then began to tell what joy the Bibles had caused to himself and his friends, and that they met to read the word of God together, and that in the volume of truth they saw the true remedy for all the ills that afflicted their country. After the heartfelt expression of many thanks, the shoemaker concluded by saying, "As a mark of my gratitude for your coming at the risk of your own life to bring me the precious Bible, I have brought you, sir, a pair of shoes, which I hope you will accept." The shoes were found an excellent fit; and on the man's being asked how he had guessed the size so accurately, he replied, "I knew, sir, after you left my house, you had to pass over some soft clay, so I followed you and from your footprints I took the size of your foot, which enabled me to make you the shoes, which I hope you will wear as a mark of my gratitude for the book you gave me."

A BELIEVER'S dying day is his crowning day.

Longing for the Bible.

A missionary writes: I have frequently seen thirty or forty canoes from distant parts of Eimes, or from some other island, lying along the beach; in each of which five or six persons had arrived, whose only errand was to procure copies of the Scriptures. For these many waited five or six weeks, while they were printing. Sometimes I have seen a canoe arrive, with six or ten persons, for books; who, when they have landed, have brought a large bundle of letters, perhaps thirty or forty, written on plantain leaves, and rolled up like a scroll. These letters had been written by individuals who were unable to come and apply personally for a book, and had, therefore, thus sent, in order to procure a copy. One evening, about sunset, a canoe from Tahiti, with five men, arrived on this errand. They landed on the beach, lowered their sail, and drawing their canoe on the sand, hastened to my native dwelling. I met them at the door, and asked them their errand. *Luka*, or *Te parau na Luka* (Luke, or The word of Luke), was the simultaneous reply, accompanied with the exhibition of the bamboo canes, filled with cocoa-nut oil, which they held up in their hands, and had brought as payment for the copies required. I told them I had none ready that night, but that if they would come on the morrow, I would give them as many as they needed; recommending them, in the meantime, to go and lodge with some friend in the village. Twilight in the tropics is always short; it soon grew dark. I wished them good night, and afterwards retired to rest, supposing they had gone to sleep at the house of some friend; but on looking out of my window about day-break, I saw these five men lying alone on the ground on the outside of my house, their only bed being some plaited cocoa-nut leaves, and their only covering the large native cloth they usually wear over their shoulders. I hastened out, and asked them if they had been there all night. They said they had. I then inquired why they did not, as I had directed them, go and lodge at some house, and come again. Their answer surprised and delighted me: they said, "We were afraid that, had we gone away, some one might have come before us this morning, and have taken what books you had to spare, and then we should have been obliged to return without any; therefore, after you left us last night, we determined not to go away until we had procured the books." I called them into the printing office, and, as soon as I could put the sheets together, gave them each a copy. They then requested two copies more, one for a mother, and the other for a sister—for which they had brought payment. I gave these also. Each wrapped his book up in a piece of white native cloth, put it into his bosom, wished me good morning, and without, I believe, eating or drinking, or calling on any person in the settlement, hastened to the beach, launched their canoe, hoisted their matting sail, and steered rejoicing to their native island.

The Boy and the Scoffer.

In the neighborhood of Hoddam Castle, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, was at one time an old tower called the "Tower of Repentance." How it obtained this name we are not told, but it is said that an English baronet walking near the castle, saw a shepherd boy reposing on the ground attentively engaged with a book. "What are you reading, my lad?" said the titled dignitary.

"The Bible, sir," replied the boy.

"The Bible, indeed!" sneered the man. "Then you must be wiser than the parson. Can you tell me the way to heaven?"

"Yes, sir, I can," replied the boy, who was by no means embarrassed by the mocking tone of his assailant. "You must go by way of yonder tower."

The scoffer saw that the boy had learned thoroughly the lesson of his book, and, feeling the rebuke, walked on in silence.

THE Bible hath God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth without any mixture of error for its matter."—*John Locke*.

BOOK-TABLE.

- AMERIKANISCHER KALENDER für deutsche Lutheraner auf das Jahr 1885. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price 10 cts.
- ABENDSCHULE-KALENDER für das christliche Haus auf das Jahr 1885. Louis Lange Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo. Price 30 cts.
- DER PILGER-KALENDER für 1885. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price 10 cts.

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

Vol. VI.

St. Louis, Mo., November, 1884.

No. 11.

Over Yonder.

Oh! to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
Where the angel voices mingle, and the angel harp-
ers ring.
To be free from pain and sorrow,
And the anxious dread to-morrow,
To rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the
King.

Oh! to be over yonder,
My yearning heart grows fonder
Of looking to the east, to see the day-star bring
Some tidings of the waking,
The cloudless, pure day-breaking.
My heart is yearning—yearning for the coming of
the King.

Oh! to be over yonder,
The longing groweth stronger.
When I see the wild doves cleave the air on rapid
wing,
I long for their fleet pinions,
To reach my Lord's dominions,
And rest my weary spirit in the presence of the
King.

Oh! to be over yonder,
In that land of wonder,
Where life, and light, and sunshine, beam fair on
everything.
Where the day beam is unshaded,
As pure as He who made it—
The land of cloudless sunshine, where Jesus is the
King.

Oh! when shall I be dwelling,
Where the angel voices, swelling
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens
ring;
Where the pearly gates are gleaming,
And the morning star is beaming;
Oh! when shall I be yonder in the presence of the
King?

Oh! when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger,
To join in all the praises the redeemed ones do sing,
Within these heavenly places,
Where the angels veil their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

Oh! soon, soon I'll be yonder,
All lonely as I wander,
Yearning for the welcome summer—longing for the
bird's fleet wing.
The midnight may be dreary,
And the heart be worn and weary,
But there's no more shadow yonder in the presence
of the King.
—Selected.

The Only Place of Safety.

"God hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness," says the Bible. And we know that the coming of the Lord to judgment is near at hand. "It is the last time," 1 John 2, 18.; "The end of all things is at hand," 1 Pet. 4, 7. It is becoming more and more apparent that we are indeed in the last times. This gives warning to all to flee from the wrath to come. When God, in the time of Noah, was about to bring judgment upon the earth He provided a place of safety for those who trusted in Him; so He has provided full redemption and salvation from wrath in Jesus, the Saviour of sinners.

In the days of Noah there was but one place of safety, and that was the ark; so there is but one way of salvation, and that is CHRIST. There was safety in the ark for whoever was in it; and there is salvation in Jesus, that "through His name *whosoever* believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins," Acts 10, 43. None could perish who were in the ark, for "the Lord had shut them in"; so those who are in Christ by faith shall not perish. Being in Jesus, the only place of safety, they can daily look with joy to the coming of their Lord, which every setting sun brings nearer. "And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming," 1 John 2, 28.

Keep Clear.

As you love your souls, beware and keep clear of the world. The world has slain its thousands and ten thousands. What ruined Lot's wife? The world. What ruined Judas? The world. And "what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Let Christians also remember that they are but pilgrims and strangers in this world. Knowing the blessedness of having their feet firmly planted on the Rock of Ages in these trying and perilous times, they should also long to be walking more in the power of their risen life in Christ, as heavenly ones on earth. They should

earnestly long to see their blessed Lord glorified more in His saints, and in the gathering in of sinners. He is worthy, *alone* worthy, of all honor.

May we seek to live more to His glory, in keeping clear of the world, and living to His praise. The life of the Christian in these days does much in commending the truth to others. We should seek to keep before us the fact of our having to quit this present scene, to join our adorable Lord, soon, and it may be very soon; and we should therefore desire to get our Lord and Master's praise and commendation, and to hear from His lips presently the sweet "well done."

The Widow's Lamp.

Some years ago there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the sea-shore. All around her the coast was rugged and dangerous, and many a time was her heart melted at the sight of wrecked fishing boats and coasting vessels, and the piteous cries of perishing human beings. One stormy night, when the howling wind was making loneliness more lonely, and her mind was conjuring up what the next morning's light might disclose, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on an elevated spot, and her window looked out upon the sea; might she not place her lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon light to warn some poor mariners off the coast? She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights her lamp burned at the window; and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp; many a crew were saved from perishing.

That widow woman "did what she could"; and if all believers kept their light burning as brightly and steadily might not many a soul be warned to flee from the wrath to come? Many Christians have not the power to do much active service for Christ; but if they would live as lights in the world, they would do much. If those who cannot preach to the old, or teach the young, would but walk worthy of Him who hath called them to his kingdom and glory, how much would the hands of ministers and teachers be strengthened!

"What is the Communion or Lord's Supper?"

The great mass of English Protestants maintain, that the Lord's Supper is mere bread and wine, which we receive in remembrance of the sufferings and death of Christ. But the first English Protestants, who laid down their lives for the Bible, did not think so. For Archbishop CRANMER, the great English Reformer, speaking in his Catechism of the Article on the Creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty," says:

"First, this Article teacheth us that God is almighty, that is to say, that He hath power to work and do all things whatsoever pleaseth Him, and no creature in heaven or earth is able to let or withstand Him; and that nothing is impossible unto Him. And this is the foundation and beginning of Christian knowledge and faith, to believe that God is almighty. The which many men do not believe, and yet nevertheless they will be counted Christian men, or rather great clerks. In this number be they that do not believe the Body of Christ truly to be given in the Lord's supper to them that receive the Sacrament, although

Christ Himself saith plainly, 'Take, eat, This is My Body.' And why do they not believe this? Verily, because they did never truly believe this Article, that God is almighty; but they think that God is not able to work or do that thing, which they can not compass with their own wit and reason.

"Secondarily, Christ saith of the bread, 'This is My Body,' and of the cup He saith, 'This is My Blood.' Wherefore we ought to believe, that in the Sacrament we receive truly the Body and Blood of Christ. For God is almighty, as ye heard in the Creed. He is able, therefore, to do all things what He will." And as Saint Paul writeth, He calleth those things which be not, as if they were. Wherefore, when Christ taketh bread, and saith, 'Take, eat, This is My Body,' we ought not to doubt, but we eat His very Body. And when He taketh the cup, and saith, 'Take, drink, This is My Blood,' we ought to think assuredly that we drink His very Blood. And this we must believe, if we will be counted Christian men.

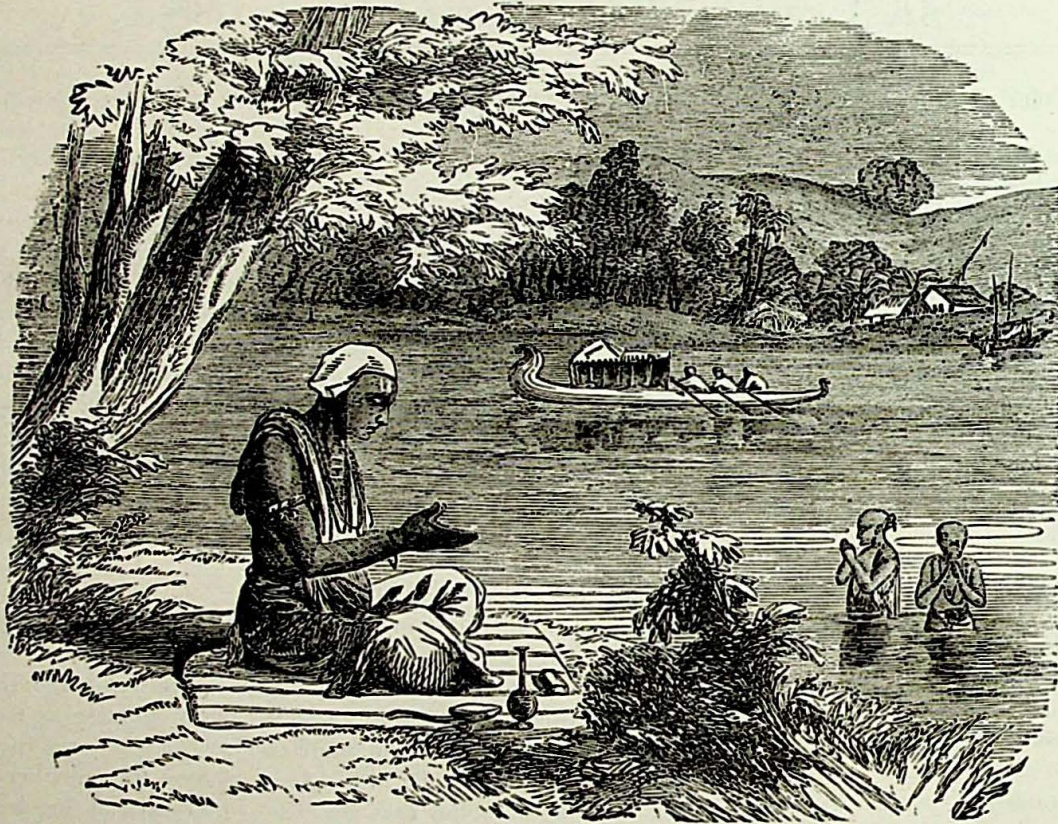
And whereas in this perilous time, certain deceitful persons be found in many places, who of very frowardness will not grant, that there is the Body and Blood of Christ, but deny the same for none other cause, but that they cannot compass by man's blind reason, how this thing should be brought to pass; ye, good children, shall with all diligence beware of such persons, that ye suffer not yourselves to be deceived by them. For such men surely are not true Christians, neither as yet have they learned the first Article of the Creed, which teacheth that God is almighty, which ye, good children,

ceive His Body and Blood, even so as He Himself did give it to His disciples. And let not the foolish talk of unbelievers move you, who are wont to ask this question; How can the minister make the Body and Blood of Christ? To the which I answer, that the minister doeth not this of himself, but Christ Himself doth give unto us His Flesh and Blood, as His words doth evidently declare.

"And this is the meaning and plain understanding of the words of the Lord's Supper. Wherefore learn them diligently, I pray you, that when ye be asked, What is the Communion

or the Lord's Supper? ye may answer: It is the true Body and true Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was ordained by Christ Himself, to be eaten and drunken of us Christian people, under the form of bread and wine."

[From Cranmer's Catechism of 1548.]



Worshipping the Ganges in India.

have already perfectly learned. Wherefore eschew such erroneous opinions, and believe the words of our Lord Jesus, that you eat and drink His very Body and Blood, although man's reason cannot comprehend how and after what manner the same is there present. For the wisdom of reason must be subdued to the obedience of Christ, as the Apostle Paul teacheth.

"Wherefore, good children, doubt not, but there is the Body and Blood of our Lord, which we receive in the Lord's Supper. For He hath said so, and by the power of His Word hath caused it so to be. Wherefore seeing Christ saith, 'Do this, as often as ye do it, in remembrance of Me,' it is evident hereby, that Christ causeth, even at this time, His Body and Blood to be in the Sacrament, after that manner and fashion, as it was at that time when He made His maundy with His disciples. For else we could not do that thing which His disciples did. But Christ hath commanded us to do the self-same thing that His disciples did, and to do it in remembrance of Him; that is to say, to re-

ceive His Body and Blood, even so as He Himself did give it to His disciples. And let not the foolish talk of unbelievers move you, who are wont to ask this question; How can the minister make the Body and Blood of Christ? To the which I answer, that the minister doeth not this of himself, but Christ Himself doth give unto us His Flesh and Blood, as His words doth evidently declare.

out 2,900 ordained missionaries, or, including medical missionaries, 3,120. Counting female missionaries, wives, and single women, there are 5,000 European and American laborers in the field, and 30,000 Asiatic, African and Polynesian native helpers. Protestant Christians have raised in one year for foreign missions \$11,375,000, of which \$7,650,000 are from Great Britain, \$3,000,000 from America, and \$725,000 from the continent of Europe.

PAMBOS, by the invitation of St. Athanasius, came from the desert to Alexandria, and seeing there a public dancer, who was a sinner, he wept. When asked wherefore he wept, he said, "Two things have moved me, first, the end of that woman; the other, that I do not use such diligence to please God as she does to please wicked men."

THERE is some promise in your Bible exactly adapted to every trying hour.

Mission Work.

Dr. George Smith, in his "Short History of Christian Missions," gives some recent figures in reference to the missionary forces now engaged in sending the gospel to non-Christian lands. He affirms that there are one hundred organizations engaged in the work, and that they together send

The Signed Agreement.

I was driving over our rugged hills in a desponding state of mind some time ago, when a man roused me from my gloomy thoughts by calling out:

"Will your honor give me a lift? I've walked nigh unto twenty miles, and have got eight more 'afore I get home."

Looking him squarely in the face, and finding him of an open countenance, I said: "By all means, my good man, come up into the trap" (as the English call some vehicles), at the same time inwardly praying I might be able to drop a word by the wayside that should result in his blessing.

"You are a stranger in these parts," said I. "What brings you over the hills in this weather?" for the wind was bitterly cold.

"I'm going to change houses, or I wanted to, and as the landlord of the house I want to take lives at H—, I and my missus thought I had better see to it at once, and get the agreement paper signed, as there's only a fortnight to Christmas."

"So you believe in making things as sure as you can?" said I.

"Well, yes; you see, sir, we had agreed by word of mouth, but I thought he might run word afore Lady Day; but 'tis all right now, 'tis signed too," said he, with evident satisfaction.

"What about that other house you have had notice to quit?" I asked.

"Other house?" said the man, with great astonishment. "I don't rent more than one; leastwise, I don't live in more than one."

"Oh, yes, you do," I said. "You live in two houses. One made of bricks and mortar, the other of flesh and blood—your body. Where are you going when you leave that? Have you a building of God, eternal in the heavens?"

"I'm afraid I have not," said he; "that's just what I want, but I'm afraid 'tis too late."

"No," said I, "it is not; I can assure you it is just the right time, for now is the accepted time, the day of salvation. But why do you think it is too late?" I asked.

"Why, sir," he replied, "it was nigh on to eighteen years ago any one spoke to me as you have on the subject, and then my mother lay dying, and she made me promise I would turn to God and meet her in heaven. I promised her, but I never kept it, and I'm afraid 'tis too late;" and he seemed deeply moved.

"No," said I, "it is not too late for 'to-day, if ye will hear his voice,' is God's word and God desires your salvation, and has made every preparation for it, and nothing remains but for you to accept it."

"I wish I could be sure of it," he said.

"How are you sure you are going to live in the new house?" I asked.

"Why, 'tis signed to," said the man, wondering at my apparent ignorance.

"Who signed to it?" I again asked.

"Why, both of us; leastways, I put my mark, as I can't write," he replied.

"The landlord agreed to let the house under certain conditions, and signed to it. Was that it?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Did his signing make you a tenant?"

"No, I had to sign as well," he replied.

"Just so," said I. "God has agreed to give everlasting life to certain individuals because of certain conditions having been fulfilled by His Son, and has signed to it by raising Him from the dead—for He was 'delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification;' and He has further given proof of His willingness and power by sending the Holy Ghost to convince us of the truth. Now, just as your agreement required your signature to put you into possession, so God's agreement requires your signature to give you the benefit, 'for He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true;' in other words, He that believeth what God says accepts the gift of salvation, 'hath everlasting life.'"

"Is it like that?" said the astonished man; "then, by God's help, I'll sign to it now."

And as we drove along the country lane he lifted his eyes to heaven, as the tears coursed down his cheeks, and said aloud: "O God, I do accept Thy blessed Son as my Saviour. I will sign the 'greement. Thou has promised to give everlasting life to those who believe. I do believe, praise God!" and, turning to me, he said: "Oh, sir, I never felt so happy in my life. I shall have good news to tell my wife to-night."

He repeated several texts of Scripture ere I parted from him (for he could not read), which he learnt, and on leaving he grasped my hand with both his, saying:

"God bless you, sir; I shall have to thank God to all eternity for my ride in this trap. Believe me, sir, when I put my foot on the step of your trap, I felt as I had never felt for eighteen years before. I thought to myself: 'That man is a Christian—like my mother.' My first step on your trap was my first step toward heaven, and if we never meet on earth we shall meet there, sir. And now, sir, I've no fear whenever the notice of quit comes to me"—striking his breast—"I have a better house sure and certain above, for 'tis signed to."

I have never met him since, but I believe I shall meet him in heaven. I need scarcely say I returned that day to the "plants and hedges" with a joy somewhat akin to the "joy among the angels," feeling that, though but a simple conversation, God could and did use it to his glory."—*Word and Work.*

A Dying Cardinal's Lamentation.

Cardinal Mazarin, the great minister of Louis XIV. in France, afforded in his last hours a striking and melancholy illustration of the Apostolic statement, "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry

nothing out." A courtier, loitering without leave in the apartments of the sick statesman, heard a slippers foot dragging itself with difficulty along the carpet of an adjoining room, and hastily hid himself behind some tapestry. He saw Mazarin creep feebly in, awaiting the summons of the angel of death, who was about to transfix him with his fatal dart, and gaze around, little suspecting that he was himself being watched. From all sides shone on him the art treasures he had collected—the only objects except wealth and power he was capable of caring for. He looked on them long and regretfully; his eye wandered from picture to picture, from statue to statue, till at last his anguish vented itself in words. "I must leave all that. What pains it cost me to acquire these things! I shall never see them where I am going!" The courtier, Count Louis de Brienne, whose ears caught that dying groan, remembered the speech, and when Mazarin was dead, put it in print, unconsciously as a warning to all those who lay up treasure for themselves, but are not rich toward God.

Conversion of Count Gasparin.

Adolph Monod, at Lyons, one Lord's day was preaching from the text, "God so loved the world," etc. He spoke of Christ as the true God-man, and announced that the next Sunday he would show how men could be saved by faith in this God-man. But the Romish authorities of this church were opposed to a doctrine so purely evangelical, and informed Monod that if he did not omit the sermon he had announced they would have him arrested and brought before the prefect, and dismissed from his office. Monod, notwithstanding, preached his sermon, and the authorities made their complaint. The prefect demanded the two sermons, and Monod sent them to him. The prefect was a Catholic,—Count de Gasparin. He came home at evening to his wife, and found the sermons. He never liked sermons, especially evangelical sermons. But he was a man who discharged faithfully the duties of his office. It was necessary the sermons should be read. He came to his wife with the manuscripts in his hand, complaining that he would have to give up the whole evening to this irksome and protracted labor. She offered, as her husband's worthy helpmeet, to read them with him. They began. With every page they grew more interested. They forgot that it was evening and night. That which at first was an official duty became a service of the heart. They finished the first, and eagerly grasped the second. And what was the result? He and his wife became evangelical Christians,—living, joyful and happy believers in Christ. They found that night "the pearl of great price," and it has remained in the family. Their son, Count Agenor de Gasparin, has long been the head and pillar of the evangelical party in France.

Ordination and Installation at Little Rock.

On Sunday, Nov. 16th, by appointment, the writer ordained and installed Mr. George Allenbach, the new Missionary of the Little Rock Colored Mission.

Rev. J. Miller assisted at the ordination. Ordination services were held in the German Lutheran Church in the morning; and installation services were held in the evening in the Colored Mission Church, where a large and deeply interested congregation was gathered for the occasion.

May the Lord add His blessing, guide and strengthen the new missionary in his laborious and difficult office, and make him a blessed means of doing much good and of making many "wise unto salvation." C. F. OBERMEYER.

Address: Rev. George Allenbach,
Lutheran Missionary,
1213 Rock Str., Little Rock, Ark.

Lepers in India.

A correspondent of a New York paper writes: A stranger in India visiting a bazar, or any public place, will be shocked at the wretched beings by whom he will be immediately surrounded, each one asking an alms. Mothers are in the throng and thrust upon the notice of the visitor a puny babe, a sightless child, or one with a hideous deformity. Children are leading about a blind father or mother. The maimed are there; and crawling at his feet and imploring his pity and his pence are creatures in all stages of wretchedness and deformity. The leper, too, is there, and holds up before the dismayed visitor his hands frightful with the ravages of the pitiless disease that is consuming his life; or, leaning on a stick and hobbling painfully along, directs attention to his stumps wrapped in loathsome rags; or, if these members are sound, he implores the visitor to look upon his marred visage.

Leprosy in India is painfully prevalent, and is found both in the mountains and the plains. It is said there are at least 125,000 of these wretched sufferers here, and one authority places the number at 200,000. The last census shows that the disease is spreading in some parts of India. In Berar the census of 1870 gave the number of lepers as 1,439, or six in every 10,000. The census of 1880 gave the number as 3,748. In the city of Bombay alone there are now 430 lepers.

The condition of no class of persons is so deplorable as that of the lepers. Not only are they the victims of a loathsome and incurable disease, their life a "living death," but they are outcasts, homeless and helpless. When the terrible disease makes its appearance in a member of a household, the afflicted one is cast out by his friends and henceforth has neither name nor habitation. In the selfish creed of the Hindu there is no place for compassion. How shall mortals pity those with whom the gods are angry? they coldly question; and so from

the home where he has been loved and honored, the leper goes out a helpless outcast. Henceforth no friendly door opens to welcome him; no voice in accents of kindness falls upon his ear. Unable to toil, he begs from door to door, and sleeps where the night overtakes him; to satisfy his hunger gladly taking such food as is "thrown to him"; no fear of defilement now, for who so vile as he? And so the months and years drag wearily on, the awful disease doing its deadly work, until the maimed and scarred stump that remains scarcely seems the tenement of a human soul.

The people of India provide asylums and hospitals for animals, and to pet and pamper the sacred cow, or the revered monkey, is regarded as an act of great merit, but to relieve the sufferings of their stricken fellow creatures they feel no responsibility.

But though the heathen inhabitants of this land are thus indifferent to the woes of their countrymen, Christians have been moved to pity, and all over the land there are now asylums for lepers. Many of these asylums, though receiving grants-in-aid from Government, are under the superintendence of Christian missionaries, who, while dispensing the bounty put into their hands for the physical relief of the sufferers, have also a care for their immortal souls. Some of the noblest, most devoted missionaries that India has known have been specially interested in the lepers. During the last decade the work has been greatly extended, and has produced most gratifying results. Lepers, as a class, are most accessible, and receive the "glad tidings" with peculiar joy.

The large leper asylum in Almora has been in the care of the veteran missionary of the station, the Rev. J. H. Budden, for more than thirty years, and his loving labors have been greatly blessed. Between the years 1864 and 1879, two hundred and seventy-two converts from this asylum received Christian baptism, and many others have since confessed their faith in Christ.

As all the lepers, Christian and non-Christian, receive like treatment, there can be no selfish motive to induce them to profess a faith which they do not possess. Some of the converts from the leper community have been bright examples of the power of Christ to change the heart, for "even these poor victims are often slaves to avarice, lust, malice, and all the other hateful passions of sinful men."

The Dude and the Indian.

It is easy to decide which of the two young men was the gentleman, in the following story from an exchange:

"On a Fort Wayne train approaching Chicago there was a short-statured, straight-haired, copper-colored Indian, going back to the reservation after a trip to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. He wore a nice suit of clothes which fitted him badly, and a paper collar without any necktie. He attended strictly to his own

business, and was unmolested until a young sprig came into the smoking car from the sleeper. 'An Indian, I guess,' said the young chap, as he lighted a cigarette. And then, approaching the son of the plains, he attracted general attention by shouting, with strange gestures: 'Ugh, heap big Injun! Omaha? Sioux? Pawnee? See great father? Have drink firewater? Warm Injun's blood!'

"The copper colored savage gazed at the young man a moment, with an ill-concealed expression of contempt on his face, and then he said, with good pronunciation: 'You must have been reading some dime novels, sir. I am going back to my people in Montana, after spending three years in the East at school. I advise you to do the same thing. No. I do not drink whisky. Where I live gentlemen do not carry whisky flasks in their pockets.'

"The cigarette was not smoked out, and, amid a general laugh, a much crestfallen young man retired to the sleeping coach."

IN many instances the Bible has remarkably proved itself by long-forgotten texts which have come back to the memory, and by words upon scraps of paper which have flashed converting truth into the mind. A farmer one Sunday returned from church where he had heard the text, "The ox knoweth his owner, but Israel doth not know, my people do not consider." Going into his farm-yard, a favorite cow came towards him to lick his hand; and the farmer, who had been up to this time quite an ungodly man, burst into tears as he thought, "Why, that's it! that poor creature knows me, and can be grateful to me, and yet I have never thought of and never have been grateful to God."

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R. A. BISCHOFF, Editor.

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No. 12.

Christmas.

O mamma, what is Christmas?
I'm sure I wish I knew!
What makes it such a lovely time?
Now mamma, tell me true!

What makes the dear, dear Christ-Child
Come just on this one day,
In the cold and dark December?
Mamma, what makes Him—say?

And baby looked at mamma
With tender, wistful eyes
That all day long had brighter grown,
With every sweet surprise.

Then mamma told her darling
That tale of long ago—
Of shepherd, star, and angel-song,
And of the manger low;

And how the blessed Christ
Repeats the news
That Jesus Christ, the Saviour,
Was born in Bethlehem.

O mamma, hosts of children
Would like to know it, too!
That Christmas is Christ's birthday!
I am so glad you knew.

—The Myrtle.

Tidings of Great Joy.

The Christmas tidings are tidings of great joy to all sinners. The angel who brought those tidings to the shepherds in the holy Christmas night said to them: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." And what tidings did he bring? He said: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Angels' voices were raised in joyful song when these tidings of the birth of a Saviour were brought to our sinful world. And should not these tidings be tidings of great joy to us for whom that Saviour came? It is *our* Saviour that was born; it is to *us* that salvation came in the birth of that Babe of Bethlehem. We are full of sin by nature and practice. Hence God's wrath and condemnation are upon us. There is no help for us in our own sinful selves. No creature in heaven or on earth could rescue us from everlasting death and damnation. If God had not come to the rescue we would be lost eternally. But God did come to the rescue.

He did pity us and gave us a Saviour. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3, 16. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons," Gal. 4, 4, 5. God's Son became man and took all our sins and all the punishment of our sins upon Himself. Thus He redeemed us from wrath and eternal damnation. The Christmas tidings make known the birth of this Saviour, and therefore they are tidings of great joy to all sinners. Yes, to all sinners. The heavenly messenger said: "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." These tidings are for you, my dear reader; and you need them for your salvation. The Saviour whose birth the glad Christmas tidings announce, has come for your sake; and there is no hope for you and no help except in that dear Saviour who was born into the world that He might deliver you from eternal woe. Rejoice therefore at the tidings of great joy: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord," Luke 2, 11. Accept these tidings with a believing heart, that you may have a happy Christmas!

Christmas Day.

Christmas day is a holiday; but many forget that it is also a holy-day. They make it a day of worldly amusement and of carnal pleasures which are an abomination in the sight of God. They engage in carousals which injure body and soul and thus desecrate the day which has been set apart for the commemoration of the Saviour's birth. There is no room in their hearts and in their homes for the Babe of Bethlehem. They have a Christmas with the thought of Christ left out.

Others may not make Christmas day a day of carnal pleasures, but they devote it so entirely to gifts and games and parties that they are in danger of also having a Christmas with the thought of Christ left out. Christmas day is a day of joy, yes. But the joy of Christmas day

is joy in the Lord who has come to save us. Only by hearing and believing the good Christmas tidings of the Saviour's birth can the true Christmas joy be experienced. As surely as these tidings are good, so surely will faith in them bring joy to the heart. Let the dear Christ Child be received as the great gift of heaven on Christmas day, and every earthly joy that is not of the flesh will be sanctified, and Christmas day will be made a day of rejoicing in the Lord.

A Wise Answer.

A little colored girl, eight years old, was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her—

"Mollie, do you pray?" The suddenness of the question confused her a little; but she answered—

"Yes, sir; every night."

"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked. And she answered promptly—

"I know He does."

"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that He hears your prayer as those of white children?"

For full three minutes the child kept on with her work without speaking; then she slowly said—

"Master George, I pray into God's ear, and not His eyes. My voice is just like any other little girl's; and if I say what I ought to say, God does not stop to look at my skin."

George did not question her any further. The answer he felt to be a wiser one than he could have given.

"Did He Get In?"

Little Charlie listened as his father read the third chapter of Revelation; but when he came to the twentieth verse—"Behold I stand at the door and knock"—he could not wait, but ran up to his father, eagerly asking, "Father, did he get in?" I ask this question now: Has Christ got into your heart? Let Him in, give him your heart's love, and this will be the happiest day of your life—a real Christmas day.

What think ye of Christ? Whose Son is He?

Throughout the world the birthday of Christ will be observed with joyous festivity. But the question arises, Who is Christ? Some answer as did the Jews, the *Son of David*. This is true, but He is also the *Son of God*. He is both God and Man. Two natures are inseparably united in Him, the *divine* and the *human*. So that we can truly call Him the *God-Man*, and can say that in Him God is Man, and Man is God; that Mary bore the Son of God; "the Lord of Glory" was crucified, and that "God has redeemed" us with "His own blood." By virtue of this personal union of the two natures, Christ according to His humanity, has received all power in heaven and on earth, and has been made partaker of the majesty, honor, power and glory of God. He has ascended up, not only into heaven, but far above all heavens that He might fill all things, and He is with us always, even unto the end of the world. And the two natures divine and human constitute the One, true Christ, they cannot be separated from each other, for Christ is not divided. He who was born in Bethlehem, suffered, was crucified, dead, buried, descended into hell, rose from the dead and ascended on high, was not God alone, nor Man alone, but both God and Man; and He remains such forever. And we Lutherans can acknowledge no other Christ than Him of whom, according to the Scriptures, the above is true.

Those sects who deny this, and who, among many other false doctrines concerning Christ, teach of the christ in whom they believe, that he is not able to give his body and blood in the Sacrament, must have another Christ, an unreliable, weak and false christ.

Our Christ, however, is the almighty Christ, who was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father full of grace and truth.

—Church Messenger.

Little Carl's Christmas Eve.

"Come in!" shouted together the host and hostess of a little German wayside inn near the banks of the Rhine. It was Christmas eve 200 years ago, and a tempestuous night. The wind was raving round the little inn, and the snow was falling fast, obstructing the highway, blinding the eyes of man and beast.

The "come in" of the host and hostess was in answer to a loud, hurried rap at the door, by which there immediately entered two travelers. One, by his military dress, seemed a soldier, and the other appeared to be his servant. This was the case. A German General was on his way to his home. He had been delayed several hours by the storm, and now found himself obliged to stop for the night at this lonely and comfortless little inn.

When the officer threw aside his plumed hat and military cloak of rich fur, and strode up to the fire, the gruff host was greatly impressed

with his importance, and willingly went out to help the postillion in the care of the horses. As for the old hostess, she bustled about with wonderful activity to prepare supper for the great man.

"Ho, Carl!" she cried, "thou water-imp, run to the wood for another bundle of fagots!"

At these strange, sharp words, a wild looking boy started up from a dusky corner of the room, where he had been lying with his head pillowed on a great tawny Swiss dog, and darted out of the door. He was coarsely dressed and bare-footed; yet there was something uncommon about him—something familiar in his look, which struck the traveler strangely.

"Is that your child?" he asked.

"No, indeed," said the old dame; "I am a poor woman, and have seen trouble in my time, but I am not the mother of water-imps."

"Why do you call the boy a water-imp?"

"I call him so, your excellency," said the woman, sinking her shrill voice into an awe-struck tone, "because he came from the water, and belongs to the water. He floated down the Rhine in the great flood, four years ago come spring, a mere baby, that could barely tell his name, perched on the roof of a little chalet, in the night, amid thunder, lightning, and rain! Now it is plain that no human child could have lived through that. My good man spied him in the morning early, and took him off in his boat. I took him in pity; but I have always been afraid of him, and every flood-time I think the Rhine is coming for his own again."

The traveler seemed deeply interested, and well he might be; for in that very flood of which the superstitious old dame spoke, his only child, an infant boy, had been lost, with his nurse, whose cottage on the river bank had been swept away by night.

"Was the child alone on the roof of the chalet?" he asked in an agitated tone.

"Yes," said the hostess, "all but an old dog, who seemed to belong to him."

"That dog must have dragged him on to the roof and saved him!" exclaimed the General; "is he yet alive?"

"Yes, just alive. He must be very old, for he is almost stone blind and deaf. My good man would have put him out of the way long ago, but for Carl—"

"Show me the dog," said the officer, with authority.

"Here he lies, your excellency," said the dame.

The General bent over the dog, touched him gently, and shouted in his ear his old name of "Leon." The dog had not forgotten it; he knew that voice. With a plaintive, joyful cry, he sprang up to the breast of his old master, nestled about blindly for his hands, and licked them unreprieved; then sunk down as though faint with joy to his master's feet. The brave soldier was overcome with emotion; tears fell fast from his eyes. "Faithful creature," he exclaimed, "you have saved my child, and given him back to me."

Just at this moment the door opened, and little Carl appeared, toiling up the steps with his arms full of fagots, his cheerful face smiling brave defiance to the winter winds, and night and snow.

"Come hither, Carl," said the soldier. The boy flung down his fagots and drew near.

"Dost thou know who I am?"

"Ah, no,—the good Christmas King, perhaps," said the little lad, looking full of innocent wonderment.

"Alas, poor child, how shouldst thou remember me?" exclaimed the General, sadly. Then clasping him to his arms, he said, "But I remember thee; thou art my boy, my dear, long-lost boy! Look in my face; embrace me; I am thy father!"

"No, surely," said the child, sorely bewildered, "that can not be, for they tell me the Rhine is my father."

The soldier smiled through his tears, and soon was able to convince his little son that he had a better father than the old river that had carried him away from his tender parents. He told him of a loving mother who yet sorrowed for him, and of a blue-eyed sister, who would rejoice when he came. Carl listened, and wondered, and laughed, and when he comprehended it all, slid from his father's arms and ran to embrace old Leon.

The next morning early the General, after having generously rewarded the innkeeper and his wife for having given a home, though a poor one, to his little son, departed for home. In his arms he carried Carl, carefully wrapped in his warm fur cloak, and if sometimes the little bare feet of the child were thrust out from their covering, it was only to bury them in the shaggy coat of old Leon, who lay snugly curled up in the bottom of the carriage.

I will not attempt to tell you of the deep joy of Carl's mother, nor the wild delight of his little sister, for I think such things are quite beyond any one's telling; but altogether it was to all a Christmas time to thank God for, and they did thank him.—S. M. L.

Christmas Customs in Scandinavia.

In Sweden and Norway Christmas is a day of joy for everybody. In the country every house stands open to the passing stranger and he is at liberty to sit down to the table that has been expressly filled for him. In many parts of Norway even the tavern keepers charge nothing for food and lodging. The custom of making each other presents on Holy-eve is conscientiously maintained among all classes, and as everybody must have a present, the ladies have their hands full for weeks and months beforehand in order to be prepared. Even the dumb beasts get their share of the good things. The horses get more oats than usual, the horned cattle a better quality of hay, the dog a generous soup, and even the birds have placed for them in front of every barn a pole or fir-tree on which has been fastened a sheaf of oats.



HOLY NIGHT.

Holy Night! peaceful night!
 Through the darkness beams a light,
 Yonder, where they sweet vigils keep
 O'er the Babe, who in silent sleep
 Rests in heavenly peace.

Silent night! holiest night!
 Darkness flies, and all is light!
 Shepherds hear the angels sing:
 "Hallelujah! hail the King!
 Jesus, the Saviour, is here!"

God So Loved The World.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3, 16. Who is it that loved? The great God. How did He love? He *so* loved, and that is unspeakable. What was it He did? He loved. Whom did He love? The world that hated Him. How did He manifest His love? He gave His only begotten Son. For what did He give Him? That whosoever believeth in Him. Is there any limit to *whosoever*? It includes the vilest sinner on earth. What is such a sinner to do? Only to believe in Him. If he does believe, can he die forever? He shall not perish. What will he get through believing? Everlasting life. Is it life for a day, life for a generation? It is everlasting life, expanding in bliss and glory while eternity endures.

May many a poor sinner, who reads this, ponder the great words of Christ and argue thus: God loved me also in the dark sinful world. He so loved me that He gave His only begotten Son to bear my sins; I believe His testimony to be true; I accept His Son as *my* Saviour and *my* Lord; and I shall not perish, but have even now, and shall have while Jehovah exists, everlasting life. If there was not another promise in the Bible, the believing sinner might take that into the grave, and face the judgment throne with it in his hand, as confident of salvation as he must be that He who sits upon the throne cannot lie.—*J. H. B.*

Unselfishness.

During the height of the Crimean war, two men were carried into the military hospital—one evidently at the point of death, the other in hardly better case.

The stronger of the two, on being asked by one of the nurses what she could do for him, replied quietly:

"Oh, I'll do well enough; just look after my poor comrade there; neither bite nor sup has he had for these three days."

The nurse accordingly hurried to the side of the dying man, holding out to him a cup of wine and water. With trembling hands the poor fellow grasped it, and was about to relieve his intolerable thirst by draining the refreshing draught, when he suddenly stopped:

"There was a friend of mine came in with me. He's fearful bad, and this would do him a lot of good. Find him, will you, and give it him."

He knew not, for the dimness of death was in his eyes, that his comrade lay in the next bed.

They are still lying side by side, these two friends, in the burial-ground of Scutari.

THE Incarnation teaches man the greatness of his misery, by showing how great a remedy was needful.—*Pascal.*

The Outlook from the Editor's Window.

—THE present number closes the sixth volume of the LUTHERAN PIONEER. We trust that the Master will continue to own our little PIONEER in His service also in the future. We tender our thanks to the many friends who have helped us in the circulation of our paper, and we earnestly ask their continued and hearty co-operation. Those who interest themselves to procure subscribers are requested to report the result of their efforts as early as possible to our agent, M. C. Barthel, Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

—ACCORDING to Brobst's Almanac for 1885 the "Lutheran Church in America" numbers 3,708 ministers, 6,529 congregations, 871,936 communicants.

—TEN years ago the Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States had but two congregations and six parochial schools in Cleveland, O.; now there are 7 congregations, 2 mission stations and 21 schools connected with the Missouri Synod in that city.

—ON the 9th of November the Lutheran Synod of Minnesota opened a new College at New Ulm, Minn. There are good prospects for a large attendance of young students who have the ministry in view.

—ADDISON, Ill., the seat of our Lutheran School Teachers' Seminary, was recently incorporated. The city council is composed entirely of Lutherans, the Rev. Professor Brohm of the seminary being one of the city fathers.

—ONE of the ablest and most prominent men in Japan, Mr. Ito Hirobumi, returned from a visit to Germany some time ago, and it is reported that he addressed the Mikado urging the truth and importance of Christianity. He states that he formerly supposed that the Emperor William and Bismarck professed to be Christians as a matter of policy, while they had no regard for it at all in their hearts. But now he says that this was a mistaken idea. He found that both were sincere Christians, and both urged him to seek this religion for his own welfare and happiness as well as that of his country. Such has been the influence of Mr. Ito's report that the chief officers in the cabinet are becoming interested in the study of Christianity, and the former Court teacher of Confucianism is no longer opposing the Gospel, but also carefully reading the Scriptures. In a course of study recently prescribed for all the Shinto priests, the Bible and "Martin's Evidences of Christianity" are included.

—A WRITER in the New York *Observer* mentions the fact that one church in Washington county, Pa., has sent into the ministry not less than forty-four of her sons in little more than one hundred years.

—A LOUISVILLE clergyman recently said in his sermon, that if women and men would only dance in separate rooms he would not object to dancing. It would be just as graceful, he claimed, and just as healthful exercise, and

they could keep step to the music just the same.—Correct!

—IN the ninety-eight years of its existence the American Bible Society has issued more than 43,000,000 volumes, including Bibles, New Testaments and portions of the Gospels.

—DR. PORTER, of Shantung, describes the condition of Chinese women, arising from the lack of proper medical treatment, as truly pitiable. The cure of their diseases is undertaken by ignorant old women, full of the strangest notions and superstitions, who treat their patients in really barbarous ways. Among the instances he gives of their attempts to heal is the treatment of a child three days old, suffering from convulsions, by thrusting a red-hot needle into its throat.

—MEN will risk vast sums where there is a reasonable prospect of a large return. The amount of money that can be raised for the promotion of schemes which give promise of great dividends is almost unlimited. The *Times* of India says that nearly twenty-five millions of dollars have been invested in search for gold in India, and that not twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of the precious metal has been obtained after three years' labor. Why cannot more be raised for enterprises where the gains are sure—where there may be found, not gold that perishes, but souls of priceless and everlasting worth?

—IN Japan the middle classes of the population have been reached to a considerable extent by Christian missions and not a few native churches are self-supporting. The same is measurably true in some of the older missions of Southern India, Egypt, and Asia Minor. It is an amazing circumstance that, in 1881, the 1,200 church-members belonging to the missions in Egypt, most of them very poor men and women, raised more than \$17 each, for the support of churches and schools. The membership of the nineteen native Japanese churches under the care of the American Board of Missions is now about one thousand, of whom more than two hundred were recently received. These members have contributed for Christian purposes over eight dollars each, a sum, as compared with the price of labor, equal to forty dollars in the United States.

—A MISSIONARY writes from Kangwe Mission Station, West Africa: "The church numbers thirty members, of whom twenty-seven were wild savages only six years ago, at which time the site of the present church and station was a wilderness. Some of these church-members live seventy miles away, and must pull in their canoes against a swift current all this distance, in order to enjoy the privilege of gathering at the Lord's table. Others come a distance of eighteen or twenty miles. At a missionary meeting held in the afternoon, over seven dollars were given to send the Gospel to the heathen!"

—A LUTHERAN missionary from South Africa reports the confirmation of a number of aged

persons. Among them were two great-grandmothers, four grandmothers and two grandfathers. Another missionary among the Zulus writes that he is giving instructions to an old Zulu named April, a man seventy years old, who can speak three languages. He was formerly a decided opponent of Christianity.

—AND as we now close our window, we would remind our dear readers that if they wish to do something neat, something very neat, for our sweet little PIONEER in the glad Christmas season, they might put the names of new subscribers in his Christmas stocking. He wishes you all a

HAPPY CHRISTMAS!

BOOK-TABLE.

DER LUTHERISCHE KALENDER für 1885. Brobst, Diehl & Co., Allentown, Pa. Price 10 cts.

THE LIFE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL. With Twenty-Two Illustrations. A Christmas Gift for Christian children. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price 12 cts.; per dozen \$1.20.

LENCHEN LUTHER. Das fromme Töchterlein Dr. Luthers. Ein Weihnachtsbüchlein mit 10 Bildern. Pilger Book Store, Reading, Pa. Price 10 cts.; per dozen \$1.00.

LUTHER UND SEINE FREUNDE. By Rev. A. E. Frey. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.00.

The *Workman* of Pittsburgh says of this valuable book: "Luther's friends and acquaintances to the beginning of the Reformation are here sketched in a delightful way. The life of each is portrayed with great skill and in due proportion. Wenceslaus Link, Reuchlin, Erasmus, Hutten, Spalatin, Staupitz, etc., with many less familiar personages are set forth, though Luther is the connecting link that gives unity to the book. His letters, conversation and characteristics are skillfully worked in to add zest to what is the first of what we trust will be a valuable series of books from the same hand."

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